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THE

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME V.

	Page
The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World	1
Chapter 27. <i>I Charge you, Drop your Daggers.</i> Chapter 28. <i>In which Mrs. MacWhirter has a New Bonnet.</i>	
An Election Contest in Australia	25
The Fairy Land of Science	36
To Esther	48
The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. By One of the Firm	52
Chapter 16. <i>Showing how Robinson walked upon Roses.</i> Chapter 17. <i>A Tea-Party in Bishopsgate Street.</i> Chapter 18. <i>An Evening at the Goose and Gridiron.</i>	
Liberalism	70
At the Play	84
The Quadrilateral	93
Dining down the River	105
Agnes of Sorrento	107
Chapter 18. <i>The Penance.</i> Chapter 19. <i>Clouds Deepening.</i>	
Roundabout Papers.—No. 18. <i>On Letts's Diary.</i>	122
The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World	129
Chapter 29. <i>In the Departments of Seine, Loire, and Styx (Inferieur).</i> Chapter 30. <i>Returns to Old Friends.</i>	
What are the Nerves?	153
Frozen-out Actors	167
The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. By One of the Firm	178
Chapter 19. <i>George Robinson's Marriage.</i> Chapter 20. <i>Showing how Mr. Brisket didn't see his Way.</i> Chapter 21. <i>Mr. Brown is taken Ill.</i>	
Fish Culture	195
The Winter in Canada	204
Belgravia out of Doors	218
Commissions of Lunacy	220
Agnes of Sorrento	233
Chapter 20. <i>Florence and her Prophet.</i> Chapter 21. <i>The Attack on San Marco.</i> Chapter 22. <i>The Cathedral.</i>	
Roundabout Papers.—No. 19. <i>On Half a Loaf.—A Letter to Messrs. Broadway, Battery and Co., of New York, Bankers</i>	250
The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World	257
Chapter 31. <i>Narrates that Famous Joke about Miss Grigsby.</i> Chapter 32. <i>Ways and Means.</i>	
The Winter Time.—A Peep through the Fog	281
The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. By One of the Firm	294
Chapter 22. <i>Wasteful and Impetuous Sale.</i> Chapter 23. <i>Farewell.</i> Chapter 24. <i>George Robinson's Dream.</i>	
A Vision of Animal Existences	311
Covent Garden Market	319
Gentlemen	327

	Page
Life and Labour in the Coal-Fields	313
Recent Discoveries in Australia	354
After Dinner	365
Agnes of Sorrento	367
Chapter 23. <i>The Pilgrimage.</i> Chapter 24. <i>The Mountain Fortress.</i>	
Chapter 25. <i>The Crisis.</i> Chapter 26. <i>Rome.</i>	
The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World	325
Chapter 33. <i>Describes a Situation Interesting but not Unexpected.</i>	
Chapter 34. <i>In which I own that Philip tells an Untruth.</i>	
The Brain and its Use	409
Fire-damp and its Victims	426
A Fit of Jealousy	438
Inner Life of a Hospital	462
Irené	478
First Beginnings	481
On Growing Old	495
Roundabout Papers—No. 20. <i>The Notch on the Axe. A Story à la Mode.</i>	
Part 1	503
The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World	513
Chapter 35. <i>Res Augusta Domi.</i> Chapter 36. <i>In which the Drawing-rooms are not Furnished after all.</i>	
Superstition	557
The Great Naval Revolution	550
Six Weeks at Heppenheim	560
Rotten Row	588
Book I. of the Blind translated in the Hexameter Metre. By Sir John Herschel	590
Agnes of Sorrento	610
Chapter 27. <i>The Saint's Rest.</i> Chapter 28. <i>Palm Sunday.</i> Chapter 29.	
<i>The Night-ride.</i> Chapter 30. <i>"Let us also go, that we may die with him."</i>	
Chapter 31. <i>Martyrdom.</i> Chapter 32. <i>Conclusion.</i>	
The Wakeful Sleeper. By George Macdonald	632
Roundabout Papers—No. 21. <i>The Notch on the Axe.—A Story à la Mode.</i>	
Part 2	634
The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World	641
Chapter 37. <i>Nec plena Cruoris Hirudo.</i> Chapter 38. <i>The Bearer of the Bowstring.</i>	
At the Great Exhibition	665
Courts-Martial	682
May: In Memoriam	695
Is it Food, Medicine, or Poison?	707
The Shallowell Mystery	717
The Home of a Naturalist	736
A Concert	744
What are the Oil Wells?	746
Roundabout Papers.—No. 22. <i>The Notch on the Axe.—A Story à la Mode.</i>	
Part 3	754

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



	TO FACE PAGE
THE POOR HELPING THE POOR	1
BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF SOCIETY: No. X.—DINNER DOWN THE RIVER . .	105
AT THE SICK MAN'S DOOR	129
BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF SOCIETY: No. XI.—BELGRAVIA OUT OF DOORS . .	218
A LETTER FROM NEW YORK	257
BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF SOCIETY: No. XII.—APPLE DINNER	365
MUGFORD'S FAVORITE	385
IRENÉ	478
PATERFAMILIAS	513
BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF SOCIETY: No. XIII.—ROTTEN ROW ^d IN THE SEASON .	588
JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES	641
BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF SOCIETY: No. XIV.—A CONCERT	744



THE POOR HELPING THE POOR.

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JANUARY, 1862.

Philip.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I CHARGE YOU, DROP YOUR DAGGERS!



GENERAL BAYNES began the story which you and I have heard at length. He told it in his own way. He grew very angry with himself whilst defending himself. He had to abuse Philip very fiercely, in order to excuse his own act of treason. He had to show that his act was not his act; that, after all, he never had promised; and that, if he had promised, Philip's atrocious conduct ought to absolve him from any previous promise. I do not

wonder that the general was abusive, and out of temper. Such a crime as he was committing can't be performed cheerfully by a man who is habitually gentle, generous, and honest. I do not say that men cannot cheat, cannot lie, cannot inflict torture, cannot commit rascally actions, without in the least losing their equanimity; but these are men habitually false, knavish, and cruel. They are accustomed to break their promises, to cheat their neighbours in bargains, and what not. A roguish word or action more or less is of little matter to them: their remorse only awakens after detection, and they don't begin to repent till they come sentenced out of the dock. But here was an ordinarily just man withdrawing from his promise, turning his back on his benefactor, and justifying himself to himself by maligning the man whom he injured. It is not an uncommon

event, my dearly beloved brethren and esteemed miserable sister sinners; but you like to say a preacher is "cynical" who admits this sad truth—and, perhaps, don't care to hear about the subject on more than one day in the week.

So, in order to make out some sort of case for himself, our poor good old General Baynes chose to think and declare that Philip was so violent, ill-conditioned, and abandoned a fellow, that no faith ought to be kept with him; and that Colonel Bunch had behaved with such brutal insolence that Baynes must call him to account. As for the fact that there was another, a richer, and a much more eligible suitor, who was likely to offer for his daughter, Baynes did not happen to touch on this point at all; preferring to speak of Philip's hopeless poverty, disreputable conduct, and gross and careless behaviour.

Now MacWhirter, having, I suppose, little to do at Tours, had read Mrs. Baynes's letters to her sister Emily, and remembered them. Indeed, it was but very few months since Eliza Baynes's letters had been full of praise of Philip, of his love for Charlotte, and of his noble generosity in foregoing the great claim which he had upon the general, his mother's careless trustee. Philip was the first suitor Charlotte had had: in her first glow of pleasure, Charlotte's mother had covered yards of paper with compliments, interjections, and those *scratches* or *dashes* under her words, by which some ladies are accustomed to point their satire or emphasize their delight. He was an admirable young man—wild, but generous, handsome, noble! He had forgiven his father thousands and thousands of pounds which the doctor owed him—all his mother's fortune; and he had acted *most nobly* by her trustees—that she ~~must~~ say, though poor dear weak Baynes was one of them! Baynes who was as simple as a child. Major Mac and his wife had agreed that Philip's forbearance was very generous and kind, but after all that there was no special cause for rapture at the notion of their niece marrying a struggling young fellow without a penny in the world; and they had been not a little amused with the change of tone in Eliza's later letters, when she began to go out in the great world, and to look coldly upon poor, penniless Firmin, her hero of a few months since. Then Emily remembered how Eliza had always been fond of great people; how her head was turned by going to a few parties at Government House; how absurdly she went on with that little creature Fitzrickets (because he was an Honourable, forsooth) at Dumdum. Eliza was a good wife to Baynes; a good mother to the children; and made both ends of a narrow income meet with surprising dexterity; but Emily was bound to say of her sister Eliza, that a more, &c &c. &c. And when the news came at length that Philip was to be thrown overboard, Emily clapped her hands together, and said to her husband, "Now, Mac, didn't I always tell you so? If she could get a fashionable husband for Charlotte, I *knew* my sister would put the doctor's son to the door!" That the poor child would suffer considerably, her aunt was assured. Indeed, before her own union with Mac, Emily had

undergone heart-breakings and pangs of separation on her own account. The poor child would want comfort and companionship. *She* would go to fetch her niece. And though the major said, "My dear, you want to go to Paris, and buy a new bonnet," Mrs. MacWhirter spurned the insinuation, and came to Paris from a mere sense of duty.

So Baynes poured out his history of wrongs to his brother-in-law, who marvelled to hear a man, ordinarily chary of words and cool of demeanour, so angry and so voluble. If he had done a bad action, at least, after doing it, Baynes had the grace to be very much out of humour. If I ever, for my part, do anything wrong in my family, or to them, I ~~will~~ ^{shall} accompany that action with a furious rage and blustering passion. I won't have wife or children question it. No querulous Nathan of a family friend (or an incommodious conscience, may be) shall come and lecture *me* about my ill-doings. No—no. Out of the house with him! Away, you preaching bugbear, don't try to frighten *me*! Baynes, I suspect, to browbeat, bully, and outtalk the Nathan pleading in his heart—Baynes will outbawl that prating monitor, and thrust that inconvenient preacher out of sight, out of hearing, drive him with angry words from our gate. Ah! in vain we expel him; and bid John say, not at home! There he is when we wake, sitting at our bed-foot. We throw him overboard for daring to put an oar in our boat. Whose ghastly head is that looking up from the water and swimming alongside us, row we never so swiftly? Fire at him. Brain him with an oar, one of you, and pull on! Flash goes the pistol. Surely that oar has stove the old skull in? See! there comes the awful companion popping up out of water again, and crying, "Remember, remember, I am here, I am here!" Baynes had thought to bully away one monitor by the threat of a pistol, and here was another swimming alongside of his boat. And would you have it otherwise, my dear reader, for you, for me? That you and I shall commit sins, in this, and ensuing years, is certain; but I hope—I hope they won't be past praying for. Here is Baynes, having just done a bad action, in a dreadfully wicked, murderous, and dissatisfied state of mind. His chafing, bleeding temper is one raw; his whole soul one rage, and wrath, and fever. Charles Baynes, thou old sinner, I pray that heaven may turn thee to a better state of mind. I will kneel down by thy side, scatter ashes on my own bald pate, and we will quaver out *Peccavimus* together.

"In one word, the young man's conduct has been so outrageous and disreputable that I can't, Mac, as a father of a family, consent to my girl's marrying. Out of a regard for her happiness, it is my duty to break off the engagement," cries the general, finishing the story.

"Has he formally released you from that trust business?" asked the major.

"Good heavens, Mac!" cries the general, turning very red. "You know I am as innocent of all wrong towards him as you are!"

"Innocent—only you did not look to your trust——"

"I think ill of him, sir. I think he is a wild, reckless, overbearing

young fellow," calls out the general, very quickly, "who would make my child miserable; but I don't think he is such a blackguard as to come down on a retired elderly man with a poor family—a numerous family; a man who has bled and fought for his sovereign in the Peninsula, and in India, as the *Army List* will show you, by George. I don't think Firmin will be such a scoundrel as to come down on me, I say; and I must say, MacWhirter, I think it most unhandsome of you to allude to it—most unhandsome, by George!"

"Why, you are going to break off your bargain with him; why should he keep his compact with you?" asks the gruff major.

"Because," shouted the general, "it would be a sin and a shame that an old man with seven children, and broken health, who has served in every place—yes, in the West and East Indies, by George!—in Canada—in the Peninsula, and at New Orleans;—because he has been deceived and humbugged by a miserable scoundrel of a doctor into signing a sham paper, by George! should be ruined, and his poor children and wife driven to beggary, by Jove! as you seem to recommend young Firmin to do, Jack MacWhirter; and I'll tell you what, Major MacWhirter, I take it dee'd unfriendly of you; and I'll trouble you not to put your oar into *my boat*, and meddle with *my affairs*, that's all, and I'll know who's at the bottom of it, by Jove! It's the gray mare, Mac—it's your *better half*, MacWhirter—it's that confounded, meddling, sneaking, backbiting, domineering——"

"What next?" roared the major. "Ha, ha, ha! Do you think?" "I don't know, Baynes, who has put you on doing what I have no hesitation in calling a most sneaking and rascally action—yes, a rascally action, by George! I am not going to mince matters! Don't come your Major-General or your Mrs. Major-General over me! It's Eliza that has got you on. And if Tom Bunch has been telling you that you have been ~~biting~~ from your word, and are acting shabbily, Tom is right; and you may get somebody else to go out with you, General Baynes, for, by George, I won't!"

"Have you come all the way from Tours, Mac, in order to insult me?" asks the general.

"I came to do you a friendly turn; to take charge of your poor girl, upon whom you are being very hard, Baynes. And this is the reward I get! Thank you. No more grog! What I have had is rather *too strong* for me already." And the major looks down with an expression of scorn at the emptied beaker, the idle spoon before him.

As the warriors were quarrelling over their cups, there came to them a noise as of brawling and of female voices without. "*Mais, madame!*" pleads Madame Smolensk, in her grave way. "*Taisez-vous, madame, laissez-moi tranquille, s'il vous plait!*" exclaims the well-known voice of Mrs. General Baynes, which I own was never pleasant to me, either in anger or good-humour. "And your Little, — who tries to sleep in my chamber!" again pleads the mistress of the boarding-house. "*Vous n'avez pas droit d'appeler Mademoiselle Baynes petite!*" calls out the general's lady. And Baynes, who was fighting and quarrelling, himself just now,

trembled when he heard her. His angry face assumed an alarmed expression. He looked for means of escape. He appealed for protection to MacWhirter, whose nose he had been ready to pull anon. Samson was a mighty man, but he was a fool in the hands of a woman. Hercules was a brave man and strong, but Omphale twisted him round her spindle. Even so Baynes, who had fought in India, Spain, America, trembled before the partner of his bed and name.

It was an unlucky afternoon. Whilst the husbands had been quarrelling in the dining-room over brandy-and-water, the wives, the sisters had been fighting over their tea in the salon. I don't know what the other boarders were about. Philip never told me. Perhaps they had left the room to give the sisters a free opportunity for embraces and confidential communication. Perhaps there were no lady boarders left. Howbeit, Emily and Eliza had tea; and before that refreshing meal was concluded, those dear women were fighting as hard as their husbands in the adjacent chamber.

Eliza, in the first place, was very angry at Emily's coming without invitation. Emily, on her part, was angry with Eliza for being angry. "I am sure, Eliza," said the spirited and injured MacWhirter, "that is the third time you have alluded to it since we have been here. Had you and all your family come to Tours, Mac and I would have made them welcome—children and all; and I am sure yours make trouble enough in a house."

"A private house is not like a boarding-house, Emily. Here Madame makes us pay frightfully for extras," remarks Mrs. Baynes.

"I am sorry I came, Eliza. Let us say no more about it. I can't go away to-night," says the other.

"And most unkind it is that speech to make, Emily. Any more tea?"

"Most unpleasant to have to make that speech, Eliza. To travel a whole day and night—and I never able to sleep in a diligence—to hasten to my sister because I thought she was in trouble, because I thought a sister might comfort her; and to be received as you—re—as you—oh, oh, oh—boh! How stupid I am!" A handkerchief dries the tears: a smelling-bottle restores a little composure. "When you came to us at Dumdum, with two—o—o children in the whooping-cough, I am sure Mac and I gave you a very different welcome."

The other was smitten with a remorse. She remembered her sister's kindness in former days. "I did not mean, sister, to give you pain," she said. "But I am very unhappy myself, Emily. My child's conduct is making me most unhappy."

"And very good reason you have to be unhappy, Eliza, if woman ever had!" says the other.

"Oh, indeed, yes!" gasps the general's lady.

"If any woman ought to feel remorse, Eliza Baynes, I am sure it's you. Sleepless nights! What was mine in the diligence, compared to

"The nights you must have? I said so to myself. 'I am wretched,' I said, 'but what must *she* be?'"

"Of course, as a feeling mother, I feel that poor Charlotte is unhappy, my dear."

"But what makes her so, my dear?" cries Mrs. MacWhirter, who presently showed that she was mistress of the whole controversy. "No wonder Charlotte is unhappy, dear love! Can a girl be engaged to a young man, a most interesting young man, a clever, accomplished, highly educated young man——"

"What?" cries Mrs. Baynes.

"Haven't I your letters? I have them all in my desk. They are in that hall now. Didn't you tell me so over and over again; and rave about him, till I thought you were in love with him yourself almost?" cries Mrs. Mac.

"A most indecent observation!" cries out Eliza Baynes, in her deep, awful voice. "No woman, no sister, shall say that to me!"

"Shall I go and get the letters? It used to be, 'Dear Philip has just left us. Dear Philip has been more than a son to me. He is our preserver!' ~~Didn't~~ you write all that to me over and over again? And because you have found a richer husband for Charlotte, you are going to turn your preserver out of doors!"

"Emily MacWhirter, am I to sit here and be accused of ~~crimes~~, *uninvited*, mind—*uninvited*, mind, by my sister? Is a general officer's lady to be treated in this way by a brevet-major's wife? Though you are my senior in age, Emily, I am yours in rank. Out of any room in England, but this, I go before you! And if you have come *uninvited* all the way from Tours to insult me in my own house——"

"House, indeed! pretty house! Everybody else's house as well as yours!"

"Such as it is, I never asked you to come into it, Emily!"

"Oh, yes! You wish me to go out in the night. MAC! I say!"

"Emily!" cries the general's wife.

"MAC, I say!" screams the major's wife, flinging open the door of the salon, "my sister wishes me to go. Do you hear me?"

"*Au nom de Dieu, madame, pensez à cette pauvre petite, qui souffre à côté,*" cries the mistress of the house, pointing to her own adjoining chamber, in which, we have said, our poor little Charlotte was lying.

"*Nappley pas Madamasselle Baynes petite, sivoplay!*" booms out Mrs. Baynes's contralto.

"MacWhirter, I say, Major MacWhirter!" cries Emily, flinging open the door of the dining-room where the two gentlemen were knocking their own heads together. "MacWhirter! My sister chooses to insult me, and say that a brevet major's-wife——"

"By George! are you fighting, too?" asks the general.

"Baynes, Emily MacWhirter has insulted me!" cries Mrs. Baynes.

"It seems to have been a settled thing beforehand," yells the general.

"Major MacWhirter has done the same thing by me! He has forgotten that he is a gentleman, and that I am."

"He only insults you because he thinks you are his relative, and must bear everything from him," says the general's wife.

"By George! I will not bear everything from him!" shouts the general. The two gentlemen and their two wives are squabbling in the hall. Madame and the servants are peering up from the kitchen-regions. I daresay the boys from the topmost banisters are saying to each other, "How between Ma and Aunt Mac!" I daresay scared little Charlotte, in her temporary apartment, is, for awhile, almost forgetful of her own grief, and wondering what quarrel is agitating her aunt and mother, her father and uncle? Place the remaining male and female boarders about in the corridors and on the landings, in various attitudes expressive of interest, of satiric commentary, wrath at being disturbed by unseemly domestic quarrel:—in what posture you will. As for Mrs. Colonel Bunch, she, poor thing, does not know that the general and her own colonel have entered on a mortal quarrel. She imagines the dispute is only between Mrs. Baynes and her sister as yet; and she has known this pair quarrelling for a score of years past. "Toujours comme ça, fighting vous savez, et puis make it up again. Oui," she explains to a French friend on the landing.

In the very midst of this storm Colonel Bunch returns, his friend and second, Dr. Martin, on his arm. He does not know that two battles have been fought since his own combat. His, we will say, was Ligny. Then came Quatre-Bras, in which Baynes and MacWhirter were engaged. Then came the general action of Waterloo. And here enters Colonel Bunch, quite unconscious of the great engagements which have taken place since his temporary retreat in search of reinforcements.

"How are you, MacWhirter?" cries the colonel of the purple whiskers. "My friend, Dr. Martin!" And as he addresses himself to the general, his eyes almost start out of his head, as if they would shoot themselves into the breast of that officer.

"My dear, hush! Emily MacWhirter, had we not better defer this most painful dispute? The whole house is listening to us!" whispers the general, in a rapid low voice. "Doctor—Colonel Bunch—Major MacWhirter, had we not better go into the dining-room?"

The general and the doctor go first, Major MacWhirter and Colonel Bunch pause at the door. Says Bunch to MacWhirter: "Major, you act as the general's friend in this affair? It's most awkward, but, by George! Baynes has said things to me that I won't bear, were he my own flesh and blood, by George! And I know him a deuced deal too well to think he will ever apologize!"

"He has said things to me, Bunch, that I won't bear from fifty brother-in-law's, by George!" growls MacWhirter.

"What? Don't you bring me any message from him?"

"I tell you, Tom Bunch, I want to send a message to him. Invite me to his house, and insult me and Emily when we come! By George, it

makes my blood boil ! Insult us after travelling twenty-four hours in a confounded diligence, and say we're not invited ! He and his little catamaran."

"Hush !" interposed Bunch.

"I say catamaran, sir ! don't tell *me* ! They came and stayed with us four months at Dumdum—the children ill with the pip, or some confounded thing—went to Europe, and left me to pay the doctor's bill ; and now, by ——"

Was the major going to invoke George, the Cappadocian champion, or Olympian Jove ? At this moment a door, by which they stood, opens. You may remember there were three doors, all on that landing ; if you doubt me, go and see the house (Avenue de Marli, Champs Elysées, Paris). A third door opens, and a young lady comes out, looking very pale and sad, and her hair hanging over her shoulders ;—her hair, which hung in rich clusters generally, but I suppose tears have put it all out of curl.

"Is it you, uncle Mac ? I thought I knew your voice, and I heard aunt Emily's," says the little person.

"Yes, it is I, Charley," says uncle Mac. And he looks into the round face, which looks so wild and is so full of grief unutterable that uncle Mac is quite melted, and takes the child to his arms, and says, "What is it, my dear ?" And he quite forgets that he proposes to blow her father's brains out in the morning. "How hot your little hands are !"

"Uncle, uncle !" she says, in a swift febrile whisper, "you're come to take me away, I know. I heard you and papa, I heard mamma and aunt Emily speaking quite loud, loud ! But if I go—I'll—I'll never love any but him !"

"But whom, dear ?"

"But Philip, uncle."

"By George ! Char, no more you shall !" says the major. And herewith the poor child, who had been sitting up on her bed whilst this quarrelling of sisters,—whilst this brawling of majors, generals, colonels,—whilst this coming of hackney-coaches,—whilst this arrival and departure of visitors on horseback,—had been taking place, gave a fine hysterical scream, and fell into her uncle's arms laughing and crying wildly.

This outcry, of course, brought the gentlemen from their adjacent room, and the ladies from theirs.

"What are you making a fool of yourself about ?" growls Mrs. Baynes, in her deepest bark.

"By George, Eliza, you are too bad !" says the general, quite white.

"Eliza, you are a brute !" cries Mrs. MacWhirter.

"So she is !" shrieks Mrs. Bunch from the landing-place overhead, where other lady-boarders were assembled looking down on this awful family battle.

Eliza Baynes knew she had gone too far. Poor Charley was scarce conscious by this time, and wildly screaming, "Never, never !" . . . When, as I live, who should burst into the premises but a young man

with fair hair, with flaming whiskers, with flaming eyes, who calls out, "What is it? I am here, Charlotte, Charlotte!"

Who is that young man? We had a glimpse of him, prowling about the Champs Elysées just now, and dodging behind a tree when Colonel Bunch went out in search of his second. Then the young man saw the MacWhirter hackney-coach approach the house. Then he waited and waited, looking to that upper window behind which we know his beloved was *not* reposing. Then he beheld Bunch and Doctor Martin arrive. Then he passed through the wicket into the garden, and heard Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Baynes fighting. Then there came from the passage—where, you see, this battle was going on—that ringing, dreadful laugh and scream of poor Charlotte; and Philip Firmin burst like a bombshell into the midst of the hall where the battle was raging, and of the family circle who were fighting and screaming.

Here is a picture I protest. We have—first, the boarders on the first landing, whither, too, the Baynes children have crept in their night-gowns. Secondly, we have Auguste, Françoise, the cook, and the assistant coming up from the basement. And, third, we have Colonel Bunch, Doctor Martin, Major MacWhirter, with Charlotte in his arms; madame, General B., Mrs. Mac, Mrs. General B., all in the passage, when our friend the bomb-shell bursts in amongst them.

"What is it? Charlotte I am here!" cries Philip, with his great voice; at hearing which, little Char. gives one final scream, and, at the next moment, she has fainted quite dead—but this time she is on Philip's shoulder.

"You brute, how dare you do this?" asks Mrs. Baynes, glaring at the young man.

"It is *you* who have done it, Eliza!" says aunt Emily.

"And so she has, Mrs. MacWhirter!" calls out Mrs. Colonel Bunch, from the landing above.

And Charles Baynes felt he had acted like a traitor, and hung down his head. He had encouraged his daughter to give her heart away, and she had obeyed him. When he saw Philip I think he was glad: so was the major, though Firmin, to be sure, pushed him quite roughly up against the wall.

"Is this vulgar scandal to go on in the passage before the whole house?" gasped Mrs. Baynes.

"Bunch brought me here to prescribe for this young lady," says little Doctor Martin, in a very courtly way. "Madame, will you get a little sal volatile from Anjubeau's in the Faubourg; and let her be kept very quiet!"

"Come, Monsieur Philippe. It is enough like that!" cries madame, who can't repress a smile. "Come to your chamber, dear little!"

"Madame!" cries Mrs. Baynes, "*une mère*——"

Madame shrugs her shoulders. "*Une mère, une belle mère, ma foi!*" she says. "Come, mademoiselle!"

There were only very few people in the boarding-house: if they knew, if they saw, what happened, how can we help ourselves? But that they had all been sitting over a powder magazine, which might have blown up and destroyed one, two, three, five people, even Philip did not know, until afterwards, when, laughing, Major MacWhirter told him how that meek but most savage Baynes had first challenged Bunch, had then challenged his brother-in-law, and how all sorts of battle, murder, sudden death might have ensued had the quarrel not come to an end.

Were your humble servant anxious to harrow his reader's feelings, or display his own graphical powers, you understand that I never would have allowed those two gallant officers to quarrel and threaten each other's very nose, without having the insult wiped out in blood. The Bois de Boulogne is hard by the Avenue de Marli, with plenty of cool fighting ground. The *octroi* officers never stop gentlemen going out at the neighbouring barrier upon duelling business, or prevent the return of the slain victim in the hackney-coach when the dreadful combat is over. From my knowledge of Mrs. Baynes's character, I have not the slightest doubt that she would have encouraged her husband to fight; and, the general down, would have put pistols into the hands of her boys, and bidden them carry on the *vendetta*; but as I do not, for my part, love to see brethren at war, or Moses and Aaron tugging white handfurs out of each other's beards, I am glad there is going to be no fight between the veterans, and that either's stout old breast is secure from the fratricidal bullet.

Major MacWhirter forgot all about bullets and battles when poor little Charlotte kissed him, and was not in the least jealous when he saw the little maiden clinging on Philip's arm. He was melted at the sight of that grief and innocence, when Mrs. Baynes still continued to bark out her private rage, and said: "If the general won't protect me from insult, I think I had better go."

"By Jove, I think you had!" exclaimed MacWhirter, to which remark the eyes of the doctor and Colonel Bunch gleamed an approval.

"*Allons, Monsieur Philippe.* Enough like that—let me take her to bed again," madame resumed. "Come, dear miss!"

What a pity that the bedroom was but a yard from where they stood! Philip felt strong enough to carry his little Charlotte to the Tuileries. The thick brown locks, which had fallen over his shoulders, are lifted away. The little wounded heart that had lain against his own, parts from him with a reviving throb. Madame and her mother carry away little Charlotte. The door of the neighbouring chamber closes on her. The sad little vision has disappeared. The men, quarrelling anon in the passage, stand there silent.

"I heard her voice outside," said Philip, after a little pause (with love, with grief, with excitement, I suppose his head was in a whirl). "I heard her voice outside, and I couldn't help coming in."

"By George, I should think not, young fellow!" says Major MacWhirter, stoutly shaking the young man by the hand.

"Hush, hush!" whispers the doctor; "she must be kept quite quiet. She has had quite excitement enough for to-night. There must be no more scenes, my young fellow."

And Philip says, when in this his agony of grief and doubt he found a friendly hand put out to him, he himself was so exceedingly moved that he was compelled to fly out of the company of the old men, into the night, where the rain was pouring—the gentle rain.

While Philip, without Madame Smolensk's premises, is saying his tenderest prayers, offering up his tears, heart-throbs, and most passionate vows of love for little Charlotte's benefit, the warriors assembled within once more retreat to a colloquy in the *salle à manger*; and, in consequence of the rainy state of the night, the astonished Auguste has to bring a third supply of hot-water for the four gentlemen attending the congress. The colonel, the major, the doctor, ranged themselves on one side the table, defended, as it were, by a line of armed tumblers, flanked by a strong brandy-bottle and a stout earth-work from an embrasure in which scalding water could be discharged. Behind these fortifications the veterans awaited their enemy, who, after marching up and down the room for a while, takes position finally in their front and prepares to attack. The general remounts his *cheval de bataille*, but cannot bring the animal to charge as fiercely as before. Charlotte's white apparition has come amongst them, and flung her fair arms between the men of war. In vain Baynes tries to get up a bluster, and to enforce his passion with by Georges, by Joves, and words naughtier still. That weak, meek, quiet, henpecked, but most bloodthirsty old general, found himself forming his own minority, and against him his old comrade Bunch, whom he had insulted and nose-pulled; his brother-in-law MacWhirter, whom he had nose-pulled and insulted; and the doctor, who had been called in as the friend of the former. As they faced him, shoulder to shoulder, each of those three acquired fresh courage from his neighbour. Each, taking his aim deliberately, poured his fire into Baynes. To yield to such odds, on the other hand, was not so distasteful to the veteran, as to have to give up his sword to any single adversary. Before he would own himself in the wrong to any individual, he would eat that individual's ears and nose: but to be surrounded by three enemies, and strike your flag before such odds, was no disgrace; and Baynes could take the circum-bendibus way of apology to which some proud spirits will submit. Thus he could say to the doctor, "Well, doctor, perhaps I was hasty in accusing Bunch of employing bad language to me. A bystander can see these things sometimes when a principal is too angry; and as you go against me—well—there, then, I ask Bunch's pardon. That business over, the MacWhirter reconciliation was very speedily brought about. Fact was, was in a confounded ill-temper—very much disturbed by events of the day—didn't mean anything but this, that, and so forth. If this old chief had to eat humble pie, his brave adversaries were anxious that he should gobble up his portion as quickly as possible, and turned away their honest old heads

as he swallowed it. One of the party told his wife of the quarrel which had arisen, but Baynes never did. "I declare, sir," Philip used to say, "had she known anything about the quarrel that night, Mrs. Baynes would have made her husband turn out of bed at midnight, and challenge his old friends over again!" But then there was no love between Philip and Mrs. Baynes, and in those whom he hates he is accustomed to see little good.

Thus, any gentle reader who expected to be treated to an account of the breakage of the sixth commandment will close this chapter disappointed. Those stout old rusty swords which were fetched off their hooks by the warriors, their owners, were returned undrawn to their flannel cases. Hands were shaken after a fashion—at least no blood was shed. But, though the words spoken between the old boys were civil enough, Bunch, Baynes, and the Doctor could not alter their opinion that Philip had been hardly used, and that the benefactor of his family merited a better treatment from General Baynes.

Meanwhile, that benefactor strode home through the rain in a state of perfect rapture. The rain refreshed him, as did his own tears. The dearest little maiden had sunk for a moment on his heart, and, as she lay there, a thrill of hope vibrated through his whole frame. Her father's old friends had held out a hand to him, and bid him not despair. Blow wind, fall autumn rains! In the midnight, under the gusty trees, amidst which the lamps of the *reverberies* are tossing, the young fellow strides back to his lodgings. He is poor and unhappy, but he has Hope along with him. He looks at a certain breast-button of his old coat ere he takes it off to sleep. "Her cheek was lying there," he thinks, "just there." My poor little Charlotte! what could she have done to the breast-button of the old coat?

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN WHICH MRS. MACWHIRTER HAS A NEW BONNET.



OW though the unhappy Philip slept quite soundly, so that his boots, those tramp-worn sentries, remained *en faction* at his door until quite a late hour next morning; and though little Charlotte, after a prayer or two, sank into the sweetest and most refreshing girlish slumber, Charlotte's father and mother had a bad night; and, for my part, I maintain that they did not deserve a good one. It was very well for Mrs. Baynes to declare that it was MacWhirter's snoring which kept them awake (Mr. and Mrs. Mac being lodged in the bed-room over their relatives)—I don't say a snoring neighbour is pleasant—but what a bedfellow is a bad conscience! Under Mrs. Baynes's night-cap the grim eyes he open all night; on Baynes's pillow is a silent, wakeful head that hears the hours toll. A plague upon the young man! (thinks the female *bonnet de nuit*); how dare he come in and disturb everything? How pale Charlotte will look to-morrow when Mrs. Hely calls with her son! When she has been crying she looks hideous, and her eyelids and nose are quite red. She may fly out, and say something wicked and absurd, as she did to-day. I wish I had never seen that insolent young man, with his carrotty beard, and vulgar blucher boots! If my boys were grown up, he should not come hectoring about the house as he does; *they* would soon find a way of punishing his impudence! Baulked revenge and a hungry disappointment, I think, are keeping that old woman awake; and, if she hears the hours tolling, it is because wicked thoughts make her sleepless.

As for Baynes, I believe that old man is awake, because he is awake to the shabbiness of his own conduct. His conscience has got the better of him, which he has been trying to bully out of doors. Do what he will, that reflection forces itself upon him. Mac, Bunch, and the doctor all saw the thing at once, and went dead against him. He wanted to break his word to a young fellow, who, whatever his faults might be, had acted most nobly and generously by the Baynes family. He might have been ruined but for Philip's forbearance; and showed his gratitude by breaking his promise to the young fellow. He was a henpecked man—that was the fact. He allowed his wife to govern him: that little old plain, cantankerous woman asleep yonder. Asleep. Was she? No. He knew she wasn't. Both were lying quite still, wide awake, pursuing their dismal

thoughts. Only Charles was owning that he was a sinner, whilst Eliza, his wife, in a rage at her last defeat, was meditating how she could continue and still win her battle.

Then Baynes reflects how persevering his wife is; how, all through life, she has come back and back and back to her point, until he has ended by an almost utter subjugation. He will resist for a day: she will fight for a year, for a life. If once she hates people, the sentiment always remains with her fresh and lively. Her jealousy never dies; nor her desire to rule. What a life she will lead poor Charlotte now she has declared against Philip! The poor child will be subject to a dreadful tyranny: the father knows it. As soon as he leaves the house on his daily walks, the girl's torture will begin. Baynes knows how his wife can torture a woman. As she groans out a hollow cough from her bed in the midnight, the guilty man lies quite mum under his own counterpane. If she fancies him awake, it will be his turn to receive the torture. Ah, Othello, *mon ami!* when you look round at married life, and know what you know, don't you wonder that the bolster is not used a great deal ~~more~~ more freely on both sides? Horrible cynicism! Yes—I know. These propositions served few are savage, and shock your sensibility; cooked with a little piquant sauce, they are welcome at quite polite tables.

"Poor child! Yes, by George! What a life her mother will lead her!" thinks the general, rolling uneasy on the midnight pillow. "No rest for her, day or night, until she marries the man of her mother's choosing. And she has a delicate chest—Martin says she has; and she wants coaxing and soothing, and pretty coaxing she will have from mamma!" Then, I daresay, the past rises up in that wakeful old man's uncomfortable memory. His little Charlotte is a child again, laughing on his knee, and playing with his accoutrements as he comes home from parade. He remembers the fever which she had, when she would take medicine from no other hand; and how, though silent with her mother, with him she would never tire of prattling, prattling. Guilt-stricken old man! are those tears trickling down thy old nose? It is midnight. We cannot see. When you brought her to the river, and parted with her to send her to Europe, how the little maid clung to you, and cried, "Papa, papa!" Staggering up the steps of the ghaut, how you wept yourself—yes, wept tears of passionate, tender grief at parting with the darling of your soul. And now, deliberately, and for the sake of money, you stab her to the heart, and break your plighted honour to your child. "And it is yonder cruel, shrivelled, bilious, plain old woman who makes me do all this, and trample on my darling, and torture her!" he thinks. In Zoffany's famous picture of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Macbeth stands in an attitude hideously contorted and constrained, while Lady Mac is firm and easy. Was this the actor's art, or the poet's device? Baynes is wretched, then. He is wrung with remorse, and shame, and pity. Well, I am glad of it. Old man, old man! how darest thou to cause that child's tender little bosom to bleed?

How bilious he looks the next morning ! I declare as yellow as his grim old wife. When Mrs. General B. hears the children their lessons, how she will scold them ! It is my belief she will bark through the morning chapter, and scarce understand a word of its meaning. As for Charlotte, when she appears with red eyes, and ever so little colour in her round cheek, there is that in her look and demeanour which warns her mother to refrain from too familiar abuse or scolding. The girl is in rebellion. All day Char was in a feverish state, her eyes flashing war. There was a song which Philip loved in those days : the song of Ruth. Char sat down to the piano, and sang it with a strange energy. "Thy people shall be my people"—she sang with all her heart—"and thy God my God !" The slave had risen. The little heart was in arms and mutiny. The mother was scared by her defiance.

As for the guilty old father ; pursued by the fiend remorse, he fled early from his house, and read all the papers at Galignani's without comprehending them. Madly regardless of expense, he then plunged into one of those luxurious restaurants in the Palais Royal, where you get soup, three dishes, a sweet, and a pint of delicious wine for two francs, by George ! But all the luxuries there presented to him could not drive away care, or create appetite. Then the poor old wretch went off, and saw a ballet at the Grand Opera. In vain. The pink nymphs had not the slightest fascination for him. He hardly was aware of their ogles, bounds, and capers. He saw a little maid with round, sad eyes ;—his Iphigenia whom he was stabbing. He took more brandy-and-water at cafés on his way home. In vain, in vain, I tell you ! The old wife was sitting up for him, scared at the unusual absence of her lord. She dared not remonstrate with him when he returned. His face was pale. His eyes were fierce, and bloodshot. When the general had a particular look, Eliza Baynes cowered in silence. Mac, the two sisters, and, I think, Colonel Bunch (but on this point my informant, Philip, cannot be sure) were having a dreary rubber when the general came in. Mrs. B. knew by the general's face that he had been having recourse to alcoholic stimulus. But she dared not speak. A tiger in a jungle was not more savage than Baynes sometimes. "Where's Char ?" he asked in his dreadful, his Bluebeard voice. "Char was gone to bed," said mamma, sorting her trumps. "Hm ! Augoost, Odevee, Osho !" Did Eliza Baynes interfere, though she knew he had had enough ? As soon interfere with a tiger, and tell him he had eaten enough Sepoy. After Lady Macbeth had induced Mac to go through that business with Duncan, depend upon it she was very deferential and respectful to her general. No groans, prayers, remorse could avail to bring his late majesty back to life again. As for you, old man, though your deed is done, it is not past recalling. Though you have withdrawn from your word on a sordid money pretext ; made two hearts miserable, stabbed cruelly that one which you love best in the world ; acted with wicked ingratitude towards a young man, who has been nobly forgiving towards you and yours ; and are suffering with rage and

remorse, as you own your crime to yourself;—your deed is not past recalling as yet. You may soothe that anguish, and dry those tears. It is but an act of resolution on your part, and a firm resumption of your marital authority. Mrs. Baynes, after her crime, is quite humble and gentle. She has half murdered her child, and stretched Philip on an infernal rack of torture; but she is quite civil to everybody at madame's house. Not one word does she say respecting Mrs. Colonel Bunch's outbreak of the night before. She talks to sister Emily about Paris, the fashions, and Emily's walks on the Boulevard and the Palais Royal with her major. She bestows ghastly smiles upon sundry lodgers at table. She thanks Augoost when he serves her at dinner—and says, "*Ah, madame, que le boof est bong aujourd'hui, rien que j'aime comme le potofou.*" Oh, you old hypocrite! But you know I, for my part, always disliked the woman, and said her good humour was more detestable than her anger. You hypocrite! I say again—ay, and avow that there were other hypocrites at the table, as you shall presently hear.

When Baynes got an opportunity of speaking unobserved, as he thought, to madame, you may be sure the guilty wretch asked her how his little Charlotte was. Mrs. Baynes trumped her partner's best heart at that moment, but pretended to observe or overhear nothing. "She goes better—she sleeps," madame said. "Mr. the Doctor Martin has commanded her a calming potion." And what if I were to tell you that somebody had taken a little letter from Charlotte, and actually had given fifteen sous to a Savoyard youth to convey that letter to somebody else? What if I were to tell you that the party to whom that letter was addressed, straightway wrote an answer—directed to Madame de Smolensk, of course? I know it was very wrong; but I suspect Philip's prescription did quite as much good as Doctor Martin's, and don't intend to be very angry with madame for consulting the unlicensed practitioner. Don't preach to me, madam, about morality, and dangerous examples set to young people. Even at your present mature age, and with your dear daughters around you, if your ladyship goes to hear the Barber of Seville, on which side are your sympathies—on Dr. Bartolo's, or Miss Rosina's?

Although, then, Mrs. Baynes was most respectful to her husband, and by many grim blandishments, humble appeals, and forced humiliations, strove to conciliate and soothe him, the general turned a dark, lowering face upon the partner of his existence: her dismal smiles were no longer pleasing to him: he returned curt "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" to her remarks. When Mrs. Hely and her son and her daughter drove up in their family coach to pay yet a second visit to the Baynes' family, the general flew in a passion, and cried, "Bless my soul, Eliza, you can't think of receiving visitors, with our poor child sick in the next room? It's inhuman!" The scared woman ventured on no remonstrances. She was so frightened that she did not attempt to scold the younger children. She took a piece of work, and sat amongst them, furtively weeping. Their artless queries and unseasonable laughter stabbed and punished the matron. You see

people do wrong, though they are long past fifty years of age. It is not only the scholars, but the ushers, and the head-master himself, who sometimes deserve a chastisement. I, for my part, hope to remember this sweet truth, though I live into the year 1900.

To those other ladies boarding at madame's establishment, to Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Colonel Bunch, though they had declared against him, and expressed their opinions in the frankest way on the night of the battle royal, the general was provokingly polite and amiable. They had said, but twenty four hours since, that the general was ~~a~~ brute; and Lord Chesterfield could not have been more polite to a lovely young duchess than was Baynes to these matrons next day. You have heard how Mrs. Mac had a strong desire to possess a new Paris bonnet, so that she might appear with proper lustre among the ladies on the promenade at Tours? Major and Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Bunch talked of going to the Palais Royal (where MacWhirter said he had remarked some uncommonly neat things, by George! at the corner shop under the glass gallery). On this, Baynes started up, and said he would accompany his friends, adding, "You know, Emily, I promised you a hat ever so long ago!" And those four went away together, and not one offer did Baynes make to his wife to join the party; though her best bonnet, poor thing, was a dreadfully old performance, with moulting feathers, rumpled ribbons, tarnished flowers, and lace bought in St. Martin's Alley months and months before Emily, to be sure, said to her sister, "Eliza, won't you be of the party? We can take the omnibus at the corner, which will land us at the very gate." But as Emily gave this unlucky invitation, the general's face wore an expression of ill-will so savage and terrific, that Eliza Baynes said, "No, thank you, Emily; Charlotte is still unwell, and I—I may be wanted at home." And the party went away without Mrs Baynes; and they were absent I don't know how long: and Emily MacWhirter came back to the boarding-house in a bonnet—the sweetest thing you ever saw!—green piqué velvet, with a *ruche* full of rosebuds, and a bird of paradise perched on the top, pecking at a bunch of the most magnificent grapes, poppies, ears of corn, barley, &c, all indicative of the bounteous autumn season. Mrs. General Baynes had to see her sister return home in this elegant bonnet; to welcome her; to acquiesce in Emily's remark that the general had done the genteel thing; to hear how the party had further been to Tortoni's, and had ices; and then to go upstairs to her own room, and look at her own battered, blowsy old *chapeau*, with its limp streamers, hanging from its peg. This humiliation, I say, Eliza Baynes had to bear in silence, without wincing, and, if possible, a smile on her face.

In consequence of circumstances before indicated, Miss Charlotte was pronounced to be very much better when her papa returned from his Palais Royal trip. He found her seated on madame's sofa, pale, but with the wonted sweetness in her smile. He kissed and caressed her with many tender words. I daresay he told her there was nothing in the

world he loved so much as his Charlotte. He would never willingly do anything to give her pain, never! She had been his good girl, and his blessing, all his life! Ah! that is a prettier little picture to imagine—that repentant man, and his child clinging to him—than the tableau overhead, viz. Mrs. Baynes looking at her old bonnet. Not one word was said about Philip in the talk between Baynes and his daughter, but those tender paternal looks and caresses carried hope into Charlotte's heart; and when her papa went away (she said afterwards to a female friend), "I got up and followed him, intending to show him Philip's letter. But at the door I saw mamma coming down the stairs; and she looked so dreadful, and frightened me so, that I went back." There are some mothers I have heard of, who won't allow their daughters to read the works of this humble homilist, lest they should imbibe "dangerous" notions, &c. &c. My good ladies, give them *Goody Twoshoes* if you like, or whatever work, combining instruction and amusement, you think most appropriate to their juvenile understandings; but I beseech you to be gentle with them. I never saw people on better terms, with each other, more frank, affectionate, and cordial, than the parents and the grown-up young folks in the United States. And why? Because the children were spoiled, to be sure! I say to you, get the confidence of yours—before the day comes of revolt and independence, after which love returneth not.

Now, when Mrs. Baynes went in to her daughter, who had been sitting pretty comfortably kissing her father, on the sofa in madame's chamber, all those soft tremulous smiles and twinkling dew-drops of compassion and forgiveness which anon had come to soothe the little maid, fled from cheek and eyes. They began to flash again with their febrile brightness, and her heart to throb with dangerous rapidity. "How are you now?" asks mamma, with her deep voice. "I am much the same," says the girl, beginning to tremble. "Leave the child; you agitate her, madam," cries the mistress of the house, coming in after Mrs. Baynes. That sad, humiliated, deserted mother goes out from her daughter's presence, hanging her head. She put on the poor old bonnet, and had a walk that evening on the Champs Elysées with her little ones, and showed them Guignol: she gave a penny to Guignol's man. It is my belief that she saw no more of the performance than her husband had seen of the ballet the night previous, when Taglioni, and Noblet, and Duvernay, dauced before his hot eyes. But then, you see, the hot eyes had been washed with a refreshing water since, which enabled them to see the world much more cheerfully and brightly. Ah, gracious heaven gives us eyes to see our own wrong, however dim age may make them; and knees not too stiff to kneel, in spite of years, cramps, and rheumatism! That stricken old woman, then, treated her children to the trivial comedy of Guignol. She did not cry out when the two boys climbed up the trees of the Elysian Fields, though the guardians bade them descend. She bought pink sticks of barley-sugar for the young ones. Withdrawing the glistening sweetmeats from their lips, they pointed to Mrs. Hely's splendid barouche as it rolled

citywards from the Bois de Boulogne. The grey shades were falling, and Auguste was in the act of ringing the first dinner bell at Madame Smolensk's establishment, when Mrs. General Baynes returned to her lodgings.

Meanwhile, aunt MacWhirter had been to pay a visit to little Miss Charlotte, in the new bonnet which the general, Charlotte's papa, had bought for her. This elegant article had furnished a subject of pleasing conversation between niece and aunt, who held each other in very kindly regard, and all the details of the bonnet, the blue flowers, scarlet flowers, grapes, sheaves of corn, lace, &c., were examined and admired in detail. Charlotte remembered the dowdy old English thing which aunt Mac wore when she went out? Charlotte did remember the bonnet, and laughed when Mrs. Mac described how papa, in the hackney coach on their return home, insisted upon taking the old wretch of a bonnet, and flinging it out of the coach window into the road, where an old chiffonnier passing picked it up with his iron hook, put it on his own head, and walked away grinning. I declare, at the recital of this narrative, Charlotte laughed as pleasantly and happily as in former days; and, no doubt, there were more kisses between this poor little maid and her aunt.

Now, you will remark, that the general and his party, though they returned from the Palais Royal in a hackney coach, went thither on foot, two and two—viz. Major MacWhirter leading, and giving his arm to Mrs. Bunch (who, I promise you, knew the shops in the Palais Royal well), and the general following at some distance, with his sister-in-law for a partner.

In that walk a conversation very important to Charlotte's interests took place between her aunt and her father.

"Ah, Baynes! this is a sad business about dearest Char," Mrs. Mac broke out with a sigh.

"It is, indeed, Emily," says the general, with a very sad groan on his part.

"It goes to my heart to see you, Baynes; it goes to Mac's heart. We talked about it ever so late last night. You were suffering dreadfully; and all the brandy-pawnee in the world won't cure you, Charles."

"No, faith," says the general, with a dismal screw of the mouth. "You see, Emily, to see that child suffer tears my heart out—by George, it does. She has been the best child, and the most gentle, and the merriest, and the most obedient, and I never had a word of fault to find with her; and—poo-oo!" Here the general's eyes, which have been winking with extreme rapidity, give way; and at the signal pooh! there issue out from them two streams of that eye-water which we have said is sometimes so good for the sight.

"My dear kind Charles, you were always a good creature," says Emily, patting the arm on which hers rests. Meanwhile Major-General Baynes, C.B., puts his bamboo cane under his disengaged arm, extracts from his hind pocket a fine large yellow bandana pocket-handkerchief,

and performs a prodigious loud obligato—just under the spray of the Rond-point fountain, opposite the Bridge of the Invalides, over which poor Philip has tramped many and many a day and night to see his little maid.

"Have a care with your cane, then, old imbecile!" cries an approaching foot-passenger, whom the general meets and charges with his iron ferule.

"*Mille pardong, mosoo, je vous demande mille pardong,*" says the old man, quite meekly.

"You are a good soul, Charles," the lady continues; "and my little Char is a darling. You never would have done this of your own accord. Mercy! And see what it was coming to! Mac only told me last night. You horrid, blood-thirsty creature! Two challenges—and dearest Mac as hot as pepper! Oh, Charles Baynes, I tremble when I think of the danger from which you have all been rescued! Suppose you brought home to Eliza—suppose dearest Mac brought home to me killed by this arm on which I am leaning. Oh, it is dreadful, dreadful! We are sinners, all that we are, Baynes!"

"I humbly ask pardon for having thought of a great crime. I ask pardon," says the general, very pale and solemn.

"If you had killed dear Mac, would you ever had rest again, Charles?"

"No; I think not. I should not deserve it," answers the contrite Baynes.

"You have a good heart. It was not *you* who did this. I know who it was. She always had a dreadful temper. The way in which she used to torture our poor dear Louisa who is dead, I can hardly forgive now, Baynes. Poor suffering angel! Eliza was at her bed-side nagging and torturing her up to the very last day. Did you ever see her with her nurses and servants in India? The way in which she treated them was——"

"Don't say any more. I am aware of my wife's faults of temper. Heaven knows it has made me suffer enough!" says the general, hanging his head down.

"Why, man—do you intend to give way to her altogether? I said to Mac last night, 'Mac, does he intend to give way to her altogether? The *Army List* doesn't contain the name of a braver man than Charles Baynes, and is my sister Eliza to rule him entirely, Mac!' I said. No; if you stand up to Eliza, I know from experience she will give way. We have had quarrels, scores and hundreds, as you know, Baynes."

"Faith, I do," owns the general, with a sad smile on his countenance.

"And sometimes she has had the best and sometimes I have had the best, Baynes! But I never yielded, as you do, without a fight for my own. No, never, Baynes! And me and Mac are shocked, I tell you, fairly, when we see the way in which you give up to her!"

"Come, come. I think you have told me often enough that I am henpecked," says the general.

"And you give up not yourself only, Charles, but your dear, dear child—poor little suffering love!"

"The young man's a beggar!" cries the general, biting his lips.

"What were you, what was Mac and me when we married? We hadn't much besides our pay, had we? we rubbed on through bad weather and good, managing as best we could, loving each other, God be praised! And here we are, owing nobody anything, and me going to have a new bonnet!" and she tossed up her head, and gave her companion a good-natured look through her twinkling eyes.

"Emily, you have a good heart! that's the truth," says the general.

"And you have a good heart, Charles, as sure as my name's MacWhirter; and I want you to act upon it, and I propose——"

"What?"

"Well, I propose that——" But now they have reached the Tuileries garden gates, and pass through, and continue their conversation in the midst of such a hubbub that we cannot overhear them. They cross the garden, and so make their way into the Palais Royal, and the purchase of the bonnet takes place; and in the midst of the excitement occasioned by *that* event, of course, all discussion of domestic affairs becomes uninteresting.

But the gist of Baynes's talk with his sister-in-law may be divined from the conversation which presently occurred between Charlotte and her aunt. Charlotte did not come in to the public dinner. She was too weak for that; and "*un bon bouillon*" and a wing of fowl were served to her in the private apartment, where she had been reclining all day. At dessert, however, Mrs. MacWhirter took a fine bunch of grapes and a plump rosy peach from the table, and carried them to the little maid, and their interview may be described with sufficient accuracy, though it passed without other witnesses.

From the outbreak on the night of quarrels, Charlotte knew that her aunt was her friend. The glances of Mrs. MacWhirter's eyes, and the expression of her bonny, homely face, told her sympathy to the girl. There were no pallors now, no angry glances, no heart-beating. Miss Char could even make a little joke when her aunt appeared, and say, "What beautiful grapes! Why, aunt, you must have taken them out of the new bonnet!"

"You should have had the bird of paradise, too, dear, only I see you have not eaten your chicken! She is a kind woman, Madame Smolensk. I like her. She gives very nice dinners. I can't think how she does it for the money, I am sure!"

"She has been very, very kind to me; and I love her with all my heart!" cries Charlotte.

"Poor darling! We have all our trials, and yours have begun, my love!"

"Yes, indeed, aunt!" whimpers the young person; upon which osculation possibly takes place.

"My dear! when your papa took me to buy the bonnet, we had a long talk, and it was about you."

"About me, aunt!" warbles Miss Charlotte.

"He would not take mamma; he would only go with me, alone. I knew he wanted to say something about you; and what do you think it was? My dear, you have been very much agitated here. You and your poor mamma are likely to disagree for some time. She will drag you to those balls and fine parties, and bring you those *fine partners*."

"Oh, I hate them!" cries Charlotte. Poor little Hely Walsingham, what had he done to be hated?

"Well. It is not for me to speak of a mother to her own daughter. But you know mamma has a way with her. She expects to be obeyed. She will give you no peace. She will come back to her point again and again. You know how she speaks of some one—a certain gentleman? If ever she sees him, she will be rude to him. Mamma can be rude at times—that I must say of my own sister. As long as you remain here ——"

"Oh, aunt, aunt! Don't take me away, don't take me away!" cries Charlotte.

"My dearest, are you afraid of your old aunt, and your uncle Mac, who is so kind, and has always loved you? Major MacWhirter has a will of his own, too, though of course I make no allusions. We know how admirably somebody has behaved to your family. Somebody who has been most *ungratefully* treated, though of course I make no allusions. If you have given away your heart to your father's *greatest benefactor*, do you suppose I and uncle Mac will quarrel with you? When Eliza married Baynes (your father was a penniless subaltern then, my dear,—and my sister was certainly neither a fortune nor a beauty), didn't she go dead against the wishes of *our* father? Certainly she did! But she said she was of age—that she was, and a great deal more, too—and she would do as she liked, and she made Baynes marry her. Why should you be afraid of coming to us, love? You are nearer somebody here, but can you see him? Your mamma will never let you go out, but she will follow you like a shadow. You may write to him. Don't tell *me*, child. Haven't I been young myself; and when there was a difficulty between Mac and poor papa, didn't Mac write to me, though he hates letters, poor dear, and certainly is a *stick* at them? And, though we were forbidden, had we not twenty ways of telegraphing to each other? Law! your poor dear grandfather was in such a rage with me once, when he found one, that he took down his great buggy whip to me, a grown girl!"

Charlotte, who has plenty of humour, would have laughed at this confession some other time, but now she was too much agitated by that invitation to quit Paris, which her aunt had just given her. Quit Paris? Lose the chance of seeing her dearest friend, her protector? If he was not with her, was he not near her? Yes, near her always! On that horrible night, when all was so desperate; did not her champion burst forward to her rescue? Oh, the dearest and bravest! Oh, the tender and true!

"You are not listening, you poor child!" said aunt Mac, surveying her niece with looks of kindness. Now listen to me once more. Whisper!" And sitting down on the settee by Charlotte's side, aunt Emily first kissed the girl's round cheek, and then whispered into her ear.

Never, I declare, was medicine so efficacious, or rapid of effect, as that wondrous distilment which aunt Emily poured into her niece's ear! "Oh, you goose!" she began by saying, and the rest of the charm she whispered into that pearly little pink shell round which Miss Charlotte's soft, brown ringlets clustered. Such a sweet blush rose straightway to the cheek! Such sweet lips began to cry, "Oh, you dear, dear aunt," and then began to kiss aunt's kind face, that, I declare, if I knew the spell, I would like to pronounce it right off, with such a sweet young patient to practise on.

"When do we go? To-morrow, aunt, *n'est-ce pas?*" Oh, I am quite strong! never felt so well in my life! I'll go and pack up ~~this instant~~ tries the young person.

"*Doucement!* Papa knows of the plan. Indeed, it was ~~his~~ the proposed it."

"Dearest, best father!" ejaculates Miss Charlotte.

"But mamma does not; and if you show yourself very eager, Charlotte, she may object, you know. Heaven forbid that I should counsel dissimulation to a child; but under the circumstances, my love — At least I own what happened between Mac and me. Law! I didn't care for papa's buggy whip! I knew it would not hurt; and as for Baynes, I am sure he would not hurt a fly. Never was man more sorry for what he has done. He told me so whilst we walked away from the bonnet-shop, whilst he was carrying my old yellow. We met somebody near the Bourse. How sad he looked, and how handsome, too! I bowed to him and kissed my hand to him, that is, the knob of my parasol. Papa couldn't shake hands with him, because of my bonnet, you know, in the brown-paper bag. He has a grand beard, indeed! He looked like a wounded lion. I said so to papa. And I said, 'It is you who wound him, Charles Baynes!' 'I know that,' papa said. 'I have been thinking of it. I can't sleep at night for thinking about it: and it makes me dee'd unhappy.' You know what papa sometimes says? Dear me! You should have heard them, when Eliza and I joined the army, years and years ago!"

For once, Charlotte Baynes was happy at her father's being unhappy. The little maiden's heart had been wounded to think that her father could do his Charlotte a wrong. Ah! take warning by him, ye greybeards! And however old and toothless, if you have done wrong, own that you have done so; and sit down and say grace, and mumble your humble pie!

The general, then, did not shake hands with Philip; but Major MacWhirter went up in the most marked way, and gave the wounded lion his own paw, and said, "Mr. Firmin. Glad to see you! If ever you come to Tours, mind, don't forget my wife and me. Fine day. Little patient much better! *Bon courage*, as they say!"

I wonder what sort of a bungle Philip made of his correspondence

with the *Pall Mall Gazette* that night? Every man who lives by his pen, if by chance he looks back at his writings of former years, lives in the past again. Our griefs, our pleasures, our youth, our sorrows, our dear, dear friends, resuscitate. How we tingle with shame over some of those fine passages! How dreary are those disinterred jokes! It was Wednesday night, Philip was writing off at home, in his inn, one of his grand tirades, dated "Paris, Thursday"—so as to be in time, you understand, for the post of Saturday, when the little waiter comes and says, winking, "Again that lady, Monsieur Philippe!"

"What lady?" asks our own intelligent correspondent.

"That old lady who came the other day; you know."

"*C'est moi, mon ami!*" cries Madame Smolensk's well-known grave voice. "Here is a letter, *d'abord*. But that says nothing. It was written before the *grande nouvelle*—the great news—the good news!"

"What good news?" asks the gentleman.

"In two days miss goes to Tours with her aunt and uncle—this good Macovirterre. They have taken their places by the diligence of Lafitte and Caillard. They are thy friends. Papa encourages her going. Here is their card of visit. Go thou also; they will receive thee with open arms. What hast thou, my son?"

Philip looked dreadfully sad. An injured and unfortunate gentleman at New York had drawn upon him, and he had paid away everything he had but four francs, and he was living on credit until his next remittance arrived.

"Thou hast no money! I have thought of it. Behold of it! Let him wait—the proprietor!" And she takes out a bank-note, which she puts in the young man's hand.

"*Tiens, il t'embrasse encor c'te vieille!*" says the little knite-boy. "*J'aimerai pas ça, moi, par examp!*"



An Election Contest in Australia.

At the opposite side of the globe, where I write this narrative of election experiences, we have got "manhood suffrage," together with "the ballot." As there may be some curiosity in the old countries, our parents, to know how these things are managed in a gold-mining colony, which eight or nine years ago was comparatively lawless, but is now reduced to very good order, and possesses the full extent of constitutional liberties, I write this narrative of an election contest in which I was the "popular candidate."

The wisest speeches made to a man after a disastrous event are those which he makes to himself when his wisdom comes too late. The event being not only beyond recall, but never likely to recur again, and wisdom being, therefore, of no practical utility in that matter, his soliloquy and self-admonition, in such cases, take the air of disinterested, abstract philosophy, and bring him, for the moment, a very complacent degree of consolation. For instance:—say I am an artist, or a man of letters, a student of science, a man well versed in ancient lore, or one possessing various accomplishments; I ask myself, in the first place, "What business have you, or any one of your class, in Australia at the present time? You are not the sort of 'fast,' knowing fellow that is wanted out here; but you are the sort of person knowing something else, who is *not* at all wanted here at present, and not likely to be wanted for some years to come. What on earth, my very dear friend, could induce you, with such antecedents, to contest the honour of representing a constituency in Australia?" What answer could be made to the spiritual Mentor by the corporeal Telemachus? None. Yet such a page of a life's experience may be instructive, and at any rate amusing; for the characters are real and all the incidents true, though the names of men and places have been changed.

Some four years ago, during a general election in Victoria, several letters were addressed to me by influential men in the district of Grassmere-on-the-Honeycomb, and Quartzreef-on-the-Hill, requesting me to stand for the constituency; these were followed by a requisition, signed by most of the Quartzreef shareholders and crushing-mill and puddling proprietors, as well as by the owners of small farms and homesteads, and many of the storekeepers of the township. I was well known in the district, where I had previously filled a position of some authority (save the mark!) and had exercised—at least so I intended and believed—a "paternal rule" over a Selkirkian desert-sprawl of some twenty miles of lagoon swamp and bush, golden gully, rocky ridge, and primeval forest.

Flattered by the proposal, and foreseeing no difficulties or expense, I replied that, provided no good local man intended to come forward, I would ride up to Grassmere, which was the head station, in the course of the week. I was promptly assured that no local man was coming forward; and, therefore, I should be elected without opposition, and consequently without any expense: in short, I should walk over the course. A day or so before starting, however, I heard that Mr. Orson Hogsbristle, a very respectable merchant and financier of Melbourne, intended to contest the election on the Conservative and banking-interest side; so that the favoured man of the miners would not exactly walk over the course: but, as the chairman of his committee remarked, "very nearly." Thus encouraged, I mounted my old thorough-bred mare (a model of ugliness, but well able to carry me sixty miles in the day), and arrived at Grassmere, taking up my quarters for the night at the Grassmere Hotel: and to work I went "electioneering."

The day of nomination dawned brightly on the creeks and forest-mounts round Grassmere. Forth stepped my proposer and seconder, in front of Clover's Hotel, addressing the electors to the effect that I was "a fit and proper person to represent the constituency of Grassmere-on-the-Honeycomb and Quartzreef-on-the-Hill." Forth stepped a proposer and seconder, with a similar proposition in favour of Mr. Orson Hogsbristle. But just as the show of hands was about to be called for, to our surprise two electors stepped forward and nominated a "local man"—to wit, Mr. Cad Doll-y-Brodd, who, his proposer informed us, was descended from one of the minor Welsh kings of a remote period. Whatever his descent, he was at this time the proprietor of a general store of chandlery, ironmongery, tents, tar, &c., which was managed by his wife, while Mr. Doll-y-Brodd drove his own dray about the country, and frequently to Melbourne. He might, therefore, be considered a very "fit and proper person," being conversant with the wants of both places, and his own locality in particular. This excited great indignation in all my supporters, who continued to protest against it as an absurdity; adding, that it was certain to prove the ruin of Doll-y-Brodd, as all the respectable miners and mill-owners would desert his store: indeed, three sacks of oats, a dozen picks and shovels, a ton of hay, and several pounds of gunpowder and brown sugar, which had been ordered only the day before, were at once countermanded, just to show him that he was flying in the face of the "higher orders," by allowing himself to be nominated. While my partisans were thus displaying their great displeasure, the supporters of Mr. Orson Hogsbristle never troubled themselves at the circumstance, and, in fact, seemed far rather disposed to treat the nomination of the local descendant of the Welsh kings as a joke. I also regarded it in somewhat the same light, and was, furthermore, impressed with the belief that most of his "committee" were considerably indebted to Mrs. Doll-y-Brodd for blankets, tools, tobacco, and other stores.

And now commenced a species of electioneering work which offers

some new features to the denizens of the mother country. The township of Grassmere was the place of nomination, and for the final declaration of the poll; but quite as many of the electors resided in other parts of the district. For instance, Quartzreef-on-the-Hill was nearly forty miles distant; its younger mining sister, Boo-boo, was five miles beyond that; and the township of Blefuscue, on the Goulburn river, was again a ride of nine miles through plashy swamp and arid bush. At this period there were no attempts at a public conveyance, many places, after a few hours' rain, being almost impassable; howbeit, electors had to be "canvassed" and "addressed" at each of these places: so to work we all went, my friends and I. We commenced by immediately holding an election meeting at the Grassmere Hotel; at the same hour Mr. Hogsbristle held a rival meeting at the Mount Ararat Inn, while Mr. Doll-y-Brodd rode off to Quartzahill. Directly "our side" heard this, I was exhorted to gallop after him, which I did, and addressed the electors. I then galloped away to the Boo-boo diggings, where I met Mr. Doll-y-Brodd returning from Blefuscue, to which place I afterwards had also to betake myself. Meantime, Mr. Hogsbristle had to go through the same labour, though in a different fashion. This gentleman, being gouty and cumbrous, required "steps" (a "leg-up" was out of the question) to enable him to get into a saddle, and a "tackle" to bring him down; but these aids to horsemanship not being available in bush travelling, the landlord of the "Mount Ararat" undertook to drive him in a light American trap, made of lancewood, with leather springs; and my opponent was thus enabled to meet Mr. Doll and myself in succession on our way back to Grassmere. The reader may picture to himself the three rival candidates scouring the country to these distant places, one of us arriving at a locality just as his rival was departing, meeting one another in the bush, or catching glimpses from afar in this election steeple-chase; and, in some cases, leaving a friend to speak, in order to gallop off to the next place and secure the only one good-sized room to be found before an opponent could arrive. Between Mr. Doll-y-Brodd and myself this race for the poll was unceasing; but the career of the heavy Mr. Hogsbristle soon came to an end by the dashing "whip" who drove him running against a stump with one wheel, while his horse's head went jam into the fork of a tree, whereby the whole concern came to grief. No bones were broken, as, indeed, in certain conditions of mental exaltation they scarcely ever are, happen what may; but the horse, the trap, the harness, and the residue of a two-dozen case of wine and brandy were damaged irretrievably.

An active life in the open air puts everything else, for the time being, clean out of the mind; so I have been near forgetting, even in this narrative, the more disagreeable part of my election contest;—the having to be put through your political facings, and to be catechized—to stand fire singly against a mixed mass of educated minds and grossly ignorant minds—shrewd men, coached-up by my opponents, or drunken brutes sent to prevent me from being heard, or to torment me with some offensive

and insulting question, turning upon personalities, or a local reminiscence monstered or made ridiculous; not to mention some outrageous accusation invented by some ingenious fabricator. Talk of "eating dirt!" that seems to me only one portion of what you have to swallow at an election; and the most exasperating part of the business is the necessity of keeping your temper: once get into a rage, the whole body of electors, friends, and opponents fall into convulsions of laughter, and it is all over with you for that day; probably you lose your election in consequence, since a man in a passion cannot suppress his scorn.

On the grand day of election Mr. Doll-y-Brodd did not make his appearance on the hustings, and Mr. Hogsbristle, by my consent, preceded me. I little thought of the advantage thus thrown into his hands. Mr. Hogsbristle was evidently well versed in electioneering tactics, and he used his opportunity in the most skilful and unscrupulous manner. I could hardly trust my ears in listening to what he said of me: I did not recognize myself in any way; nor, indeed, could I recognize anybody resembling this "fancy sketch" of me. He was determined to show us that, if he could not ride, he could talk; and he talked so long that, before my turn came, everybody's patience was worn out. I endeavoured now and then (on the most unpleasant occasions) to interrupt him by calling out "Time! time!" but he said there was plenty of time, and he could assure the honourable gentleman he had not half done; which caused great merriment at my expense. However, my turn came at last, and I got through very well, keeping to political principles, without personalities; with the single exception of a commentary on the equestrian bacchic and acrobatic performances of Mr. Hogsbristle in the bush, which produced screams of laughter. But the most unwarrantable of the election dodges resorted to by Mr. Hogsbristle was perpetrated in my absence. A Melbourne newspaper happened to arrive that evening, containing some remarks on a notorious character in Sydney, whose name was not mentioned for fear of an action for libel: the passage concluded with, "the ruffian-like atrocity of his recent proceedings, and the deep degradation of his past career." This was marked and handed round the room, with the whisper of, "That's meant for Mr. —," naming me; though everybody in Melbourne knew very well that it referred to matters in Sydney ten years before I left England. With a "bush" constituency, however, the manœuvre was likely to be extensively successful; but the insidious attempt, added to the unprovoked personalities previously launched at me by Mr. Hogsbristle, caused a reaction in my favour with many, and an increased energy among the rest, so that there now seemed no doubt as to the result of the election. Mr. Hogsbristle had no chance, it was said, and Mr. Doll-y-Brodd had "not the ghost of a chance."

A new phase in this contest was now developed. It was discovered that Mr. Hogsbristle, who piqued himself upon knowing how elections were managed in the mother country, had procured the nomination of Mr. Doll-y-Brodd with a view of "dividing the Liberal interest;" and

his supporters finding, as the polling-day approached, that my election was pretty secure, were sent about to canvass for Mr. Doll-y-Brodd as well as himself: if a man would not vote for the Conservative and banking interest, would he not vote for the diggers' *real* friend, who kept a large and convenient store? As for the Gold Commissioner and other high officials of the Camp (my "occupation" in those quarters being gone), and their dependants, Mr. Hogsbristle had long since secured their votes, and done the usual dinner and supper-party convivialities, which are supposed to cement the bonds of friendship on these occasions.

Once more I had galloped off to Quartzreef-on-the-Hill; thence to the rich mines of Boo-boo; thence to the township of Blefuscue, calling upon the independent electors of each of those places to do their duty to the country of their adoption; and returning at full speed, I reached the Grassmere Hotel before the declaration of the poll. There was great excitement among the crowd, and soon a general rush and shouting outside informed me that the results of the polling were about to be declared. Did I hear rightly? The thing seemed incredible. I was at the bottom of the poll! Yells, shouts, and hisses followed the declaration. I was just *one* below Mr. Hogsbristle; but the richest part of the whole business was, that this experienced gentleman, having successfully divided the Liberal interest, had overshot the mark, so that Mr. Doll-y-Brodd distanced us both. Distanced, do I say—he had nearly double the number of votes obtained by either of us. The "local man" had become the duly elected member for the constituency of Grassmere-on-the-Honeycomb, and Quartzreef-on-the-Hill, including the Boo-boo mines, and the township of Blefuscue; and all the indignant oaths and unconstitutional threats of the chief mining proprietors and mill-owners of Grassmere could not affect his title.

After the event, it was not difficult to understand how the result came about. One might have foreseen it from the debts on Mrs. Dolly's books for stores, of which we all knew; from Mr. Hogsbristle's suicidal assistance; from the ballot; and, above all, from the numerical power of the vote by the "miner's right" and manhood suffrage.

A little episode of this electioneering drama is too characteristic, though distasteful to the writer, not to be recorded. Having held a meeting at a certain public-house in the bush in the evening, the night was so dark that an attempt to return before morning was out of the question. The electors kept it up to a late hour after I had retired to what was anything but a "balmy couch," and where sleep was rendered almost impossible by the ingress of the fumes of the worst tobacco, and the noise of the singing and dancing. At last, the tumult having subsided into a series of intermittent gasps and snores, forming the closing bars of this serenade, I fell asleep—a sleep deep beyond dreams, the sort of sleep a man might have who had had his head punched all over. Awaking in the morning with the din and hoof-clatter still going on in my brain, and the sun shining full on my face, I saw that it was time for me to be again

in the saddle. But all was quiet in the house. Eight o'clock in a bush inn, and nobody moving! However, I prepared to sally forth, reconciling myself without much vexation to the probability of no breakfast. But my bedroom door would not open; something heavy lay against it. By dint of vigorous and sustained pushes I forced open the door sufficiently to enable me to squeeze through sideways, and I then stepped over the body of a man in a drunken sleep, who lay, as Chaucer says of a corpse, "gaping upright." I found the whole floor of the house was covered, as in a field of battle next day, with bodies in the same condition, and had to step over these drunken corpses one after another, in order to make my way out at the front door: standing on the threshold, with the sun darting his golden beams into the den of beasts, I could not forbear ejaculating as I turned away, "And these are the men who are to ~~teach~~ ^{represent} me!—these are the men I am to represent!"

The excitement at Grassmere was not abated by the result of the election. Mr. Doll-y-Brodd, confounded by his victory, would have resigned ~~his~~ seat; but Mrs. Dolly had got it into her head that while serving customers she would be called "my lady," and nothing could shake her conviction or induce her to consent to her spouse's resignation. As for Mr. Hogsbristle, he was so disgusted and indignant, that he started off the next morning at daybreak for Melbourne, without a word of thanks for all that had been done for him. Meantime the Quartzreef proprietors, crushing-mill owners, and miners of the "higher orders," who had been beaten by the numerical power of the lower orders, determined to give a public dinner at the Grassmere Hotel to the man of their choice. About one hundred and twenty sat down. The room was tastefully decorated with fragrant evergreens and other shrubs; and on the wall appeared the representation of a certain constellation of the northern hemisphere, intended to be emblematic of my antecedents, the stars being represented by different-sized rosettes of violets, gathered from the ferts of Mount Ararat and in the valleys round Grassmere—a graceful compliment from the corny hands of men in red flannel-shirts and blue jumpers: though it should be remembered that a gold-mining community comprises men of all classes; not only hardy adventurers, but a good sprinkling of more refined elements. The chair was filled by Dr. Pigeonhouse (chairman of my committee), who did the honours with an air of medico-political benevolence; and the "speeches" were received with hearty applause, as were the songs: especially one written for the occasion by Captain Pepperfrog, in which none of my opponents were spared.

The next morning, after breakfast, a cavalcade assembled in front of Clover's Grassmere Hotel, to do me honour by seeing me off on my return towards Melbourne. Electors on horseback, in gigs, dog-carts, bakers' carts, farmers' carts, settlers' traps, and one or two large drays, awaited my advent. When my mare was led forth, she was observed to be so out of condition from her recent work, that a friendly

squatter stepped up and offered to send her for a few months' spell to one of his paddocks; meantime making me a present of a handsome little stock-mare of his own, with saddle and bridle, as she stood. Her character was brief, but satisfactory. "She's thoroughly sound," said he, "broke in by one of my stock-riders up to fifteen stone, and a good fencer; and as to spirit, when after cattle, you can hardly hold her." I thanked him cordially, and mounted.

The escort of honour thought proper to turn in the opposite direction to the road towards Melbourne, and proceed to the furthest outskirts of the town; a wheel to the right-about was then ordered, and a halt made in front of the tent of Mr. Dugdale, the cow doctor and dairyman of the district, whose share in one of the quartz reefs was said to be worth at least ten thousand pounds. He had been a great supporter of mine, and the escort, therefore, drank his health in bumpers of sherry—though some preferred brandy—with three cheers. The same compliment was paid to Mrs. Dugdale; and then the same to all the children: a final cheer concluded the ceremony. The procession then moved on, and halted at the next tent or store, the owners of which had supported their intended member, and there repeated the performance. A halt was then made in front of a store, the proprietors of which had supported one or other of my rivals; and here there was a profusion of groans, hisses, and mixed ejaculations. I tried to prevent this, on the ground that besides the freedom of voting, it could not be known, under the ballot, how anybody had voted; but Dr. Pigeonhouse whispered me, that it was very well known; and, in any case, we should let the electors and the escort please themselves. In this style, therefore, we slowly proceeded through the town of Grassmere, stopping in front of every tent and store and public-house, and indulging in such demonstrations as were considered most appropriate to the several inmates. Mr. Dolly-Brodd had stowed himself away somewhere, and Mrs. Dolly had closed the store for the day; but a prolonged demonstration was made in front, nevertheless, to my great discomfort: Dr. Pigeonhouse assuring me there was no help for it.

Having passed thus through the town, to the other end of the township, a distance of about four miles, a final halt was made in front of the last hotel, to wit, "The Platter and Pitchfork," where we all dismounted. Here an extensive luncheon had been prepared, and the table looked black with bottles. It may be well imagined, from what had already occurred, that everybody had taken quite as much as was good for him; however, speeches and toasts, after the luncheon, were inevitable, and then followed farewell glasses, in which they drank long life, and health, and happiness to me, and success in the next election, with prolonged and vociferous cheering. I now reminded Dr. Pigeonhouse that I had to ride forty miles before dark, the nearest town being Kilmany, and the day was far advanced. He assented; but there were yet more "last speeches," more "parting glasses," prolonged shouts, and protracted

shaking of hands. Finally, it was determined to "chair" me; and presently a scene occurred, which would have furnished materials for a companion picture to Hogarth's "Chairing the Member." The four legs of my chair were seized by as many supporters, and the whole mass of people hurried forth with shouts, producing a great commotion among the horses outside, very few of whom had ever been properly broken in. As for the little bush-mare that had been presented to me, I shall never forget her look of horror and aversion as she saw an object sitting in a chair, borne on the shoulders of four men, coming towards her. It required four other men to hold her head, as she started, capered, and flung out, cocking her ears, and showing the whites of her eyes; while, from his arm-chair, which they raised carefully like a miner's bucket, the too-much honoured candidate was emptied into the saddle, amidst waving of hats and vociferous plaudits. Simultaneously the hands holding the stock-mare let go their hold; her head, luckily, ~~was~~ at this moment pointed directly towards the centre of the road, and away she darted, at such a speed that the explosive shout of the crowd behind had all the effect of our having been fired out of it. The friendly squatter who had given me the mare, had not overrated her speed and energy: the pace was tremendous; but so equable in its rapidity as to require no seat whatever beyond the balance, while our rush through the air produced a sound resembling the whirr of a spinning-wheel.

It was now nearly two o'clock, and knowing there were forty miles before me, which had to be accomplished before dark, the luxury of such a pace as this could not prudently be continued beyond a few minutes; gradually, therefore, causing the racing gallop to subside into a steady canter, alternating with a brisk trot, we got over the ground capitally; and, including two brief stoppages for a feed, and to have the mare's mouth washed (she kicked the man who attempted to wash her feet), we were within two miles of Kilmany just as the shades of evening were coming on. There being no twilight in Australia, beyond a few minutes, and the approaches to the town of Kilmany being very difficult in the dark, owing to several branching roads, I took a "short cut," which would save at least three-quarters of a mile. Fatal miscalculation! The direction I took was right enough the last time I went that way, but since then many small lots of land had been sold in the neighbourhood, huts and cottages erected, and gardens and paddocks enclosed by strong fences. Arriving at some of these, we had to go round; then to make a zig-zag; then to cross a deep rocky creek. Still, no way out. I paused to consider. If I turned back, it would be dark before I could regain the main road, so I went on, trusting to get through somewhere into a by-road or cutting. Presently I arrived at the foot of a very steep rocky ridge, having a broken ascent. Australian horses, and pre-eminently those used by stock-riders, will overcome difficulties of bogs and logs, swamps and rocks, that few other horses would look at a second time: they creep up acclivities like cats. Up went the little mare, taking the broken, rocky steep as a

matter of course; and arrived at the top, I found myself in an enclosed, narrow, swampy flat. After half-a-mile of this I came to a deep creek of rich, coal-black mud. This the mare, at the first sniff, refused; dismounting, I began to lead her down; but directly she saw my ankles disappear, not an inch farther would she budge. Mounting again, I found a track to the right, but after a few hundred yards came to another black creek, the very counterpart of the first. Returning to the swampy flat, nothing but fences met the eye on every side. Night had now come; there was no moon, and to attempt the descent of the rocky steep in the dark was out of the question. I was "bushed" for the night.

Vexed at having so cleverly and completely accomplished the very thing I had so knowingly sought to avoid, I moved on mechanically, in order to find some spot less swampy than the rest, whereon to dismount and hold my vigil till daybreak. Presently, a light gleamed at a small distance, and with it hope. Approaching the fences in that direction, I found a garden and paddock, with a settler's hut beyond. After a few "coo-ees," out came a woman, who inquired in rather a suspicious and menacing voice, what was wanted? On hearing my brief story, her tone instantly changed to kindness. I told her my mare had the character of being a good fencer, and if a lantern were held to show the ground and top rail, I had no doubt but we should get over somehow. If she refused it by the doubtful light, I would dismount, and run her at it, and be only too happy to pay for any of the cabbages that might be smashed.

"Ah," said the good woman, "I'd let 'ce through by a slip-rail, with pleasure, but it would be of no service, as there are other fences all round."

"Then we must go back the way we came?"

"Yes, 'ce must—part of it."

"When does the moon rise?"

"About two o'clock in the morning. All dark afore that. Ye'd better get off; bring up the mare, and come under cover. It'll be a wetish sort o' night."

Not knowing the mare well enough to risk the chance of her breaking away, especially if the weather became rough, I was obliged to decline this hospitable invitation. However, she brought me fuel and hot embers, to make a fire, and then sent one of her children down to me with a cup of tea and a thick slice of bread-and-butter. She came down herself the last thing before she went to bed to see how I was getting on, saying, she was sorry she could do no more for me, as her husband was away in the bush "splitting" (timber). So I thanked her, and bade her good-night, saying, she would not find me there in the morning, as I should start directly the moon got up.

Holding the mare loosely by the bridle passed over her nose, so as to allow her to feed, I sat staring down at my fire, and listening to the cropping and munching of wet grass. All around was darkness and silence. What a contrast to the scenes of yesterday: it seemed another world.

And now the wind was rising. I sat blinking and dozing in reverie over the burning wood some hour and a half, when I became conscious of not having been prudent with my fuel, which the wind had nearly wasted away: no means of replenishing it were at hand, and my fire died out. There was nothing for it but to remount and move on, for the chance of coming upon some materials to make another fire. Advancing slowly over the swampy ground a few hundred yards, the mare's feet caused a rustling sound as of light wood and leaves, and dismounting, I found a broken bough, and presently a tolerably dry tufted mound to sit upon. Having lucifers in my *valise*, I broke up some boughs, and, with the dry leaves, soon made a fire; but the fuel was very damp, and the ground below was wet, and the fire spat and sputtered itself out. Again and again I collected small boughs and heaped them on the steaming embers of the last; but in vain: however, I persevered with fire after fire, till my last lucifer was expended. A fine rain now began to fall, and not having anticipated the chance of getting bushed, I was unprepared for it: no waterproofs, no blanket, no well-filled brandy-flask. But I had a large cape folded up with my *valise*; so unstrapping this, and elongating the mare's bridle by both straps, one end of which was twisted round my hand, I gathered my feet up, and hunched my head and shoulders down to the dimensions of my cape. The rain continued, but fortunately did not increase, and I gradually fell into a succession of disconnected thoughts. *Ex. gr.*:—"What a motley farce a parliamentary election is! What a mockery of politics, intellect, independence, and conscience, in the majority! In the mother country it used to be a high comedy, alloyed with vulgar farce—with bribery and corruption, equally gross and undisguised. Perhaps a taint of this yet remains at home; but here, local influences, indifference, or drunkenness prevail. . . . How the little mare enjoys the wet grass! She's first-rate for the bush. The moon will rise at two o'clock. . . . To whom did I lend my copy of *The Stars and the Earth*? Lola Montes borrowed my Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side*—never see that again. . . . How strange to find in D——'s smoky little hut, at Blefuscue, John Mill's *Essay on Liberty*; leaves uncut, though; that explains it: left, no doubt, by some traveller whose swag was too heavy. . . . I wish I had a pair of worsted socks! So chilly and wet, these cotton things—and the place round me all in a mash. How cold my knees are! I can't feel my feet. . . . I wish I had never stood for Grassmere and Quartzreef. I was to walk over the course, was I? No expense—cost nothing. Won't it though! I shall have to pay for being defeated by a bullock-driver. I only wish Mr. Hogsbristles were sitting where I am now." At last I raised my head, pushed up the limp brim of my hat, and rubbed my eyes—there was the moon!

I rose with benumbed joints, shook my feathers, and considered the state of the clouds. Now, the moon shone bright and clear; but presently a scudding mist brushed and broke over her; then a smoky veil came

across, and she sailed into a dark rack, through the rifts in which her beams darted at intervals. It was best, therefore, to wait a little longer, before attempting the descent of the broken rocks, so I sat down again, and in a few minutes the cold shining orb rolled once more into sight. I rearranged the bridle on the mare's neck, tightened her girths, and prepared to mount. The mare moved a little aside, so as to evade my rising foot, and continued her feeding. How she enjoyed this plashy young grass! She had been at work in this way for the last five or six hours. Approaching her again, and raising my toe towards the stirrup, she moved back restively; I spoke to her, and repeated the attempt to mount, but she resisted more strenuously, and with a vicious toss of the head. Provoked at this behaviour, I closed upon her, and grasped her mane, hopping on my right leg as she retreated, till I fairly got my foot into the stirrup and rose from the ground. Down went her head and haunches—up went her back in an arch, as she sprang upwards from all four feet simultaneously, and away I flew headlong. I pitched on my head, with my hat smashed over my face, in a plashy mass of tufted grass, close to the root of a tree: a few inches farther, and my head would have gone directly against the trunk. My first thought, of course, was the common one in such cases: "Am I hurt?—anything broken?" "No; only stunned," was the inward reply. The next thought was about the mare, lest she should bolt away. But every stock-horse is specially trained to "stand" directly a man is "off." So, there stood my lady, rather scared at what she had done, and expecting a thrashing.

I essayed again and again, at long intervals, to mount, but was always foiled, and these efforts occupied the intervening hours till broad daylight. I was then compelled to lead the obstinate little wretch, who did not object to accompany me in this fashion. Espying smoke rising above the trees, and then a squalid, smoke-black hut, from which a grubby man emerged, who had evidently just shaken himself out of his night-rug, I "coo-ee'd," walked with the mare up to him, and asked him to hold her head while I mounted. I got my leg across the back of the mare before she could disengage her head, and being safely seated, the artful hussey never moved, until her head was loosed, when she quietly advanced at a walk. I need hardly add that, as this bush-mare had a fancy for racing-speed, I gave her enough on this occasion, and I reached the Shamrock Inn, at Kilmany, at half-past six, where I got some breakfast.

Thus ended my first election contest in Australia.

The Fairy Land of Science.

WE have often been reminded (in popular lectures and elsewhere) how curiously the achievements of modern industry embody, while they often even surpass, the imaginations of the youthful world. Who has not been invited to compare Chaucer's horse of brass, the shoes of swiftness of the *Nibelungen Lied*, or the seven-leagued boots of the renowned Giant-killer with the railway train, to the manifest advantage of the latter; Aladdin's ring by rubbing which he could instantaneously communicate with the genii at the ends of the earth, with the electric telegraph; or the magic mirror in which were portrayed the actions of distant friends with the reflecting telescope? Science has realized, and more than realized, some of these early dreams, and seems to cast on them almost a prophetic lustre. We can easily persuade ourselves that those weird tales were told half in earnest, and hid beneath their grotesque exterior the sincere anticipations of gifted souls, whose far-sighted gaze caught the dim outline of the future time. Nor is there any good reason against our indulging in this pleasing thought. What undeveloped power is there, in man or beast, that does not, by sportive freak or mad extravagance, foretell the achievements that are to come? Who can explain the promptings of nature in his own bosom even, until experience casts its light (and gloom) upon them?

Its light and gloom—for seldom indeed is the brightness of the hope undimmed by the fruition. The golden splendour of the dawn fails not of the promised noon, but the noon veils itself in clouds. The history of man is written in the gleesome fairy tales of old, and the heavy burden of the modern life: picture of hope, and hope fulfilled.

A pretty fairy-land our science has brought us to. It is like the "behind scenes" of a theatre. There are all the fine things we admired so innocently at a distant view; we can't deny that we have got them; "but oh, how different!" The dazzle, the sparkle, the romantic glory, where are they? Are these realities of life, also, only meant to delude an imagination that makes itself a party to the charm? Is all the world a stage?

Not that we are among the grumblers at our life. Stern realities, it is true, have upreared their solid framework in regions which the very wantonness of fancy claimed, crushing fancy with their weight; and sterner duties, multiplying evermore, have put chains upon the hands which once were filled with flowers, or clapped in happy play. But the sternness is better than the play; the chains are the instruments of a higher liberty. The laughing imagination gives place to dull and sober fact, only because man's heart is large, and his destiny sublime; because

his nature grows with the growing centuries, and his soul learns to fill out more worthily the compass of his powers. The realization of one dream is no end: it is but another dream. The prophetic cycle of humanity contains wheel within wheel, and each fulfilment carries on the burden in a higher strain, and with a wider sweep.

Our realization of the dream of fairy tales is but another dream; it is a revelation, an onlooking, and no end or substance. A divine fatalism is upon the world, and upon man in his dominion over it:—a beneficent necessity, which forbids the lower to be grasped save through the recognition of a higher. The achievements of which Science boasts, and justly, boasts, as its peculiar glory, are permitted to it only by the adoption of principles which compel it to bear witness to a truth beyond itself. By science man may control nature, and work marvels that outrival magic, but in the very act he concedes that the world is not what it seems. We can easily see the proofs of this.

In a former paper,* we took into consideration the scientific view of nature, and found how greatly it turned upon the idea of force. And as we pursued this idea, we found it to be, on the one hand, a very simple one, flowing directly from our own experience; while on the other, it furnished exactly the key we needed to help us to understand the world around us; enabling us to regard all material changes, of whatever kind, as exhibitions of a common fact. Thus we recognize in all the "Forces," as they are called (motion, heat, light, electricity, &c.), forms of one activity, different in mode, but always essentially the same. And this activity we saw reason to believe never alters in amount; never begins really afresh, nor comes to a true end; but only passes from one form to another, maintaining a constant equivalence through all seeming changes. So we see all things under a new aspect. This simple idea places us without difficulty in a position from which the most varied phenomena present themselves as one. All processes in the material world arrange themselves under it at once: all are instances of the shifting forms, and permanent balance of force. A unity is grasped here which no variety can obscure, nor seeming unlikeness contradict. And this is no matter of arbitrary arrangement. It is the very unity of nature that we have seized. For no grouping of events can be more natural, or can bring us nearer to their source, than that which regards them as embodiments of power, and fixes our thoughts on the force by which they are produced.

Nor is there wanting another charm, besides that of simplicity, in this view: it is fraught with mystery; it is rich with life. Can any thought be more pleasing to the mind, than that which thus presents nature as a perennial fountain of activity, ever flowing forth, ever returning, inexhaustibly; which recognizes in the endless series of her creations continually fresh forms of the old powers; and finds in the simplest objects storehouses and reservoirs of the most subtle energies?

* "FORCE," *Cornhill Magazine*, October, 1861.

For this the doctrine of force, and its unalterable constancy, involves. It carries our thoughts beyond the objects which present themselves to our senses, and makes us recognize in everything the operation of a power impalpable to sense: a power which reveals itself to us in one and in another form, but which itself eludes our grasp, and then most flies from us when we seem most nearly to approach it.

Thus, for example, in the telegraph, a magnet attracts a needle: it seems to us that there is here a power of magnetism displayed; but when we look farther, we find that this magnetism is but the representative of a galvanic current. Do we say, then, that it is galvanism that attracts? Again we look back, and we find that the galvanic current represents some chemical action—it is chemical affinity that is operative in the galvanic wire. But this affinity refers us to something still farther back, and that again to something else. Which of these forces is it that produces the effect? Clearly it is neither of them, but something which is each of them in succession; which appears to us, that is, first as one and then as another, being truly none of them, because it embraces all. To think rightly of it, we must alter our point of view, and instead of regarding the series of operations from the side, look along the axis of them, as it were, from which position the longest line appears as a point. Or again: our own bodies will one day no more be bodies such as now. They will be dust, they will be other forms of life; we can neither trace nor put limits to their changes. And equally, they have been other things before—grass, air, we know not what. The substance here, then, is not the body; it is something which can be all these, and yet remain itself.

Dwelling on this idea of one unalterable power, we begin to feel ourselves in a new world of fascinating interest and mysterious awe. The solid globe seems almost to melt and become fluent before our eyes. All things put forth universal relations, and assume a weird and mystical character. The world becomes doubled to us; it is one world of things perceived; one unperceivable. The objects which surround us lose their substantiality when we think of them as forms under which something which is not they, nor essentially connected with them, is presented to us; something which has met us under forms the most unlike before, and may meet us under other forms again. In short, all nature grows like an enchanted garden; a fairy world in which unknown existences lurk under familiar shapes, and every object seems ready, at the shaking of a wand, to take on the strangest transformations.

We cannot escape this result of regarding nature from the scientific point of view. The most solid substances become mere appearances, and we feel ourselves separated from the very reality of things by an impenetrable barrier. Struggle against the conviction as we may, we have to accept it at last. It is, indeed, accepted by the cultivators of science as an established fact, that the very reality of things is not within their sphere; and this idea is embodied in a word that has grown into familiar use, but the real significance of which, being so much opposed to our ordinary

thoughts, has not become equally familiar—the word “phenomena.” This term is merely a learned word for “appearances;” and when it is said—as it is said wherever the principles of science are discussed—that we only know *phenomena*, the meaning simply is that our observation and our thought penetrate only to appearances. Science deals, therefore, with an apparent world. The facts which it affirms are true of appearances, and its command is over them. The true reality of nature remains beyond its grasp, and respecting that it is silent, save as it affirms that all the changing things with which our experience is concerned are the appearances of an existence which does not share their change.

Have we not well said, therefore, that science wins its triumphs in a fairy land, and in fulfilling one vision teaches us to recognize another?

From this point of view we can appreciate the full meaning of the confessions of ignorance, and references to some unfathomable reality, which fall so continually from the lips of those who, in these days, reveal to us the wonders of the material world. Scarcely ever do great discoverers, or leaders in science speak, without bidding us mark to how small a depth our knowledge reaches, and how profound a mystery hides itself behind all that they can teach us! Thus Professor Faraday says: “We are not permitted, as yet, to see the source of physical power.” And Professor Owen: “Perhaps the best argument from reason for a future state and the continued existence of our thinking part, is afforded by the fact of our being able to conceive, and consequently yearning to possess, some higher knowledge. The ablest endeavours to penetrate to the beginning of things do but carry us, when most successful, a few steps nearer that beginning, and then leave us on the verge of a boundless ocean of unknown truth.” And Sir J. Herschel: “How far we may ever be enabled to attain a knowledge of the ultimate and inward process of nature in the production of phenomena, we have no means of knowing.” And a writer in this Magazine has well put the case: “We talk proudly of man’s dominion over nature, of scanning the heavens, of taming the lightning; but we can see little beyond the shows of things. The shadow is there, but the substance eludes our grasp. Like the physiognomist, we may indeed decipher something of Nature from the aspect of her countenance, but we cannot see the workings of her inmost heart.”

They cannot speak otherwise, for their instructed sight has caught a glimpse in nature of a mightier presence than the uninitiated eye perceives. They have felt the awe which the consciousness of something above sense and above thought inspires, and their language takes from thence a tone of higher meaning.

But is it merely to an unfathomable mystery that we are led, when there dawns on us the conviction that there is a deeper existence in nature than that which we perceive:—a profound Unity unreached by that natural apprehension to which the varying forms are all? Truly the problem appears dark enough; we seem to peer into a gulf, black from

mere fathomless vacuity. But it is not so. Gazing into nature beyond the region to which our sense can carry us, we do not gaze upon vacuity, but on an existence, real, however dimly illuminated. The mystery which science encounters, arises not from the cutting off of light, but from the pouring in of more; from the looming into view of that which was unperceived before. May we not compare our experience in this respect with the effect produced by the dim light of the commencing dawn? The darkness of the night derives a certain clearness from its own excess. Where everything is hidden, mystery is not. But as the gradual light comes feebly on, a feeling of vague mystery creeps over us; indistinct outlines elude the baffled sight, and objects half-perceived assuming distorted forms, fantastic visions throng upon the eye. Yet let the day advance, and the mystery its dawn created, its completeness soon dispels. May it not be thus with that unknown reality in nature which science bids us recognize? Our advancing insight makes us conscious of a mystery at first, and even yet it is but struggling with the mists of night. But why should it not bear unlooked-for revelations in its train?

For even now it tells us something and suggests much more. If "all things end in mystery," as we gladly own, the very darkness to the intellect, if it be not "from excess of light," yet may be fairly said to be made visible by light. And to other faculties of man, and nobler faculties, this darkness is no darkness at all, but a bright gleam of encouragement and hope. Is not our manhood lowered when the necessities or luxuries of life absorb us wholly; when higher aims and other objects do not permeate and leaven even our enjoyment or pursuit of these? What feeling, therefore, but one of gladness should it call forth within us to be told that there is something more than gold in money, something more than food in bread, even though we know not what it is? "Every inquiry," says Sir John Herschel, "has a bearing on the progress of science, which teaches us that terms which we use in a narrow sphere of experience, as if we fully understood them, may, as our knowledge of nature increases, come to have superadded to them a new set of meanings and a wider range of interpretation." And has not every inquiry that brings forth such fruit a bearing on the advancement of our manhood too?

It were a pity, therefore, to avert our eyes from this revelation, dim though it be, which science makes to us of a deeper meaning in all the objects with which it deals. Even in the utterest obscurity to thought, it elevates and inspires the heart; and the resolute eye, patiently gazing, may even now discern some lineaments on which thought may fix. There are pictures, by great masters in their art, which, on the first view, present an almost shapeless mass of colour in which no meaning can be found, but which reward the studious eye with rich shades and outlines full of meaning—if too deep to be distinctly uttered, capable of being felt the more.

For it is this recognition of a hidden essence in all things (appealing as it does to the highest portion of our nature, and giving the

freest scope to the imagination) which surrounds science in our day, in spite of the stringent severity of its attitude towards facts, with an unquenchable halo of poetry. No justification of those poetic instincts which insist on finding a spiritual significance in all material things, could be more complete than that which is thus given by science. For be this "hidden essence" what it may, of this at least we may be sure, that it has a beauty and a worth which our perceptions do not exaggerate. It is something adapted to produce in us the impressions which nature produces, and to rouse in us the emotions which nature rouses. Granted that in these mere forms, which we deal with in the shape of material things, no such adaptation can be recognized—that it is an utter mystery how vibrations of the air should convey to us the infinite meanings with which music is fraught, or how any of the things we see or touch should generate thought and emotion within us—yet the mystery clears off when we remember that it is not truly they, but some deep and unknown existence, of which they are but appearances, which affects us so. Some deep and unknown existence, of which, with all the sanction of modern demonstration, we may affirm that there is that in it to which pleasure, pain, love, desire, and hatred are akin. Pursuing material laws, we do, as Sir J. Herschel says again, find that they "open out vista after vista, which seem to lead onward to the point where the material blends with and is lost in the spiritual and intellectual."

For it is to be observed that while on this point our positive knowledge is so limited, there is still much that we can affirm. We can correct some false ideas we are prone to entertain. Thus, whatever be that secret activity in nature of which all the "forces" are exhibitions to our sense, we know one thing respecting it; namely, that it is not *force*. Receiving so directly from our own action the impression of force, and seeing similar actions taking place on all hands around us, nothing could be more natural than that we should have supposed force to exist in nature. Yet when we test this idea, we find that it must rank with the child's notion of the world, which ascribes pleasure and pain to inanimate objects. Force is a sensation of our own; and is no more to be attributed to the objects in connection with which we feel it, than are the brightness of a colour or the sweetness of a taste. "When *we* take upon ourselves to alter the arrangements of the universe, we feel *pressure, push, or pull*. Accordingly we attribute to insentient matter our sensations, and we speak of an arch pressing upon its abutments, of particles of matter attracting and drawing one another, and so on. But if, instead of what we call pressure, it had been an arrangement of the creation that contact with external matter should produce a mental emotion of kindness, we should certainly have said that the particles of matter made love to each other with an affection varying conversely as the square of the distance. What a moving story the problem of the three bodies would have been then!"

We may understand this the better if we reflect that the feeling from

which we derive the idea of force, rests upon a consciousness of difficulty, of opposition, of imperfect ability. It arises from resisted effort. In fact, it is our own imperfection we ascribe to nature when we imagine that our feeling of force truly represents its working. In it there is neither exertion nor resistance; but a perfect Order. An Order, to explain which, if we look into ourselves at all, we must look deeper than to our sensuous experience. Nor do we look entirely in vain. There are other necessities we wot of than those of mechanical connection; another order than that of passive sequence. We cannot be rising too high in our thoughts when we bring the highest within us to interpret that which we perceive without; and recal (as we are justified in doing by all that science teaches us) the long banished powers of the heart and soul, to aid us in our thought of nature. Goethe says, in Dr. Whewell's translation:—

“All the forms resemble, yet none is the same as another;
Thus the whole of the throng points at a deep-hidden law—
Points at a sacred riddle. Oh, could I to thee, my beloved friend,
Whisper the fortunate word by which the riddle is read!”

But here we do not feel ourselves compelled to end. Our thoughts pursue the path that has been opened to them; and it hardly seems extravagant to us (ascribing a strict truth and universal application to the words of another poet) to say of all our intercourse with Nature, in her loftiest and lowest forms alike:—

“A Spirit—
The undulating woods, and silent well,
And rippling rivulet, and evening gloom,
When deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming,
Holds commune with us.”

To Esther.

THE first time that I ever knew you, was at Rome one winter's evening. I had walked through the silent streets—I see them now—dark with black shadows, lighted by the blazing stars overhead and by the lamps dimly flickering before the shrines at street corners. After crossing the Spanish-place I remember turning into a narrow alley and coming presently to a great black archway, which led to a glimmering court. A figure of the Virgin stood with outstretched arms above the door of your house, and the light burning at her feet dimly played upon the stone, worn and stained, on which the walls were built. Through the archway came a glimpse of the night sky above the court-yard, shining wonderfully with splendid stars; and I also caught the plashing sound of a fountain flowing in the darkness. I groped my way up the broad stone staircase, only lighted by the friendly star-shine, stumbling and knocking my shins against those ancient steps, up which two centuries of men and women had clambered; and at last, ringing at a curtained door, I found myself in a hall, and presently ushered through a dining-room, where the cloth was laid, and announced at the drawing-room door as Smith.

It was a long room with many windows, and cabinets and tables along the wall, with a tall carved mantel-piece, at which you were standing, and a Pompeian lamp burning on a table near you. Would you care to hear what manner of woman I saw; what impression I got from you as we met for the first time together? In after days, light, mood, circumstance, may modify this first image more or less, but the germ of life is in it—the identical presence—and I fancy it is rarely improved by keeping, by painting up, with love, or dislike, or long use, or weariness, as the case may be. Be this as it may, I think I knew you as well after the first five minutes' acquaintance as I do now. I saw an ugly woman, whose looks I liked somehow; thick brows, sallow face, a tall and straight-made figure, honest eyes that had no particular merit besides, dark hair, and a pleasant, cordial smile. And somehow, as I looked at you and heard you talk, I seemed to be aware of a frank spirit, uncertain, blind, wayward, tender, under this somewhat stern exterior; and so, I repeat, I liked you, and, making a bow, I said I was afraid I was before my time.

“I'm afraid it is my father who is after his,” you said. “Mr. Halbert is coming, and he, too, is often late;” and so we went on talking for about ten minutes.

Yours is a kindly manner, a sad-toned voice; I know not if your life has been a happy one; you are well disposed towards every soul you come across; you love to be loved, and try with a sweet artless art to win and

charm over each man or woman that you meet. I saw that you liked me, that you felt at your ease with me, that you held me not quite your equal, and might perhaps laugh at, as well as with me. But I did not care. My aim in life, heaven knows, has not been to domineer, to lay down the law, and triumph over others, least of all over those I like.

The colonel arrived presently, with his white hair trimly brushed and his white neckcloth neatly tied. He greeted me with great friendliness and cordiality. You have got his charm of manner; but with you, my dear, it is not manner only, for there is loyalty and heartiness shining in your face, and sincerity ringing in every tone of your voice. All this you must have inherited from your mother, if such things are an inheritance. As for the colonel, your father, if I mistake not, he is a little shrivelled-up old gentleman, with a machine inside to keep him going, and outside a well-cut coat and a well-bred air and knowledge of the world, to get on through life with. Not a very large capital to go upon. However this is not the way to speak to a young lady about her father; and besides it is you, and not he, in whom I take the interest which prompts these maudlin pages.

Mr. Halbert and little Latham, the artist, were the only other guests. You did not look round when Halbert was announced, but went on speaking to Latham, with a strange flush in your face; until Halbert had, with great *empressment*, made his way through the chairs and tables, and had greeted, rather than been greeted by, you, as I and Latham were.

So thinks I to myself, concerning certain vague notions I had already begun to entertain, I am rather late in the field, and the city is taken and has already hoisted the conqueror's colours. Perhaps those red flags might have been mine had I come a little sooner; who knows? "*De tout laurier un poison est l'essence*," says the Frenchman; and my brows may be as well unwreathed.

"I came upstairs with the dinner," Mr. Halbert was saying. "It reassured me as to my punctuality. I rather pique myself on my punctuality, colonel."

"And I'm afraid I have been accusing you of being always late," you said, as if it were a confession."

"Have you thought so, Miss Olliver?" cried Halbert.

"Dinner, sir," said Baker, opening the door.

All dinner-time Halbert, who has very high spirits, talked and laughed without ceasing. You, too, laughed, listened, looked very happy, and got up with a smile at last, leaving us to drink our wine. The colonel presently proposed cigars.

"In that case I shall go and talk to your daughter in the drawing-room," Halbert said. "I'm promised to Lady Parker's to-night; it would never do to go there smelling all over of smoke. I must be off in half-an-hour," he added, looking at his watch.

I, too, had been asked, and was rather surprised that he should be in such a desperate hurry to get there. Talking to Miss Olliver in the next

room, I could very well understand; but leaving her to rush off to Lady Parker's immediately, did not accord with the little theories I had been laying down. Could I have been mistaken? In this case it seemed to me this would be the very woman to suit me—(you see I am speaking without any reserve, and simply describing the abrupt little events as they occurred)—and I thought, who knows that there may not be a chance for me yet? But, by the time my cigar had crumbled into smoke and ashes, it struck me that my little castle had also wreathed away and vanished. Going into the drawing-room, where the lamps were swinging in the dimness, and the night without streaming in through the uncurtained windows, we found you in your white dress, sitting alone at one of them. Mr. Halbert was gone, you said; he went out by the other door. And then you were silent again, staring out at the stars with dreamy eyes. The colonel rang for tea, and chirped away very pleasantly to Latham by the fire. I looked at you now and then, and could not help surprising your thoughts somehow, and knowing that I had not been mistaken after all. There you sat, making simple schemes of future happiness; you could not, would not, look beyond the present. You were very calm, happy, full of peaceful reliance. Your world was alight with shining stars, great big shining meteors, all flaring up as they usually do before going out with a splutter at the end of the entertainment. People who are in love I have always found very much alike; and now, having settled that you belonged to that crack-brained community, it was not difficult to guess at what was going on in your mind.

I, too, as I have said, had been favoured with a card for Lady Parker's rout; and as you were so absent and ill-inclined to talk, and the colonel was anxious to go off and play whist at his club, I thought I might as well follow in Halbert's traces, and gratify any little curiosity I might feel as to his behaviour and way of going on in your absence. I found that Latham was also going to her ladyship's. As we went downstairs together Latham said, "It was too bad of Halbert to break up the party and go off at that absurd hour. I didn't say I was going, because I thought his rudeness might strike them."

"But surely," said I, "Mr. Halbert seems at home there, and may come and go as he likes. Latham shrugged his shoulders. "I like the girl; I hope she is not taken in by him. He has been very thick all the winter in other quarters. Lady Parker's niece, Lady Fanny Fareham, was going to marry him, they said; but I know very little of him. He is much too great a swell to be on intimate terms with a disreputable little painter like myself. What a night it is!" As he spoke we came out into the street again, our shadows falling on the stones; the Virgin overhead still watching, the lamp burning faithfully, the solemn night waning on. Lady Parker had lodgings in the Corso. I felt almost ashamed of stepping from the great entertainment without into the close racketing little tea-party that was clattering on within. We came in, in the middle of a jangling tune, the company spinning round and round. Halbert, twirling

like a Dervish, was almost the first person I saw; he was flushed, and looked exceedingly handsome, and his tall shoulders overtopped most of the other heads. As I watched him I thought with great complacency that if any woman cared for me, it would not be for my looks. No! no! what are mere good looks compared to those mental qualities which, &c. &c. Presently, not feeling quite easy in my mind about these said mental qualities, I again observed that it was still better to be liked for one's self than for one's mental qualities; by which time I turned my attention once more to Mr. Halbert. The youth was devoting himself most assiduously to a very beautiful, oldish young lady, in a green gauzy dress; and I now, with a mixture of satisfaction and vexation, recognized the very same looks and tones which had misled me at dinner.

I left him still at it and walked home, wondering at the great law of natural equality which seems to level all mankind to one standard, notwithstanding all those artificial ones which we ourselves have raised. Here was a successful youth, with good looks and good wits and position and fortune; and here was I, certainly no wonder, insignificant, and plain, and poor, and of commonplace intelligence, and as well satisfied with my own possessions, such as they were, as he, Halbert, could be with the treasures a prodigal fortune had showered upon him. Here was I, judging him, and taking his measure as accurately as he could take mine, were it worth his while to do so. Here was I, walking home under the stars, while he was flirting and whispering with Lady Fanny, and both our nights sped on. Constellations sinking slowly, the day approaching through the awful realms of space, hours waning, life going by for us both alike: both of us men waiting together amidst these awful surroundings.

You and I met often after this first meeting—in churches where tapers were lighting and heavy censers swinging—on the Pincio, in the narrow, deep-coloured streets: it was not always chance only which brought me so constantly into your presence. You yourself were the chance, at least, and I the blind follower of fortune.

All round about Rome there are ancient gardens lying basking in the sun. Gardens and villas built long since by dead cardinals and popes; terraces, with glinting shadows, with honeysuckle clambering in desolate luxuriance; roses flowering and fading and falling in showers on the pathways; and terraces and marble steps yellow with age. Lonely fountains plash in their basins, statues of fawns and slender nymphs stand out against the solemn horizon of blue hills and crimson-streaked sky; of cypress-trees and cedars, with the sunset showing through their stems. At home, I lead a very busy, anxious life: the beauty and peace of these Italian villas fill me with inexpressible satisfaction and gratitude towards those mouldering pontiffs, whose magnificent liberality has secured such placid resting-places for generations of weary men. Taking a long walk out of Rome one day, I came to the gates of one of these gardens. I remember seeing a carriage waiting in the shade of some cedar-trees;

hard by, horses with drooping heads, and servants smoking as they waited. This was no uncommon sight; the English are for ever on their rounds; but somehow, on this occasion, I thought I recognized one of the men, and instead of passing by, as had been my intention, I turned in at the half-opened gate, which the angels with the flaming swords had left unguarded and unlocked for once, and, after a few minutes' walk, I came upon the Eve I looked for.

You were sitting on some time-worn steps; you wore a green silk dress, and your brown hair, with the red tints in it, was all ablaze with the light. You looked very unhappy, I thought: got up with an effort, and smiled a pitiful smile.

"Are you come here for a little quiet?" I asked. "I am not going to disturb you."

"I came here for pleasure, not quiet," you said, "with papa and some friends. I was tired, so they walked on and left me."

"That is the way with one's friends," said I. "Who are the culprits, Miss Olliver?"

"I am the only culprit," you said, grimly. "Lady Fanny and Mr. Halbert came with us to-day. Look, there they are at the end of that alley."

And as you spoke, you raised one hand and pointed, and I made up my mind. It was a very long alley. The figures in the distance were advancing very slowly. When they reach that little temple, thought I, I will tell her what I think.

This was by no means so sudden a determination as it may appear to you, reading over these pages. It seems a singular reason to give; but I really think it was your hopeless fancy for that rosy youth which touched me and interested me so. I know I used to carry home sad words, spoken not to me, and glances that thrilled me with love, pity, and sympathy. What I said was, as you know, very simple and to the purpose. I knew quite well your fancy was elsewhere; mine was with you, perhaps as hopelessly placed. I didn't exactly see what good this confession was to do either of us, only, there I was, ready to spend my life at your service.

When I had spoken there was a silent moment, and then you glowed up—your eyes melted, your mouth quivered. "Oh, what can I say? Oh, I am so lonely. Oh, I have not one friend in the world; and now, suddenly, a helping hand is held out, and I can't—I *can't* push it away. Oh, don't despise. Oh, forgive me."

Despise! scorn! . . . Poor child! I only liked you the more for your plaintive appeal; though I wondered at it.

"Take your time," I said; "I can wait, and I shall not fly away. Call me when you want me; send me away when I weary you. Here is your father; shall I speak to him? But no. Remember there is no single link between us, except what you yourself hold in your own hands.

Here your father and Halbert and Lady Fanny came up. "Well,

Esther, are you rested," says the colonel cheerfully. "Why, how do you do (to me)? What have you been talking about so busily?"

You did not answer, but fixed your eyes on your father's face. I said something; I forget what. Halbert, looking interested, turned from one to the other. Lady Fanny, who held a fragrant heap of roses, shook a few petals to the ground, where they lay glowing after we had all walked away.

If you remember, I did not go near you for a day or two after this. But I wrote you a letter, in which I repeated that you were entirely free to use me as you liked: marry me—make a friend of me—I was in your hands. One day, at last, I called; and I shall never forget the sweetness and friendly gratefulness with which you received me. A solitary man, dying of lonely thirst, you meet me smiling with a cup of sparkling water: a weary watcher through the night—suddenly I see the dawn streaking the bright horizon. Those were very pleasant times. I remember now, one afternoon in early spring, open windows, sounds coming in from the city, the drone of the *psiffcrari* buzzing drowsily in the sultry streets. You sat at your window in some light-coloured dress, laughing now and then, and talking your tender little talk. The colonel, from behind *The Times*, joined in now and again: the pleasant half-hours slid by. We were still basking there, when Halbert was announced, and came in, looking very tall and handsome. The bagpipes droned on, the flies sailed in and out on the sunshine: you still sat tranquilly at the open casement; but somehow the golden atmosphere of the hour was gone. Your smiles were gone; your words were silenced; and that happy little hour was over for ever.

When I got up to come away Halbert rose too: he came downstairs with me, and suddenly looking me full in the face said, "When is it to be?"

"You know much more about it than I do," I answered.

"You don't mean to say that you are not very much smitten with Miss Esther?" said he.

"Certainly I am," said I; "I should be ready enough to marry her, if that is what you mean. I daresay I shan't get her. She is to me the most sympathetic woman I have ever known. You are too young, Mr. Halbert, to understand and feel her worth. Don't be offended," I added, seeing him flush up. "You young fellows can't be expected to see with the same eyes as we old ones. You will think as I do in another ten years."

"How do you mean," he asked.

"Isn't it the way with all of us," said I; "we begin by liking universally; as we go on we pick and choose, and weary of things which had only the charm of novelty to recommend them; only as our life narrows we cling more and more to the good things which remain, and feel their value ten times more keenly? And surely a sweet, honest-hearted young woman like Esther Olliver is a good thing."

"She is very nice," Halbert said. "She has such good manners. I have had more experience than you give me credit for, and I am very much of your way of thinking. They say that old courtly colonel is dreadfully harsh to her—wants to marry her, and get her off his hands. I assure you you have a very good chance."

"I mistrust that old colonel," said I, dictatorially; "as I trust his daughter. Somehow she and I chime in tune together;" and, as I spoke, I began to understand why you once said wofully, that you had not one friend in the world; and my thoughts wandered away to the garden where I had found you waiting on the steps of the terrace.

"What do you say to the '*Elisire d'Amore*' Lady Fanny and I have been performing lately?" Halbert was saying, meanwhile, very confidentially. "Sometimes I cannot help fancying that the colonel wants to take a part in the performance, and a cracked old tenor part, too. In that case I shall cry off, and give up my engagements." And then, nodding good-by, he left me.

I met him again in the Babuino a day or two after. He came straight up to me, saying, "Going to the Ollivers', eh? Will you take a message for me, and tell the colonel I mean to look in there this evening. That old fox the colonel—you have heard that he *is* actually going to marry Lady Fanny. She told me so herself, yesterday."

"I think her choice is a prudent one," I answered, somewhat surprised. "I suppose Colonel Olliver is three times as rich as yourself? You must expect a woman of thirty to be prudent. I am not fond of that virtue in very young people, but it is not unbecoming with years."

Halbert flushed up. "I suppose from that you mean she was very near marrying me. I'm not sorry she has taken up with the colonel after all. You see, my mother was always writing, and my sisters at home; and they used to tell me . . . and I myself thought she——, you know what I mean. But, of course, they have been reassured on that point."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, in a great panic, "that you would marry any woman who happened to fall in love with you?"

"I don't know what I might have done a year ago," said he, laughing; "but just now, you see, I have had a warning, and besides it is my turn to make the advances."

I was immensely relieved at this, for I didn't know what I was not going to say.

Here, as we turned a street corner, we came upon a black-robed monk, standing, veiled and motionless, with a skull in one bony hand. This cheerful object changed the current of our talk, and we parted presently at a fountain. Women with black twists of hair were standing round about, waiting in grand, careless attitudes, while the limpid water flowed.

When I reached your door, I found the carriage waiting, and you and your father under the archway. "Come with us," said he, and I gladly accepted. And so we drove out at one of the gates of the city, out into

the Campagna, over which melting waves of colour were rolling. Here and there we passed ancient ruins crumbling in the sun; the roadsides streamed with colour and fragrance from violets and anemones and sweet-smelling flowers. After some time we came suddenly to some green hills, and leaving the carriage climbed up the sides. Then we found ourselves looking down into a green glowing valley, with an intense heaven above all melting into light. You, with a little transient gasp of happiness, fell down kneeling in the grass. I shall always see the picture I had before me then—the light figure against the bright green, the black hat, and long falling feather; the eager face looking out at the world. May it be for ever green and pleasant to you as it was then, O eager face!

As we were parting in the twilight, I suddenly remembered to give Halbert's message. It did not greatly affect your father; but how was it? Was it because I knew you so well that I instinctively guessed you were moved by it? When I shook hands with you and said good-night, your hand trembled in mine.

"Won't you look in too?" said the colonel.

But I shook my head. "Not to-night—no, thank you." And so we parted.

My lodgings were in the Gregoriana; the windows looked out over gardens and cupolas; from one of them I could see the Pincio. From that one, next morning, as I sat drinking my coffee, I suddenly saw you, walking slowly along by the parapet, with your dog running by your side. You went to one of those outlying terraces which flank the road, and leaning over the stone work looked out at the great panorama lying at your feet:—Rome, with her purple mantle of mist, regally spreading, her towers, her domes, and great St. Peter's rising over the house-tops, her seven hills changing and deepening with noblest colour, her golden crown of sunlight streaming and melting with the mist. Somehow I, too, saw all this presently when I reached the place where you were still standing.

And now I have almost come to the end of my story, that is, of those few days of my life of which you, Esther, were the story. You stood there waiting, and I hastened towards you, and fate (I fancied you were my fate) went on its course quite unmoved by my hopes or your fears. I thought that you looked almost handsome for once. You certainly seemed more happy. Your face flushed and faded, your eyes brightened and darkened. As you turned and saw me, a radiant quiver, a piteous smile came to greet me somewhat strangely. You seemed trying to speak, but the words died away on your lips—to keep silence, at least, but the faltering accents broke forth.

"What is it, my dear?" said I at last, with a queer sinking of the heart, and I held out my hand.

You caught it softly between both yours. "Oh!" you said, with sparkling eyes, "I am a mean, wretched girl—oh! don't think too ill of me. He, Mr. Halbert, came to see me last night, and—and, he says . . . Oh! I don't deserve it. Oh! forgive me, for I am so

happy;" and you burst into tears. "You have been so good to me," you whispered on. "I hardly know how good. He says he only thought of me when you spoke of me to him, when—when he saw you did not dislike me. I ~~am~~ behaving shamefully—yes, shamefully, but it is because I know you are too kind not to forgive—not to forgive. What can I do? You know how it has always been. You don't know what it would be to marry one person, caring for another. Ah! you don't know what it would be to have it otherwise than as it is" (this clasping your hands). "But you don't ask it. Ah! forgive me, and say you don't ask it." Then standing straight and looking down with a certain sweet dignity, you went on—"Heaven has sent me a great and unexpected happiness, but there is, indeed, a bitter, bitter cup to drink as well. Though I throw you over, though I behave so selfishly, don't think that I am utterly conscienceless, that I do not suffer a cruel pang indeed; ~~when~~ I think how you must look at me, when I remember what return I ~~am~~ making for all your forbearance and generosity. When I think of myself, I am ashamed and humiliated; when I think of him——" Here you suddenly broke off, and turned away your face.

Ah me! turned away your face for ever from me. The morning mists faded away; the mid-day sun streamed over hills and towers and valley. The bell of the Trinità hard by began to toll.

I said, "Good-by, and Heaven keep you, my dear. I would not have had you do otherwise." And so I went back to my lodging.

The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

BY ONE OF THE FIRM.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHOWING HOW ROBINSON WALKED UPON ROSES.

"WILL it ever be said of me when my history is told that I spent forty thousand pounds a-year in advertising a single article? Would that it might be told that I had spent ten times forty thousand." It was thus that Robinson had once spoken to his friend Poppins, while some remnant of that five hundred pounds was still in his hands.

"But what good does it do? it don't make anything."

"But it sells them, Poppins."

"Everybody wears a shirt, and no one wears more than one at a time. I don't see that it does any good."

"It is a magnificent trade in itself. Would that I had a monopoly of all the walls in London; the very arches of the bridges must be worth ten thousand a-year. The omnibuses are invaluable; the cabs are a mine of wealth; and the railway stations throughout England would give a revenue for an emperor. Poppins, my dear fellow, I fancy that you have hardly looked into the depths of it."

"Perhaps not," said Poppins. "Some objects to them that they're all lies. It isn't that I mind. As far as I can see everything is mostly lies. The very worst article our people can get for sale, they call 'middlings;' the real middlings are 'very superior,' and so on. They're all lies; but they don't cost anything, and all the world knows what they mean. Bad things must be bought and sold, and if we said our things was bad, nobody would buy them. But I can't understand throwing away so much money and getting nothing."

Poppins possessed a glimmering of light, but it was only a glimmering. He could understand that a man should not call his own goods middling; but he could not understand that a man is only carrying out the same principle in an advanced degree, when he proclaims with a hundred thousand voices in a hundred thousand places, that the article which he desires to sell is the best of its kind that the world has yet produced. He merely asserts with his loudest voice that his middlings are not middlings. A little man can see that he must not cry stinking fish against himself; but it requires a great man to understand that in order to abstain effectually from so suicidal a proclamation, he must declare with all the voice of his lungs, that his fish are that moment out of the ocean. "It's the poetry of euphemism," Robinson once said to Poppins; but he might as well have talked Greek to him.

Robinson often complained that no one understood him; but he forgot that it is the fate of great men generally to work alone, and to be not comprehended. The higher a man raises his head, the more necessary is it that he should learn to lean only on his own strength, and to walk his path without even the assistance of sympathy. The greedy Jones had friends. Poppins with his easy epicurean *laissez aller*,—he had friends. The decent Brown, who would so fain be comfortable, had friends. But for Robinson, there was no one on whose shoulder he could rest his head, and from whose heart and voice he could receive sympathy and encouragement.

From one congenial soul,—from one soul that he had hoped to find congenial,—he did look for solace; but even here he was disappointed. It has been told that Maryanne Brown did at last consent to name the day. This occurred in May, and the day named was in August. Robinson was very anxious to fix it at an earlier period, and the good-natured girl would have consented to arrange everything within a fortnight. "What's the use of shilly-shallying?" said she to her father. "If it is to be done, let it be done at once. I'm so knocked about among you, I hardly know where I am." But Mr. Brown would not consent. Mr. Brown was very feeble, but yet he was very obstinate. It would often seem that he was beaten away from his purpose, and yet he would hang on it with more tenacity than that of a stronger man. "Town is empty in August, George, and then you can be spared for a run to Margate for two or three days."

"Oh, we don't want any nonsense," said Maryanne; "do we, George?"

"All I want is your own self," said Robinson.

"Then you won't mind going into lodgings for a few months," said Brown.

Robinson would have put up with an attic, had she he loved consented to spread her bridal couch so humbly; but Maryanne declared with resolution that she would not marry till she saw herself in possession of the rooms over the shop.

"There'll be room for us all for awhile," said old Brown.

"I think we might manage," said George.

"I know a trick worth two of that," said the lady. "Who's to make pa go when once we begin in that way? As I mean to end, so I'll begin. And as for you, George, there's no end to your softness. You're that green, that the very cows would eat you." Was it not well said by Mr. Robinson in his preface to these memoirs, that the poor old commercial Lear, whose name stood at the head of the firm, was cursed with a Goneril, and with a Regan?

But nothing would induce Mr. Brown to leave his home or to say that he would leave his home before the middle of August, and thus the happy day was postponed till that time.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," said Poppins, when

he was told. "Do you take care that she and Polly ain't off to Aldersgate Street together."

"Poppins, I wouldn't be cursed with your ideas of human nature,—not for a free use of all the stations on the North Western. Go to Aldersgate Street now that she is my affianced bride!"

"That's gammon," said Poppins; "when once she's married she'll be straight enough. I believe that of her, for she knows which side her bread's buttered. But till the splice is made she's a right to please herself; that's the way she looks at it."

"And will it not please her to become mine?"

"It's about the same with 'em all," continued Poppins. "My Polly would have been at Hong Kong with the Buffs by this time, if I hadn't knocked the daylight out of that sergeant." And Poppins, from the tone in which he spoke of his own deeds, seemed to look back upon his feat of valour with less satisfaction than it had given him at the moment. Polly was his own certainly; but the comfort of his small menage was somewhat disturbed by his increasing family.

But to return. Robinson, as we have said, looked in vain to his future partner in life for a full appreciation of his own views as to commerce.

"It's all very well, I daresay," said she; "but one should feel one's way."

"When you launch your ship into the sea," he replied, "you do not want to feel your way. You know that the waves will bear her up, and you send her forth boldly. As wood will float upon water, so will commerce float on the ocean streams of advertisement."

"But if you run aground in the mud, where are you then? Do you take care, George, or your boat 'll be water-logged."

It was during some of these conversations that Delilah cut another lock of hair from Samson's head, and induced him to confess that he had obtained that sum of five hundred pounds from her father, and spent it among those who prepared for him his advertisements.

"No!" said she, jumping up from her seat. "Then he had it after all?"

"Yes; he certainly had it."

"Well, that passes. And after all he said."

A glimmering of the truth struck coldly upon Robinson's heart. She had endeavoured to get from her father this sum and had failed. She had failed, and the old man had sworn to her that he had it not. But for what purpose had she so eagerly demanded it?

"Maryanne," he said, "if you love another more fondly than you love me —"

"Don't bother about love, George, now. And so you got it out of him and sent it all flying after the rest. I didn't think you were that powerful."

"The money, Maryanne, belonged to the firm."

"Gracious knows who it belongs to now. But, laws — when I think of all that he said, it's quite dreadful. One can't believe a word that comes out of his mouth."

Robinson also thought that it was quite dreadful when he reflected on all that she must have said before she had given up the task as helpless. Then, too, an idea came upon him of what he might have to endure when he and she should be one bone and one flesh. How charming was she to the eyes! how luxuriously attractive, when in her softer moments she would laugh, and smile, and joke at the winged hours as they passed! But already was he almost afraid of her voice, and already did he dread the fiercer glances of her eyes. Was he wise in this that he was doing? Had he not one bride in commerce, a bride that would never scold; and would it not be well for him to trust his happiness to her alone? So he argued within his own breast. But nevertheless, Love was still the lord of all."

"And the money's all gone?" said Maryanne.

"Indeed it is. Would I had as many thousands to send after it."

"It was like your folly, George, not to keep a little of it by you, knowing how comfortable it would have been for us at the beginning."

"But, my darling, it belonged to the firm."

"The firm, indeed! Arn't they all helping themselves hand over hand, except you? There was Sarah Jane in the shop behind the counter all yesterday afternoon. Now, I tell you what it is; if she's to come in I won't stand it. She's not there for nothing, and she with children at home. No wonder she can keep a nursemaid, if that's where she spends her time. If you would go down more into the shop, George, and write less of them little books in verse, it would be better for us all."

And so the time passed on towards August, and the fifteenth of that month still remained fixed as the happy day. Robinson spent some portion of this time in establishing a method of advertisement, which he flattered himself was altogether new; but it must be admitted in these pages, that his means for carrying it out were not sufficient. In accordance with this project it would have been necessary to secure the co-operation of all the tailors' foremen in London, and this could not be done without a douceur to the men. His idea was, that for a period of a month in the heart of the London season, no new coat should be sent home to any gentleman without containing in the pocket one of those alluring little silver books, put out by Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

"The thing is, to get them opened and looked at," said Robinson. "Now, I put it to you, Poppins, whether you wouldn't open a book like that if you found that somebody had put it into your tail coat."

"Well, I should open it."

"You would be more or less than mortal did you not? If it's thrown into your cab, you throw it out. If a man hands it to you in the street, you drop it. If it comes by post, you throw it into the waste-paper

basket. But I'll defy the sternest or the idlest man not to open the leaves of such a work as that when he first takes it out of his new dress-coat. Surprise will make him do so. Why should his tailor send him the book of B., J., and R.? There must be something in it. The name of B., J., and R., becomes fixed in his memory, and then the work is done. If the tailors had been true to me, I might have defied the world." But the tailors were not true to him.

During all this time nothing was heard of Brisket. It could not be doubted that Brisket, busy among his bullocks in Aldersgate Street, knew well what was passing among the Browns in Bishopsgate Street. Once or twice it occurred to Robinson that the young women, Maryanne namely and Mrs. Poppins, expected some intervention from the butcher: was it possible that Mr. Brisket might be expected to entertain less mercenary ideas when he found that his prize was really to be carried off by another? But whatever may have been the expectations of the ladies, Brisket made no sign. He hadn't seen his way, and therefore he had retired from the path of love.

But Brisket, even though he did not see his way, was open to female seduction. Why it was, that at this eventful period of Robinson's existence Mrs. Poppins should have turned against him,—why his old friend, Polly Twizzle, should have gone over to his rival, Robinson never knew. It may have been, because in his humble way, Poppins himself stood firmly by his friend; for such often is the nature of women. Be that as it may, Mrs. Poppins, who is now again his fast friend, was then his enemy.

"We shall have to go to this wedding of George's," Poppins said to his wife, when one week in August had already passed. "I suppose old Pikes 'll give me a morning." Old Pikes was a partner in the house to which Mr. Poppins was attached.

"I shan't buy my bonnet yet awhile," said Mrs. Poppins.

"And why not, Polly?"

"For reasons that I know of."

"But what reasons?"

"You men are always half blind, and t'other half stupid. Don't you see that she's not going to have him?"

"She must be pretty sharp changing her mind, then. Here's Tuesday already, and next Tuesday is to be the day."

"Then it won't be next Tuesday; nor yet any Tuesday this month. Brisket's after her again."

"I don't believe it, Polly."

"Then disbelieve it. I was with him yesterday, and I'll tell you who was there before me;—only don't you go to Robinson and say I said so."

"If I can't make sport, I shan't spoil none," said Poppins.

"Well, Jones was there. Jones was with Brisket, and Jones told him that if he'd come forward now he should have a hundred down, and a promise from the firm for the rest of it."

"Then Jones is a scoundrel."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Poppins. "Maryanne is his wife's sister, and he's bound to do the best he can by her. Brisket is a deal steadier man than Georgy Robinson, and won't have to look for his bread so soon, I'm thinking."

"He hasn't half the brains," said Poppins.

"Brains is like soft words; they won't butter no parsnips."

"And you've been with Brisket?" said the husband.

"Yes; why not? Brisket and I was always friends. I'm not going to quarrel with Brisket because Georgy Robinson is afraid of him. I knew how it would be with Robinson when he didn't stand up to Brisket that night at the Hall of Harmony. What's a man worth if he won't stand up for his young woman? If you hadn't stood up for me I wouldn't have had you." And so ended that conversation.

"A hundred pounds down?" said Brisket to Jones the next day.

"Yes, and our bill for the remainder."

"The cash on the nail."

"Paid into your hand," said Jones.

"I think I should see my way," said Brisket; "at any rate I'll come up on Saturday."

"Much better say to-morrow, or Friday."

"Can't. It's Little Gogham fair on Friday; and I always kills on Thursday."

"Saturday will be very late."

"There'll be time enough if you've got the money ready. You've spoken to old Brown, I suppose. I'll be up as soon after six on Saturday evening as I can come. If Maryanne wants to see me, she'll find me here. It won't be the first time."

Thus was it that among his enemies the happiness of Robinson's life was destroyed. Against Brisket he breathes not a word. The course was open to both of them; and if Brisket was the best horse, why, let him win!

But in what words would it be right to depict the conduct of Jones?

CHAPTER XVII.

A TEA-PARTY IN BISHOPSGATE STREET.

If it shall appear to those who read these memoirs that there was much in the conduct of Mr. Brown which deserves censure, let them also remember how much there was in his position which demands pity. In this short narrative it has been our purpose to set forth the commercial doings of the house of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, rather than the domestic life of the partners, and, therefore, it has been impossible to tell of all the trials through which Mr. Brown passed with his children. But those trials were very severe, and if Mr. Brown was on certain points

untrue to the young partner who trusted him, allowances for such untruth must be made. He was untrue; but there is one man, who, looking back upon his conduct, knows how to forgive it.

The scenes upstairs at Magenta House during that first week in August had been very terrible. Mr. Brown, in his anxiety to see his daughter settled, had undoubtedly pledged himself to abandon the rooms in which he lived, and to take lodgings elsewhere. To this promised self-sacrifice Maryanne was resolved to keep him bound; and when some hesitation appeared on his part, she swore to him that nothing should induce her to become Mrs. Robinson till he had packed his things and was gone. Mr. Brown had a heart to feel, and at this moment he could have told how much sharper than a serpent's tooth is a child's ingratitude!

But he would have gone; he would have left the house, although he had begun to comprehend that in leaving it he must probably lose much of his authority over the money taken in the shop; he would, however, have done so, had not Mrs. Jones come down upon him with the whole force of her tongue, and the full violence of her malice. When Robinson should have become one with Maryanne Brown, and ~~should have~~ become the resident partner, then would the influence of Mrs. Jones in that establishment have been brought to a speedy close.

The reader shall not be troubled with those frightful quarrels in which each of the family was pitted against the others. Sarah June declared to her father, in terms which no child should have used to her parent, that he must be an idiot and doting if he allowed his youngest daughter and her lover to oust him from his house and from all share in the management of the business. Brown then appealed piteously to Maryanne, and begged that he might be allowed to occupy a small closet as his bed-room. But Maryanne was inexorable. He had undertaken to go, and unless he did go she would never omit to din into his ears this breach of his direct promise to her. Maryanne became almost great in her anger, as with voice raised so as to drown her sister's weaker tones, she poured forth her own story of her own wrongs.

"It has been so from the beginning," she said. "When I first knew Brisket, it was not for any love I had for the man, but because mother took him up. Mother promised him money; and then I said I'd marry him,—not because I cared for him, but because he was respectable and all right. And then mother hadn't the money when the pinch came, and, of course, Brisket wasn't going to be put upon;—why should he? so I took up with Robinson, and you knew it, father."

"I did, Maryanne; I did."

"Of course you did. I wasn't going to make a fool of myself for no man. I have got myself to look to; and if I don't do it myself, they who is about me won't do it for me."

"Your old father would do anything for you."

"Father, I hate words! What I want is deeds. Well, then :—Robin-

son came here and was your partner, and meanwhile I thought it was all right. And who was it interfered?—why, you did. When Brisket went to you, you promised him the money; and then he went and upset Robinson. And we had that supper in Smithfield, and Robinson was off, and I was to be Mrs. Brisket out of hand. But then, again, the money wasn't there."

"I couldn't make the money, Maryanne."

"Father, it's a shame for you to tell such falsehoods before your own daughters."

"Oh, Maryanne! you wicked girl!" said Sarah Jane.

"If I'm wicked, there's two of us so, Sarah Jane! You had the money, and you gave it to Robinson for them notices of his. I know all about it now! And then what could you expect of Brisket? Of course he was off. There was no ful-lal about love, and all that, with him. He wanted a woman to look after his house; but he wanted something with her. And I wanted a roof over my head; which I'm not likely to have, the way you're going on."

"While I have a morsel, you shall have half."

"And when you haven't a morsel, how will it be then? Of course when I saw all this, I felt myself put upon. There was Jones getting his money out of the shop."

"Well, miss," said Sarah Jane; "and isn't he a partner?"

"You ain't a partner, and I don't know what business you have there. But every one was helping themselves except me. I was going to the wall. I have always been going to the wall. Well; when Brisket was off, I took up with Robinson again. I always liked him the best, only I never thought of my own likings: I wasn't that selfish. I took up with Robinson again; but I wasn't going to be any man's wife, if he couldn't put a roof over my head. Well, father, you know what was said then, and now you're going back from it."

"I suppose you'd better have Mr. Brisket," said the old man, after a pause.

"Will you give Brisket those five hundred pounds?" And then those embassies to Aldersgate Street were made by Mrs. Poppins and by Mr. Jones. During this time Maryanne, having spoken her mind freely, remained silent and sullen. That her father would not go out on the appointed day, she knew. That she would not marry Robinson unless he did, she knew also. She did not like Brisket; but, as she had said, she was not so selfish as to let that stand in the way. If it was to be Brisket, let it be Brisket. Only let something be done.

Only let something be done. It certainly was not a matter of surprise that she should demand so much. It must be acknowledged that all connected with the firm and family began to feel that the house of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, had not succeeded in establishing itself on a sound basis. Mr. Brown was despondent, and often unwell. The Jones's were actuated by no ambition to raise themselves to the position of British merchants, but by a greedy desire to get what might be gotten in the

scramble. Robinson still kept his shoulder to the collar, but he did so with but little hope. He had made a fatal mistake in leaguering himself with uncongenial partners, and began to feel that that mistake must be expiated by the ruin of his present venture. Under such circumstances Maryanne Brown was not unreasonable in desiring that something should be done. She had now given a tacit consent to that plan for bringing back Brisket, and consequently her brother-in-law went at once to work.

It must be acknowledged that the time was short. When Brisket, with such easy indifference, postponed his visit to Bishopsgate Street till the Saturday, giving to Gogham Market and the slaughtering of his boasts a preference to the renewal of his love, he regarded the task before him as a light one. But it must be supposed that it was no light task to Miss Brown. On the Tuesday following that Saturday, she would, if she were true to her word, join herself in wedlock to George Robinson. She now purposed to be untrue to her word; but it must be presumed that she had some misgivings at the heart when she thought of the task before her.

On the Thursday and the Friday she managed to avoid Robinson. On the Saturday morning they met in her father's room for a minute, and when he attempted to exercise a privilege to which his near approaching nuptials certainly entitled him, she repulsed him sullenly: "Oh, come; none of that." "I shall require the more on Tuesday," he replied, with his ordinary good-humour. She spoke nothing further to him then, but left the room and went away to her friend Mrs. Poppins.

Robinson belonged to a political debating club, which met on every Saturday evening at the Goose and Gridiron in one of the lanes behind the church in Fleet Street. It was, therefore, considered that the new compact might be made in Bishopsgate Street on that evening without any danger of interruption from him. But at the hour of dinner on that day, a word was whispered into his ear by Poppins. "I don't suppose you care about it," said he, "but there's going to be some sort of doing at the old man's this evening."

"What doing?"

"It's all right, I suppose; but Brisket is going to be there. It's just a farewell call, I suppose."

"Brisket with my love!" said Robinson. "Then will I be there also."

"Don't forget that you've got to chaw up old Crowdy on the paper question. What will the Geese do if you're not there?" The club in question was ordinarily called the Goose Club, and the members were in common parlance called the Geese.

"I will be there also," said Robinson. "But if I should be late, you will tell the Geese why it is so."

"They all know you are going to be married," said Poppins. And then they parted.

The hour at which the parliament of the Geese assembled was, as a

rule, a quarter before eight in the evening, so that the debate might absolutely begin at eight. Seven was the hour for tea in Bishopsgate Street, but on the present occasion Brisket was asked for half-past seven, so that Robinson's absence might be counted on as a certainty. At half-past seven to the moment Brisket was there, and the greeting between him and Maryanne was not of a passionate nature.

"Well, old girl, here I am again," he said, as he swung his burly body into the room.

"I see you," she said, as she half reluctantly gave him her hand. "But remember, it wasn't me who sent for you. I'd just as lief you stayed away." And then they went to business.

Both Jones and his wife were there; and it may perhaps be said, that if Maryanne Brown had any sincerity of feeling at her heart, it was one of hatred for her brother-in-law. But now, this new change in her fortunes was being brought about by his interference, and he was, as it were, acting as her guardian. This was very bitter to her, and she sat on one side in sullen silence, and to all appearance paid no heed to what was being said.

The minds of them all were so intent on the business part of the transaction that the banquet was allowed to remain untouched till all the preliminaries were settled. There was the tea left to draw till it should be as bitter as Maryanne's temper, and the sally luns were becoming as cold as Sarah Jane's heart. Mr. Brown did, in some half-bashful manner, make an attempt at performing the duties of a host. "My dears, won't Mr. Brisket have his dish of tea now it's here?" But "my dears" were deaf to the hint. Maryanne still sat sullen in the corner, and Sarah Jane stood bolt upright, with ears erect, ready to listen, ready to speak, ready to interfere with violence should the moment come when anything was to be gained on her side by doing so.

They went to the work in hand, with very little of the preamble of courtesy. Yes; Brisket would marry her on the terms proposed by Jones. He could see his way if he had a hundred pounds down, and the bill of the Firm at three months for the remaining sum.

"Not three months, Brisket. Six months," suggested Brown. But in this matter Brisket was quite firm, and Mr. Brown gave way.

But, as all of them knew, the heat of the battle would concern the names which were to be written on the bill. Brisket demanded that the bill should be from the firm. Jones held that as a majority of the firm were willing that this should be so, Mr. Brown was legally entitled to make the bill payable at the bank out of the funds of the house. In this absurd opinion he was supported violently by his wife. Brisket, of course, gave no opinion on the subject. It was not for him to interfere among the partners. All he said was, that the bill of the firm had been promised to him, and that he shouldn't see his way with anything else. Mr. Brown hesitated—pondering painfully over the deed he was called upon to do. He knew that he was being asked to rob the man he loved;

but he knew also, that if he did not do so, he must go forth from his home. And then, when he might be in want of comfort, the child for whose sake he should do so would turn from him without love or pity.

"Jones and me would do it together," said Mr. Brown.

"Jones won't do nothing of the kind," said Jones's careful wife.

"It would be no good if he did," said Brisket. "And, I'll tell you what it is, I'm not going to be made a fool of; I must know how it's to be at once, or I'm off." And he put out his hand as though to take up his hat.

"What fools you are!" said Maryanne, speaking from her chair in the corner. "There's not one of you knows George Robinson. Ask him to give his name to the bill, and he'll do it instantly."

"Who is it wants the name of George Robinson?" said the voice of that injured man, as at the moment he entered the room. "George Robinson is here." And then he looked round upon the assembled councillors, and his eyes rested at last with mingled scorn and sorrow upon the face of Maryanne Brown;—with mingled scorn and sorrow, but not with anger. "George Robinson is here; who wants his name?—and why?"

"Will you take a cup of tea, George?" said Mr. Brown, as soon as he was able to overcome his first dismay.

"Maryanne," said Robinson, "why is that man here?" and he pointed to Brisket.

"Ask them," said Maryanne, and she turned her face away from him, in towards the wall.

"Mr. Brown, why is he here? Why is your daughter's former lover here on the eve of her marriage with me?"

"I will answer that question, if you please," said Jones, stepping up.

"You!" And Robinson, looking at him from head to foot, silenced him with his look. "You answer me! From you I will take no answer in this matter. With you I will hold no parley on this subject. I have spoken to two whom I loved, and they have given me no reply. There is one here whom I do not love and he shall answer me. Mr. Brisket, though I have not loved you, I have believed you to be an honest man. Why are you here?"

"To see if we can agree about my marrying that young woman," said Brisket, nodding at her with his head, while he still kept his hands in his trousers' pockets.

"Ah! Is it so? There she is, Mr. Brisket; and now, for the third time, I shall go out from your presence, renouncing her charms in your favour. When first I did so at the dancing-room, I was afraid of your brute strength, because the crowd was looking on and I knew you could carry out your unmanly threat. And when I wrote that paper the second time, you had again threatened me, and I was again afraid. My heart was high on other matters, and why should I have sacrificed myself? Now I renounce her again; but I am not afraid, for my heart is high on nothing."

"George, George!" said Maryanne, jumping from her seat. "Leave him, leave him, and I'll promise ——" And then she seized hold of his arm. For the moment some touch of a woman's feeling had reached her heart. At that instant she perhaps recognized,—if only for the instant—that true love is worth more than comfort,—worth more than well assured rations of bread and meat, and a secure roof. For that once she felt rather than understood that an honest heart is better than a strong arm. But it was too late.

"No," said he, "I'll have no promise from you;—your words are all false. I've humbled myself as the dust beneath your feet; because I loved you,—and, therefore, you have treated me as the dust. The man who will crawl to a woman will ever be so treated."

"You are about right there, old fellow," said Brisket.

"Leave me, I say." For still she held his arm. She still held his arm, for she saw by his eye what he intended, though no one else had seen.

"You have twitted me with my cowardice," he said; "but you shall see that I am no coward. He is the coward!" and he pointed with his finger to Brisket. "He is the coward, for he will undergo no risk." And then, without further notice, George Robinson flew at the butcher's throat.

It was very clear that Brisket himself had suspected no such attack, for till the moment at which he felt Robinson's fingers about his cravat, he had still stood with his hands in the pockets of his trowsers. He was very strong, and when his thoughts were well made up to the idea of a fight, could in his own way be quick enough with his fists; but otherwise he was slow in action, nor was he in any way passionate.

"Halloo," he said, striving to extricate himself, and hardly able to articulate, as the handkerchief tightened itself about his neck. "Ugh-h-h." And getting his arm round Robinson's ribs he tried to squeeze his assailant till he should drop his hold.

"I will have his tongue from his mouth," shouted Robinson, and as he spoke, he gave another twist to the handkerchief.

"Oh, laws," said Mrs. Jones. "The poor man will be choked," and she laid hold of the tail of Robinson's coat, pulling at it with all her strength.

"Don't, don't," said Mr. Brown. "George, George, you shall have her; indeed you shall—only leave him."

Maryanne the while looked on, as ladies of yore did look on when knights slaughtered each other for their smiles. And perhaps of yore the hearts of those who did look on were as cold and callous as was hers. For one moment of enthusiasm she had thought she loved, but now again she was indifferent. It might be settled as well this way as any other.

At length Brisket succeeded in actually forcing his weak assailant from him, Mrs. Jones the while lending him considerable assistance; and then he raised his heavy fist. Robinson was there opposite to him, helpless and

exhausted, just within his reach ; and he raised his heavy fist to strike him down.

He raised his fist, and then he let it fall. "No," said he, "I'm blowed if I'll hit you ; you're better stuff than I thought you was. And now look here, young man ; there she is. If she'll say that she'll have you, I'll walk out, and I won't come across you or she any more."

Maryanne, when she heard this, raised her face and looked steadily at Robinson. If, however, she had any hope, that hope was fruitless.

"I have renounced her twice," said he, "and now I renounce her again. It is not now from fear. Mr. Brown, you have my authority for accepting that bill in the name of the Firm." Then he left the room and went forth into the street.

CHAPTER XVII:

AN EVENING AT THE GOOSE AND GRIDIRON.

THOSE political debaters who met together weekly at the "Goose and Gridiron" were certainly open to the insinuation that they copied the practices of another debating society, which held its sittings farther west. In some respects they did so, and were perhaps even servile in their imitation. They divided themselves into parties, of which each had an ostensible leader. But then there was always some ambitious but hardly trustworthy member who endeavoured to gather round him a third party which might become dominant by trimming between the other two ; and he again would find the ground cut from beneath his feet by new aspirants. The members never called each other by their own names, but addressed each always as "the worthy Goose," speaking at such moments with the utmost courtesy. This would still be done, though the speaker were using all his energy to show that that other Goose was in every sense unworthy. They had a perpetual chairman, for whom they affected the most unbounded respect. He was generally called "the Grand," his full title being "The Most Worthy Grand Goose ;" and members on their legs, when they wished to address the meeting with special eloquence, and were about to speak words which they thought peculiarly fit, for public attention, would generally begin by thus invoking him. "Most Worthy Grand," they would say. But this when done by others than well accustomed speakers, was considered as a work either of arrogance or of ignorance. This great officer was much loved among them, and familiarly he was called "My Grand." Though there was an immensity of talk at these meetings, men speaking sometimes by the half hour whose silence the club would have been willing to purchase almost at any price, there were not above four established orators. There were four orators, of each of whom it was said that he copied the manner and tone of some great speaker in that other society. There was our friend Robinson, who in the elegance of his words, and the brilliancy of his ideas, far surpassed any other Goose. His

words were irresistible, and his power in that assembly unequalled. But yet, as many said, it was power working only for evil. The liberal party to which he had joined himself did not dare to stand without him; but yet, if the whispers that got abroad were true, they would only too gladly have dispensed with him. He was terrible as a friend; but then he could be more terrible as a foe.

Then there was Crowdy—Crowdy, whose high-flown ideas hardly tallied with the stern realities of his life. Crowdy was the leader of those who had once held firmly by Protection. Crowdy had been staunchly true to his party since he had a party, though it had been said of him that the adventures of Crowdy in search of a party had been very long and very various. There had been no Goose with a bitterer tongue than Crowdy, but now in these days a spirit of quiescence had fallen on him; and though he spoke as often as ever, he did not wield so deadly a tomahawk.

Then there was the burly Buggins, than whom no Goose had a more fluent use of his vernacular. He was not polished as Robinson, nor had he ever possessed the exquisite keenness of Crowdy. But in speaking he always hit the nail on the head, and carried his hearers with him by the energy and perspicuity of his argument. But by degrees the world of the Goose and Gridiron had learned that Buggins talked of things which he did not understand, and which he had not studied. His facts would not bear the light. Words fell from his mouth sweeter than honey; but sweet as they were they were of no avail. It was pleasant to hear Buggins talk, but men knew that it was useless.

But perhaps the most remarkable Goose in that assembly, as decidedly he was the most popular, was old Pan. He traced his birth to the mighty blood of the great Pancabinets, whose noble name he still proudly bore. Everyone liked old Pancabinet, and though he did not now possess, and never had possessed, those grand oratorical powers which distinguished so highly the worthy Geese above mentioned, no Goose ever rose upon his legs more sure of respectful attention. The sway which he bore in that assembly was very wonderful, for he was an old man, and there were there divers Geese of unruly spirit. Lately he had associated himself much with our friend Robinson, for which many blamed him. But old Pancabinet generally knew what he was about, and having recognized the tremendous power of the young merchant from Bishopsgate Street, was full sure that he could get on better with him than he could against him.

It was pleasant to see "My Grand" as he sat in his big arm-chair, with his beer before him, and his long pipe in his mouth. A benign smile was ever on his face, and yet he showed himself plainly conscious that authority lived in his slightest word, and that he had but to frown to be obeyed. That pipe was constant in his hand, and was the weapon with which he signified his approbation of the speakers. When any great orator would arise and address him as Most Worthy Grand, he would lay

his pipe for an instant on the table, and, crossing his hands on his ample waistcoat, would bow serenely to the Goose on his legs. Then, not allowing the spark to be extinguished on his tobacco, he would resume the clay, and spread out over his head and shoulders a long soft cloud of odorous smoke. But when any upstart so addressed him—any Goose not entitled by character to use the sonorous phrase—he would still retain his pipe, and simply wink his eye. It was said that this distinction quite equalled the difference between big type and little, and between the first and the third person.

On the evening in question—that same evening on which Robinson had endeavoured to tear out the tongue of Brisket—the Geese were assembled before eight o'clock. A motion that had been made elsewhere for the repeal of the paper duties was to be discussed. It was known that the minds of many Geese were violently set against a measure which they presumed to be most deleterious to the country; but old Pan, under the rigorous instigation of Robinson, had given in his adhesion, and was prepared to vote for the measure—and to talk for it also, should there be absolute necessity. Buggins also was on the same side—for Buggins was by trade a radical. But it was felt by all that the debate would be nothing unless Robinson should be there to “chaw up” Crowdy, as had been intimated to our friend by that worthy Goose the young Poppins.

But at eight o'clock and at a quarter past eight Robinson was not there. Crowdy, not wishing to lacerate his foe till that foe should be there to feel the wounds, sat silent in his usual seat. Pantabinet, who understood well the beauty of silence, would not begin the fray. Buggins was ever ready to talk, but he was cunning enough to know that a future opportunity might be more valuable than the present one. Then up jumped Poppins. Now Poppins was no orator, but he felt that as the friend of Robinson, he was bound to address the meeting on the present occasion. There were circumstances which should be explained. “Most worthy Grand,” he began, starting suddenly to his legs; whereupon the worthy Grand slightly drew back his head, still holding his pipe between his lips, and winked at the unhappy Poppins. “As the friend of the absent Robinson——” he went on; but he was at once interrupted by loud cries of “order” from every side of the room. And, worse than that, the Grand frowned at him. There was no rule more established than that which forbade the name of any Goose to be mentioned. “I beg the Grand’s pardon,” continued Poppins; “I mean the absent worthy Goose. As his friend I rise to say a few words. I know he feels the greatest interest about this measure, which has been brought forward in the House of C——” But again he was interrupted. “Order, order, order,” was shouted at him by vociferous Geese on every side, and the Grand frowned at him twice. When the Grand had frowned at a member three times, that member was silenced for the night. In this matter the assembly at the Goose and Gridiron had not copied their rule from any other Body. But it is worthy of consideration whether some other Body might not do well to copy theirs. “I beg the Grand’s pardon

again," said the unhappy Poppins; "but I meant in another place." Hereupon a worthy Goose got up and suggested that their numbers should be counted. Now there was a rule that no debate could be continued unless a dozen geese were present; and a debate once closed, was closed for that night. When such a hint was given to the Grand, it became the Grand's duty to count his Geese, and in order to effect this in accordance with the constitution of the assembly, it was necessary that the servants should withdraw. Strangers also were sometimes present, and at such moments they were politely asked to retire. When the suggestion was made, the suggestor no doubt knew that the requisite number was not there, but it usually happened on such occasions that some hangers-on were at hand to replenish the room. A Goose or two might be eating bread and cheese in the little parlour—for food could not be introduced into the debating-room; and a few of the younger Geese might often be found amusing themselves with the young lady at the bar. Word would be passed to them that the Grand was about to count, and indeed they would hear the tap of his tobacco stopper on the table. Then there would be a rush among these hungry and amorous Geese, and so the number would be made up. That they called making a flock.

When the suggestion was given on the present occasion the Grand put down his tankard from his hand and proceeded to the performance of his duty. Turning the mouthpiece of his long clay pipe out from him, he pointed it slowly to one after another, counting them as he so pointed. First he counted up old Pancabinet, and a slight twinkle might be seen in the eyes of the two old men as he did so. Then, turning his pipe round the room, he pointed at them all, and it was found that there were fifteen present. "There is a flock, and the discreet and worthy Goose is in possession of the room," he said, bowing to Poppins. And Poppins again began his speech.

It was but a blundering affair, as was too often the case with the speeches made there; and then when Poppins sat down, the great Crowdy rose slowly to his legs. We will not attempt to give the speech of this eloquent Goose at length, for the great Crowdy often made long speeches. It may suffice to say that having a good cause he made the best of it, and that he pitched into our poor Robinson most unmercifully, always declaring as he did so that as his friend the enterprising and worthy Goose was absent, his own mouth was effectually closed. It may be noted here that whenever a Goose was in commerce the epithet enterprising was always used when he was mentioned; and if he held or ever had held a service of trust, as Poppins did, he was called the discreet goose. And then, just as Crowdy finished his speech, the swinging door of the room was opened, and Robinson himself started up to his accustomed place.

It was easy to see that both the inner man had been disturbed and the outer. His hair and clothes had been ruffled in the embrace with Brisket, and his heart had been ruffled in its encounter with Maryanne. He had come straight from Bishopsgate Street to the Goose and Gridiron; and

now when he walked up to his seat, all the geese remained silent waiting for him to speak.

"Most worthy Grand," he began; and immediately the long pipe was laid upon the table and the hands of the Grand were crossed upon his bosom. "A circumstance has occurred to-night, which unfits me for these debates." "No, no, no," was shouted on one side; and "hear, hear, hear," on the other; during which the Grand again bowed and then resumed his pipe.

"If the chamber will allow me to wander away from paper for a moment, and to open the sores of a bleeding heart——"

"Question, question," was then called by a jealous voice.

"The enterprising and worthy Goose is perfectly in order," said the burly Buggins. "Many a good heart will bleed before long if this debate is to be choked and smothered by the cackle of the incapable."

"I submit that the question before the chamber is the repeal of the paper duties," said the jealous voice, "and not the bleeding heart of the enterprising and worthy Goose."

"The question before the cabinet is," said My Grand, "that the chamber considers that two millions a-year will be lost for ever by the repeal of the paper duties; but if the enterprising and worthy Goose have any personal remarks to make bearing on that subject, he will be in order."

"It is a matter of privilege," suggested Poppins.

"A personal explanation is always allowed," said Robinson, indignantly; "nor did I think that any member of this chamber would have had the baseness to stop my voice when ——"

"Order—order—order!"

"I may have been wrong to say baseness in this chamber, however base the worthy Goose may be; and, therefore, with permission of our worthy Grand, I will substitute 'hardihood.'" Whereupon the worthy Grand again bowed. But still there were cries of question from the side of the room opposite to that on which Robinson sat.

Then old Pancabinet rose from his seat, and all voices were hushed.

"If I may be allowed to make a suggestion," said he, "I would say that the enterprising and worthy Goose should be heard on a matter personal to himself. It may very probably be that the privileges of this chamber are concerned; and I think I may say that any worthy Goose speaking on matters affecting privilege in this chamber is always heard with that attention which the interest of the subject demands." After that there was no further interruption, and Robinson was allowed to open his bleeding heart.

"Most worthy Grand," he again began, and again the pipe was laid down, for Robinson was much honoured. "I come here hot from a scene of domestic woe, which has robbed me of all political discretion, and made the paper duty to me an inscrutable mystery. The worthy Geese here assembled see before them a man who has been terribly injured—one in

whose mangled breast Fate has fixed her sharpest dagger, and poisoned the blade before she fixed it." "No—no—no." "Hear—hear—hear." "Yes, my Grand; she poisoned the blade before she fixed it. On Tuesday next I had hoped ——" and here his voice became inexpressibly soft and tender, "on Tuesday next I had hoped to become one bone and one flesh with a fair girl whom I have loved for months;—fair indeed to the outer eye, as flesh and form can make her; but ah! how hideously foul within. And I had hoped on this day se'nnight to have received the congratulations of this chamber. I need not say that it would have been the proudest moment of my life. But, my Grand, that has all passed away. Her conduct has been the conduct of a Harpy. She is a Regan. She is false, heartless, and cruel; and this night I have renounced her."

Hereupon a small Goose, very venomous, but vehemently attached to the privileges of his chamber, gave notice of a motion that that false woman should be brought before the Most Worthy Grand, and heard at the bar of the Goose and Gridiron. But another worthy Goose showed that the enterprising and worthy Goose had by his own showing renounced the lady himself, and that, therefore, there could have been no breach of the privilege of the chamber. The notice of motion was then withdrawn.

"O woman!" continued Robinson, "how terrible is thy witchcraft, and how powerful are thy charms! Thou spakest, and Adam fell. Thou sangest, and Samson's strength was gone. The head of the last of the prophets was the reward of thy meretricious feet. 'Twas thy damnable eloquence that murdered the noble Duncan. 'Twas thy lascivious beauty that urged the slaughter of the noble Dane. As were Adam and Samson, so am I. As were Macbeth and the foul king in the play, so is my rival Brisket. Most worthy Grand, this chamber must hold me excused if I decline to-night to enter upon the subject of the paper duties." Then Robinson left the chamber, and the discussion was immediately adjourned to that day sennight.

Liberalism.

IN all departments of life, abstract words play a most important part, and there are some pursuits in which the great mass of mankind never carry their inquiries further than is necessary to ascertain which of two or three party catchwords are on the whole most in harmony with the prevailing tone of their own minds. This is true of politics beyond all other subjects. A good party name saves all further trouble about the position of those to whom it applies. The broad differences between extreme political parties are always sufficiently well marked to admit of no mistake, and emphatic nicknames provide a rough and convenient classification to which all minor differences may be referred. The best party names are those which are absolutely unmeaning. The Montagne and the Gironde, in the French Revolution, were admirable in their way, and the Right, Left, and Centre of the constitutional period would have been equally good if they had not been deficient in that slight touch of grotesqueness which every durable nickname requires; the Hunkers, Barnburners, and Know-nothings of American politics, on the other hand, have it in excess, and are vulgar. On the whole, our own Whigs and Tories, perhaps, come as near to perfection as that human frailty which taints nicknames as well as other things will permit.

The party names which aim not merely at identifying political parties, but at describing their principles, require more attention. Something may almost always be learnt from them; though it is generally something different from that which entered into the minds of those who brought them into fashion. For example, a curious history attaches to the use of the words "Republican" and "Democratic," as expressing a contrast in American politics; and the same is true in a higher degree of the words Liberal, Radical, Conservative, and their strange compounds Liberal-Conservative and Conservative-Liberal, which are so constantly in use amongst us at the present day. To discuss party politics would be foreign to the purpose of this Magazine; but an inquiry into the general bearing of phrases which exercise so much influence over all our thoughts and much of our conduct, need not involve anything like political controversy.

The words "liberal" and "liberalism," like all other such phrases, derive a great part of their significance from the time when they were first invented. They came into general use on the Continent during the early part of the present century, and probably the first occasion in which they were brought conspicuously before Englishmen was when Lord Byron and his friends set up the periodical called the *Liberal*, to represent

their views, not only in politics, but also in literature and religion. The *Liberal* met with little encouragement, and soon came to an end; but the same reasons which led to the adoption of its title, gave the word wide currency both at home and abroad, and especially on the Continent. Like all other significant party names, it embodied a boast and a reproach. Those who originally adopted it as their title said in effect, "The whole established order of things, political, literary, and religious, is narrow-minded and bigoted. We propose to reconstruct it upon larger and more generous principles; and, as the first step, we mean to break down what already exists." It does not often happen that a title adopted by one party is accepted by their opponents, as an appropriate description of them, but it has been so in this case. The party whom the word *Liberal* was intended to taunt, admitted that it did describe their antagonists not unfairly, and attached to it some such interpretation as this:—"Yes, you are liberal; that is to say, you oppose yourselves to all the restraints which the imperfections of human nature require, and you have constructed in your own minds a romance about mankind which is completely gratuitous, but which you find to be indispensable to your licentious theories. You either leave out of sight all that is dark and bad in human nature, or you gild it with fine names, which it does not deserve; and this may well be called liberal; but it is the liberality of a moral spendthrift, who, having thrown to the winds his own principles, is willing to indulge every one else to the utmost in similar conduct."

The equal and opposite injustice of these two interpretations of the same word expresses much of the essence of that silent struggle of feeling which, for several generations, and especially during the last two, has underlain the open controversies which have agitated politics, literature, and philosophy. There can be no doubt that both parties had much to say for themselves. There was plenty of bigotry on the one side, and plenty of licentiousness on the other; indeed, each was to be found in slightly different shapes on both sides, and the general result of the controversy cannot be said to have been favourable to either side exclusively. On the one hand, we have seen great alterations made in the form, and some alterations made in the spirit, of almost all the doctrines and institutions which were formerly in undisputed possession of our national belief and affections; but, on the other hand, those doctrines and institutions have, subject to these alterations, and to such others as may be agreed upon, been maintained, and in their modified form are as firmly and as widely rooted as ever. The deep changes which have been made in our institutions have made no one permanent and fundamental change in the sentiments or conduct of the nation. Nothing in the history of England is more striking than its continuity. Hardly at any time, never in modern times, has any one class of the community succeeded in getting the bit between its teeth, and riding roughshod over the sentiments and interests of the others.

The alternate and partial success of the two great parties which have

struggled together so long, and with such qualified and intricate results, suggests the question what that moral principle is which gives them their strength, and what objects those who are animated by it would try to attain if they fully understood their own position, and were not biassed by temporary party objects. No doubt there are many such principles and objects, but some of them at least must be appropriately expressed by a word which has had so great a charm for a whole generation as "liberalism," for it should be noticed that even those who tried to affix a reproachful meaning to it, usually admitted that its natural sense was eulogistic; indeed, they often stigmatized the views which they denounced as being infested with spurious liberalism, or as falsely claiming the title of liberal. There can, indeed, be no doubt that the word "liberal" has a proper sense of its own, or that that sense is laudatory, for no one doubts it when it is applied to other than political purposes. It never could be doubted that to qualify a man's profession or education as "liberal" was to pay him a compliment, and those who originally adopted the word as a party name meant, no doubt, to claim for their political opinions merits analogous to those which the common use of the word implies.

The meaning of the word, considered as denoting moral excellence, comes very near to that which the usage of our own day is gradually identifying with the word "gentleman." "Gentleman" probably once denoted, as "gentilhomme" does still, nothing more than the fact that a man belonged to one of a certain set of families. By degrees it came, as logicians say, to connote the assertion that he had also the moral and social qualities which a person so descended ought to have in order to justify the superiority which persons of rank habitually claim over their neighbours. In our own days, though the notion of some degree of rank—such an amount of it, at least, as raises the presumption of a good education—is still attached to the word "gentleman," moral and social meanings connected with it are constantly assuming greater prominence, so that in course of time it may possibly come to be used simply as a term of moral approbation bearing no relation to the social rank of the persons to whom it is applied.

Should this ever be the case, it would coincide in part with the proper meaning of the word "liberal;" but in part only, for "gentleman" and "gentlemanlike" imply nothing as to the intellectual powers of the persons to whom they are applied, whereas the word "liberal" implies the possession of mental excellences cognate to the moral qualities which are its proper objects. If, therefore, the words "liberal" and "liberalism" were applied to political opinions and parties in their proper sense, they ought to denote, in the persons and parties signified, generous and high-minded sentiments upon political subjects, guided by a highly instructed, large-minded, and impartial intellect. Liberalism, in a word, ought to mean the opposite of sordidness, vulgarity, and bigotry. As generally used, however, "liberal" and "liberalism" are rather proper names than significant words, and denote in politics, and to some extent in literature and

philosophy, the party which wishes to alter existing institutions with the view of increasing popular power. In short, they are not greatly remote in meaning from the words "democracy" and "democratic." The historical reason of the connection between the two is, that those who first introduced the words in their present sense complained of the narrow-mindedness and bigotry of the state of things then existing, and proposed to introduce a higher conception of the ends and means of public life by an appeal to the people at large. To a great extent they have succeeded in attaining the means which they desired, and others have obtained it even more completely.

Popular power has increased vastly during the last half-century in our own country. In America and France it reigns without control, though under different forms; but the great political problem of the day—a problem infinitely more important than all party questions put together—is whether the second half of the hopes of the original liberals will be as widely fulfilled as the first; whether they will succeed not merely in increasing the power of the popular voice, but in raising thereby the general tone of public life, and in causing it to be pervaded by a higher conception of the objects of national existence. If they do succeed in this, they will have done a great thing; if they do not, they will have inflicted upon mankind the greatest of all curses—a permanent degradation of human life.

There are and may be endless controversies about forms of government and society; but one point is established almost beyond the reach of controversy. Once place the sovereign power unreservedly in the hands of the bulk of the community, and, whether they exercise it themselves, or delegate it to a single nominee, reform, by any process yet discovered, is at an end. This or that detail may be altered by discussion, but the general type of the national existence, the general objects and principles of its politics, are settled for ever. All political reforms spring from conflicts amongst the different parties, national or political, which constitute the body politic. Either the king calls in the people against the nobles; or the nobles ally themselves with the people against the king; or the people press the king and the nobles to give up a share of their joint power; or the clergy connects itself with one or more of the different constituent elements of the nation against the rest; and, as in every political struggle, each side is obliged to appeal to principles recognized by both, the result of such contests is often favourable to the whole nation. One party, for example, will seek to advance itself by its foreign policy, another by its advocacy of internal reforms, and so on. When, however, the bulk of the nation has, once for all, possessed itself of sovereign power, there is no more room for conflict and change than there is for currents and waterfalls, pools and eddies, when streams, whose channels cross, diverge and meet again on the mountain side, have united to form a calm, lowland river. A country which has reached the point of social and political equality will regulate its affairs according to the

prevalent temper of the majority. The average mental level of the great mass will predominate with undisputed and indisputable force, and will fix the position and career of the nation as irresistibly as the social position of a middle-aged man, whose character is formed, is fixed by the general tone of his mind and the nature of his pursuits.

This being so, it is of the last importance that all who wish the triumph of liberalism to be a blessing and not a curse should endeavour by every means in their power to impress upon those whose political influence has been so much increased, the importance of the positive side of liberalism—that side which regards the end to be attained—a high and generous conception of national existence, and a policy to correspond with that conception. We have all been taught, almost to excess, that all the blood of all the Howards cannot ennoble slaves, or fools, or cowards. It is far more important in our days to bear in mind that the truth is universal. A tinker or tailor may be as great a slave, fool, and coward as the heir of the proudest name in England; and if he is, votes and ballot-boxes will only degrade him further. If our labourers and mechanics are to legislate, their first need is to learn something of the spirit of legislators. If they are called, as they are often told, to rule a world, let them catch the imperial spirit. Whether our rulers are to bear the most famous or the humblest names, is of little moment; but whoever they are, let them, at least, be statesmen, scholars, and soldiers, fitted, as one of the greatest of Englishmen puts it, to discharge discreetly and magnanimously every office of war and peace.

It is possible and not uncommon to call upon the mass of the people to enter upon the government of the country in a different temper from this. There are those who point to the institutions of their country, and say to their hearers—You have at least broken the gates and scaled the walls of the stronghold of your enemies—of those who enslaved your fathers and oppressed yourselves—who, for their own vile and selfish objects, wasted your money and squandered your blood upon useless or criminal enterprises. Now enjoy the victory you have won; pull down the monuments of your disgrace, root up the institutions, destroy the sentiments, repeal the laws which were the work of the horde of tyrants who soon will be at your mercy, for are not their armaments and their offices mere nests of corruption? Are not their laws made on purpose to ensnare and to enslave? Would not their church persecute if it did not dote? Turn over a new leaf and open a new chapter in the history of England; renounce the criminal ambition which has borne such bitter fruit; prune away the institutions which trained the minds and consoled and guided the souls of the evil race on whom you have turned your backs; and having gratified your just indignation, live at ease amidst your mills and corn-fields, and let the England of the future look back upon the England of the past as on a bad dream which has passed away.

For many years past such exhortations have been put before Englishmen in various shapes. Popular speakers have addressed them in express

words to crowded audiences; popular writers have insinuated them by the help of fiction, of irony, and of satire into the minds of audiences infinitely more numerous. It would be as invidious as it would be easy to specify books which have found their way to millions of readers, and which by their general temper and flavour, if not by their specific teaching, have preached such doctrines in their most seductive form—a form all the more seductive because it was indirect. The most careless reader of the endless books which in our days are written expressly for careless readers, cannot have failed to understand the sentimental sneer with which some of our most popular writers contrast the follies of men of rank with the virtues of impossible artisans; or the chuckle with which they illustrate by details, the impossibility of which neither they nor their readers have sufficient knowledge or patience to understand, the iniquities of the law and the corruption and blunders of the Government. Whatever form such doctrines may assume, their essence is the same. Whether, as may sometimes happen, they are elicited by genuine indignation against real abuses, or, as must often be the case, by envy, the vilest of all vices, they are suitable not for men who have any notion of freedom and self-respect, but for slaves broken loose; and thus they are as insulting to those to whom they are addressed as to those against whom they are levelled.

The spirit in which a politician who deserved the title of liberal would call upon the bulk of the population to take an increased share in the government of the country would be the reverse of this. He would look upon himself as a man charged to introduce to his estate an heir who had attained his majority; he would teach those whom he addressed to see in the institutions of their native land neither a prison to escape from nor a fortress to storm, but a stately and venerable mansion which for eight centuries had been the home of their ancestors, and in which they were now to take their place and play their part. He would try to fix their attention, not on the petty side of institutions, which little men can always think of in a petty spirit, but on their dignified aspects; and he would show them how that dignity was, in a vitally important sense, their own.

"You," he might say, "are now to share the government of the country with men whose ancestors have for centuries taken a leading part in it, and who owed their greatness to the fact, that they inspired your ancestors with trust and confidence, and took the lead in enterprises in which they eagerly followed. When you see a man bearing a name which for centuries has been illustrious in peace and war, and which is decorated by estates and titles, you should regard him—not with the petulant envy which hopes nothing, believes nothing, and endures nothing; which thinks evil of every one, and rejoices in every man's iniquities, because they are the garbage on which it is fed—but with a generous and lawful pride, as one of the representatives of that national greatness which is the common inheritance of us all. The value of rank and titles is derived,

not from their intrinsic glitter, nor even from the old associations connected with them, but from the fact that they designate their possessor as one of the leading men in a great nation. Who honours a Sicilian *marquis* or a Mexican *field-marshal*? An English title is worth having, because it gives rank in England, and the value of rank in England is derived from the greatness of the English nation. A powerful and splendid aristocracy is to a nation what his house and grounds, his picture gallery and library, are to a nobleman. Magnificent and orderly splendour is one of the rewards of ages of peace and concord, and one of the pledges of their continuance. To grudge its expense and to deny its utility is the part, not of liberality, but of stinginess."

There is no point which a true liberal would be more anxious to impress upon the bulk of the population in connection with their accession to political power, than the vital importance of forming a lofty notion not merely of the splendour and of the history of their country, but of the part which it has to play in the world, and of the spirit in which it should play it. It is a difficult task to impress such views upon any body of men, and the difficulty increases in direct proportion to the ignorance and poverty of those who belong to it. An ignorant man cannot without great difficulty rise to anything like an adequate conception of the importance and permanence of the results of national policy. A poor man feels at once the sacrifices which such a policy often entails, and ignorance and poverty foster those petty, huxtering, narrow-minded views of both this world and the next, which are the greatest enemies of the policy which befits a great nation.

It has become a secondary commonplace to deny that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and to accumulate proofs of the not very surprising fact, that of the many meanings which may attach to a pungent saying, some are not true; but it is not only true, but most important, that to have inadequate views of great subjects is often a greater evil than to be completely ignorant of them. No sort of ignorance is so presumptuous, intolerant, and confident as the ignorance of all that lies outside of a trivial familiar range of thought. Hardly any night is so dark as to exclude the idea of space. Even if the moon and stars are not to be seen, and if the outlines of the landscape are blotted out, the clouds, the mist, and the indistinct forms of surrounding objects half perceived through the darkness, give a notion—sometimes a most powerful one—of vastness and grandeur; but a person sitting in a small room, well lighted by a single candle, and carefully protected by blinds and shutters, may be excused for forgetting for the moment that the world is more than ten feet square.

In the same way it is easy to produce a profound and even tremendous effect on a mass of completely ignorant people, by an appeal to their sympathies or imaginations. The audience whom Peter the Hermit stirred up to the crusades were as ignorant as their impulses, on the whole, were noble; and much of the enthusiasm of which the French Revolu-

tion was partly the cause and partly the effect, was directed towards great and not ignoble objects, though it was felt by the most ignorant population in Europe, and though it was often abused by the basest leaders to the vilest purposes. This sort of ignorance, and this sort of enthusiasm, is not what in these days we have to deal with. No one who really knows England or Englishmen would seriously entertain the slightest hope or fear that the policy of the country will ever be directed or even affected to any considerable extent by passionate popular movements directed towards large general objects. There is no chance here and now either of a revolution or of a crusade. If we want to see how the transfer of political power to the bulk of the population would affect the general tone of the national policy, we have only to look round us and to see what sort of topics interest the classes in question, and what is the manner in which they like to see them handled. The evidence upon the subject is ample. It may be collected from newspapers, from popular magazines, from the experience of candidates at elections for large places, from the open-air discussions upon politics, theology, and other subjects which take place wherever labouring men have a little leisure, open space, and moderately fine weather. Any one who studies these various kinds of evidence with anything like the attention which they deserve as indications of the character of those who are often regarded as the future rulers of this great nation, will be led to form conclusions materially different from those which a very influential class of popular writers suggest.

Formerly labourers, mechanics, and small shopkeepers were represented by almost all writers, whether popular or speculative, as ignorant and foolish in the highest degree, or, at any rate, as quite incapable of having an opinion upon any but the commonest affairs of life, and as requiring, even in reference to such affairs, the constant superintendence and advice of their social superiors. This view of the case was obviously unjust, and was succeeded by another which still has many influential partisans, though it is quite as untrue, and perhaps even more dangerous. For about twenty years past, the "working man" has been the subject of a sort of apotheosis. Some of the most popular writers in the language delight to contrast his ardent thirst for knowledge, his grasp of facts, his rugged strength of character, his forcible language and expressive metaphors, with the tame and somewhat feeble propriety which is ascribed to persons in easy circumstances. The novels of Mr. Disraeli (who was one of the earliest promulgators of this theory), Mr. Dickens, Mr. Kingsley, Mrs. Gaskell, and those of almost every other writer whose works are much coloured by the notion of great impending political changes in which the bulk of the population are to play a conspicuous part, are filled with delineations of stern and somewhat terrible working men, who are always embodying profound observations in studiously bad grammar, and hinting that they have a knowledge of secrets and a control over powers which would frighten out of their propriety the actual possessors of political power, if they were but aware of them. So strong

was the impression produced by these and other writers of the same sort, that ten years ago a young man fresh from college was heard, after an hour's conversation with a Manchester mill hand, to express his surprise that he could not conscientiously say that his acquaintance appeared to him superior to the average of the undergraduates to whom he had been accustomed.

If the young gentleman had continued his researches, his scepticism would probably have been largely increased. Any one who is accustomed to watch the way in which real mechanics and labourers talk, speak, and argue, and to observe the tone of the books and newspapers which they really like to read, will see that there is more difference, and a more durable difference, between minds which have and have not been formed by a liberal education than between the bodies of a sedentary invalid and a trained athlete. The general impression made on the mind of a person who knows what the conversation of men of really high instruction is like, by the arguments of a knot of intelligent mechanics upon politics or theology, is remarkable. It is, that he is talking to men who have never learned to use their minds, and who, if they had learned to think, have hardly any materials for thought. The subjects which attract their attention are almost always matters which have been left far behind by the general course of thought, and in politics especially are either trivial, or, if important, are treated in so narrow a way as to make the truth or falsehood of the conclusion ultimately reached almost entirely a matter of chance.

At a late contested election for one of the metropolitan boroughs, the question which really came home to the hearts of the electors was flogging in the army. What they really cared about—the observation on national affairs which it appeared to them essential to make—was, that flogging in the army was a bad thing. This supplies a good specimen of the way in which uneducated men must of necessity regard politics when they are not under the influence of temporary gregarious excitement. They have never had an opportunity of looking at anything whatever comprehensively. Their literary education, such as it is, is usually over, even in favourable cases, before they are twelve years old, and from that age they are engaged, with few exceptions, in learning and applying processes which, in themselves, have no tendency to develop any of the higher powers of the mind. A man, for example, is a carpenter, and by practice acquires a certain facility of eye and hand which enables him to guide his tools right, and to measure the quantity and direction of the effort to be made; but there is nothing in this which teaches him to classify, to distinguish, or to infer. Part of his leisure he passes in reading—principally the newspapers; but he has no occasion to labour at his reading, and he gets little more from it than a stock of ready-made sentiments and opinions, and a certain familiarity with language which is generally more pretentious than expressive. The real intelligent mechanic is not an uncouth Titan, struggling against Etna which society has piled upon him, but a sturdy,

ingenious, sensitive man, with little knowledge and narrow and slightly-made opinions.

Such as they are, however, the opinions of a slightly educated man are opinions as well as any others, and the collective power and numerical importance of slightly educated people is so great, that they effectually keep each other in countenance, and conceal from each other's observation the fact that their education is slight, and that their views are narrow. Nor is this all. By degrees, the existence of so large and influential an audience attracts preachers and advocates suited to its capacity. Men are found to construct theories of all sorts adapted for its belief. Booksellers know well that there are several distinct literatures adapted to the wants of readers of different calibres. Some of the most popular novels that ever were written, novels sold by tens of thousands, are utterly destitute of all the literary qualities which any high or careful education would produce or require in an author. Sermons which find, perhaps, as many readers as the novels are absolute nonsense, full of blunders, which nothing but the grossest ignorance could commit or fail to detect. Newspapers are, by far, the best written part of the literature which circulates widely amongst artisans and mechanics, and they, from the nature of the case, must always be written to be read in a few minutes, and forgotten as soon as they are read. By these and similar means, a curious result is, in course of time, produced. Slight plausible theories upon all sorts of subjects are invented and made to pass current amongst mankind with a strange facility. People get their minds filled with rather reasonable sophistry, which they do not, in the least degree, suspect to be sophistical. A set of secondary commonplaces (like that referred to above, about the benefits of a little knowledge) are made popular, and not only look like real opinions, but exercise as much weight over public affairs as if they were real, if not more.

A curious proof of this is to be found in the habitual language of newspaper writers, even the best of the number. They constantly appeal to what is eulogistically described as a "healthy popular sentiment," a "popular instinct," and rest the claims of statesmen to influence and office on the fact that they succeed in hitting the exact line which such sentiments or instincts approve. A good illustration of this was lately afforded by the most influential paper in England. In discussing the question whether or not clergymen ought to be allowed to preach certain doctrines which were admitted to be unusual, it became necessary to say something of the limits within which it was desirable to circumscribe their liberty. The limit laid down was neither truth, which might have occurred to some, nor orthodoxy, which might have occurred to others. It was simply this—that clergymen ought to publish nothing which they ought not to preach, and that they ought to preach nothing which could shock or startle ordinary fathers of families. It did not appear to occur to the writer that ordinary fathers of families might be very ignorant and narrow-minded, and might never have paid

any attention to theology, or that it would make any difference whether or not this were so. His view was, that the use of the clergy was to preach the kind of matter which the congregation, rightly or not, liked to hear. If he went out of that circle, he might be a great philosopher, a sound divine, a good man; but he was not fit to be in charge of an English parish. The general sentiment of the congregation was to decide what was to be preached to it, and if that sentiment was in any respect blind or defective, it was to improve and enlarge itself; it was not the business of any constituted authority, ecclesiastical or civil, to enlarge or improve it.

It is in this danger of deifying almost casual public opinions and slight and ineffectual public sentiments that the danger of political liberalism lies; and it is just the danger to which it ought to be most deeply alive, and against which it ought to take the most careful precautions, if it is ever to redeem the pledge which its title implies. Those only are entitled to the description as well as to the name of liberals, who recognize the claims of thought and learning, and of those enlarged views of men and institutions which are derived from them, to a permanent preponderating influence in all the great affairs of life. The highest function which the great mass of mankind could ever be fitted to perform, if the highest dreams of the most enlightened philanthropists were fully realized, would be that of recognizing the moral and intellectual superiority of the few who, in virtue of a happy combination of personal gifts with accidental advantages, ought to be regarded as their natural leaders, and of following their guidance, not slavishly but willingly, and with an intelligent co-operation. It is in the hands of such persons only that national affairs will be handled in a magnanimous and truly liberal temper, and that the vast wealth and power which ages of peace and plenty have stored up can be directed to adequate purposes.

Up to the present day minorities, which have generally been open to the influence of broad and high-minded views of the objects and character of national existence, notwithstanding faults which went far to counterbalance even that merit, have, with immense exceptions and interruptions, governed most of the great European nations. They were enabled to do so by institutions which are now almost universally broken down. Notwithstanding great baseness, much corruption, and infinite shortcomings of every kind, national affairs have, in modern Europe, been carried on on a magnificent scale and with glorious results. Institutions and the vestiges of them exist in every nation, and especially in our own, which still testify to the noble views and generous confidence of those who founded them, and which have proved by their history that those views were not unsound, and that that confidence was not altogether misplaced.

To take one instance amongst many, was not a firm belief in the notion that theological truth is both important and attainable, shown by the establishment of Christianity in a legal form and with proprietary rights in every nation of modern Europe? and was not the wish to guide the minds of men

towards what was looked upon as the highest form of truth in itself liberal and noble? It is usually regarded, and possibly with justice, as a great discovery of modern wisdom, that governments have, as such, no religious character or duties whatever. This may be quite true; but if it is a truth, it is one which lowers our conception of the importance of governments, and diminishes our interest in their proceedings. One of the principal characteristics of our day is the facility with which people agree to differ upon every sort of subject, and the readiness with which a man's determination to enrol himself in any one of a considerable number of small coteries, social, political, or religious, is accepted as final by the rest of the world. It is, however, a consequence of the same temper that the pretension to stand aloof from all such coteries is regarded with dislike, and indirectly punished by a noiseless excommunication which gently extinguishes the influence of the man on whom it falls, and quietly shuts him out from all important communication with his neighbours, though it leaves his character and property untouched. This mode of treating all the greatest subjects of thought and feeling as private individual questions on which no public authority pronounces any opinion whatever has, no doubt, many conveniences; but it has also a strong tendency to narrow the minds of those who adopt it, and to give us all the air of dwarfs, living each in a separate corner of the house which our fathers built, and congratulating ourselves on the fact that we no longer find it necessary to quarrel as to who is to give orders, or how the rooms are to be arranged.

The great characteristic danger of our days is the growth of this quiet ignoble littleness of character and spirit. Unless liberals are able to do as much in the positive as they have done in the negative direction, they may come to be compared to a man who, seeing a high-spirited horse plunging and rearing and covered with sweat and foam, says to the rider, "Remove the burden of your weight from that noble creature; take off the saddle which frets his back, and the cruel bit which galls his mouth, and you will see that, instead of wasting his strength in useless struggles, he will travel ten times as far and as fast as you can ride him." If the rider hesitates to surrender his seat, the bystander is apt to cut his girths and bring him to the ground. But what becomes of the horse when his bit and bridle are gone? He does not get over more ground than before. He does not even prance and curvet, but, having kicked up his heels, shaken his head, and possibly rolled, he crops the grass by the roadside in contented ignorance of the hills and plains through which he would otherwise have passed.

We have not as yet gone far in the ignominious path which leads to national littleness, though the symptoms that we are in danger of entering on it are neither few nor unimportant, and require the most careful attention of those who have removed—not, certainly, before the time for their removal had arrived—many of the securities which we formerly possessed for a high-minded management of public affairs. They ought, there-

fore, now to set up as high a standard as can be raised of the powers and duties of the nation, and to diffuse a knowledge of it as widely as possible amongst those whom they have called into the national councils. It ought to be an elementary and universally acknowledged truth that the whole nation will be disgraced and stultified if the changes which have been and will be made in its constitution do not make our history even more glorious, our institutions more fruitful and venerable, our list of great names and great achievements richer, and our national character graver, stronger, and nobler than it has ever been before. It would be pedantic to affect to lay down rules as to the manner in which such great results could be brought about. Nations grow, like men, by exercise; and their function is, in the noble words already quoted, to discharge magnanimously and discreetly every office of peace and war. Many such offices court our attention, and we should do more to promote true liberalism by discharging them in a liberal imperial spirit than by any number of reform bills, though these, no doubt, have their uses.

By way of illustration, a single instance may be mentioned which is, perhaps, the most instructive of all. By a series of events hardly paralleled in the history of the world we have become the absolute masters of the Indian empire, with its 150,000,000 inhabitants. The whole fabric of that empire is a monument of energy, skill, and courage, and on the whole of justice and mercy, such as the world never saw before. How are we to deal with this great inheritance bequeathed to us by all that ought to touch us to the heart, by the courage of heroes, by the wisdom of statesmen, by victory and defeat, by the glories of Plassy and Assaye, by the agonies of Afghanistan and Cawnpore? Here, if anywhere, is an opportunity for true liberalism; here is an occasion where not to be great is to be infamous; here is a test which will try our mettle, and show whether those who have pressed forward to share the government of the country have been prompted by a generous desire to assume functions which they could understand and discharge, or by an ignoble impatience of an inferiority of which their own failure will supply conclusive evidence. If India is governed as firmly and wisely as it has been conquered, we shall have done a great thing, and have taken a great step in marking the governing part of England with that imperial stamp which is essential to the dignity and self-respect of the rulers of half the world; but if we allow that great empire to be ruled in a petty spirit, and permit its greatest interests to be decided by the clamour of noisy speculators, or hot-headed and narrow-minded bigots, we shall have been guilty of a mean, illiberal action, and have shown a temper unworthy of the countrymen of those who, instead of turning empires into shops, raised factories into palaces.

The spirit of true liberalism has seldom been more nobly expressed than by one of the most illustrious of all liberals in reference to this very subject. "Nothing under the sun," said M. de Tocqueville, "was ever so

extraordinary as the conquest, and above all as the government, of India by the English ; nothing which from every part of the world more attracts men's attention to that little island the very name of which was unknown to the Greeks. Do you believe that after having filled such an immense space in the imagination of mankind, a people can retire from it with impunity ? For my part I do not believe it. I think that the English obey a sentiment which is not only heroic, but just and truly conservative, in determining to keep India at any price, since they have got it. I add, that I am perfectly certain that they will keep it."

India is but one instance of the problems which true liberals must solve successfully if their success is to be a blessing and not a curse. Hitherto they have been critics. They are now to be authors ; and if they fail, their success will prove nothing but imbecility. There is hardly an institution in the country from which good fruit is not to be got, if they will only catch the spirit which presided over its formation. In many cases, this has been done with great skill. Very many of the reforms which have succeeded each other so rapidly for the last thirty years have been liberal, in the positive as well as the technical sense ; but as the class which governs the country grows more numerous, and, as the slight and hasty opinions of persons who are doomed by their circumstances to a contented, and, for the most part, unconscious ignorance, gradually come to be invested with increasing importance, it becomes a matter of the first necessity to impress upon them the responsibilities under which they lie, and to give them, if possible, a glimpse of the sort of temper in which they must approach the great problems of government, if they are worthily to sustain the burden which eight centuries of greatness and glory have laid on their shoulders.

At the Play.



GRIPPING lately amongst some dusty papers, trying to find a lost report upon British Tariffs to help me in some very dry statistical work, I came across an old flimsy play-bill that had rested in strange company for more than twenty years. Its bed had been a tape-tied, docketed abstract of many blue-books, while, over its frail body were piled some of the heaviest poor-law statistics that ever a political economist had to read.

This old play-bill was very yellow and very tattered, and I took it tenderly from the dark

book case wherein it had been imprisoned so long. As I looked at it with a feeling of mournful pleasure, it seemed to me to resemble the skull of that dead jester which Hamlet preached over amongst the graves. It called up the memory of more than one honest fellow of infinite jest, whose quips and cranks were never to be heard again. It spoke to me with a delightful candour about names and dates which few brief chronicles of the time ever possess. I looked at its bare, simple record, and was able to trace wrinkled age still plastered up into a caricature of youth; bad tragedy, which had somehow transformed itself into good comedy; and well paid pretension, ashamed of its low origin. An old play-bill is a witness that cannot lie, and it often tells us these blunt stories of popular favourites. Some actors are proud of such proofs of their early struggles, while others buy them up, like authors gathering in an early volume of milky poems, or a book which they may have sent out with a mistaken dedication. It is not every man who has risen, we will say, to a manager's throne, who likes to see a printed list of names in which he figures as a make shift actor, sent on between the pieces to sing a song, while his more important brethren are dressing for leading parts. It is not every man who prides himself upon being an aristocrat in private life, as well as an artist in public, who likes it to be known that he was once the main prop of a suburban saloon, which struggled to give adulterated plays, without the legal sanction of a licence. It is not every

lady who likes to see a record nearly a quarter of a century old, in which she was then represented a little older than she wishes to be thought now. It is not every ornament of the stage who wishes it to be known that he was made, not born, and had to work his way upwards through a long apprenticeship of drudgery.

The old play-bill which I held in my hand was also not without its lessons to me. It told me that I, too, was mortal, like the rest. I saw in it a reflection of my gray hair and my wrinkled face. It dragged me away from the present into the past, and opened the doors of enchanted palaces once more, that had been closed to me too long. I was carried back to the time when the coarsest puppet appeared to me as an angel without strings; when giants spoke to me as living, breathing ogres, and not as padded supers upon stilts; and when the vilest daubs of scenery, with a few gingerbread trappings, were accepted with joy and thankfulness as fairy-land. I had not then tasted the bitter apple of the tree of knowledge; I knew of no blank side to the medal; I had not peeped behind the scenes. The villain, in ringlets, struck terror to my heart; the heroine, in white, seemed to me all beauty and all goodness; the aged father, in a tow wig, who could not pay his rent, and who would not give up possession of his cottage, appeared to me as an injured martyr; the comic man and maid-servant, with the song of "When a Little Farm we keep," made me throw my sweetstuff to them, as a reward for their faithfulness to their old master; and even the footman, in faded plush, who came on to sweep the stage, or to take off a chair, appeared to me as a gorgeous being of another world.

My independent theatrical experiences began very early—perhaps before I had touched my ninth year. I possessed a knack of persuading those who had charge of me to let me have my own way, and a power of making them believe that I should not abuse their confidence. The result was, that I was let out of a back-door when the whole household thought I was in bed, and allowed to feast myself, unguided, in the theatrical orchard, between the hours of six and nine p.m. My promise to return home by the latter hour was never broken, and whatever may be thought of the loose manner in which I was brought up, I learnt some sterling lessons in punctuality and respect for promises from this, which I have never forgotten in after life.

The funds for my youthful wanderings in search of the sublime and beautiful were obtained from an old money-box—the nursery bank of deposit for sixpences given me by uncles and aunts. We all know how money can be drawn from such a prison-house. A knife is thrust through the mouth of the box; the box is tilted until a sixpence or a shilling is caught upon the broad blade; and then the knife is drawn gently out with its precious load, as bakings are drawn from an oven.

With the money obtained in this way—my own rightful property—I crept out of that dear old back-door amongst the fowls, the unwashed coaches, and the stables, trotted along the hard roads to my favourite

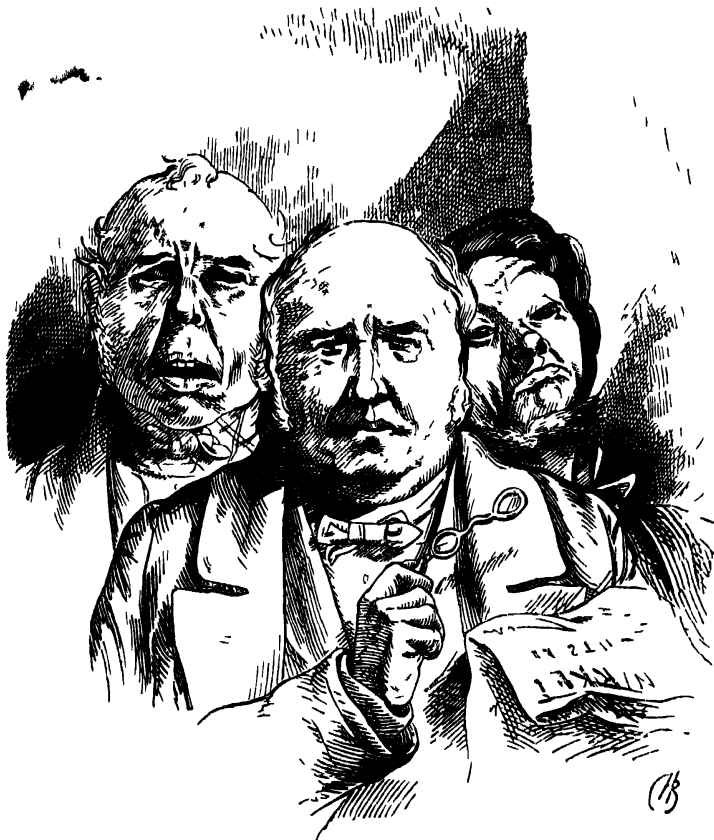
play-house, and took my place with the crowd at the gallery entrance. The company was rough, but good natured, and I soon made friends with some of the older visitors. When the black door opened at last, with a rattling of chums, at least so it then appeared to me, I was carried off my legs up the worn stone steps, past the dark, greasy walls, and under the flickering gas-jets, until I was jammed against the watch-box of the surly money-taker. I always felt a tightness of the chest at this point, but even then I pitied the man who had to receive my sixpence.



The Gallery

He seemed to me to be buried in a living tomb, with no escape from suffocation. As far as I can recollect, he was stout and full-blooded, which made his chance worse, and his temper was not good, which only added

to his danger. My thin sixpence, with tight grasping in my pocket, had almost become a part of my hand, and it seemed to me an age before I could detach it, pay it into the small hole, and snatch my tin ticket in exchange. During this time a number of taller visitors had bought their passes over my head, and I heard their heavy tramp on the stairs as they rushed to secure their seats. At last I crept under the arms of the crowd, struggled past the check-taker at the swing-door, and the orange-woman with bills, and tumbled over the clipped forms into my glittering paradise. The gust of escaped gas and old orange-peel which welcomed me at the door was never forgotten. When I smell any thing like it now, whether in chapel, lecture-hall, or law court, it always suggests a theatre; and visions of old actors, old green curtains, and old orchestras rise up before me, which I cannot drive away.



FASHION WEEK AT THE PLAY

When I first entered my first gallery, I found men and boys lying at full length on the front seats, shouting out for their lost companions, and displaying the selfishness of human nature in the most violent manner.

When, however, the excitement had subsided, and the whole jelly-like mass had settled down into something like order, a little play was given to more generous feelings. As an unprotected youngster I had nothing to complain of. I was invited into a good seat that I had not earned, was allowed to read the hard names in the playbill as payment for this kindness, and might have been well-fed with mutton-pies and beer for nothing if I had felt hungry. Much liquor was consumed, and no wonder, considering the heat of the place; but in spite of many bodily discomforts, the gallery folks, especially in the front row, contrived to get more enjoyment for their sixpences than most of the box visitors did for their half-crown. When I thought that my time was nearly up, I tore myself away from the scene of enchantment on the stage, and asked an old gentleman at the back of the gallery (old gentlemen go to galleries, sometimes, like Charles Lamb and his sister) what the hour was by his watch. His answer warned me to be off, and punctuality in my first engagement obtained me permission to go again.

In this way I visited my favourite theatre many times, and saw its fortune flickering like a candle in a high wind. It guttered down at last and finally went out, but not without a severe struggle. Its prices were lowered one half, all through the house; and instead of crowding into the gallery, as I once did, for sixpence, I walked coolly into the pit like a young gentleman. Its old company went away, one by one, and one by one a new company arrived to supply their places. The old company were sterling actors of force and dignity, who kept themselves to themselves, as actors should do; the new company were mostly poor, ragged nakeshifts, collected from the Theatre Royal, Salisbury Plain, and such-like dramatic nurseries. In proportion as they knew little of their business, or had no real calling for it, so did they hang about the front of the house, making friends of the audience, and touting for customers at their frequent benefits. By degrees the drama got more and more neglected. The check-takers also grew careless; and often when money was most wanted behind the scenes there was nobody to take it before them. You could sometimes walk in and out along the half-lighted passages unquestioned. Apologies for shortcomings were always being made by the unfortunate manager. One night the band—the devoted band—which had dwindled down like the celebrated something at the battle of something else, summoned spirit enough to strike, before they were starved into abject submission, and the play was, therefore, scrambled through without music. Wrong scenes were often pushed on by rebellious scene-shifters with an air that told you to come and alter them yourself, if you were not satisfied. The theatre was often closed for two or three days, “for repairs,” and opened again suddenly—unannounced—looking more dirty than ever. At last the drama was given up, and a mixed entertainment was invented, consisting chiefly of a song, an experiment with laughing gas, another song, a clog-hornpipe, a recitation, a little tumbling, and some imitations of popular actors. I kept faithful to the

old house through all its changes, in a spirit which I had probably caught from the domestic dramas, and never once broke my compact to be home as the clock struck nine.

With this experience of the inside of a play-house, gained, so to speak, underground, I was much amused to hear ' day that a family friend meant to give me a treat. He was a schoolmaster by profession, but not my schoolmaster, and though he objected to theatres upon principle (I never knew exactly what he meant by that), he saw no harm in going to a play-house during Passion-week to hear an astronomical lecture, illustrated by an Orrery. That was what he called amusement and instruction combined; so off we started, with the full family sanction, to the appointed theatre.

Those only who have been to a playhouse under these circumstances can realize the effect which such a lecture has upon a cheerful, brilliant building. The empty orchestra was like a chilling tank of cold water, the silent stage, half filled with a few tables, and the lecturer's apparatus was like a deserted shop; while the bare benches and the gaping boxes made the few people in the pit huddle together for warmth. They were mostly country people, who probably thought they were seeing an ordinary play, or persons who came to perform a solemn duty by learning something about the "solar system." If their faces were any guide to their feelings, they looked bewildered and unhappy, with the exception of one individual, who seemed to despise the wonders of the universe.

This was the entertainment—amusing and instructing—which my guide had brought me to for a treat. My insolvent theatre, in its most degraded period, was never as dull as this. When the lecturer came on with a jaunty air, and began to patronize, without clearly explaining, the Infinite, I thought I knew his voice and manner, although he was disguised in very clerical evening dress. His style of playing with the Orrery—an apparatus, by the way, which was most creaking and unmanageable—was so like that of a juggler handling the cups and balls, that I watched him still closer, instead of picking my cap to pieces, as I, at first, felt inclined to do, and soon traced in him the broken-down manager of my insolvent theatre. I was about to impart my knowledge, with youthful confidence, to my guide, when we were interrupted by a discontented mariner, who had drifted into this unhappy port in search of amusement.

"Hi, mate," he said, loudly, to my severe companion, after a number of preparatory grunts, "when's the broad-sword combat goin' to begin?"

My severe companion knew nothing about broad-sword combats, though I did, and he treated the question with swelling contempt. The sailor, baffled in this quarter, addressed himself at once to the lecturer, and loudly demanded his money back, when he was told that he would see no play. I need scarcely say that I secretly sympathised with the sailor. He looked round the house, to make sure that he was in a theatre, and then loudly shouted for the British Drama. He was coaxed out of the house, at last, by one of the door-keepers; and the lecturer, probably





Melodrama.



The Opera.

glad of an excuse to hurry through his lecture, professed to be so disturbed by the interruption, that he could hardly tell the sun from the moon.

As we were going home a little earlier than we should otherwise have done, my severe guide mourned over the instruction we had been deprived of by a rude boor; and, in a moment of weakness, anxious to show my knowledge, I told him the story of my stolen visits to the play, and my recognition of an old hack entertainer in the lecturer. My youthful confidence was abused; my story was carried home, no doubt with a good intention, and I was tried by a full family court-martial. As I showed no particularly leprous stains, and had kept my character for punctuality in returning from my evening wanderings, I and those who had helped me were fully pardoned. It was held, however, that as I had seen nothing but the lowest dramatic models, my taste was possibly corrupted; and to remedy this, I was to be put through a course of legitimate play-going. From this happy moment I went the whole round of the leading theatres. I was taken to huge temples where tragedy held undisputed sway, and where misguided country visitors were often made as unhappy by the dagger and the bowl, as those other country visitors had been by the Orrery and the astronomical lecturer.

I was taken to smaller theatres, where comedy and farce were served out with no niggardly hand, and where the whole roaring, swaying audience only presented two kinds of faces—one laughing at the piece of humour just caught, the other getting ready to laugh at the joke to come.

From this feast of merriment I passed to another small, and far less gorgeous, playhouse—to the Theatre Royal, Purgatory, in fact, where no one could sit, or see, or breathe, or hear, in comfort; where every man's knee was against every man's back; where hats and little boys were crushed; but where every one crowded to be entranced with high melodrama. No one thought of the cramp, the draught, or the heat, while the longest but most interesting of stories was being worked out on the stage, with incidents that made the pit visitors gape with terror.

From melodrama and its excitement, which sent me home with flushed cheeks and staring eyes, I was taken to the opera, where everything was placid, refined, and handled with kid gloves.

It was long before I took kindly to this last theatrical feast, although tempted by the sugared melodies of the immortal *Barbière*.

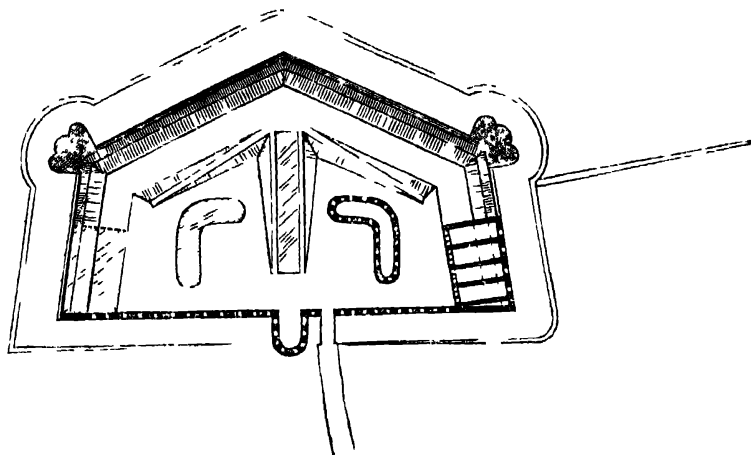
Musing over my old play-bill, surrounded by hard facts, I was reminded that life has an imaginative side, which it is wise to nourish. It is not well that little children should be crammed with play-going, as I was in my youth, until they find they have exhausted a refining pleasure in the hour when they most require it. Let them go in liberally measured moderation to all play-houses,—houses of pantomime and burlesque, of comedy and farce, of opera, melodrama, and play, of tragedy with Hamlet à la Tom Sayers, or Hamlet à la mode; let them go to all. It is part of the education of life; no harm, but much good will come from it; let them go to all.

The Quadrilateral.

ITALIAN politics are of so much importance in the current history of Europe, that, in the course of a scamper in the north of Italy this year, I took the opportunity of paying a visit to the celebrated "Quadrilateral," so as to be able to form some idea of the difficulties the Italians would have to surmount in their anticipated attempt to turn the Austrians out of Venetia.

Not having been able to find in England any description of these important works, about which the Austrians are so careful to prevent any information from getting abroad that their maps do not even notice the existence of the principal forts—and they do not allow the sale of any map of the country on a scale large enough to show well the features of the ground,—it seems that it will not be without interest to relate what I saw. In crossing from Italian Lombardy into Austrian Lombardy Venice, a short delay occurs at the Italian frontier town of Desenzano, and the Austrians take one in hand at Peschiera. The Italians are gentle and amiable in their treatment, as becomes the winners, and the slight detention one is subjected to is made thoroughly enjoyable by the beautiful view over the Lake of Garda, with the fine old castle and town of Desenzano below you in the foreground. On one side an Italian will point out with satisfaction the tower of Solferino, and, on the other, the works the Austrians are now throwing up near Pastrengo, that famous position, to impede an advance upon Verona. It is on getting to Peschiera that one's troubles begin. In order that there may be ample time for a thorough overhaul of one's luggage, and that all passports may be duly scrutinized, the train is delayed there for an hour and ten minutes; and we were, therefore, all turned into a dreary, barrack-looking room, which we were chuffly informed was a *café*. Not feeling presently hungry, I preferred passing my time in taking a little stroll; so, descending the stairs of the station, and passing under the railway bridge, I walked towards a little fort I had observed while passing in the train. This fort appeared to be of late construction. The entrance is in the rear, which consists of a wall about twenty-two feet high, flanked by a caponnière containing two guns and some loopholes. Across the centre of the fort, from front to rear, are a line of bomb-proofs, forming a masonry traverse, alongside of which runs the ramp conducting on to the rampart at the salient angle of the work. There are also casemates under the flank, in which the soldiers were living; and these casemates, running right through to the escarp wall, formed a casemated battery, sweeping the railway and ground on the flank, which has been cut lower than that

in front, with this object. The masonry of these casemates, however, is quite subject to destruction from a distance, although it has probably been considered that it was sufficiently covered from any but direct fire by the higher glacis of the front faces. The men seemed to be stowed pretty thick in these casemates, the beds nearly touching one another; and they were good big beds, which made me rather think they were made to contain two. The windows were small, and closed with iron shutters: altogether they were fine bomb-proofs; but I hardly think they would have passed the scrutiny of our barrack sanitary reformers, although, as the latter *navely* remark in their report on the casemates at Dover Castle, evidently making an effort to do justice when justice is due, "*they possibly might save some life during a siege!*" The use of the iron shutters to those windows I suppose to be to prevent the splinters of shells from coming in through the windows; it could hardly be intended that the garrison should retreat to places like that, and hold them after the fort was carried by assault. They could make no active resistance, and the temptation to smoke them out might be too great, especially to Frenchmen accustomed to Algerian warfare. Besides, the bomb-proof traverse




Plan of Fort

across the fort and the casemates under the flank, the rest of the interior space is almost all taken up by other bomb-proofs—one seemed to be the guard-room—and these were loopholed so as to form a kind of interior defence. There were not more than one or two guns mounted on each face, some of which—probably rifled guns—were placed under wooden butts on the rampart.

But my inspection of this fort was quite against all law, and when the guard had got over their astonishment at the sudden apparition of a stranger walking about on their ramparts, I was informed that I must come down, which I was then perfectly ready to do, taking care to come by a different way to that I had ascended, so as to complete the tour. Talking

to my friends, therefore, and affecting not quite to understand their protestations, I finished my survey, and, bidding them good-day, walked out; and, taking a circuit, returned to examine the outside, which showed merely a ditch, with a sloping escarp about twenty feet high, flanked by caponnières at the angles, the heads of the caponnières being rounded, and appearing to me to be indifferently flanked.

But the garrison was aroused, and I was soon interrupted by a swarm of men on the parapets, who signified their disapprobation of my proceedings. I therefore left that part altogether, and returned towards the station. The other detached forts seemed from their outer appearance to be much after this type; but the rear, instead of being straight and flanked by a caponnière, was formed by a circular keep  flanking two loopholed walls, forming a re-entering angle, thus: The rear of all these forts is of masonry; and the entire width covered by the works being small compared with the range of modern weapons, it seemed to me that they might be destroyed by firing right over the position.

The fortress proper of Peschiera is a bastioned work of five fronts, with good escarps and a wet ditch, through which the Mincio flows. The situation is, however, low; and the escarps being very imperfectly covered, it could make little resistance after the detached forts had fallen. The attack is also facilitated by the imperfect view the works have of the ground in front, on account of its being broken up by hollows.

I was walking along the road towards the town, and had stepped off it a few paces towards where the river was flowing through the ditch, to look about me at the walls and the river—when, turning to go back to the station, out from among some haystacks darted two Austrian soldiers, who yelled to me to “Halt!”—and, on my doing so, proceeded to signify to me that I must accompany them into the Citadel. I accepted this invitation with the politeness that becomes a person who has no choice, though it struck me that it must be a very active state of suspicion that could find any great danger to the fortress in my little deviation from the road; and it was anything but pleasant, as I could hardly hope to get back before the train started. Perhaps, too, I should be cast into an Austrian dungeon, with no chance of getting out but, like Baron Trenck, by picking my way through a 9-foot wall with a crooked nail: or perhaps I might be driven to relieve my dreary solitude by forming an intimate personal friendship with a spider, like Silvio Pellico. In these unromantic days I could not hope that my adventure would terminate like San Michele, who, being taken up as a spy while studying fortification among these very works some 350 years ago, was released and taken into the service of his captors, and built many works for them—the present fortress of Verona among the number. I endeavoured to signify to my captors that, without at all wishing wantonly to influence their movements, I should be glad if they would come along as briskly as they felt themselves able, and explained how that I was not an Italian patriot, but merely a harmless British tourist seeking recreation; to furnish proof of which I

put my hand to my pocket for my passport. "Nein, nein," said he, with an air of indignant virtue, fancying he smelt a bribe, and, with deep, savage mutterings, intended either to raise the price, or perhaps, because his habit being to live among the haystacks, like a wild beast crouching to catch unwary strangers, he was growling delight at his success.

I therefore requested that I might as soon as possible see the officer of the guard, who, on my stating the case, requested me to go with a subaltern to the commandant. The gay and joyous subaltern was an exact counterpart of his fellows in England, for like all the Austrian officers, he seemed to be quite what we understand by the word "gentleman," which in general in some other continental nations I have seen the officers are not. The commandant being out for a walk, was represented by a little stout officer who treated the question in a dignified and serious manner. Having explained myself, the Croat, my captor, was called upon to testify against me, which he did after the manner of his kind, his barbarian nature being subdued in compliance with the forms of military discipline. With his nose in the air, therefore, and the little fingers touching the seams of his trousers, this truculent ruffian delivered himself of the charge he had composed against me—composed, I say, for the length of his speech was quite out of proportion to the simple little offence I had committed, and could not have been more copious and more detailed if he had detected me in a conspiracy to undermine and blow up the principal magazine of the fortress. I employed this period in scrutinizing the man's features with a view to a portrait, for anything more savage than the face of that close-cropped blue-breached barbarian, it is impossible to conceive.

The stout little officer having weighed the evidence, and clearly not knowing what to do, asked me what I wanted to do now; to which I replied, that I desired to be off by the train which started in five minutes, and that I feared I might be late: pondering, therefore, again, he at length delivered judgment that he would go with me to the station, and if there appeared to be nothing against me, I might depart. So off we set, the stout little officer and I, deliberately and leisurely: he knowing the ways of the country, probably was well aware that the train would not go without the missing traveller, and beguiling the time by endeavouring to entrap me into contradicting my former account of myself. "Are you then in the service of the Pope?" &c. &c. "*Ah! monsieur, vous vous êtes échappé;*" said the commissary of passports on our arrival, from which I for the first time became aware that we were considered as prisoners till our passports had proved us honest men; and then ensued another prolonged consultation between this functionary and the officer: probably they came to the conclusion that my aberrations were merely an instance of the national insanity, and I was finally allowed to take my seat in the carriage; the officer coming to me at the last with a word of warning that "I must be very careful about looking at the forts."

The source of the strength of the Austrian position in Italy, is not, as it seems to me, at all indicated by the expression "the Quadrilateral." There

certainly are two rivers, the Mincio and the Adige, on each of which are two fortresses; Peschiera and Mantua on the former, and Verona and Legnano on the latter; but this position has been broken into without settling the question of the Austrian occupation, which would not be the case if the strength was in "the Quadrilateral." In 1848, the Piedmontese without much difficulty took Peschiera, and the Quadrilateral was therefore no more; but the Austrians in the following year were no less able to do that which their positions were created to enable them to do, viz. to issue forth and reconquer all that had been taken from them, which they effected in a five days' campaign.

On the other hand, in 1796, when the French had seized Verona and Peschiera, two members of the Quadrilateral as it was in those days, Napoleon felt himself unable to continue his conquests much beyond the Mincio whilst the Austrians held Mantua. This fortress is situated in the midst of a lake formed by the Mincio, and communicating with the mainland only by causeways, is, of course, very difficult to capture; but its strength cuts in two ways; for the same cause which makes it difficult for an enemy to get in, makes it easy for him to prevent the garrison from getting out: so that, in fact, the force of the army inside is probably neutralized by an equal or smaller number of invaders, which is no more than they would do in the open field. Napoleon in 1796, with a force of about 10,000, blockaded in it an army of 14,000, on one occasion raising the blockade to beat a relieving army of 60,000 men under Wurmser, of whom a remnant of 20,000 succeeded in finding refuge at last in the fortress, which was then again blockaded by the French. The fortress held out from the middle of June, 1796, till February 1797, during which, in addition to the two attempts at relief by Wurmser's army, two were made by an army of the same strength (60,000) under Alvinzi; so that, in fact, the possession of Mantua by the Austrians, although he was able to lock them up in it, obliged Napoleon to fight no less than seven pitched battles (in only one of which he was defeated), before he could pursue his conquests any farther. "The Quadrilateral" could hardly do more.

It is the entrenched camp at Verona that gives the Austrians such a firm footing in Italy; so long as that fortress is in their possession, neither can an invader enter the Austrian States from the side of Italy, nor can Italy ever feel secure against the reconquest of Lombardy by the Austrians whenever a favourable opportunity shall present itself. They have been beaten out of Lombardy thirteen times, and have recovered it twelve: far, indeed, did Louis Napoleon's performance fall short of his promise to free Italy "to the Adriatic," when he not only gained a bare half of the actual territory, but left his adversary in such a position, that the country taken from him remains entirely at his mercy.

The strength of the position of Verona, consists in the fact that it forms a *dépôt* in which all the strength of the Austrian empire may be concentrated, by means of communications which are extremely well protected by the natural strength and difficulty of the Alpine passes, and

which pass through the Tyrol, the most loyal of the hereditary states : and that from this strong entrenched camp they may pour over the plains of Lombardy without meeting anywhere with any position of great natural or artificial strength in which they may be opposed. How deficient Mantua was in respect of the security of its communications, is shown by the reverses suffered by the relieving armies in 1796-7 : and the little assistance its garrison could afford in those operations, is another point in which Verona is far superior. In fact, Napoleon I. could operate against the Austrian communications with Mantua *without exposing his own* : in the case of Verona this could not be done—and this makes all the difference.

The town of Verona lies on both banks of the Adige ; on the south the country is all of a flat character, on the north, the last spurs of the Alps come close down upon the river. These Northern hills, therefore, command the whole town, and necessarily take in reverse all the works that surround the south side, the distance of which, though considerable, is quite within the range of rifled artillery ; they form, in fact, the key of the position. The interior line of defences consists of the old bastioned fronts, among which are some of the earliest specimens of the bastion system. They have been altered in parts according to the modern German ideas, *i. e.* detached escarp walls have been formed, and low flanking casemates in the ditch, giving a very small amount of flanking fire, as it seemed to me, and, doing away with the counterscarp wall, they have formed a slope gentle enough for infantry to issue from in large bodies for the purpose of making sorties.

This interior line is surrounded by a double line of detached forts ; the total number of which amount to forty. The space included by those on the south side is sufficient for the largest army that could be assembled, who could lie there in perfect security against any enemy on the right bank of the Adige. A regular attack on works in such a position, with an army posted behind them, would be a hopeless kind of affair ; and, supposing it to be successful, and the Austrians driven across the Adige, the work would not then be complete, they would not be driven right out of the country any more than the Russians were obliged to leave the north side of Sebastopol after we had taken the south. Indeed, in some respects, the case would be worse, because at Sebastopol the distance of the hills on the north side was considerable, compared with the range of smooth-bored guns ; whereas, if an Austrian army held the northern heights at Verona, they could prevent any enemy entering the town ; nor would they have much compunction about knocking the town and its monuments to pieces, as they have done to many towns in Italy ; for they consider them enemy's property, as they are.

An examination of the forts on the south side does not lead to the solution of the question I was inquiring into. The character of the forts is much like those at Peschiera, and the flatness of the country and the thickness of the trees and the crops prevent any observation of the position,

as a whole, or of their mutual co-operation with one another. On the north, it is quite the reverse; and, as it appeared to me that the northern forts are the very essence of the whole affair, I devoted myself to examining their character and that of the country they commanded, so as to realize the opposition they might offer to a besieging army and the difficulty there would be in effecting their destruction or capture.

On the north side of Verona, there are two mountain spurs which approach very close to the river Adige. On one of these a portion of the town stands, and it is enclosed by the ancient fortifications, with square and semicircular towers at intervals, whose massive walls running along the crest of the hill form a conspicuous object in a view of the city. These forts have no regular ditch and counterscarp, and could, therefore, offer no resistance to a regular attack. The other spur was not enclosed by works in former times. In modern days, however, it cannot be neglected; and, accordingly, the Austrians have occupied it by detached forts, and they have also placed forts in advance of the old line of works that occupy the other spur.

The two spurs above mentioned are separated by a very deep valley, the steep sides of which are covered with fields, gardens, orchards, &c., and by vines growing in terraces.

The hillside in front of the forts is also of the same character; and as the forts are situated on the summit of the hills, they do not directly command much of the ground beyond the comparatively flat part immediately around them.

It is this consideration that often makes steep and apparently very strong ground less advantageous as a military position than at first sight it might seem. The very steepness may prevent its being seen, and an attacking enemy may find cover close under your very guns; as, indeed, was the case at the battle of the Alma, where Lord Raglan and his staff posted themselves close under the Russian position, where the shot ranged over their heads; but the steepness of the ground preventing them from being actually seen, they were, in point of fact, in perfect security. The French attack on the right, too, at the same battle, was probably much facilitated from the same condition of the ground.

The forts alone, therefore, will not enable the Austrians to hold these hills, but there must be an army manœuvring under protection of them; and viewed in this light, it may be said that it would be almost impossible for an enemy to inflict any great blow on the army encamped inside without first destroying the works; and if the works should be of such strength that nothing short of a regular siege would suffice for their destruction, it would require time and means for the purpose far greater even than were expended at Sebastopol, inasmuch as the facilities for pouring in relief are very much greater than the Russians had the advantage of in the latter case; and the works being of a permanent character, prepared long beforehand, would offer obstacles such as

would probably have kept us another year if they had existed at Sebastopol.

But, as it seems to me, the works do not possess that amount of strength; they could be destroyed by rifled guns without the process of a regular siege, and even it would not have been impossible to destroy them with the smooth bore.

The detached forts on the northern hills are of two kinds; two of the larger ones are masonry redoubts, the guns just sweeping the top of the hill, and one having a tower, the other a loopholed blockhouse in the interior, and they are flanked by caponnières.

If artillery were brought against these works they would fall helplessly, like the Russian works which we knocked to pieces in a few days at Bomarsund.

The other works are towers which consist of two concentric rings of thick walling, the outer one being pierced with twelve embrasures, which have iron shutters, the space between the walls being arched over. The guns are mounted on an upper floor, and a gallery for musketry runs round the tower about on the level of the ground.

A work of this nature could offer no resistance to an attack by artillery; hardly, indeed, could the guns in them be served. The Italians hold that men cannot stop in these towers when the guns are being fired, on account of the noise, but probably the Tedeschi have nerves that are equal to these trials; but the splinters of masonry from the walls, when struck, would kill as many men, probably, as the shot themselves. And moreover, inappropriate as masonry in any form is in such a position, the construction of these towers is especially bad and liable to quick destruction, because from the arches resting on the front wall, instead of on radiating pier-walls, the inevitable damage that would be done to the front wall would carry with it the immediate downfall of the whole structure. The Malakhoff tower at Sebastopol, which was probably of the same construction, was swept off the face of the earth on the first day's firing, and these would, probably, suffer the same fate.

The summit of the range of hills opposite to these forts where a besieging enemy would take his position is about 1,000 yards distant, and as high, or higher; they are therefore within easy battering range of rifled guns; and the quantity of exposed masonry they present, and consequent little resistance they are calculated to make to artillery fire, will be best appreciated from the sketches taken from the hills west of Avesa, in the direction in which a besieger's battery might probably be placed—they show, therefore, exactly what he would have to fire at.

An attack on Verona from this side no doubt presents some difficulties; but the effects would be much more decisive than any other attack that could be made. An attack on Verona at all implies that the Austrians are not at that time able to meet their enemies in the field, but it would be very hazardous to undertake it, leaving any large bodies of troops

behind ; at least, unless they can be well looked after, and prevented from attacking the besieger himself in rear.

The capture or blockade of **Peschiera** is, therefore, an indispensable preliminary ; but the resistance this **fortress** could offer has not been found by experience to be of sufficient **duration** for the purpose. In 1847 it only held out for about a fortnight **against** the Italians. Supposing **Peschiera** to have fallen, the **next step** would be to occupy some position which should cover the army **besieging Verona** from an attack in rear, by troops coming from the Tyrol.

The course of the Adige, till about eight miles from **Verona**, is nearly parallel to the Lake Garda, and about eight miles from it, the space between them being occupied by the **Monte Baldo**. Arrived near **Pastrengo**, it turns sharp to the eastward, and runs through **Verona** at a distance of eight or nine miles: in this part of its course the country on its north is mountainous and on the south flat.

The road though the Tyrol runs close to the river, and which, until it takes the turn to the eastward, is hemmed in by mountains on either side, which necessarily, therefore, command the road ; and this makes the possession of these hills of immense importance to the Austrians ; and, for the same reason, an enemy intending to attack **Verona** must occupy some strong position on them with his covering army. The most favourable spot for the Austrians to defend these hills is **PASIRELLO**—where a strong entrenched camp is being formed accordingly—a strong natural position, which has always been of importance in all Italian wars. Being on the right bank of the Adige, and the road being on the left, it forms a natural *tête-de-pont*, its possession giving the Austrians command of both sides of the river, and, so long as they held it, it would be impossible to attack **Verona**. A battle was fought for the possession of it in 1847, and an entrenched camp was formed here in the wars of the French Revolution ; and some works are now being thrown up, probably with the same object.

The entrenched camp that is being formed here will unite the advantages of both **Peschiera** and **Verona**, and will be stronger than either of them. No notice as yet given of these works has attached to them their full importance. They have been alluded to as “batteries to command Lake Garda.” Lake Garda can take very good care of itself ; any batteries that might be required to command it might be thrown up when wanted in a couple of hours. But the works being made here are regular forts, forming an entirely new position. If well constructed it will probably be a most formidable addition to the difficulties the Italians will have to overcome in the course of their enterprise, for an attack on it will be extremely difficult. The neck of land between the Adige and the lake, on which the forts are being constructed, is here not more than four miles across ; connected with **Verona** by the Adige, a length of eight miles, these would form a complete barrier only twelve miles in length, impassable in flank, commanding at a great advantage all the ground in their front,

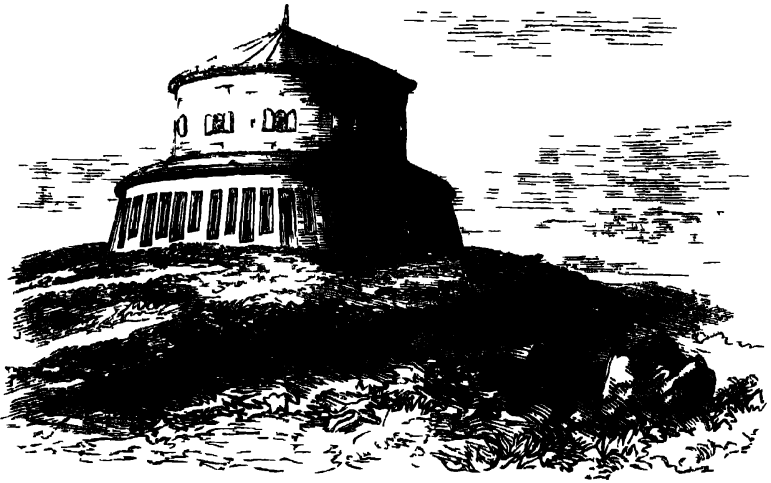


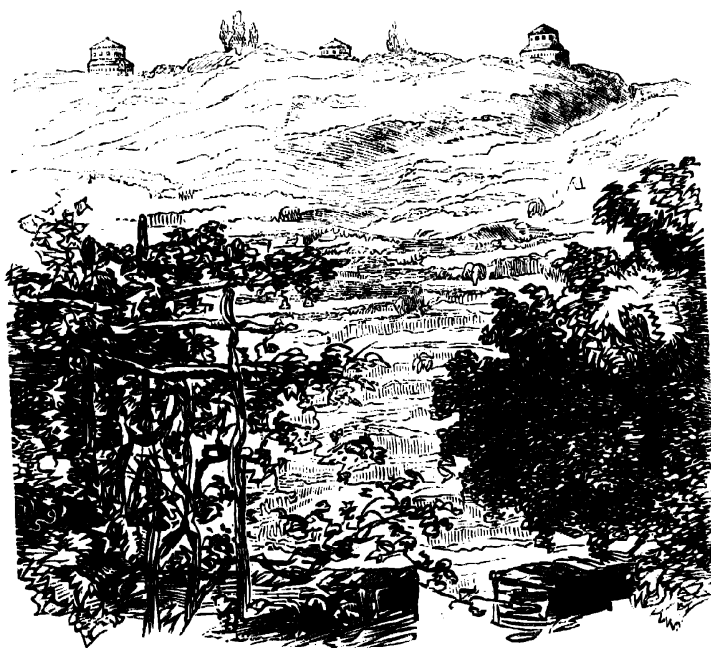
Fig. 1



Fig. 2. St. Louis, from the St.

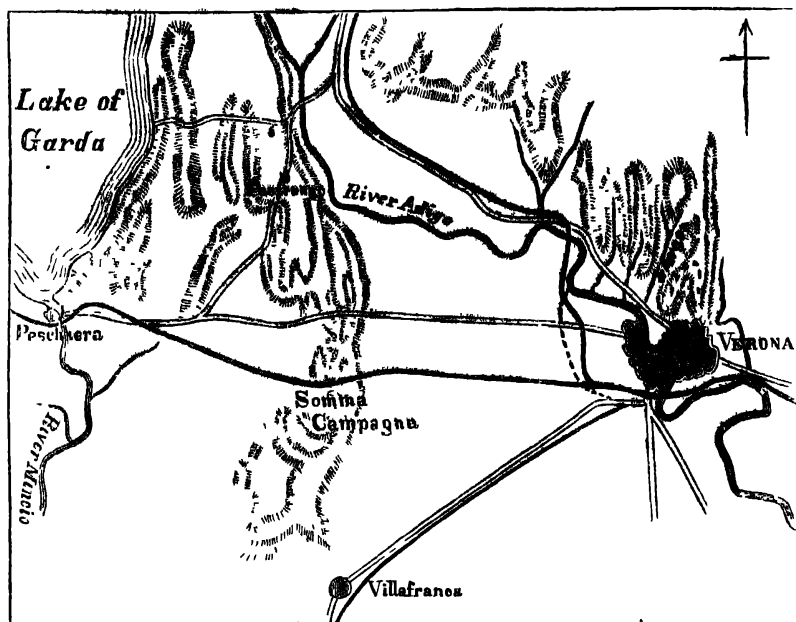


Fort St. Leonardo, from the West

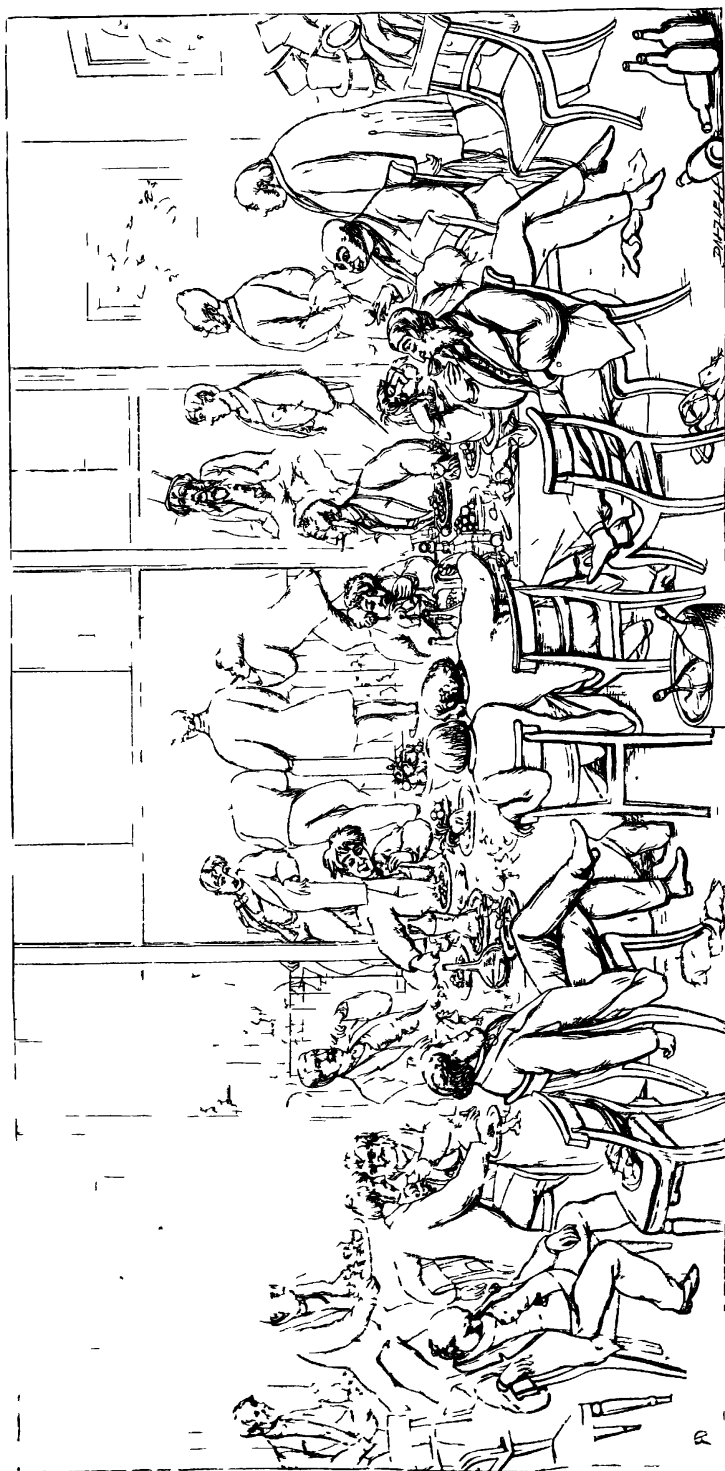


Towers of Verona, from Hill West of Avesa.

and behind which they may assemble in any number in perfect security till a favourable opportunity occurs for driving their assailants back, and perhaps repossessing themselves of all the ground they have lost.



I cannot say that I wish the Austrians success. It is impossible to visit Lombardy Venice without seeing that they are quite out of their place there. The sight of the swarms of soldiers, sullen, overbearing, and hated, the suppressed ill-feeling of the inhabitants—cannot but cause one to see that the condition of things is radically wrong; and the contrast between the free and the captive parts of Italy adds force to the feeling. The argument that the possession of Lombardy Venice by Austria is a necessity for the defence of Germany, will bear no examination, as Italy must always be more open to attack from Germany than Germany from Italy. So, whether the Italians shall endeavour to persuade the Austrians to go by moral or by physical force, I cannot but wish them God speed.



Dinner down the River

Dining down the River.



HE weather is hot, or change of scene is desirable, or you want fresh air, or like whitebait, or there is a pleasant party going. Any of these, or all, may be sufficiently good reasons why a man should go down from London, especially on a hot, sultry summer afternoon, to Greenwich or Blackwall, and dine. It is an institution is dining down the river, and beloved by Londoners for the most part. The drawbacks being that the dinner

is very unwholesome, and that when the tide is out the effect upon the nose, arising from the mud, is not of nature such as a person has a right to expect when out upon an expedition in which fresh air is one of the ingredients looked for. This is a roundabout way of saying that there is a bad smell.

The chief difficulty is getting to the railway, as you generally go down just at that time of day when the City is coming home westward, and the chief thoroughfares are impassable, being blocked up with a compact mass of carriages, omnibuses, carts, and cabs—the whole of which “keep moving” about six inches every ten minutes.

When once in the train, you are whirled along, as it seems, over the tops of the houses, and not Don Cleophas himself, in the *Devil on Two Sticks*, when Asmodeus takes him on a tour of inspection, that wonderful airing over the city of Seville, more completely overlooks the habitations and the inhabitants than does the railway traveller in those regions as he is carried along over that strange country, amid an apparently never-ending panorama of dingy red roofs, squalid-looking garrets, hideous church steeples, grimy chimneys, the masts of ships, storehouses and docks, and clothes hanging out to dry.

Arrived at the hotel at the river side, you step out upon the balcony, and see the stately ships sail by, the great steam-ships grandly moving along, the little penny steam-boats running here and there, and in and out, "easing her" or "stopping her," or setting down or picking up excursionists, and panting and puffing away again at a great rate; and there are enormous barges, laden with coal or straw, slowly drifting with the tide, there is the Isle of Dogs, and Greenwich Hospital and the old pensioners, and the mud-larks, and the poor Jacks, and many other things to look at while you wait for dinner.

And when you have dined, and eaten of every fish in the sea and in the river, and have had your whitebait devilled, and want no more brown bread and butter, and have had as much champagne as is good for you, you may again look out of window. While you were absorbed in fish, and conversation, and wine, the sun has gone down, its last rays throwing a golden light upon the sails of the vessels that glide round the bend in the river and move gently past. Darkness comes gradually on; a light here and there is lit, perhaps a green or red one in some ship, and throws its bright reflection into the water. The stars one by one appear, and the moon rises and shines brightly on the Thames. And in case you don't care for whitebait, this, at least, was worth coming to see.

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PENANCE.

THE course of our story requires us to return to the Capuchin convent, and to the struggles and trials of its superior; for in his hands is the irresistible authority which must direct the future life of Agnes.

From no guilty compliances, no heedless running into temptation, had he come to love her. The temptation had met him in the direct path of duty; the poison had been breathed in with the perfume of sweetest and most life-giving flowers: nor could he shun that temptation, nor cease to inhale that fatal sweetness, without confessing himself vanquished in a point where, in his view, to yield was to be lost. The subtle and deceitful visit of Father Johannes to his cell had the effect of thoroughly rousing him to a complete sense of his position, and making him feel the immediate, absolute necessity of bringing all the energy of his will, all the resources of his nature, to bear on its present difficulties. For he felt, by a fine intuition, that already he was watched and suspected;—any faltering step now, any wavering, any change in his mode of treating his female penitents, would be maliciously noted. The military education of his early days had still left in his mind a strong residuum of personal courage and honour, which made him regard it as dastardly to flee when he ought to conquer, and therefore he set his face as a flint for victory.

But reviewing his interior world, and taking a survey of the work before him, he felt that sense of a divided personality which often becomes so vivid in the history of individuals of strong will and passion. It seemed to him that there were two men within him: the one turbulent, passionate, demented; the other vainly endeavouring, by authority, reason and conscience, to bring the rebel to subjection. The discipline of conventual life, the extraordinary austerities to which he had condemned himself, the monotonous solitude of his existence, all tended to exalt the vivacity of the nervous system, which, in the Italian constitution, is at all times disproportionately developed; and when those weird harp-strings of the nerves are once thoroughly unstrung, the fury and tempest of the discord sometimes utterly bewilders the most practised self-government.

But he felt that *something* must be done with himself, and done immediately; for in a few days he must again meet Agnes at the confessional. He must meet her, not with weak tremblings and passionate fears, but calm as Fate, inexorable as the Judgment-Day. He must hear her confession, not as man, but as God; he must pronounce his judgments with a divine dispassionateness. He must dive into the recesses of her secret

heart, and, following with subtle analysis all the fine courses of those fibres which were feeling their blind way towards an earthly love, must tear them remorselessly away. Well could he warn her of the insidiousness of earthly affections; better than any one else he could show her how a name that was blended with her prayers, and borne before the sacred shrine in her most retired and solemn hours, might at last come to fill all her heart with a presence too dangerously dear. He must direct her gaze up those mystical heights where an unearthly marriage awaited her, its sealed and spiritual bride; he must hurry her footsteps onward to the irrevocable issue.

All this was before him. But before it could be done, he must subdue himself,—he must become calm and pulseless, in deadly resolve; and what prayer, what penance might avail for this? If all that he had already tried had so miserably failed, what hope? He resolved to quit for a season all human society, and enter upon one of those desolate periods of retreat from earthly converse well known in the annals of saintship as most prolific in spiritual victories. Accordingly, on the day after the conversation with Father Johannes, he startled the monks by announcing to them that he was going to leave them for several days.

"My brothers," he said, "the weight of a fearful penance is laid upon me, which I must work out alone. I leave you to-day, and charge you not to seek to follow my footsteps; but, as you hope to escape hell, watch and wrestle for me and yourselves during the time I am gone. Before many days, I hope to return to you with renewed spiritual strength."

That evening, while Agnes and her uncle were sitting together in their orange-garden, mingling their parting prayers and hymns, scenes of a very different description surrounded Father Francesco.

One who looks on the flowery fields and blue seas of this enchanting region thinks that the Isles of the Blest could scarcely find on earth a more fitting image; nor can he realize, till experience proves it to him, that he is in the immediate vicinity of a weird and dreary region, which might represent no less the goblin horrors of the damned. Around the foot of Vesuvius lie fair villages and villas garlanded with roses, and flushing with grapes whose juice gains warmth from the breathing of its subterraneous fires, while just above them rises a region more awful than can be created by the action of any common causes of sterility. There, immense tracts sloping gradually upward show a desolation so peculiar, so utterly unlike every common solitude of Nature, that one enters upon it with the shudder we give at that which is wholly unnatural. On all sides are gigantic serpentine convolutions of black lava, their immense folds rolled into every conceivable contortion, as if, in their fiery agonies, they had struggled and wreathed and knotted together, and then grown cold and black with the imperishable signs of those terrific convulsions upon them. Not a blade of grass, not a flower, not even the hardest lichen, springs up to relieve the utter deathliness of the scene. The eye wanders from one black, shapeless mass to another, and there is ever the same suggestion of

hideous monster life—of goblin convulsions and strange fiend-like agonies in some age gone by. One's very footsteps have an unnatural, metallic clink ; and one's garments, brushing over the rough surface, are torn and fretted by its sharp, remorseless touch,—as if its very nature were so pitiless and acrid that the slightest contact revealed it.

The sun was just setting over the beautiful Bay of Naples,—with its enchanted islands, its jewelled city, its flowery villages, all bedecked and bedropped with strange shiftings and flushes of prismatic light and shade, as if they belonged to some fairy-land of perpetual festivity and singing,—when Father Francesco stopped in his toilsome ascent up the mountain, and, seating himself on rosy ridges of black lava, looked down on the peaceful landscape. Above his head, behind him, rose the black cone of the mountain, over whose top the lazy clouds of thin white smoke were floating, tinged with the evening light ; around him the desolate convulsed waste, so arid, so supernaturally dreary ; and below, like a soft enchanted dream, the beautiful bay, the gleaming white villas and towers, the picturesque islands, the gliding sails, flecked and streaked and dyed with the violet and pink and purple of the evening sky. The thin new moon and one glittering star trembled through the rosy air.

The monk wiped from his brow the sweat that had been caused by the toil of his hurried journey, and listened to the bells of the Ave Maria pealing from the different churches of Naples, filling the atmosphere with a soft tremble of solemn dropping sound, as if spirits in the air took up and repeated over and over the angelic salutation which a thousand earthly lips were just then uttering. Mechanically he joined in the invocation which at that moment united the hearts of all Christians, and as the words passed his lips, he thought, with a sad, desolate longing, of the hour of death of which they spake.

He rose and commenced the perpendicular ascent of the cone, stumbling and climbing over the huge sliding blocks of broken lava, which grated and crunched beneath his feet with a harsh metallic ring. Sometimes a broken fragment or two would go tinkling down the rough path behind him, and sometimes it seemed as if the whole loose black mass from above were about to slide, like an avalanche, down upon his head ;—he almost hoped it would. Sometimes he would stop, overcome by the toil of the ascent, and seat himself for a moment on a black fragment, and then his eye would wander over the wide and peaceful panorama below. He seemed to himself like a fly perched upon some little roughness of a perpendicular wall, and felt a strange airy sense of pleasure in being thus between earth and heaven. A sense of relief, of beauty, and peacefulness would steal over him, as if he were indeed something disfranchised and disembodied, a part of the harmonious and beautiful world that lay stretched out beneath him ; in a moment more he would waken himself with a start, and resume his toilsome journey with a sullen and dogged perseverance. At last he gained the top of the mountain,—that weird, strange region where the loose, hot soil, crumbling beneath his feet, was no honest foodful mother

earth, but an acrid mass of ashes and corrosive minerals. Arsenic, sulphur, and many a sharp and bitter salt, were in all he touched; every rift in the ground hissed with stifling steam, while rolling clouds of dun sullen smoke, and a deep hollow booming like the roar of an immense furnace, told his nearness to the great crater. He penetrated the sombre tabernacle, and stood on the very brink of a huge basin, formed by a wall of rocks around a sunken plain, in the midst of which rose the black cone of the subterraneous furnace, which crackled and roared, and from time to time spit up burning stones and cinders, or oozed out slow ropy streams of liquid fire. The sulphurous cliffs were dyed in many a brilliant shade of brown and orange by the admixture of various ores, but their brightness seemed strange and unnatural; and the dizzying whirls of vapour, now enveloping the whole scene in gloom, now lifting in this spot and now in that, seemed to magnify the dismal pit to an indefinite size. Now and then there would come up from the very entrails of the mountain a sort of convulsed sob of hollow sound, and the earth would quiver beneath his feet, while fragments from the surrounding rocks would scale off and fall with crashing reverberations into the depth beneath: at such moments it would seem as if the very mountain were about to crush in and bear him down in its ruins.

Father Francesco, though blinded by the smoke and choked by the vapour, could not be content without descending into the abyss and exploring the very *penetralia* of its mysteries. Steadying his way by means of a cord which he fastened to a firm projecting rock, he began slowly and painfully clambering downward. The wind was sweeping across the chasm from behind, bearing the noxious vapours away from him, or he must inevitably have been stifled. It took him some little time, however, to effect his descent; but at length he found himself fairly landed on the dark floor of the gloomy inclosure. The ropy, pitch-black undulations of lava yawned here and there in red-hot cracks and seams, making it appear to be only a crust over some fathomless depth of molten fire, whose moanings and boilings could be heard below. These dark congealed billows creaked and bent as the monk stepped upon them, and burned his feet through his coarse sandals; yet he stumbled on. Now and then his foot would crush in, where the lava had hardened in a thinner crust, and he would draw it suddenly back from the lurid red-hot metal beneath. The staff on which he rested was constantly kindling into a light blaze as it slipped into some heated hollow, and he was fain to beat out the fire upon the cooler surface. Still he went on, half-stifled by the hot and pungent vapour, but drawn by that painful, unnatural curiosity which possesses one in a nightmare dream. The great cone in the centre was the point to which he wished to attain,—the nearest point which man can gain to this eternal mystery of fire. It was trembling with a perpetual vibration, a hollow, pulsating undertone of sound like the surging of the sea before a storm, and the lava that boiled over its sides rolled slowly with a strange creaking; it seemed the condensed, intensified essence and expres-

sion of eternal fire, rising and still rising from some inexhaustible fountain of burning.

The monk drew as near as he could for the stifling heat and vapour, and, resting on his staff, stood gazing intently. The lurid light of the fire fell with an unearthly glare on his pale, sunken features, his wild, haggard eyes, and his torn and disarranged garments. In the awful solitude and silence of the night he felt his heart stand still, as if indeed he had touched with his very hand the gates of eternal woe, and felt its fiery breath upon his cheek. He half-imagined that the seams and clefts which glowed in lurid lines between the dark billows, would gape yet wider and show the blasting secrets of some world of fiery despair below. He fancied that he heard behind and around the mocking laugh of fiends, and that confused clamour of mingled shrieks and lamentations which Dante describes as filling the dusky approaches to that forlorn realm where hope never enters. Falling on his knees, he breathed out piercing supplications. Every nerve and fibre within him seemed tense with his agony of prayer. It was not the outcry for purity and peace, not a tender longing for forgiveness, not a filial remorse for sin, but the nervous anguish of him who shrieks in the immediate apprehension of an unendurable torture. It was the cry of a man upon the rack, the despairing scream of him who feels himself sinking in a burning dwelling. Such anguish has found an utterance in Stradella's celebrated "*Pietà, Signore*," which still tells to our ears, in its wild moans and piteous shrieks, the religious conceptions of his day; for there is no phase of the Italian mind that has not found expression in its music.

When the oppression of the heat and sulphurous vapour became too dreadful to be borne, the monk retraced his way and climbed with difficulty up the steep sides of the crater, till he gained the summit above, where a comparatively free air revived him. All night he wandered up and down in that dreary vicinity, now listening to the mournful roar and crackle of the fire, and now raising his voice in penitential psalms or the notes of that terrific "*Dies Iræ*" which sums up all the intense fear and horror with which the religion of the Middle Ages clothed the idea of the final catastrophe of humanity. Sometimes, prostrating himself with his face towards the stifling soil, he prayed with agonized intensity till Nature would sink in a temporary collapse, and sleep, in spite of himself, would steal over him. So waned the gloomy hours of the night away, till the morning broke in the east, turning all the blue wavering floor of the sea to crimson brightness, and bringing up, with the rising breeze, the barking of dogs, the low of kine, the songs of labourers and boatmen, all fresh and breezy from the repose of the past night.

Father Francesco heard the sound of approaching footsteps climbing the lava path, and started with a nervous trepidation. Soon he recognized a poor peasant of the vicinity, whose child he had tended during a dangerous illness. He bore with him a little basket of eggs, with a melon and a fresh green salad.

"Good morning, holy father," he said, bowing humbly. "I saw you coming this way last night, and I could hardly sleep for thinking of you; and my good-woman, Teresina, would have it that I should come out to look after you. I have taken the liberty to bring a little offering;—it was the best we had."

"Thank you, my son," said the monk, looking wistfully at the fresh, honest face of the peasant. "You have taken too much trouble for such a sinner. I must not allow myself such indulgences."

"But your reverence must live. Look you," said the peasant, "at least your reverence will take an egg. See here, how handily I can cook one," he added, striking his stick into a little cavity of a rock, from which, as from an escape valve, hissed a jet of hot steam,—“see here, I nestle the egg in this little cleft, and it will be done in a twinkling. Our good God gives us our fire for nothing here."

There was something wholesomely kindly and cheerful in the action and expression of the man, which broke upon the overstrained and disturbed musings of the monk like daylight on a ghastly dream. The honest, loving heart sees love in everything; even the fire is its fatherly helper, and not its avenging enemy. Father Francesco took the egg, when it was done, with a silent gesture of thanks.

"If I might make bold to say," said the peasant, encouraged, "your reverence should have some care for yourself. If a man will not feed himself, the good God will not feed him; and we poor people have too few friends already to let such as you die. Your hands are trembling, and you look worn out. Surely you should take something more, for the very love of the poor."

"My son, I am bound to do a heavy penance, and to work out a great conflict. I thank you for your undeserved kindness. Leave me now to myself, and come no more to disturb my prayers. Go, and God bless you!"

"Well," said the peasant, putting down the basket and melon, "I shall leave these things here, any way, and I beg your reverence to have a care of yourself. Teresina fretted herself all night for fear something might come to you. The *bambino* that you cured is grown a stout little fellow, and eats enough for two,—and it is all through you; so she cannot forget it. She is a busy little woman, is Teresina; and when she gets a thought in her head, it buzzes, buzzes, like a fly in a bottle: she will have it your reverence is killing yourself by inches; and, says she, 'What will all the poor do when he is gone?' So your reverence must pardon us. We mean it all for the best."

So saying, the man turned and began sliding and slipping down the steep ashy sides of the mountain cone with a dexterity which carried him to the bottom of a perpendicular descent in a few moments; and on he went, sending back after him a cheerful little air, the refrain of which is still to be heard in our days in that neighbourhood. A word or two of the gay song fluttered back on the ear of the monk,—

"Tutta gioja, tutta l'eta."

So gay and airy it was in its ringing cadence that it seemed a musical laugh springing from sunny skies, and came fluttering into the dismal smoke and gloom of the mountain-top like a very butterfly of sound. It struck on the sad leaden ear of the monk, much as we might fancy the carol of a robin over a grave might seem, could the cold sleeper below wake one moment to its perception. If it woke one regretful sigh and drew one wandering look downward to the elysian paradise that lay smiling at the foot of the mountain, he instantly suppressed the feeling, and set his face in its old deathly stillness.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLOUDS DEEPENING.

AFTER the departure of her uncle to Florence, the life of Agnes was troubled and harassed from a variety of causes. First, her grandmother was sulky and moody, and though saying nothing directly on the topic nearest her heart, yet intimating by every look and action that she considered Agnes as a most ungrateful and contumacious child. Then there was a constant internal perplexity; a constant wearying course of self-interrogation and self-distrust, the pain of a sensitive spirit which doubts at every moment whether it may not be falling into sin. The absence of her kind uncle at this time took from her the strongest support on which she had leaned in her perplexities. Cheerful, airy, and elastic in his temperament, always full of fresh-springing and beautiful thoughts, as an Italian dell is of flowers, the charming old man seemed, while he stayed with Agnes, to be the door of a new and fairer world, where she could walk in air and sunshine, and find utterance for a thousand thoughts and feelings which, at all other times, lay in cold repression in her heart. His counsels were always so wholesome, his sympathies so quick, his devotion so fervent and cheerful, that while with him Agnes felt the burden of her life insensibly lifted and carried for her as by some angel guide. Now they had all come back upon her, heavier a thousand-fold than ever they had been before. Never did she so much need counsel and guidance,—never had she so much within herself to be solved and made plain to her own comprehension; yet she thought with a strange shiver of her next visit to her confessor. That austere man, so chilling, so awful, so far above all conception of human weaknesses, how should she dare to lay before him all the secrets of her breast, especially when she must confess to having disobeyed his most stringent commands? She had had another interview with this forbidden son of perdition; but how it was she knew not. How could such things have happened? Instead of shutting her eyes and turning her head and saying prayers, she had listened to a passionate declaration of love, and his last word had called her his wife. Her heart thrilled every time she thought of it; and somehow she could not feel sure that it was exactly a thrill of penitence. It was all like a

strange dream to her; and sometimes she looked at her little brown hands and wondered if he really had kissed them,—he, the splendid strange vision of a man, the prince from fairy-land! Agnes had never read romances, it is true, but she had been brought up on the legends of the saints, and there never was a marvel possible to human conception that had not been told there. Princes had come from China, and Barbary, and Abyssinia, and every other strange out-of-the-way place, to kneel at the feet of fair obdurate saints, who would not even turn the head to look at them; but she had acted, she was conscious, after a much more mortal fashion, and so made herself work for confession and penance. Yet certainly she had not meant to do so: the interview came on her so suddenly, so unexpectedly; and somehow he *would* speak, and he would not go when she asked him to: she remembered how he looked when he stood right before her in the doorway and told her she *should* hear him,—how the colour flushed up in his cheeks, what a fire there was in his great dark eyes; he looked as if he were going to do something desperate then; it made her hold her breath even now to think of it.

Such were the thoughts of Agnes on the day when she was preparing for her confession; and all the way to church she found them floating, and dissolving, and re-appearing in new forms in her mind, like the silvery smoke-clouds which were constantly veering and sailing over Vesuvius. Only one thing was firm and never changing, and that was the purpose to reveal everything to her spiritual director. When she kneeled at the confessional with closed eyes, and began her whispered acknowledgments, she tried to feel as if she were speaking in the ear of God alone,—that God whose Spirit she was taught to believe, for the time being, was present in His minister before whom her inmost heart was to be unveiled.

He who sat within had just returned from his lonely retreat, with his mind and nerves in a state of unnatural tension,—a sort of ecstatic clearness and calmness, which he mistook for victory and peace. During those lonely days when he had wandered afar from human converse, and was surrounded only by objects of desolation and gloom, he had passed through as many phases of strange, unnatural experience as there were fitting smoke-wreaths eddying about him. There are depths in man's nature which no plummet has ever sounded,—the wild, lonely joys of fanatical excitement, the perfectly ravenous appetite for self-torture, which seems able, in time, to reverse the whole human system, and make a heaven of hell. How else can we understand the facts related both in Hindoo and in Christian story, of those men and women who have found such strange raptures in slow tortures, prolonged from year to year, till pain became a habit of body and mind? It is said that, after the tortures of the rack, the reaction of the overstrained nerves produces a sense of the most exquisite relief and repose; and so, when mind and body are harrowed, harassed to the very outer verge of endurance, come wild throbbings and transport, and strange celestial visions, which the mystic hails as the descent of the New Jerusalem into his soul.

When Agnes began her confession, her voice seemed to him to pass through every nerve; it seemed as if he could feel her presence thrilling through the very wood of the confessional. He was astonished and dismayed at his own emotion. But when she began to speak of the interview with the cavalier, he trembled from head to foot with uncontrollable passion. Nature, long repressed, came back in a tempestuous reaction. He crossed himself again and again; he tried to pray, and blessed those protecting shadows which concealed his emotion from the unconscious one by his side. But he set his teeth in deadly resolve, and his voice, as he questioned her, came forth cutting and cold as ice crystals.

"Why did you listen to a word?"

"My father, it was so sudden. He wakened me from sleep. I answered him before I thought."

"You should not have been sleeping. It was a sinful indolence."

"Yes, my father."

"See now to what it led. The enemy of your soul, ever watching, seized this moment to tempt you."

"Yes, my father"

"Examine your soul well," said Father Francesco, in a tone of austere severity that made Agnes tremble. "Did you not find a secret pleasure in his words?"

"My father, I fear I did," said she, with a trembling voice.

"I knew it! I knew it!" the priest muttered to himself, while the great drops started on his forehead, with the intensity of the conflict he repressed. Agnes thought the solemn pause that followed was caused by the horror that had been inspired by her own sinfulness.

"You did not, then, heartily and truly wish him to go from you?" pursued the cold, severe voice.

"Yes, my father, I did. I wished him to go with all my soul."

"Yet you say you found pleasure in his being near you," said Father Francesco, conscious how every string of his own being, even in this awful hour, was vibrating with a sort of desperate, miserable joy in being once more near to her.

"Ah," sighed Agnes, "that is true, my father,—woe is me! Please tell me how I could have helped it. I was pleased before I knew it."

"And you have been thinking of what he said to you with pleasure since?" pursued the confessor, with an intense severity of manner, deepening as she spoke.

"I have thought of it," faltered Agnes.

"Beware how you trifle with the holy sacrament! Answer frankly. You have thought of it *with pleasure*. Confess it."

"I do not understand myself exactly," said Agnes. "I have thought of it partly with pleasure and partly with pain."

"Would you like to go with him and be his wife, as he said?"

"If it were right, father,—not otherwise."

"Oh, foolish child! oh, blinded soul! to think of right in connection with an infidel and heretic! Do you not see that all this is an artifice of Satan? He can transform himself into an angel of light. Do you suppose this heretic would be brought back to the Church by a foolish girl? Do you suppose it is your prayers he wants? Why does he not seek the prayers of the Church,—of holy men who have power with God? He would bait his hook with this pretence that he may catch your soul. Do you believe me?"

"I am bound to believe you, my father."

"But you do not. Your heart is going after this wicked man."

"Oh, my father, I do not wish it should. I never wish or expect to see him more. I only pray for him that his soul may not be lost."

"He has gone, then?"

"Yes, my father. And he went with my uncle, a most holy monk, who has undertaken the work of his salvation. He listens to my uncle, who has hopes of restoring him to the Church."

"That is well. And now, my daughter, listen to me. You must root out of your thought every trace and remembrance of these words of sinful earthly love which he hath spoken. Such love would burn your soul to all eternity with fire that never could be quenched. If you can tear away all roots and traces of this from your heart; if, by fasting and prayer and penance, you can become worthy to be a bride of your divine Lord, then your prayers will gain power, and you may prevail to secure his eternal salvation. But listen to me, daughter,—listen and tremble! If ever you should yield to his love and turn back from this heavenly marriage to follow him, you will accomplish his damnation and your own; to all eternity he will curse you, while the fire rages and consumes him!—he will curse the hour that he first saw you."

These words were spoken with an intense vehemence which seemed almost supernatural. Agnes shivered and trembled; a vague feeling of guilt overwhelmed and disheartened her; she seemed to herself the most lost and abandoned of human beings.

"My father, I shall think no penance too severe that may restore my soul from this sin. I have already made a vow to the Blessed Mother that I will walk on foot to the Holy City, praying in every shrine and holy place, and I humbly ask your approval."

This announcement brought to the mind of the monk a sense of relief and deliverance. He felt already, in the terrible storm of agitation which this confession had aroused within him, that nature was not dead, and that he was infinitely farther from the victory of passionless calm than he had supposed. He was still a man, torn with human passions; with a love which he must never express, and a jealousy which burned and writhed at every word which he had wrung from its unconscious subject. Conscience had begun to whisper in his ear that there would be no safety to him in continuing this spiritual dictatorship to one whose every word unmanned him; that it was laying himself open to a ceaseless

temptation which, in some blinded, dreary hour of evil, might hurry him into acts of horrible sacrilege; and he was once more feeling that wild, stormy revolt of his inner nature that so distressed him before he left the convent. This proposition of Agnes struck him as a compromise. It would take her from him only for a season; she would go under his care and direction, and he would gradually recover his calmness and self-possession in her absence. Her pilgrimage to the holy places would be a most proper and fit preparation for the solemn marriage-rite which should for ever sunder her from all human ties, and make her inaccessible to all solicitations of human love. Therefore, after an interval of silence, he answered—

“Daughter, your plan is approved. Such pilgrimages have ever been held meritorious works in the Church, and there is a special blessing upon them.”

“My father,” said Agnes, “it has always been in my heart, from my childhood to be the bride of the Lord; but my grandmother, who brought me up, and to whom I owe the obedience of a daughter, utterly forbids me: she will not hear a word of it. No longer ago than last Monday, she told me I might as well put a knife in her heart as speak of this.”

“And you, daughter, do you put the feelings of any earthly friend before the love of your Lord and Creator, who laid down His life for you?”

“Yes,” replied Agnes, with a sort of hardy sweetness; “but my Lord does not need me, as grandmother does: when she is gone, or if the saints move her to consent, I shall then belong to God alone.”

“Daughter, there is some truth in your words; and if your Lord accepts you, He will dispose her heart.” I shall enjoin this pilgrimage on her as a penance.”

“I have grievously offended her lately,” said Agnes, “in rejecting an offer of marriage with a man on whom she had set her heart, and, therefore, she does not listen to me as she is wont to do.”

“You have done right in refusing, my daughter. I will speak to her of this, and show her how great is the sin of opposing a holy vocation in a soul whom the Lord calls to Himself; and enjoin her to make reparation by uniting with you in this holy work.”

Agnes departed from the confessional without even looking upon the face of her director, who sat within listening to the rustle of her dress as she rose,—listening to the soft fall of her departing footsteps, and praying that grace might be given him not to look after her: and he did not, though he felt as if his life were going with her. Agnes tripped round the aisle to a little side-chapel, where a light was always kept burning by her before a picture of Saint Agnes, and, kneeling there, waited till her grandmother should be through with her confession.

Agnes rose from her devotions, and went, with downcast eyes, her lips still repeating prayers, to the font of holy water, which was in a dim shadowy corner, where a painted window cast a gold and violet twilight.

Suddenly there was a rustle of garments in the dimness, and a jewelled hand essayed to pass holy water to her on the tip of the finger. This mark of Christian fraternity, common in those times, Agnes almost mechanically accepted, touching her slender finger to the one extended, and making the sign of the cross, while she raised her eyes to see who stood there. Gradually the haze cleared from her mind, and she awoke to the consciousness that the cavalier was there ! He moved to come towards her, with a bright smile on his face ; but suddenly she became pale as one who has seen a spectre, and, pushing from her with both hands, she said faintly, "Go, go !" and turned, and sped up the aisle silently as a sunbeam, joining her grandmother, who was coming from the confessional with a gloomy and sullen brow. Old Elsie had been enjoined to unite with her grandchild in this scheme of a pilgrimage, and received the direction with much internal contumacy. Not but that pilgrimages were holy and gracious works,—she was too good a Christian not to admit that,—but why must holy and gracious works be thrust on her, in particular ? There were saints enough who liked such things ; and people *could* get to heaven without,—if not with a very abundant entrance, still in a modest way,—and Elsie's ambition for position and treasure in the spiritual world was of a very moderate cast.

"Well, now, I hope you are satisfied," she said to Agnes, as she pulled her along with no very gentle hand ; "you've got me sent off on a pilgrimage,—and my old bones must be rattling up and down all the hills between here and Rome,—and who's to see to the oranges ?—they'll all be stolen, every one !"

"Grandmother," began Agnes, in a pleading voice——

"Oh, I know what you're going to say : 'The good Lord will take care of them.' I wish He may ! He has His hands full, with all the people that leave their affairs to Him !"

Agnes walked along disconsolate, with her eyes full of tears, which coursed one another down her pale cheeks.

"Now there's Antonio," pursued Elsie, "would perhaps look after things a little. He is a good fellow, and only yesterday was asking if he couldn't do something for us. It's you he does it for ; but little you care who loves you, or what they do for you !"

At this moment they met old Jocunda, whom we have before introduced to the reader as portress of the convent. She had on her arm a large square basket, which she was storing for its practical uses.

"Well, well, Saint Agnes be praised ! I have found you at last," she said. "I was wanting to speak about some of your blood-oranges for conserving. An order has come down from our dear gracious lady, the Queen, to prepare a lot for her own blessed eating, and you may be sure I would get none of anybody but you. But what's this, my little heart, my little lamb ?—crying ?—tears in those sweet eyes ? What's the matter now ?"

"Matter enough for me !" said Elsie. "It's a weary world we live

in. A body can't turn any way and not meet with trouble. If a body brings up a girl one way, why, every fellow is after her and one has no peace; and if a body brings her up another way, she gets her head in the clouds and there's no good of her in this world. Now look at that girl,—doesn't everybody say it's time she were married?—but no marrying for her! Nothing will do but we must off to Rome on a pilgrimage,—and what's the good of that, I want to know? If it's praying that's to be done, the dear saints know she's at it from morning till night,—and lately she's up and down three or four times a night with some prayer or other."

"Well, well," said Jocunda, "who started this idea?"

"Oh, Father Francesco and she got it up between them, and nothing will do but I must go, too."

"Well, now, after all, my dear," said Jocunda, "do you know, I made a pilgrimage once, and it isn't so bad. One gets a good deal by it, first and last. Everybody drops something into your hand as you go, and one gets treated as if one were somebody a little above the common; and then in Rome one has a princess or a duchess or some noble lady who washes one's feet, and gives one a good supper, and perhaps a new suit of clothes, and all that,—and ten to one there comes a pretty little sum of money to boot, if one plays one's cards well. A pilgrimage isn't bad, after all;—one sees a world of fine things, and something new every day."

"But who is to look after our garden and dress our trees?"

"Ah, now, there's Antonio, and old Meta his mother," said Jocunda, with a knowing wink at Agnes. "I fancy there are friends there that would lend a hand to keep things together against the little one comes home. If one is going to be married, a pilgrimage brings good luck in the family. All the saints take it kindly that one comes so far to see them, and are more ready to do a good turn for one when one needs it. The blessed saints are like other folks,—they like to be treated with proper attention."

This view of pilgrimages, from the material stand-point, had more effect on the mind of Elsie than the most elaborate appeals of Father Francesco. She began to acquiesce, though with a reluctant air. Jocunda, seeing her words had made some impression, pursued her advantage on the spiritual ground.

"To be sure," she added, "I don't know how it is with you; but I know that I have, one way and another, rolled up quite an account of sins in my life. When I was tramping up and down with my old man through the country,—now in this castle and then in that camp, and now and then in at sacking a city or village, or something of the sort,—the saints forgive us!—it does seem as if one got into things that were not of the best sort in such times. It's true, it's been wiped out over and over by the priest; but then a pilgrimage is a good thing to make all sure, in case one's good works should fall short of one's sins at last. I can tell you, a pilgrimage is a good round weight to throw into the scale; and when it

comes to heaven and hell, you know, my dear, why, one cannot be too careful."

"Well, that may be true enough," said Elsie,—“though, as to my sins, I have tried to keep them regularly squared up and balanced as I went along. I have always been regular at confession, and never failed a jot or tittle in what the holy father told me. But there may be something in what you say; one can't be too sure; and so I'll e'en school my old bones into taking this tramp."

That evening, as Agnes was sitting in the garden at sunset, her grandmother bustling in and out, talking, groaning, and hurrying in her preparations for the anticipated undertaking, when suddenly there was a rustling in the branches overhead, and a bouquet of rose-buds fell at her feet. Agnes picked it up, and saw a scrap of paper coiled among the flowers. In a moment remembering the apparition of the cavalier in the church in the morning, she doubted not from whom it came. No dreadful had been the effect of the scene at the confessional, that the thought of the near presence of her lover brought only terror: she turned pale; her hands shook. She shut her eyes, and prayed that she might not be left to read the paper; and then, summoning all her resolution, she threw the bouquet with force over the wall. It dropped down, down, down the gloomy, shadowy abyss, and was lost in the damp caverns below.

The cavalier stood without the wall, waiting for some responsive signal in reply to his missive. It had never occurred to him that Agnes would not even read it, and he stood confounded when he saw it thrown back with such apparent rudeness. He remembered her pale, terrified look on seeing him in the morning: it was not indifference or dislike, but mortal fear, that had been shown in that pale face.

"These wretches are practising on her," he said, in wrath,—“filling her head with frightful images, and torturing her sensitive conscience till she sees sin in the most natural and innocent feelings."

He had learned from Father Antonio the intention of Agnes to go on a pilgrimage, and he longed to see and talk with her, that he might offer her his protection against dangers which he understood far better than she. It had never even occurred to him, that the door for all possible communication would be thus suddenly barred in his face.

"Very well!" he said to himself, with a darkening brow,—“let them have it their own way here. She must pass through my dominions before she can reach Rome, and I will find a place where I *can* be heard, without priest or grandmother to let or hinder. She is mine, and I will care for her."

But Agnes had the woman's share of the misery to bear, in the fear, and self-reproach and distress, which every movement of this kind cost her. The involuntary thrill at seeing her lover, at hearing from him, the conscious struggle which it cost her to throw back his gift, were all noted by her accusing conscience as so many sins. The next day, she sought again her confessor, and began an entrance on those darker and more chilly

paths of penance, by which, according to the opinion of her times, the peculiarly elect of the Lord were supposed to be best trained. Hitherto, her religion had been the cheerful and natural expression of her tender and devout nature, according to the more beautiful and engaging devotional forms of her Church. During the year when her confessor had been, unconsciously to himself, led by her instead of leading, her spiritual food had been its beautiful old hymns and prayers, which she found no weariness in often repeating. But now an unnatural conflict was begun in her own mind, directed by a spiritual guide in whom every natural and normal movement of the soul had given way before a succession of morbid and unhealthful experiences. From that day, Agnes wore upon her heart one of those sharp instruments of torture which in those times were supposed to be a means of inward grace,—a cross with seven steel points for the seven sorrows of Mary. She fasted with a severity which alarmed her grandmother, who in her inmost heart cursed the day that ever she had placed her in the way of salvation.

“All this will just end in spoiling her beauty,—making her thin as a shadow,”—said Elsie; “and she was good enough before.”

But it did not spoil her beauty,—it only changed its character: the roundness and bloom melted away; but there came in their stead that solemn, transparent clearness of countenance, that spiritual light and radiance, which the old Florentine religious painters gave to their Madonnas.

It is singular how all religious exercises and appliances take the character of the nature that uses them. The pain and penance, which so many in her day bore as a cowardly expedient for averting Divine wrath, seemed, as she viewed them, a humble way of becoming associated in the sufferings of her Redeemer. “*Jesu dulcis memoria*,” was the thought that carried a redeeming sweetness with every pain. Could she thus, by suffering with her Lord, gain power like Him to save,—a power which should save that soul so dear and so endangered:—“Ah,” she thought, “I would give my life-blood, drop by drop, if only it might avail for his salvation!”

Roundabout Papers.—No. XVIII.

ON LETTS'S DIARY.



INE is one of your No. 12 diaries, three shillings cloth boards; silk limp, gilt edges, three-and-six; French morocco, tuck ditto, four-and-six. It has two pages, ruled with faint lines for memoranda, for every week, and a ruled account at the end, for the twelve months from January to December, where you may set down your incomings and your expenses. I hope yours, my respected reader, are large; that there are many fine round sums of figures

on each side of the page: liberal on the expenditure side, greater still on the receipt. I hope, sir, you will be "a better man," as they say, in '62 than in this moribund '61, whose career of life is just coming to its terminus. A better man in purse? in body? in soul's health? Amen, good sir, in all. Who is there so good in mind, body, or estate, but bettering won't still be good for him? O unknown Fate, presiding over next year, if you will give me better health, a better appetite, a better digestion, a better income, a better temper in '62 than you have bestowed in '61, I think your servant will be the better for the changes. For instance, I should be the better for a new coat. This one, I acknowledge, is very old. The family says so. My good friend, who amongst us would not be the better if he would give up some old habits! Yes, yes. You agree with me. You take the allegory? Alas! at our time of life we don't like to give up those old habits, do we? It is ill to change. There is the good old loose, easy, slovenly bedgown, laziness, for example. What man of sense likes to fling it off and put on a tight *quindé* prim dress coat that pinches him? There is the cozy wrap-rascal self-indulgence—how easy it is! How warm! How it always seems to fit! You can walk out in it; you can go down to dinner in it. You can say of such what Tully says of his books: *Pernocat nobiscum, peregrinatur, rusticatur*. It is a little slatternly—it is a good deal stained—it isn't becoming—it smells of cigar smoke; but, *allons donc!* let the world call me idle and sloven. I love my ease better than my neighbour's opinion. I live to please myself; not you, Mr. Dandy, with your supercilious airs. I am a philosopher. Perhaps I live in my tub, and don't

make any other use of it— We won't pursue further this unsavoury metaphor; but, with regard to some of your old habits, let us say—

1. The habit of being censorious, and speaking ill of your neighbours.
2. The habit of getting into a passion with your man-servant, your maid-servant, your daughter, wife, &c.
3. The habit of indulging too much at table.
4. The habit of smoking in the dining-room after dinner.
5. The habit of spending insane sums of money in *bric à brac*, tall copies, binding, Elzevirs, &c.; '20 Port, outrageously fine horses, ostentatious entertainments, and what not; or
6. The habit of screwing meanly, when rich, and chuckling over the saving of half-a-crown, whilst you are poisoning your friends and family with bad wine.
7. The habit of going to sleep immediately after dinner, instead of cheerfully entertaining Mrs. Jones and the family; or,
8. LADIES! The habit of running up bills with the milliners, and swindling paterfamilias on the house bills.
9. The habit of keeping him waiting for breakfast.
10. The habit of sneering at Mrs. Brown and the Miss Browns, because they are not quite *du monde*, or quite so genteel as Lady Smith.
11. The habit of keeping your wretched father up at balls till five o'clock in the morning, when he has to be at his office at eleven.
12. The habit of fighting with each other, dear Louisa, Jane, Arabella, Amelia.
13. The habit of *always* ordering John Coachman three-quarters of an hour before you want him.

Such habits, I say, sir or madam, if you have had to note in your diary of '61, I have not the slightest doubt you will enter in your pocket-book of '62. There are habits, Nos. 4 and 7, for example. I am morally sure that some of us will not give up those bad customs, though the women cry out and grumble, and scold ever so justly. There are habits, Nos. 9 and 13. I feel perfectly certain, my dear young ladies, that you will continue to keep John Coachman waiting; that you will continue to give the most satisfactory reasons for-keeping him waiting: and as for (9), you will show that you once (on the 1st of April last, let us say) came to breakfast first, and that you are *always* first in consequence!

Yes; in our '62 diaries, I fear we may all of us make some of the '61 entries. There is my friend Freehand, for instance. (Aha! Master Freehand, how you will laugh to find yourself here!) F. is in the habit of spending a little, ever so little, more than his income. He shows you how Mrs. Freehand works, and works (and indeed, Jack Freehand, if you say she is an angel, you don't say too much of her); how they toil, and how they mend, and patch, and pinch; and how they *can't* live on their means. And I very much fear, nay, I will bet him half a bottle of Gladstone 14s. per dozen claret, that the account which is a little on the wrong side this year, will be a little on the wrong side in the next ensuing year of grace.

A diary. Dies To die. How queer to read are some of the entries in the journal! Here are the records of dinners eaten, and gone the way of flesh. The lights burn blue somehow, and we sit before the ghosts of victuals. Hark at the dead jokes resurging! Memory greets them with a ghost of a smile. Here are the lists of the individuals who have dined at your own humble table. The agonies endured before and during those entertainments are renewed and smart again. What a failure that special grand dinner was! How those dreadful occasional waiters did break the old china! What a dismal hash poor Mary, the cook, made of the French dish which she *would* try out of *Francatelli*? How angry Mrs. Pope was at not going down to dinner before Mrs. Bishop! How Trimalchio sneered at your absurd attempt to give a feast; and Harpagon cried out at your extravagance and ostentation! How Lady Almack bullied the other ladies in the drawing-room (when no gentlemen were present): never asked you back to dinner again: left her card by her footman: and took not the slightest notice of your wife and daughters at Lady Hustleby's assembly! On the other hand, how easy, cozy, merry, comfortable, those little dinners were;—got up at one or two days' notice; when everybody was contented; the soup as clear as amber; the wine as good as Trimalchio's own; and the people kept their carriages waiting, and would not go away till midnight!

Along with the catalogue of bygone pleasures, balls, banquets, and the like which the pages record, comes a list of much more important occurrences and remembrances of graver import. On two days of Dives' diary are printed notices that "Dividends are due at the Bank." Let us hope, dear sir, that this announcement considerably interests you; in which case, probably, you have no need of the almanac-maker's printed reminder. If you look over poor Jack Reckless's note-book, amongst his memoranda of racing odds given and taken, perhaps you may read:—"Nabham's bill, due 29th September, 142l. 15s. 6d." Let us trust, as the day has passed, that the little transaction here noted has been satisfactorily terminated. If you are paterfamilias, and a worthy kind gentleman, no doubt you have marked down on your register, 17th December (say), "Boys come home." Ah, how carefully that blessed day is marked in *their* little calendars! In my time it used to be,—Wednesday, 13th November, "*5 weeks from the holidays*;" Wednesday, 20th November, "*4 weeks from the holidays*;" until sluggish time sped on, and we came to WEDNESDAY, 18TH DECEMBER. O rapture! Do you remember peashooters? I think we only had them on going home for holidays from private schools—at public schools, men were too dignified. And then came that glorious announcement, Wednesday, 27th, "Papa took us to the Pantomime;" or if not papa, perhaps you condescended to go to the pit, under charge of the footman.

That was near the end of the year—and mamma gave you a new pocket-book, perhaps, with a little coin, God bless her! in the pocket. And that pocket-book was for next year, you know; and, in that pocket-book, you

had to write down that sad day, Wednesday, January 24th, eighteen hundred and never mind what—when Dr. Birch's young friends were expected to re-assemble.

Ah me! Every person who turns this page over has his own little diary in paper or ruled in his memory tablets, and in which are set down the transactions of the now dying year. Boys and men, we have our calendar, mothers and maidens. For example, in your calendar pocket-book, my good Eliza, what a sad, sad day that is; how fondly and bitterly remembered; when your boy went off to his regiment, to India, to danger, to battle, perhaps. What a day was that last day at home, when the tall brother sat yet amongst the family, the little ones round about him wondering at saddle-boxes, uniforms, sword-cases, gun-cases, and other wondrous apparatus of war and travel which poured in and filled the hall; the new dressing-case, for the beard not yet grown; the great sword-case at which little brother Tom looks so admiringly! What a dinner that was, that last dinner, when little and grown children assembled together, and all tried to be cheerful! What a night was that last night, when the young ones were at roost for the last time together under the same roof, and the mother lay alone in her chamber counting the fatal hours as they tolled one after another, amidst her tears, her watching, her fond prayers. What a night that was, and yet how quickly the melancholy dawn came! Only too soon the sun rose over the houses. And now in a moment more the city seemed to wake. The house began to stir. The family gathers together for the last meal. For the last time in the midst of them the widow kneels amongst her kneeling children, and falters a prayer in which she commits her dearest, her eldest born to the care of the Father of all. O night, what tears you hide—what prayers you hear! And so the nights pass and the days succeed, until that one comes when tears and parting shall be no more.

In your diary, as in mine, there are days marked with sadness, not for this year only, but for all. On a certain day, and the sun, perhaps, shining ever so brightly, the house-mother comes down to her family with a sad face, which scares the children round about in the midst of their laughter and prattle. They may have forgotten—but she has not—a day which came, twenty years ago it may be, and which she remembers only too well: the long night watch; the dreadful dawning and the rain beating at the pane; the infant speechless, but moaning in its little crib; and then the awful calm, the awful smile on the sweet cherub face, when the cries have ceased, and the little suffering breast heaves no more. Then the children, as they see their mother's face, remember this was the day on which their little brother died. It was before they were born; but she remembers it. And as they pray together, it seems almost as if the spirit of the little lost one was hovering round the group. So they pass away: friends, kindred, the dearest-loved, grown people, aged, infants. As we go on the down-hill journey, the mile-stones are grave-stones, and on each more and more names are written; unless haply you live beyond

man's common age, when friends have dropped off, and, tottering, and feeble, and unpitied, you reach the terminus alone.

In this past year's diary is there any precious day noted on which you have made a new friend? This is a piece of good fortune bestowed but grudgingly on the old. After a certain age a new friend is a wonder, like Sarah's child. Aged persons are seldom capable of bearing friendships. Do you remember how warmly you loved Jack and Tom when you were at school? What a passionate regard you had for Ned when you were at college, and the immense letters you wrote to each other? How often do you write, now that postage costs nothing? There is the age of blossoms and sweet budding green; the age of generous summer; the autumn when the leaves drop; and then winter, shivering and bare. Quick, children, and sit at my feet: for they are cold, very cold: and it seems as if neither wine nor worsted will warm 'em.

In this past year's diary is there any dismal day noted in which you have lost a friend? In mine there is. I do not mean by death. Those who are gone, you have. Those who departed loving you, love you still; and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true; they are only gone into the next room: and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will close upon *you*, and you will be no more seen. As I am in this cheerful mood, I will tell you a fine and touching story of a doctor which I heard lately. About two years since there was, in our or some other city, a famous doctor, into whose consulting room crowds came daily, so that they might be healed. Now this doctor had a suspicion that there was something vitally wrong with himself, and he went to consult another famous physician at Dublin, or it may be at Edinburgh. And he of Edinburgh punched his comrade's sides; and listened at his heart and lungs; and felt his pulse, I suppose; and looked at his tongue; and when he had done, Doctor London said to Doctor Edinburgh, "Doctor, how long have I to live?" And Doctor Edinburgh said to Doctor London, "Doctor, you may last a year."

Then Doctor London came home, knowing that what Doctor Edinburgh said was true. And he made up his accounts, with man and heaven, I trust. And he visited his patients as usual. And he went about healing, and cheering, and soothing, and doctoring; and thousands of sick people were benefited by him. And he said not a word to his family at home; but lived amongst them cheerful and tender, and calm, and loving; though he knew the night was at hand when he should see them and work no more.

And it was winter time, and they came and told him that some man at a distance—very sick, but very rich—wanted him; and, though Doctor London knew that he was himself at death's door, he went to the sick man; for he knew the large fee would be good for his children after him. And he died; and his family never knew until he was gone, that he had been long aware of the inevitable doom.

This is a cheerful carol for Christmas, is it not? You see, in regard

to these Roundabout discourses, I never know whether they are to be merry or dismal. My hobby has the bit in his mouth; goes his own way; and sometimes trots through a park, and sometimes paces by a cemetery. Two days since came the printer's little emissary, with a note saying, "We are waiting for the Roundabout Paper!" A Roundabout Paper about what or whom? How stale it has become, that printed jollity about Christmas! Carols, and wassail bowls, and holly, and mistletoe, and yule logs *de commande*—what heaps of these have we not had for years past! Well, year after year the season comes. Come frost, come thaw, come snow, come rain, year after year my neighbour the parson has to make his sermon. They are getting together the bonbons, iced cakes, Christmas trees, at Fortnum's and Mason's now. The genii of the theatres are composing the Christmas pantomime, which our young folks will see and note anon in their little diaries.

And now, brethren, may I conclude this discourse with an extract out of that great diary, the newspaper? I read it but yesterday, and it has mingled with all my thoughts since then. Here are the two paragraphs, which appeared following each other:—

"Mr. R., the Advocate-general of Calcutta, has been appointed to the post of Legislative Member of the Council of the Governor-General."

"Sir R. S., agent to the Governor-General for Central India, died on the 29th of October, of bronchitis."

These two men, whose different fates are recorded in two paragraphs and half-a-dozen lines of the same newspaper, were sisters' sons. In the story at the beginning of the present number of our Magazine, a man is described tottering "up the steps of the ghaut," having just parted with his child, whom he is despatching to England from India. I wrote this, remembering in long, long distant days, such a ghaut, or river-stair, at Calcutta; and a day when, down those steps, to a boat which was in waiting, came two children, whose mothers remained on the shore. One of those ladies was never to see her boy more; and he, too, is just dead in India, "of bronchitis, on the 29th October." We were first cousins; had been little playmates and friends from the time of our birth; and the first house in London to which I was taken, was that of our aunt, the mother of his Honour the Member of Council. His Honour was even then a gentleman of the long robe, being, in truth, a baby in arms. We Indian children were consigned to a school of which our deluded parents had heard a favourable report, but which was governed by a horrible little tyrant, who made our young lives so miserable that I remember kneeling by my little bed of a night, and saying, "Pray God, I may dream of my mother!" Thence we went to a public school; and my cousin to Addiscombe and to India.

"For thirty-two years," the paper says, "Sir Richmond Shakespear faithfully and devotedly served the Government of India, and during that period but once visited England, for a few months and on public duty. In his military capacity he saw much service, was present in eight

general engagements, and was badly wounded in the last. In 1840, when a young lieutenant, he had the rare good fortune to be the means of rescuing from almost hopeless slavery in Kliiva 416 subjects of the Emperor of Russia; and, but two years later, greatly contributed to the happy recovery of our own prisoners from a similar fate in Cabul. Throughout his career this officer was ever ready and zealous for the public service, and freely risked life and liberty in the discharge of his duties. Lord Canning, to mark his high sense of Sir Richmond Shakespear's public services, had lately offered him the Chief Commissionership of the Mysore, which he had accepted, and was about to undertake, when death terminated his career."

When he came to London the cousins and playfellows of early Indian days met once again, and shook hands. "Can I do anything for you?" I remember the kind fellow asking. He was always asking that question: of all kinsmen; of all widows and orphans; of all the poor; of young men who might need his purse or his service. I saw a young officer yesterday to whom the first words Sir Richmond Shakespear wrote on his arrival in India were, "Can I do anything for you?" His purse was at the command of all. His kind hand was always open. It was a gracious fate which sent him to rescue widows and captives. Where could they have a champion more chivalrous, a protector more loving and tender?

I write down his name in my little book, among those of others dearly loved, who, too, have been summoned hence. And so we meet, and part; we struggle and succeed; or we fail and drop unknown on the way. As we leave the fond mother's knee, the rough trials of childhood and boyhood begin; and then manhood is upon us, and the battle of life, with its chances, perils, wounds, defeats, distinctions. And Fort William guns are saluting in one man's honour, while the troops are firing the last volleys over the other's grave—over the grave of the brave, the gentle, the faithful Christian soldier.

* * * * *

December 16.—Going to the Printer's to revise the last pages, I walk by closed shutters; by multitudes already dressed in black; through a city in mourning. Among the widows deploring the dearest and best beloved, among the children who are fatherless, it has pleased Heaven to number the Queen and her family; and the millions, who knelt in our churches yesterday in supplication before the only Ruler of Princes, had to omit a name which for twenty-one years has been familiar to their prayers. Wise, just, moderate, admirably pure of life, the friend of science, of freedom, of peace and all peaceful arts, the Consort of the Queen passes from our troubled sphere to that serene one where justice and peace reign eternal. At a moment of awful doubt and, it may be, danger, Heaven calls away, from the Wife's, the Sovereign's side, her dearest friend and councillor. But he leaves that throne and its widowed mistress to the guardianship of a great people, whose affectionate respect her life has long since earned; whose best sympathies attend her grief; and whose best strength and love and loyalty will defend her honour.



AT THE SICK MAN'S DOOR.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

Philip.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE DEPARTMENTS OF SEINE, LOIRE, AND STYX (INFÉRIEUR).



UR dear friend Mrs. Baynes was suffering under the influence of one of those panics which sometimes seized her, and during which she remained her husband's most obedient Eliza and vassal. When Baynes wore a certain expression of countenance, we have said that his wife knew resistance to be useless. That expression, I suppose, he assumed, when he announced Charlotte's departure to her mother, and ordered Mrs. General Baynes to make the necessary preparations for the girl. "She might stay some time with her aunt," Baynes stated. "A change of air would do the child a great deal of good. Let everything necessary in the shape of hats, bonnets, winter clothes, and so forth, be got ready." "Was Char, then, to stay away so long?" asked Mrs. B. "She has been so happy here that you want to keep her, and fancy she can't be happy without you!" I

can fancy the general grimly replying to the partner of his existence. Hanging down her withered head, with a tear mayhap trickling down her cheek, I can fancy the old woman silently departing to do the bidding of her lord. She selects a trunk out of the store of Baynes's baggage. A young lady's trunk was a trunk in those days. Now it is a two or three

storied edifice of wood, in which two or three full-grown bodies of young ladies (without crinoline) might be packed. I saw a little old country-woman at the Folkestone station last year with her travelling baggage contained in a band-box tied up in an old cotton handkerchief hanging on her arm; and she surveyed Lady Knightsbridge's twenty-three black trunks, each well nigh as large as her ladyship's opera-box. Before these great edifices that old woman stood wondering dumbly. That old lady and I had lived in a time when crinoline was not; and yet, I think, women looked even prettier in that time than they do now. Well, a trunk and a band-box were fetched out of the baggage heap for little Charlotte, and I daresay her little brothers jumped and danced on the box with much energy to make the lid shut, and the general brought out his hammer and nails, and nailed a card on the box with "Mademoiselle Baynes" thereon printed. And mamma had to look on and witness those preparations. And Hely Walsingham had called; and he wouldn't call again, she knew; and that fair chance for the establishment of her child was lost by the obstinacy of her self-willed, reckless husband. That woman had to water her soup with her furtive tears, to sit of nights behind hearts and spades, and brood over her crushed hopes. If I contemplate that wretched old Niobe much longer, I shall begin to pity her. Away softness! Take out thy arrows, the poisoned, the barbed, the rankling, and prod me the old creature well, god of the silver bow! Eliza Baynes had to look on, then, and see the trunks packed; to see her own authority over her own daughter wrested away from her; to see the undutiful girl prepare with perfect delight and alacrity to go away, without feeling a pang at leaving a mother who had nursed her through adverse illnesses, who had scolded her for seventeen years.

The general accompanied the party to the diligence office. Little Char was very pale and melancholy indeed when she took her place in the coupé. "She should have a corner: she had been ill, and ought to have a corner," uncle Mac said, and cheerfully consented to be bodkin. Our three special friends are seated. The other passengers clamber into their places. Away goes the clattering team, as the general waves an adieu to his friends. "Monstrous fine horses those grey Normans; famous breed, indeed," he remarks to his wife on his return.

"Indeed," she echoes. "Pray, in what part of the carriage was Mr. Firmin," she presently asks.

"In no part of the carriage at all!" Baynes answers fiercely, turning beet-root red. And thus, though she had been silent, obedient, hanging her head, the woman showed that she was aware of her master's schemes, and why her girl had been taken away. She knew; but she was beaten. It remained for her but to be silent and bow her head. I daresay she did not sleep one wink that night. She followed the diligence in its journey. "Char is gone," she thought. "Yes; in due time he will take from me the obedience of my other children, and tear them out of my lap." He—that is, the general—was sleeping meanwhile. He had had

in the last few days four awful battles—with his child, with his friends, with his wife—in which latter combat he had been conqueror. No wonder Baynes was tired, and needed rest. Any one of those engagements was enough to weary the veteran.

If we take the liberty of looking into double-bedded rooms, and peering into the thoughts which are passing under private nightcaps, may we not examine the coupé of a jingling diligence with an open window, in which a young lady sits wide awake by the side of her uncle and aunt? These perhaps are asleep; but she is not. Ah! she is thinking of another journey! that blissful one from Boulogne, when *he* was there yonder in the imperial, by the side of the conductor. When the MacWhirter party had come to the diligence office, how her little heart had beat! How she had looked under the lamps at all the people lounging about the court! How she had listened when the clerk called out the names of the passengers; and, mercy, what a fright she had been in, lest he should be there after all, while she stood yet leaning on her father's arm! But there was no—well, names, I think, need scarcely be mentioned. There was no sign of the individual in question. Papa kissed her, and sadly said good-by. Good Madame Smolensk came with an adieu and an embrace for her dear Miss, and whispered, "Courage, mon enfant," and then said, "Hold, I have brought you some bonbons." There they were in a little packet. Little Charlotte put the packet into her little basket. Away goes the diligence, but the individual had made no sign.

Away goes the diligence; and every now and then Charlotte feels the little packet in her little basket. What does it contain—oh, what? If Charlotte could but read with her heart, she would see in that little packet—the sweetest bonbon of all perhaps it might be, or ah me! the bitterest almond! Through the night goes the diligence, passing relay after relay. Uncle Mac sleeps. I think I have said he snored. Aunt Mac is quite silent, and Char sits plaintively with her lonely thoughts and her bonbons, as miles, hours, relays pass.

"*These ladies, will they descend and take a cup of coffee, a cup of bouillon?*" at last cries a waiter at the coupé door, as the carriage stops in Orleans. "By all means a cup of coffee," says Aunt Mac. "The little Orleans wine is good," cries Uncle Mac. "Descendons!" "This way, madame," says the waiter. "Charlotte, my love, some coffee?"

"I will—I will stay in the carriage. I don't want any thing, thank you," says Miss Charlotte. And the instant her relations are gone, entering the gate of the Lion Noir, where, you know, are the Bureaux des Messageries, Lafitte, Caillard et Cⁱ—I say, on the very instant when her relations have disappeared, what do you think Miss Charlotte does?

She opens that packet of bonbons with fingers that tremble—tremble so, I wonder how she could undo the knot of the string (or do you think she had untied that knot under her shawl in the dark? I can't say. We never shall know). Well; she opens the packet. She does not care one fig for the lollipops, almonds, and so forth. She pounces on a little scrap

of paper, and is going to read it by the lights of the steaming stable lanterns, when ——— oh, what made her start so? ———

In those old days there used to be two diligences which travelled nightly to Tours, setting out at the same hour, and stopping at almost the same relays. The diligence of Lafitte and Caillard supped at the Lion Noir at Orleans—the diligence of the Messageries Royales stopped at the Ecu de France, hard by.

Well, as the Messageries Royales are supping at the Ecu de France, a passenger strolls over from that coach, and strolls and strolls until he comes to the coach of Lafitte, Caillard, and Company, and to the coupé window where Miss Baynes is trying to decipher her bonbon.

He comes up—and as the night-lamps fall on his face and beard—his rosy face, his yellow beard—oh!——What means that scream of the young lady in the coupé of Lafitte, Caillard et Compagnie! I declare she has dropped the letter which she was about to read. It has dropped into a pool of mud under the diligence off fore-wheel. And he with the yellow beard, and a sweet happy laugh, and a tremble in his deep voice, says, “You need not read it. It was only to tell you what you know.”

Then the coupé window says, “Oh, Philip! Oh, my——”

My what? You cannot hear the words, because the grey Norman horses come squeeling and clattering up to their coach-pole with such accompanying cries and imprecations from the horsekeepers and postilions, that no wonder the little warble is lost. It was not intended for you and me to hear; but perhaps you can guess the purport of the words. Perhaps in quite old, old days, you may remember having heard such little whispers, in a time when the song birds in your grove carolled that kind of song very pleasantly and freely. But this, my good madam, is a February number. The birds are gone: the branches are bare: the gardener has actually swept the leaves off the walks: and the whole affair is an affair of a past year, you understand. Well! *carpe diem, fugit hora*, &c. &c. There, for one minute, for two minutes, stands Philip over the diligence off fore-wheel, talking to Charlotte at the window, and their heads are quite close—quite close. What are those two pairs of lips warbling, whispering? “Hi! Gare! Ohé!” The horsekeepers, I say, quite prevent you from hearing; and here come the passengers out of the Lion Noir, Aunt Mac still munching a great slice of bread-and-butter. Charlotte is quite comfortable, and does not want anything, dear Aunt, thank you. I hope she nestles in her corner, and has a sweet slumber. On the journey the twin diligences pass and repass each other. Perhaps Charlotte looks out of her window sometimes and towards the other carriage. I don’t know. It is a long time ago. What used you to do in old days, ere railroads were, and when diligences ran? They were slow enough: but they have got to their journey’s end somehow. They were tight, hot, dusty, dear, stuffy, and uncomfortable; but, for all that, travelling was good sport sometimes. And if the world would have the kindness to go back for five-and-twenty or thirty years, some of us who have travelled on the Tours

and Orleans Railway very comfortably would like to take the diligence journey now.

Having myself seen the city of Tours only last year, of course I don't remember much about it. A man remembers boyhood, and the first sight of Calais, and so forth. But after much travel or converse with the world, to see a new town is to be introduced to Jones. He is like Brown; he is not unlike Smith. In a little while you hash him up with Thompson. I dare not be particular, then, regarding Mr. Firmin's life at Tours, lest I should make topographical errors, for which the critical schoolmaster would justly inflict chastisement. In the last novel I read about Tours, there were blunders from the effect of which you know the wretched author never recovered. It was by one Scott, and had young Quentin Durward for a hero, and Isabel de Croye for a heroine; and she sat in her hostel, and sang, "Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh." A pretty ballad enough: but what ignorance, my dear sir! What descriptions of Tours, of Liege, are in that fallacious story! Yes, so fallacious and misleading, that I remember I was sorry, not because the description was unlike Tours, but because Tours was unlike the description.

So Quentin Firmin went and put up at the snug little hostel of the Faisan; and Isabel de Baynes took up her abode with her uncle the Sire de MacWhirter: and I believe Master Firmin had no more money in his pocket than the Master Durward whose story the Scottish novelist told some forty years since. And I cannot promise you that our young English adventurer shall marry a noble heiress of vast property, and engage the Boar of Ardennes in a hand-to-hand combat; that sort of Boar, madam, does not appear in our modern drawing-room histories. Of others, not wild, there be plenty. They gore you in clubs. They seize you by the doublet, and pin you against posts in public streets. They run at you in parks. I have seen them sit at bay after dinner, ripping, gashing, tossing, a whole company. These our young adventurer had in good sooth to encounter, as is the case with most knights. Who escapes them? I remember an eminent person talking to me about bores for two hours once. O you stupid eminent person! You never knew that you yourself had tusks, little eyes in your *hure*; a bristly mane to cut into tooth-brushes; and a curly tail! I have a notion that the multitude of bores is enormous in the world. If a man is a bore himself, when he is bored—and you can't deny this statement—then what am I, what are you, what your father, grandfather, son—all your amiable acquaintance, in a word? Of this I am sure. Major and Mrs. MacWhirter were not brilliant in conversation. What would you and I do, or say, if we listen to the tittle-tattle of Tours. How the clergyman was certainly too fond of cards, and going to the café; how the dinners those Popjoys gave were too absurdly ostentatious; and Popjoy, we know, in the Bench last year. How Mrs. Flights, going on with that Major of French Carabiniers, was really too &c. &c. "How could I endure those people?" Philip would ask himself, when talking of that personage in

after days, as he loved, and loves to do. "How could I endure them, I say? Mac was a good man; but I knew secretly in my heart, sir, that he was a bore. Well: I loved him. I liked his old stories. I liked his bad old dinners: there is a very comfortable Touraine wine, by the way: a very warming little wine, sir. Mrs. Mac you never saw, my good Mrs. Pendennis. Be sure of this, you never would have liked her. Well, I did. I liked her house, though it was damp, in a damp garden, frequented by dull people. I should like to go and see that old house now. I am perfectly happy with my wife, but I sometimes go away from her to enjoy the luxury of living over our old days again. With nothing in the world but an allowance which was precarious, and had been spent in advance; with no particular plans for the future, and a few five-franc pieces for the present,—by Jove, sir, how did I dare to be so happy? What idiots we were, my love, to be happy at all! We were mad to marry. Don't tell me: with a purse which didn't contain three months' consumption, would we dare to marry now? We should be put into the mad ward of the workhouse: that would be the only place for us. Talk about trusting in heaven. Stuff and nonsense, ma'am! I have as good a right to go and buy a house in Belgrave Square, and trust to heaven for the payment, as I had to marry when I did. We were paupers, Mrs. Char, and you know that very well!"

"Oh, yes. We were very wrong: very!" says Mrs. Charlotte, looking up to the chandelier of her ceiling (which, by the way, is of very handsome Venetian old glass). "We were very wrong, were not we, my dearest?" And herewith she will begin to kiss and fondle two or more babies that disport in her room—as if two or more babies had anything to do with Philip's argument, that a man has no right to marry who has no pretty well-assured means of keeping a wife.

Here, then, by the banks of Loire, although Philip had but a very few francs in his pocket, and was obliged to keep a sharp look-out on his expenses at the Hotel of the Golden Pheasant, he passed a fortnight of such happiness as I, for my part, wish to all young folks who read his voracious history. Though he was so poor, and ate and drank so modestly in the house, the maids, waiters, the landlady of the Pheasant, were as civil to him—yes, as civil as they were to the gouty old Marchioness of Carabas herself, who stayed here on her way to the south, occupied the grand apartments, quarrelled with her lodging, dinner, breakfast, bread-and-butter in general, insulted the landlady in bad French, and only paid her bill under compulsion. Philip's was a little bill, but he paid it cheerfully. He gave only a small gratuity to the servants, but he was kind and hearty, and they knew he was poor. He was kind and hearty, I suppose, because he was so happy. I have known the gentleman to be by no means civil; and have heard him storm, and hector, and browbeat landlord and waiters, as fiercely as the Marquis of Carabas himself. But now Philip the Bear was the most gentle of bears, because his little Charlotte was leading him.

Away with trouble and doubt, with squeamish pride and gloomy care! Philip had enough money for a fortnight, during which Tom Glazier, of the *Monitor*, promised to supply Philip's letters for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. All the designs of France, Spain, Russia, gave that idle "own correspondent" not the slightest anxiety. In the morning it was Miss Baynes; in the afternoon it was Miss Baynes. At six it was dinner and Charlotte; at nine it was Charlotte and tea. "Anyhow, love-making does not spoil his appetite," Major MacWhirter correctly remarked. Indeed, Philip had a glorious appetite; and health bloomed in Miss Charlotte's cheek, and beamed in her happy little heart. Dr. Firmin, in the height of his practice, never completed a cure more skilfully than that which was performed by Dr. Firmin, junior.

"I ran the thing so close, sir," I remember Philip bawling out, in his usual energetic way, whilst describing this period of his life's greatest happiness to his biographer, "that I came back to Paris outside the diligence, and had not money enough to dine on the road. But I bought a sausage, sir, and a bit of bread—and a brutal sausage it was, sir—and I reached my lodgings with exactly two sous in my pocket." Roger Bontemps himself was not more content than our easy philosopher.

So Philip and Charlotte ratified and sealed a treaty of Tours, which they determined should never be broken by either party. Marry without papa's consent? Oh, never! Marry anybody but Philip? Oh, never—never! Not if she lived to be a hundred, when Philip would in consequence be in his hundred and ninth or tenth year, would this young Joan have any but her present Darby. Aunt Mac, though she may not have been the most accomplished or highly-bred of ladies, was a warm-hearted and affectionate aunt Mac. She caught in a mild form the fever from these young people. She had not much to leave, and Mac's relations would want all *he* could spare when he was gone. But Charlotte should have her garnets, and her teapot, and her India shawl—that she should.* And with many blessings this enthusiastic old lady took leave of her future nephew-in-law when he returned to Paris and duty. Crack your whip, and scream your *hi!* and be off quick, postilion and diligence! I am glad we have taken Mr. Firmin out of that dangerous, lazy, love-making place. Nothing is to me so sweet as sentimental writing. I could have written hundreds of pages describing Philip and Charlotte, Charlotte and Philip. But a stern sense of duty intervenes. My modest Muse puts a finger on her lip, and says, "Hush about that business!" Ah, my worthy friends, you little know what soft-hearted people those cynics are! If you could have come on Diogenes by surprise, I daresay you might have found him reading sentimental novels and whimpering in his tub. Philip

* I am sorry to say that in later days, after Mrs. Major MacWhirter's decease, it was found that she had promised these treasures *in writing* to several members of her husband's family, and that much heart-burning arose in consequence. But our story has nothing to do with these painful disputes.

shall leave his sweetheart and go back to his business, and we will not have one word about tears, promises, raptures, parting. Never mind about these sentimentalities, but please, rather, to depict to yourself our young fellow so poor that when the coach stops for dinner at Orleans he can only afford to purchase a penny loaf and a sausage for his own hungry cheek. When he reached the Hôtel Poussin, with his meagre carpet-bag, they served him a supper which he ate to the admiration of all beholders in the little coffee-room. He was in great spirits and gaiety. He did not care to make any secret of his poverty, and how he had been unable to afford to pay for dinner. Most of the guests at Hôtel Poussin knew what it was to be poor. Often and often they had dined on credit when they put back their napkins into their respective pigeon-holes. But my landlord knew his guests. They were poor men—honest men. They paid him in the end, and each could help his neighbour in a strait.

After Mr. Firmin's return to Paris he did not care for a while to go to the Elysian Fields. They were not Elysian for him, except in Miss Charlotte's company. He resumed his newspaper correspondence, which occupied but a day in each week, and he had the other six—nay, he scribbled on the seventh day likewise, and covered immense sheets of letter-paper with remarks upon all manner of subjects, addressed to a certain Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle Baynes, chez M. le Major Mac &c. On these sheets of paper Mr. Firmin could talk so long, so loudly, so fervently, so eloquently to Miss Baynes, that she was never tired of hearing, or he of holding forth. He began imparting his dreams and his earliest sensations to his beloved before breakfast. At noon-day he gave her his opinion of the contents of the morning papers. His packet was ordinarily full and brimming over by post-time, so that his expressions of love and fidelity leaked from under the cover, or were squeezed into the quicrest corners, where, no doubt, it was a delightful task for Miss Baynes to trace out and detect those little Cupids which a faithful lover despatched to her. It would be, "I have found this little corner unoccupied. Do you know what I have to say in it? Oh, Charlotte, I" &c. &c. My sweet young lady, you can guess, or will one day guess, the rest; and will receive such dear, delightful, nonsensical double letters, and will answer them with that elegant propriety which I have no doubt Miss Baynes showed in her replies. Ah! if all who are writing and receiving such letters, or who have written and received such, or who remember writing and receiving such, would order a copy of this month's *Cornhill* from the publishers, what reams, and piles, and pyramids of paper our ink would have to blacken! Not Hœe's engines, gigantic as they are, would be able to turn out Magazines enough for the supply of those gentle readers! Since Charlotte and Philip had been engaged to each other, he had scarcely, except in those dreadful, ghastly days of quarrel, enjoyed the luxury of absence from his soul's blessing—the exquisite delight of writing to her. He could do few things in moderation, this man—and of this delightful privilege of writing to Charlotte he now enjoyed his heart's fill.

After brief enjoyment of the weeks of this rapture, when winter was come on Paris, and icicles hung on the bough, how did it happen that one day, two days, three days passed, and the postman brought no little letter in the well-known little handwriting for Monsieur, Monsieur Philip Firmin, à Paris? Three days, four days, and no letter. Oh, torture, could she be ill? Could her aunt and uncle have turned against her, and forbidden her to write, as her father and mother had done before? Oh, grief, and sorrow, and rage! As for jealousy, our leonine friend never knew such a passion. It never entered into his lordly heart to doubt of his little maiden's love. But still four, five days have passed, and not one word has come from Tours. The little Hôtel Poussin was in a commotion. I have said that when our friend felt any passion very strongly he was sure to speak of it. Did Don Quixote lose any opportunity of declaring to the world that Dulcinea del Toboso was peerless among women? Did not Antar bawl out in battle "I am the lover of Ibla?" Our knight had taken all the people of the hotel into his confidence somehow. They all knew of his condition—all, the painter, the poet, the half-pay Polish officer, the landlord, the hostess, down to the little knife-boy who used to come in with, "The factor comes off to pass—no letter this morning."

No doubt Philip's political letters became, under this outward pressure, very desponding and gloomy. One day, as he sat gnawing his mustaches at his desk, the little Anatole enters his apartment and cries, "*Tenez, M. Philippe.* That lady again!" And the faithful, the watchful, the active Madame Smolensk once more made her appearance in his chamber.

Philip blushed and hung his head for shame. Ungrateful brute that I am, he thought; I have been back more than a week, and never thought a bit about that good, kind soul who came to my succour. I am an awful egotist. Love is always so."

As he rose up to greet his friend, she looked so grave, and pale, and sad, that he could not but note her demeanour. "*Bon Dieu!* had anything happened?"

"*Ce pauvre général* is ill, very ill, Philip," Smolensk said, in her grave voice.

He was so gravely ill, madame said, that his daughter had been sent for.

"Had she come?" asked Philip, with a start.

"You think but of her—you care not for the poor old man. You are all the same, you men. All egotists—all. Go! I know you! I never knew one that was not," said madame.

Philip has his little faults: perhaps egotism is one of his defects. Perhaps it is yours, or even mine.

"You have been here a week since Thursday last, and you have never written or sent to a woman who loves you well. Go! It was not well, Monsieur Philippe."

As soon as he saw her, Philip felt that he had been neglectful and ungrateful. We have owed so much already. But how should Madame

know that he had returned on Thursday week? When they looked up after her reproof, his eager eyes seemed to ask this question.

"Could she not write to me and tell me that you were come back? Perhaps she knew that you would not do so yourself. A woman's heart teaches her these experiences early," continued the lady, sadly; then she added: "I tell you, you are good-for-nothings, all of you! And I repent me, see you, of having had the *bêtise* to pity you!"

"I shall have my quarter's pay on Saturday. I was coming to you then," said Philip.

"Was it that I was speaking of? What! you are all cowards, men all! Oh, that I have been beast, beast, to think at last I had found a man of heart!"

How much or how often this poor Ariadne had trusted and been forsaken, I have no means of knowing, or desire of inquiring. Perhaps it is as well for the polite reader, who is taken into my entire confidence, that we should not know Madame de Smolensk's history from the first page to the last. Granted that Ariadne was deceived by Theseus: but then she consoled herself, as we may all read in Smith's Dictionary; and then she must have deceived her father in order to run away with Theseus. I suspect—I suspect, I say—that these women who are so *very* much betrayed, are —— but we are speculating on this French lady's antecedents, when Charlotte, her lover, and her family are the persons with whom we have mainly to do.

These two, I suppose, forgot self, about which each for a moment had been busy, and madame resumed:—"Yes, you have reason; Miss is here. It was time. Hold! Here is a note from her." And Philip's kind messenger once more put a paper into his hands.—

"My dearest father is very, very ill. Oh, Philip! I am so unhappy; and he is so good, and gentle, and kind, and loves me so!"

"It is true," madame resumed. "Before Charlotte came, he thought only of her. When his wife comes up to him, he pushes her away. I have not loved her much, that lady, that is true. But to see her now, it is *naïrant*. He will take no medicine from her. He pushes her away. Before Charlotte came, he sent for me, and spoke as well as his poor throat would let him, this poor general! His daughter's arrival seemed to comfort him. But he says, 'Not my wife! not my wife!' And the poor thing has to go away and cry in the chamber at the side. He says—in his French, you know—he has never been well since Charlotte went away. He has often been out. He has dined but rarely at our table, and there has always been a silence between him and Madame la Générale. Last week he had a great inflammation of the chest. Then he took to bed, and Monsieur the Docteur came—the little doctor whom you know. Then a quinsy has declared itself, and he now is scarce able to speak. His condition is most grave. He lies suffering, dying, perhaps—yes, dying, do you hear? And you are thinking of your little school-girl! Men are all the same. Monsters! Go!"

Philip, who, I have said, is very fond of talking about Philip, surveys his own faults with great magnanimity and good humour, and acknowledges them without the least intention to correct them. "How selfish we are!" I can hear him say, looking at himself in the glass. "By George! sir, when I heard simultaneously the news of that poor old man's illness, and of Charlotte's return, I felt that I wanted to see *her* that instant. I must go to her, and speak to her. The old man and his suffering did not seem to affect me. It is humiliating to have to own that we are selfish beasts. But we are, sir—we are brutes, by George! and nothing else."——And he gives a finishing twist to the ends of his flaming mustachios as he surveys them in the glass.

Poor little Charlotte was in such affliction that of course she must have Philip to console her at once. No time was to be lost. Quick! a cab this moment: and, coachman, you shall have an extra for drink if you go quick to the Avenue de Marli! Madame puts herself into the carriage, and as they go along tells Philip more at length of the gloomy occurrences of the last few days. Four days since the poor general was so bad with his quinsy that he thought he should not recover, and Charlotte was sent for. He was a little better on the day of her arrival; but yesterday the inflammation had increased; he could not swallow; he could not speak audibly; he was in very great suffering and danger. He turned away from his wife. The unhappy general's had been to Madame Bunch in her tears and grief, complaining that after twenty years' fidelity and attachment her husband had withdrawn his regard from her. Baynes attributed even his illness to his wife; and at other times said it was a just punishment for his wicked conduct in breaking his word to Philip and Charlotte. If he did not see his dear child again, he must beg her forgiveness for having made her suffer so. He had acted wickedly and ungratefully, and his wife had forced him to do what he did. He prayed that heaven might pardon him. And he had behaved with wicked injustice towards Philip, who had acted most generously towards his family. And he had been a scoundrel—he knew he had—and Bunch, and MacWhirter, and the doctor all said so—and it was that woman's doing. And he pointed to the scared wife as he painfully hissed out these words of anger and contrition:—"When I saw that child ill, and almost made mad, because I broke my word, I felt I was a scoundrel, Martin; and I was; and that woman made me so; and I deserve to be shot; and I shan't recover; I tell you I shan't." Dr. Martin, who attended the general, thus described his patient's last talk and behaviour to Philip.

It was the doctor who sent madame in quest of the young man. He found poor Mrs. Baynes with hot, tearless eyes and livid face, a wretched sentinel outside the sick chamber. "You will find General Baynes very ill, sir," she said to Philip, with a ghastly calmness, and a gaze he could scarcely face. "My daughter is in the room with him. It appears I have offended him, and he refuses to see me." And she squeezed a dry handkerchief which she held, and put on her spectacles again, and tried again to read the Bible in her lap.

Philip hardly knew the meaning of Mrs. Baynes' words as yet. He was agitated by the thought of the general's illness, perhaps by the notion that the beloved was so near. Her hand was in his a moment afterwards; and, even in that sad chamber, each could give the other a soft pressure, a fond, silent signal of mutual love and faith.

The poor man laid the hands of the young people together, and his own upon them. The suffering to which he had put his daughter seemed to be the crime which specially affected him. He thanked Heaven he was able to see he was wrong. He whispered to his little maid a prayer for pardon in one or two words, which caused poor Charlotte to sink on her knees and cover his severed hand with tears and kisses. Out of all her heart she forgave him. She had felt that the parent she loved and was accustomed to honour had been mercenary and cruel. It had wounded her pure heart to be obliged to think that her father could be other than generous, and just, and good. That he should humble himself before her, smote her with the keenest pang of tender commiseration. I do not care to pursue this last scene. Let us close the door as the children kneel by the sufferer's bedside, and to the old man's petition for forgiveness, and to the young girl's sobbing vows of love and fondness, say a reverent Amen.

By the following letter, which he wrote a few days before the fatal termination of his illness, the worthy general, it would appear, had already despaired of his recovery:—"My dear Mac,—I speak and breathe with such difficulty as I write this from my bed, that I doubt whether I shall ever leave it. I do not wish to vex poor Eliza, and in my state cannot *enter into disputes* which I know would ensue regarding settlement of property. When I left England there was a claim hanging over me (young Firmin's) at which I was needlessly frightened, as having to satisfy it would swallow up *much more than everything I possessed in the world*. Hence made arrangements for leaving everything in Eliza's name and the children after. Will with Smith and Thompson, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn. Think *Char won't be happy for a long time with her mother*. To break from F., who has been most generous to us, will break her heart. Will you and Emily keep her for a little? I gave *F. my promise*. As you told me, I have acted ill by him, which I own and deeply lament. If Char marries, *she ought to have her share*. May God bless her, her father prays, in case he should not see her again. And with best love to Emily, am yours, dear Mac, sincerely,—CHARLES BAYNES."

On the receipt of this letter, Charlotte disobeyed her father's wish, and set forth from Tours instantly, under her worthy uncle's guardianship. The old soldier was in his comrade's room when the general put the hands of Charlotte and her lover together. He confessed his fault, though it is hard for those who expect love and reverence to have to own to wrong and to ask pardon. Old knees are stiff to bend: brother reader, young or old, when our last hour comes, may ours have grace to do as much.

CHAPTER XXX.

RETURNS TO OLD FRIENDS.



THE three old comrades and Philip formed the little mourning procession which followed the general to his place of rest at Montmartre. When the service has been read, and the last volley has been fired over the buried soldier, the troops march to quarters with a quick step, and to a lively tune. Our veteran has been laid in the grave with brief ceremonies. We do not even prolong his obsequies with a sermon. His place knows him no longer. There are a few who remember him: a very, very few who grieve for him—so few that to think of them is a humiliation almost. The sun sets

on the earth, and our dear brother has departed off its face. Stars twinkle; dews fall; children go to sleep in awe, and maybe tears; the sun rises on a new day, which he has never seen, and children wake hungry. They are interested about their new black clothes, perhaps. They are presently at their work, plays, quarrels. They are looking forward to the day when the holidays will be over, and the eyes which shone here yesterday so kindly are gone, gone, gone. A drive to the cemetery, followed by a coach with four acquaintances dressed in decorous black, who separate and go to their homes or clubs, and wear your crape for a few days after—can most of us expect much more? The thought is not ennobling or exhilarating, worthy sir. And, pray, why should we be proud of ourselves? Is it because we have been so good, or are so wise and great, that we expect to be beloved, lamented, remembered? Why, great Xerxes or blustering Bobadil must know in that last hour and resting-place how abject, how small, how low, how lonely they are, and what a little dust will cover them. Quick, drums and fifes, a lively tune! Whip the black team, coachman, and trot back to town again—to the world, and to business, and duty!

I am for saying no single unkindness of General Baynes which is not forced upon me by my story-teller's office. We know from Marlborough's story that the bravest man and greatest military genius is not always

brave or successful in his battles with his wife; that some of the greatest warriors have committed errors in accounts and the distribution of *meum* and *tuum*. We can't disguise from ourselves the fact that Baynes permitted himself to be misled, and had weaknesses not quite consistent with the highest virtue.

When he became aware that his carelessness in the matter of Mrs. Firmin's trust-money had placed him in her son's power, we have seen how the old general, in order to avoid being called to account, fled across the water with his family and all his little fortune, and how terrified he was on landing on a foreign shore to find himself face to face with this dreadful creditor. Philip's renunciation of all claims against Baynes, soothed and pleased the old man wonderfully. But Philip might change his mind, an adviser at Baynes' side repeatedly urged. To live abroad was cheaper and safer than to live at home. Accordingly Baynes, his wife, family, and money, all went into exile, and remained there.

What savings the old man had I don't accurately know. He and his wife were very dark upon this subject with Philip: and when the general died, his widow declared herself to be almost a pauper! It was impossible that Baynes should have left much money; but that Charlotte's share should have amounted to—that sum which may or may not presently be stated—was a little *too* absurd! You see Mr. and Mrs. Firmin are travelling abroad just now. When I wrote to Firmin, on the 28th of February, 1861, to ask if I might mention the amount of his wife's fortune, he gave me no answer: nor do I like to enter upon these matters of calculation without his explicit permission. He is of a hot temper; he might, on his return, grow angry with the friend of his youth, and say, "Sir, how dare you to talk about my private affairs? and what has the public to do with Mrs. Firmin's private fortune?"

When, the last rites over, good-natured uncle Mac proposed to take Charlotte back to Tours her mother made no objection. The widow had tried to do the girl such an injury, that perhaps the latter felt forgiveness was impossible. Little Char loved Philip with all her heart and strength; had been authorized and encouraged to do so, as we have seen. To give him up now, because a richer suitor presented himself, was an act of treason from which her faithful heart revolted, and she never could pardon the instigator. You see, in this simple story, I scarcely care even to have reticence or secrets. I don't want you to understand for a moment that Hely Walsingham was still crying his eyes out about Charlotte. Goodness bless you! It was two or three weeks ago—four or five weeks ago, that he was in love with *her*! He had not seen the Duchesse d'Ivry then, about whom you may remember he had the quarrel with Podichou, at the club in the Rue de Grammont. (He and the duchesse wrote poems to each other, each in the other's native language.) The Charlotte had long passed out of the young fellow's mind. That butterfly had fluttered off from our English rosebud, and had settled on the other elderly flower! I don't know that Mrs. Baynes was aware of young Hely's fickleness at

this present time of which we are writing: but his visits had ceased, and she was angry and disappointed; and not the less angry because her labour had been in vain. On her part, Charlotte could also be resolutely unforgiving. Take her Philip from her! Never, never! Her mother force her to give up the man whom she had been encouraged to love? Mamma should have defended Philip, not betrayed him! If I command my son to steal a spoon, shall he obey me! And if he do obey and steal, and be transported, will he love me afterwards? I think I can hardly ask for so much filial affection.

So there was strife between mother and daughter; and anger not the less bitter, on Mrs. Baynes' part, because her husband, whose cupidity or fear had, at first, induced him to take her side, had deserted her and gone over to her daughter. In the anger of that controversy Baynes died, leaving the victory and right with Charlotte. He shrank from his wife: would not speak to her in his last moments. The widow had these injuries against her daughter and Philip: and thus neither side forgave the other. She was not averse to the child's going away to her uncle: put a lean, hungry face against Charlotte's lip, and received a kiss which I fear had but little love in it. I don't envy those children who remain under the widow's lonely command; or poor Madame Smolensk, who has to endure the arrogance, the grief, the avarice of that grim woman. Nor did madame suffer under this tyranny long. *Galvani's Messenger* very soon announced that she had lodgings to let, and I remember being edified by reading one day in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that elegant apartments, select society, and an excellent table were to be found in one of the most airy and fashionable quarters of Paris. Inquire of Madame la Baronne de S——sk, Avenue de Marli, Champs Elysées.

We guessed without difficulty how this advertisement found its way to the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and very soon after its appearance Madame de Smolensk's friend, Mr. Philip, made his appearance at our tea-table in London. He was always welcome amongst us elders and children. He wore a crape on his hat. As soon as the young ones were gone, you may be sure he poured his story out; and enlarged upon the death, the burial, the quarrels, the loves, the partings we have narrated. How could he be put in a way to earn three or four hundred a year? That was the present question. Ere he came to see us, he had already been totting up ways and means. He had been with our friend Mrs. Brandon: was staying with her. The Little Sister thought three hundred would be sufficient. They could have her second floor—not for nothing; no, no, but at a moderate price, which would pay her. They could have attics, if more rooms were needed. They could have her kitchen fire, and one maid, for the present, would do all their work. Poor little thing! She was very young. She would be past eighteen by the time she could marry; the Little Sister was for early marriages, against long courtships. "Heaven help those as helps themselves," she said. And Mr. Philip thought this excellent advice, and Mr. Philip's friend, when

asked for *his* opinion—"Candidly now, what's your opinion?"—said, "Is she in the next room? Of course you mean you are married already."

Philip roared one of his great laughs. No, he was not married already. Had he not said that Miss Baynes was gone away to Tours to her aunt and uncle? But that he wanted to be married; but that he could never settle down to work till he married; but that he could have no rest, peace, health till he married that angel, he was ready to confess. Ready? All the street might hear him calling out the name and expatiating on the angelic charms and goodness of his Charlotte. He spoke so loud and long on this subject that my wife grew a little tired; and my wife *always* likes to hear other women praised, that (she says) I know she does. But when a man goes on roaring for an hour about Dulcinea? You know such talk becomes fulsome at last; and, in fine, when he was gone, my wife said, "Well, he is very much in love; so were you—I mean long before my time, sir; but does love pay the housekeeping bills, pray?"

"No, my dear. And love is always controlled by other people's advice:—always," says Philip's friend, who, I hope, you will perceive was speaking ironically.

Philip's friends had listened not impatiently to Philip's talk about Philip. Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again with that conversation, and renew their own early times. Men are not quite so generous: Tityrus tires of hearing Corydon discourse endlessly on the charms of his shepherdess. And yet egotism is good talk. Even dull biographies are pleasant to read: and if to read, why not to hear? Had Master Philip not been such an egotist, he would not have been so pleasant a companion. Can't you like a man at whom you laugh a little? I had rather such an open-mouthed conversationalist than your *volto sciolto* that never unlocks without a careful application of the key. As for the entrance to Mr. Philip's mind, that door was always open when he was awake, or not hungry, or in a friend's company. Besides his love, and his prospects in life, his poverty, &c., Philip had other favourite topics of conversation. His friend the Little Sister was a great theme with him; his father was another favourite subject of his talk. By the way, his father had written to the Little Sister. The doctor said he was sure to prosper in his newly adopted country. He and another physician had invented a new medicine, which was to effect wonders, and in a few years would assuredly make the fortune of both of them. He was never without one scheme or another for making that fortune which never came. Whenever he drew upon poor Philip for little sums, his letters were sure to be especially magniloquent and hopeful. "Whenever the doctor says he has invented the philosopher's stone," said poor Philip, "I am sure there will be a postscript to say that a little bill will be presented for so much, at so many days' date."

Had he drawn on Philip lately? Philip told us when, and how often.

We gave him all the benefit of our virtuous indignation. As for my wife's eyes, they gleamed with anger. What a man: what a father! Oh, he was incorrigible! "Yes, I am afraid he is," says poor Phil, comically, with his hands roaming at ease in his pockets. They contained little else than those big hands. "My father is of a hopeful turn. His views regarding property are peculiar. It is a comfort to have such a distinguished parent, isn't it? I am always surprised to hear that he is not married again. I sigh for a mother-in-law," Philip continued.

"Oh, *don't*, Philip!" cried Mrs. Laura, in a pet. "Be generous: be forgiving: be noble: be Christian! Don't be cynical, and imitating—you know whom!"

Whom could she possibly mean, I wonder? After flashes, there came showers in this lady's eyes. From long habit I can understand her thoughts, although she does not utter them. She was thinking of these poor, noble, simple, friendless young people; and asking heaven's protection for them. I am not in the habit of over-praising my friends, goodness knows. The foibles of this one I have described honestly enough. But if I write down here that he was courageous, cheerful in adversity, generous, simple, truth-loving, above a scheme—after having said that he was a noble young fellow—*disi*; and I won't cancel the words.

Ardent lover as he was, our friend was glad to be back in the midst of the London smoke, and wealth, and bustle. The fog agreed with his lungs, he said. He breathed more freely in our great city than in that little English village in the centre of Paris which he had been inhabiting. In his hotel, and at his *café* (where he composed his eloquent "own correspondence"), he had occasion to speak a little French, but it never came very trippingly from his stout English tongue. "You don't suppose I would like to be taken for a Frenchman," he would say with much gravity. I wonder who ever thought of mistaking friend Philip for a Frenchman?

As for that faithful Little Sister, her house and heart were still at the young man's service. We have not visited Thornhaugh Street for some time. Mr. Philip whom we have been bound to attend, has been too much occupied with his love-making to bestow much thought on his affectionate little friend. She has been trudging meanwhile on her humble course of life, cheerful, modest, laborious, doing her duty, with a helping little hand ready to relieve many a fallen wayfarer on her road. She had a room vacant in her house when Philip came:—a room, indeed! Would she not have had a house vacant, if Philip wanted it? But in the interval since we saw her last, the Little Sister, too, has had to assume black robes. Her father, the old captain, has gone to his rest. His place is vacant in the little parlour: his bedroom is ready for Philip, as long as Philip will stay. She did not profess to feel much affliction for the loss of the captain. She talked of him constantly as though he were present; and made a supper for Philip, and seated him in her pa's chair. How she bustled about on

the night when Philip arrived ! What a beaming welcome there was in her kind eyes ! Her modest hair was touched with silver now ; but her cheeks were like apples ; her little figure was neat, and light, and active ; and her voice, with its gentle laugh, and little sweet bad grammar, has always seemed one of the sweetest of voices to me.

Very soon after Philip's arrival in London, Mrs. Brandon paid a visit to the wife of Mr. Firmin's humble servant and biographer, and the two women had a fine sentimental consultation. All good women, you know, are sentimental. The idea of young lovers, of match-making, of amiable poverty, tenderly excites and interests them. My wife, at this time, began to pour off fine long letters to Miss Baynes, to which the latter modestly and dutifully replied, with many expressions of fervour and gratitude for the interest which her friend in London was pleased to take in the little maid. I saw by these answers that Charlotte's union with Philip was taken as a received point by these two ladies. They discussed the ways and means. They did not talk about broughams, settlements, town and country houses, pin-moneys, trousseaux ; and my wife, in computing their sources of income, always pointed out that Miss Charlotte's fortune, though certainly small, would give a very useful addition to the young couple's income. "Fifty pounds a year not much ! Let me tell you, sir, that fifty pounds a year is a very pretty little sum : if Philip can but make three hundred a year himself, Mrs. Brandon says they ought to be able to live quite nicely." You ask, my genteel friend, is it possible that people can live for four hundred a year ? How do they manage, *ces pauvres gens* ? They eat, they drink, they are clothed, they are warmed, they have roofs over their heads, and glass in their windows ; and some of them are as good, happy, and well-bred as their neighbours who are ten times as rich. Then, besides this calculation of money, there is the fond woman's firm belief that the day will bring its daily bread for those who work for it and ask for it in the proper quarter ; against which reasoning many a man knows it is in vain to argue. As to my own little objections and doubts, my wife met them by reference to Philip's former love-affair with his cousin, Miss Twysden. "You had no objection in that case, sir," this logician would say. "You would have had him take a creature without a heart. You would cheerfully have seen him made miserable for life, because you thought there was money enough and a genteel connection. Money indeed ! Very happy Mrs. Woolcomb is with her money. Very creditably to all sides has *that* marriage turned out !" I need scarcely remind my readers of the unfortunate result of that marriage. Woolcomb's behaviour to his wife was the agreeable talk of London society and of the London clubs very soon after the pair were joined together in holy matrimony. Do we not all remember how Woolcomb was accused of striking his wife, of starving his wife, and how she took refuge at home and came to her father's house with a black eye ? The two Twysdens were so ashamed of this transaction, that father and son left off coming to Bays's, where I never heard their absence

regretted but by one man, who said that Talbot owed him money for losses at whist for which he could get no settlement.

Should Mr. Firmin go and see his aunt in her misfortune? Bygones might be bygones, some of Philip's advisers thought. Now, Mrs. Twysden was unhappy, her heart might relent to Philip, whom she certainly had loved as a boy. Philip had the magnanimity to call upon her; and found her carriage waiting at the door. But a servant, after keeping the gentleman waiting in the dreary, well-remembered hall, brought him word that his mistress was out, smiled in his face with an engaging insolence, and proceeded to put cloaks, court-guides, and other female gear into the carriage in the presence of this poor deserted nephew. This visit it must be owned was one of Mrs. Laura's romantic efforts at reconciling enemies: as if, my good creature, the Twysdens ever let a man into their house who was poor or out of fashion! They lived in a constant dread lest Philip should call to borrow money of them. As if they ever lent money to a man who was in need! If they ask the respected reader to their house, depend on it they think he is well to do. On the other hand, the Twysdens made a very handsome entertainment for the new Lord of Whipham and Ringwood who now reigned after his kinsman's death. They assably went and passed Christmas with him in the country; and they cringed and bowed before Sir Philip Ringwood as they had bowed and cringed before the earl in his time. The old earl had been a Tory in his latter days, when Talbot Twysden's views were also very conservative. The present Lord of Ringwood was a Whig. It is surprising how liberal the Twysdens grew in the course of a fortnight's after-dinner conversation and pheasant-shooting talk at Ringwood. "Hang it! you know," young Twysden said, in his office afterwards, "a fellow must go with the politics of his family, you know!" and he bragged about the dinners, wines, splendours, cooks, and preserves of Ringwood as freely as in the time of his noble grand-uncle. Any one who has kept a house-dog in London, which licks your boots and your platter, and fawns for the bones in your dish, knows how the animal barks and flies at the poor who come to the door. The Twysdens, father and son, were of this canine species: and there are vast packs of such dogs here and elsewhere.

If Philip opened his heart to us, and talked unreservedly regarding his hopes and his plans, you may be sure he had his little friend, Mrs. Brandon, also in his confidence, and that no person in the world was more eager to serve him. Whilst we were talking about what was to be done, this little lady was also at work in her favourite's behalf. She had a firm ally in Mrs. Mugford, the proprietor's lady of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mrs. Mugford had long been interested in Philip, his misfortunes and his love-affairs. These two good women had made a sentimental hero of him. Ah! that they could devise some feasible scheme to help him! And such a chance actually did very soon present itself to these delighted women.

In almost all the papers of the new year appeared a brilliant advertisement, announcing the speedy appearance in Dublin of a new paper. It

was to be called THE SHAMROCK, and its first number was to be issued on the ensuing St. Patrick's day. I need not quote at length the advertisements which heralded the advent of this new periodical. The most famous pens of the national party in Ireland were, of course, engaged to contribute to its columns. Those pens would be hammered into steel of a different shape when the opportunity should offer. Beloved prelates, authors of world-wide fame, bards, the bold strings of whose lyres had rung through the isle already, and made millions of noble hearts to beat, and, by consequence, double the number of eyes to fill; philosophers, renowned for science; and illustrious advocates, whose manly voices had ever spoken the language of hope and freedom to an &c. &c., would be found rallying round the journal, and proud to wear the symbol of THE SHAMROCK. Finally, Michael Cassidy, Esq., was chosen to be the editor of this new journal.

This was the M. Cassidy, Esq., who appeared, I think, at Mr. Firmin's call-supper; and who had long been the sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. If Michael went to Dame Street, why should not Philip be sub-editor at Pall Mall? Mrs. Brandon argued. Of course there would be a score of candidates for Michael's office. The editor would like the patronage. Barnett, Mugford's partner in the *Gazette*, would wish to appoint his man. Cassidy, before retiring, would assuredly intimate his approaching resignation to scores of gentlemen of his nation, who would not object to take the Saxon's pay until they finally shook his yoke off, and would eat his bread until the happy moment arrived when they could knock out his brains in fair battle. As soon as Mrs. Brandon heard of the vacant place, that moment she determined that Philip should have it. It was surprising what a quantity of information our little friend possessed about artists, and pressmen, and their lives, families, ways and means. Many gentlemen of both professions came to Mr. Ridley's chambers, and called on the Little Sister on their way to and fro. How Tom Smith had left the *Herald*, and gone to the *Post*; what price Jack Jones had for his picture, and who sat for the principal figures.—I promise you Madam Brandon had all these interesting details by heart; and I think I have described this little person very inadequately if I have not made you understand that she was as intrepid a little jobber as ever lived, and never scrupled to go any length to serve a friend. To be Archbishop of Canterbury, to be professor of Hebrew, to be teacher of a dancing-school, to be organist for a church: for any conceivable place or function this little person would have asserted Philip's capability. "Don't tell me! He can dance or preach (as the case may be), or write beautiful! And as for being unfit to be a sub-editor, I want to know, has he not as good a head and as good an education as that Cassidy, indeed? And is not Cambridge College the best college in the world? It is, I say. And he went there ever so long. And he might have taken the very best prize, only money was no object to him then, dear fellow, and he did not like to keep the poor out of what he didn't want!"

Mrs. Mugford had always considered the young man as very haughty, but quite the gentleman, and speedily was infected by her gossip's enthusiasm about him. My wife hired a fly, packed several of the children into it, called upon Mrs. Mugford, and chose to be delighted with that lady's garden, with that lady's nursery—with everything that bore the name of Mugford. It was a curiosity to remark in what a flurry of excitement these women plunged, and how they schemed, and coaxed, and caballed, in order to get this place for their protégé. My wife thought—she merely happened to surmise: nothing more, of course—that Mr. Mugford's fond desire was to shine in the world. Could we not ask some people—with—with what you call handles to their names,—I think I before heard you use some such term, sir,—to meet the Mugfords? Some of Philip's old friends, who I am sure would be very happy to serve him." Some such artifice was, I own, practised. We coaxed, enjoined, fondled the Mugfords for Philip's sake, and heaven forgive Mrs. Laura her hypocrisy. We had an entertainment then, I own. We asked our finest company, and Mr. and Mrs. Mugford to meet them: and we prayed that unlucky Philip to be on his best behaviour to all persons who were invited to the feast.

Before my wife this lion of a Firmin was as a lamb. Rough, captious, and overbearing in general society, with those whom he loved and esteemed Philip was of all men the most modest and humble. He would never tire of playing with our children, joining in their games, laughing and roaring at their little sports. I have never had such a laughter at my jokes as Philip Firmin. I think my wife liked him for that noble guffaw with which he used to salute those pieces of wit. He arrived a little late sometimes with his laughing chorons, but ten people at table were not so loud as this faithful friend. On the contrary, when those people for whom he has no liking venture on a pun or other pleasantry, I am bound to own that Philip's acknowledgment of their waggery must be anything but pleasant or flattering to them. Now, on occasion of this important dinner, I enjoined him to be very kind, and very civil, and very much pleased with everybody, and to stamp upon nobody's coons, as, indeed, why should he, in life? Who was he to be *censor morum*? And it has been said that no man could admit his own faults with a more engaging candour than our friend.

We invited, then, Mugford, the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his wife; and Bickerton, the editor of that periodical; Lord Ascot, Philip's old college friend; and one or two more gentlemen. Our invitations to the ladies were not so fortunate. Some were engaged, others away in the country keeping Christmas. In fine, we considered ourselves rather lucky in securing old Lady Hixie, who lives hard by in Westminster, and who will pass for a lady of fashion when no person of greater note is present. My wife told her that the object of the dinner was to make our friend Firmin acquainted with the editor and proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with whom it was important that he should

be on the most amicable footing. Oh! very well. Lady Hixie promised to be quite gracious to the newspaper gentleman and his wife; and kept her promise most graciously during the evening. Our good friend Mrs. Mugford was the first of our guests to arrive. She drove "in her trap" from her villa in the suburbs; and after putting up his carriage at a neighbouring livery-stable, her groom volunteered to help our servants in waiting at dinner. His zeal and activity were remarkable. China smashed, and dish-covers clanged in the passage. Mrs. Mugford said that "Sam was at his old tricks;" and I hope the hostess showed she was mistress of herself amidst that fall of china. Mrs. Mugford came before the appointed hour, she said, in order to see our children. "With our late London dinner hours," she remarked, "children was never seen now." At Hampstead, hers always appeared at the dessert, and enlivened the table with their innocent outcries for oranges and struggles for sweetmeats. In the nursery, where one little maid, in her crisp long night-gown, was saying her prayers; where another little person, in the most airy costume, was standing before the great barred fire; where a third Lilliputian was sitting up in its night-cap and surplice, surveying the scene below from its crib;—the ladies found our dear Little Sister installed. She had come to see her little pets (she had known two or three of them from the very earliest times). She was a great favourite amongst them all; and, I believe, conspired with the cook down below in preparing certain delicacies for the table. A fine conversation then ensued about our children, about the Mugford children, about babies in general. And then the artful women (the house mistress and the Little Sister) brought Philip on the *tapis*, and discoursed, *à qui mieux*, about his virtues, his misfortunes, his engagement, and that dear little creature to whom he was betrothed. This conversation went on until carriage-wheels were heard in the square, and the knocker (there were actually knockers in that old-fashioned place and time) began to peal. "Oh, bother! There's the company a-comin'," Mrs. Mugford said; and arranging her cap and flounces, with neat-handed Mrs. Brandon's aid, came down-stairs, after taking a tender leave of the little people, to whom she sent a present next day of a pile of fine Christmas books, which had come to the *Pall Mall Gazette* for review. The kind woman had been coaxed, wheedled, and won over to our side, to Philip's side. He had *her* vote for the sub-editorship, whatever might ensue.

Most of our guests had already arrived, when at length Mrs. Mugford was announced. I am bound to say that she presented a remarkable appearance, and that the splendour of her attire was such as is seldom beheld.

Bickerton and Philip were presented to one another, and had a talk about French politics before dinner, during which conversation Philip behaved with perfect discretion and politeness. Bickerton had happened to hear Philip's letters well spoken of—in a good quarter, mind; and his cordiality increased when Lord Ascot entered, called Philip by his sur-

name, and entered into a perfectly free conversation with him. Old Lady Hixie went into perfectly good society, Bickerton condescended to acknowledge. "As for Mrs. Mugford," says he, with a glance of wondering compassion at that lady, "of course, I need not tell you that *she* is seen nowhere—nowhere." This said, Mr. Bickerton stepped forward, and calmly patronized my wife, gave me a good-natured nod for my own part, reminded Lord Ascot that he had had the pleasure of meeting him at Egham; and then fixed on Tom Page, of the Bread-and-Butter Office (who, I own, is one of our most genteel guests), with whom he entered into a discussion of some political matter of that day—I forget what: but the main point was that he named two or three leading public men with whom he had discussed the question, whatever it might be. He named very great names, and led us to understand that with the proprietors of those very great names he was on the most intimate and confidential footing. With his *own*—with the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he was on the most distant terms, and indeed I am afraid that his behaviour to myself and my wife was scarcely respectful. I fancied I saw Philip's brow gathering wrinkles as his eye followed this man strutting from one person to another, and patronizing each. The dinner was a little late, from some reason best known in the lower regions. "I take it," says Bickerton, winking at Philip, in a pause of the conversation, "that our good friend and host is not much used to giving dinners. The mistress of the house is evidently in a state of perturbation." Philip gave such a horrible grimace that the other at first thought he was in pain.

"You who have lived a great deal with old Ringwood, know what a good dinner is," Bickerton continued, giving Firmin a knowing look.

"Any dinner is good which is accompanied with such a welcome as I get here," said Philip.

"Oh! very good people, very good people, of course!" cries Bickerton.

I need not say he thinks he has perfectly succeeded in adopting the air of a man of the world. He went off to Lady Hixie and talked with her about the last great party at which he had met her; and then he turned to the host, and remarked that my friend, the doctor's son, was a fierce-looking fellow. In five minutes he had the good fortune to make himself liked by Mr. Firmin. He walks through the world patronizing his betters. "Our good friend is not much used to giving dinners,"—isn't he? I say, what do we mean by continuing to endure this man? Tom Page, of the Bread-and-Butter office is a well-known diner-out; Lord Ascot is an earl's son; Bickerton, in a pretty loud voice, talked to one or other of these during dinner and across the table. He sat next to Mrs. Mugford, but he turned his back on that bewildered woman, and never condescended to address a word to her personally. "Of course, I understand you, my dear fellow," he said to me when on the retreat of the ladies we approached within whispering distance. "You have these people at dinner for reasons of state. You have a book coming out, and want to have it noticed in the

paper. I make a point of keeping these people at a distance—the only way of dealing with them, I give you my word.”

Not one offensive word had Philip said to the chief writer of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and I began to congratulate myself that our dinner would pass without any mishap, when some one unluckily happening to praise the wine, a fresh supply was ordered. “Very good claret. Who is your wine-merchant? Upon my word I get better claret here than I do in Paris—don’t you think so, Mr. Fermor? Where do you generally dine at Paris?”

“I generally dine for thirty sous, and three francs on grand days, Mr. Bickerton,” growls Philip.

“My name is Bickerton.” (“What a vulgar thing for a fellow to talk about his thirty-sous dinners!” murmured my neighbour to me). “Well, there is no accounting for tastes! When I go to Paris I dine at the *Trois Frères*. Give me the Burgundy at *Trois Frères*.”

“That is because you great leader writers are paid better than poor correspondents. I shall be delighted to be able to dine better.” And with this Mr. Firmin smiles at Mr. Mugford, his master and owner.

“Nothing so vulgar as talking shop,” says Bickerton, rather loud.

“I am not ashamed of the shop I keep. Are you of yours, Mr. Bickerton?” growls Philip.

“F. had him there,” says Mr. Mugford.

Mr. Bickerton got up from table, turning quite pale. “Do you mean to be offensive, sir?” he asked.

“Offensive, sir? No, sir. Some men are offensive without meaning it. *You* have been several times to-night!” says Lord Philip.

“I don’t see that I am called upon to bear this kind of thing at any man’s table!” cried Mr. Bickerton. “Lord Ascot, I wish you good-night!”

“I say, old boy, what’s the row about?” asked his lordship. And we were all astonished as my guest rose and left the table in great wrath.

“Serve him right, Firmin, I say!” said Mr. Mugford, again drinking off a glass.

“Why, don’t you know?” says Tom Page. “His father keeps a haberdasher’s shop at Cambridge, and sent him to Oxford, where he took a good degree.

And this had come of a dinner of conciliation—a dinner which was to advance Philip’s interest in life!

“Hit him again, I say,” cried Mugford, whom wine had rendered eloquent. “He’s a supercilious beast, that Bickerton is, and I hate him, and so does Mrs. M.”

What are the Nerves?

Or old, nervous meant strong. The nervous man was he whose muscles were like cords beneath his skin, and whose frame was knit into the highest tension. The name of nerve was applied rather to the tendons than to those susceptible strings to which we have appropriated it. Men had scarcely, in those days, discovered that they had nerves. But these have come into more prominence in recent times, and however little we may know about them, we can no longer be ignorant of their existence. Probably, few of those who live in cities, or come in any way within the vortex of our social life, have escaped occasional attacks of nervousness, or are able at all times to set that insidious enemy at defiance.

Is nervousness, then, an inevitable condition of civilization; a tax we must be content to pay for our advantages? or can we free ourselves from its assaults without paying too great a price for the immunity? What is the malady and its cause?—that we may know what the cure must be.

And first, have the nerves really anything to do with it? or have they borne the blame, while other portions of our organization have been at fault? When we are in that excitable, tremulous condition, in which there is a morbid anxiety to labour, with diminished power of performance; when, without any definite ailment, we seem deadened in every faculty, while yet the least vexation is felt as an intolerable annoyance; are we right in saying that it is especially the nervous system that breaks down?

In order to answer this question, we must obtain, if possible, a clear idea respecting this element of our being, and know what kind of a machinery it is that we are using. And, in truth, we are, in this respect, constructed in a way eminently adapted both to excite and to reward our curiosity. Beautiful, and even mysterious, as many of the exhibitions of nervous activity appear, and wonderful as are its aggregate results, as displayed in the varied processes of human life, there is hardly anything in the whole range of science better ascertained, or more simple, than are many of its fundamental principles. In this respect, the study of the nervous system is like that of astronomy, in which, while the great moving force still remains unexplained, yet many laws are clearly known, and these scarcely more interesting for their practical importance than for their simplicity. "If," says Sir Charles Bell, "I could address my reader with the same freedom, and with the same examples before me, with which I speak to my pupils on this subject, I think I could interest him in it." And no one who has once experienced the fascination of the study can help having the same feeling. But it must be remembered that our knowledge

extends only to a certain point. While much can be explained with certainty, many problems still remain unsolved, many questions which we naturally ask can receive only a partial answer.

It was at one time thought that the presence of a nervous system, constituted a distinction between the animal and the vegetable. But this opinion does not seem to be correct. The lowest animals have no discoverable nerves; they lead merely a sort of vegetative life, and their simple structure does not demand any special mechanism for bringing into union the actions of different parts. Yet, although this is the case, the nervous system is one of the chief characteristics of animal life, and it makes its appearance immediately there is exhibited in the animal scale any complexity of structure. It is by its means, indeed, that various organs are blended into a whole; and thus the animal is an unit or individual, while the plant always remains a mere bundle of more or less similar parts. The proper life of the animal consists in an ability to react in a definite manner upon objects that affect it from without, not only by a motion of the part immediately affected, but by the combined movements of many, and it may be distant, organs. In this lies the primary need for a nervous system. It is in its simplest aspect merely a channel, by which the affections of one portion of the body are enabled to call out the activity of another. Keeping this idea in view, we shall find there is no difficulty in following, in their general principles, the structure or the functions of the nervous system, even in its most highly developed and complicated forms.

It was an ancient notion that man is a microcosm, a little world, combining in himself all the powers and principles that are distributed throughout the greater world around him. In physiology the same idea has found a place in the representation that man embodies, and is an union of, all the lower animal natures. These ideas may have been mere dreams; yet they were dreams that contained an element of truth. The most rigid examination with the dissecting knife confirms them in a certain sense. In his nervous system man does present a combination of the structures and activities of the various forms of life below him. We live, in respect to our nerves, distinct and separate lives, and unite in our own person opposite existences. The spinal cord has one life of its own; the lower part of the brain another; and by means of its upper part we live a third kind of life higher than the other two.

The effects, and the proof also, of this diversity of life within us, are partially seen in the variety of actions which we are capable of carrying on at the same time, without their interfering with each other. By this means it is that, without taking any thought, we breathe regularly fifteen times in the minute; that we maintain ourselves in the erect position without any consciousness of effort; that (almost equally without consciousness when our attention is otherwise engaged) we walk, or eat, or perform other habitual motions, and at the same time carry on a distinct train of thought, or perform complicated and delicate manual operations.

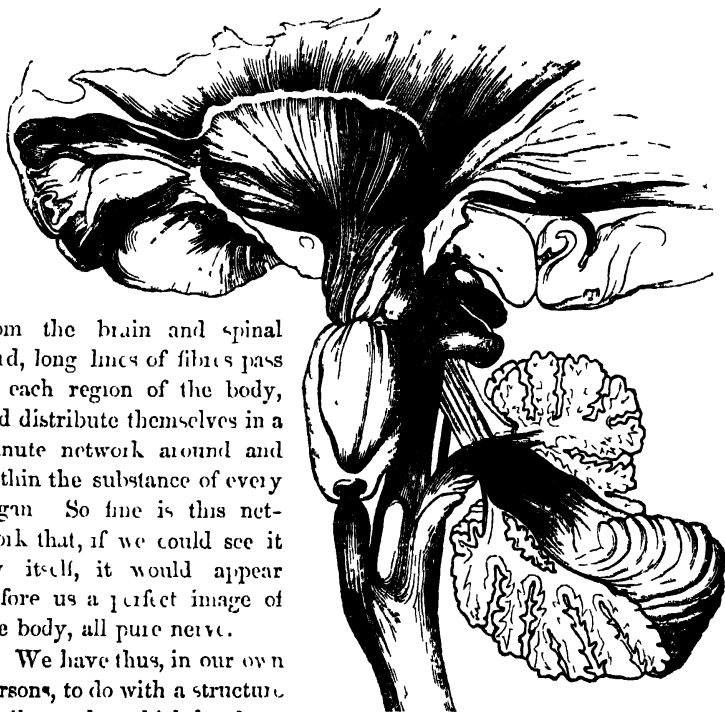
We are able to do all these things at once because, besides distinct groups of muscles, we have distinct nervous systems operating within us, each regulating its own circle of activities.

But elaborate as is the structure thus provided as the condition of our varied life, and diverse as are the results which ensue from the action of its different parts, it is all constructed on one plan. Its operations when combined, as they are in our experience, make up a whole of which we cannot think without wonder, and the intricacy of which seems to defy comprehension. But simplicity comes with analysis. The various elements which make up the nervous activity are presented to us by nature in various classes of animals, separated, and, as it were, distinctly exposed to view, while through them all there runs an identity of character which makes them easily reducible to a single law.

What are nerves wanted for? Not, in the first place, to make the body alive, or to give it the power of acting. The various structures of which it is composed, each for itself, have their own active properties, their own power of responding to stimulus. The muscle contracts when it is touched, or when it is galvanized, though no nerve be present; the gland pours forth its secretion under the like conditions. A due supply of blood alone is necessary for all these operations. But for animal life, except in its lowest grades, this kind of activity is not enough. The sensitive plant possesses as much as this; and indeed, so far as we can judge, this "irritability" (as the tendency to perform a motion on being touched is termed) is essentially the same property in the plant and in the animal. In fact, if we suppose such a mechanism to be connected with a sensitive plant, that on any given leaf being touched, not that leaf only, but others also, and those in a distant part of the plant, should be thrown into motion—say in such a way as to guard the irritated part—we should have a pretty good imitation of the animal activity. Such a result might be brought about if there were introduced into the plant a system of tubes, or fibres, which should convey the impulse from each point to various others; or more completely still, if these fibres were connected with a central apparatus that should gather up the impulses transmitted from every leaf, and pass them on in an orderly sequence to the rest. By such an arrangement it is evident a sort of animal intelligent-looking activity might be grafted on to the mere vegetable "irritability" of the plant. No fresh power would be needed in these fibres or in the central apparatus; only a capability of receiving, and transmitting unimpaired, the impulses conveyed to it from every quarter. No fresh power would be needed, only a "susceptibility" and a definite arrangement. In truth, owing to the greater amount of the action induced in the leaves of the sensitive plant, than that of the stimulus by which they are excited—a mere breath being sufficient often to produce a long contractile motion—these actions might go on by means of such an arrangement of fibres, continually multiplying, until a slight touch might suffice to throw the whole tree into—we will venture to say—convulsions. It is evident, however, that if any com-

plicated series of actions were desired; if a touch (or other stimulus) applied to any single leaf were meant to call forth a corresponding action in distant parts; and especially if any large number of these actions were to be combined together, and thus in many or varied groups, then the arrangement of the fibres would need to be exceedingly exact and complex. There would need to be points also at which the various impulses might be transferred from one set of fibres to another, or their progress altogether arrested for a time. In brief, the arrangements would be somewhat like those of an elaborate telegraphic system.

Such a system of tubes or fibres would closely represent in some essential characters the nervous system. If we look at the human brain, we find that it consists mainly of a vast mass of fibres. Their number, tenuity, and variety of direction are so great, that no skill has hitherto availed to trace them in detail, though their general course has been pretty well made out. The annexed figure may give a general conception of their multitude, and the intricacy of the web they form. Emanating



from the brain and spinal cord, long lines of fibres pass to each region of the body, and distribute themselves in a minute network around and within the substance of every organ. So fine is this network that, if we could see it by itself, it would appear before us a perfect image of the body, all pure nerve.

We have thus, in our own persons, to do with a structure similar to that which has been supposed. Our body is not primarily dependent upon its nerves; it is active in itself, instinct and throbbing with force almost in every part, but waiting the touch of the master's hand before, in health, its ordered activities are set free. Take away from a man his nervous system (if it could be done with impunity),

Fig 1—Large and fine Fibres of the Brain

and there were left not lifeless clay, not even a mere inanimate and passive mechanism; there were left a body physically alive, endowed with active powers as containing in every part more or less of nature's force; but a body worthless *as a body*, with no unity in its action, nor possibility of ordered movement to any definite purpose; a structure in the whole or in the parts of which more or fewer actions might go on, and go on with vigour, but in which these actions could be made subservient to no end.

The fibres which constitute the chief mass of the nervous system are simple in their structure, so far as the microscope can reveal it, and present a very curious analogy to a telegraphic wire. Like the latter, each nervous fibre consists of a small central thread (or tube, perhaps, in the case of the nerve, though the tubular structure cannot be demonstrated) surrounded by a layer of a different substance. The central thread (or axis) is of a grayish colour; the surrounding material is of a glassy appearance, soon becoming an opaque white after death, and giving their characteristic white appearance to the nerves. The fibre, consisting of these two portions, is included in a sheath (a sort of very fine skin) which separates it from the adjacent bodies. If we roll up a wax candle in paper, that will give us a rough illustration of the nerve fibre. The paper is the external "sheath;" the wax is the intermediate white matter; the wick is the central axis. It is most natural to believe that the analogy suggested by this structure is a true one, and that the white substance acts the part of the gutta percha round the electric wire, as an insulating medium for the currents which travel along the central portion. But this is not proved. Probably, owing to the minuteness of the parts, it is beyond the possibility of experimental proof. For in man two or three thousand of these fibres would occupy but an inch in their largest part, and both at their origin and their termination they are much smaller. Many of them are contained in every nerve that is visible to the naked eye. Fig. 2 represents a small nervous twig dividing.

They terminate in various ways. Their ends may thin out and become free, or they may form a loop, and so return back in their course. Each nerve fibre runs in an unbroken line from its origin to its termination.

There is another kind of nervous matter, besides the fibres; and that consists of cells. Two of the forms which these cells assume are

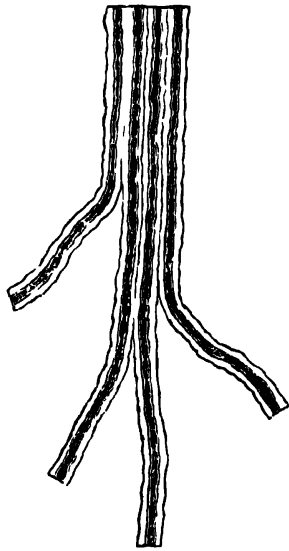


Fig. 2.

shown in fig. 3. The nerve fibres sometimes run into them; sometimes they pass among them without appearing to communicate, as re-

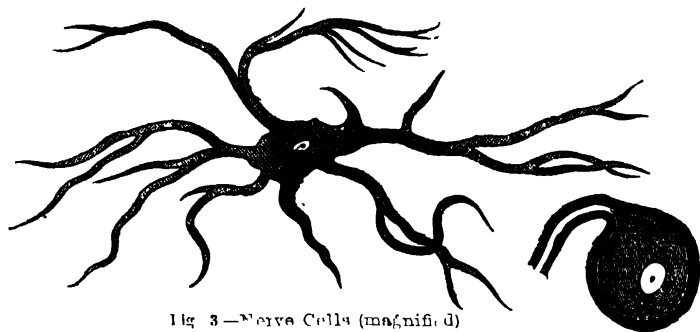


Fig. 3—Nerve Cells (magnified)

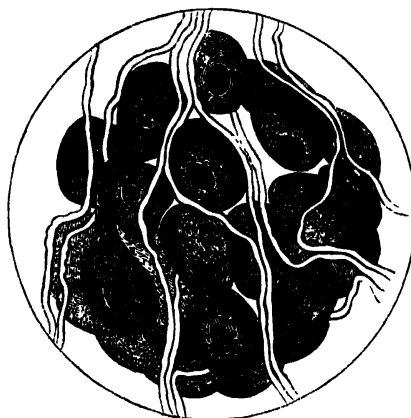


Fig. 4.—Nerve Cells and Fibres.

presented in fig. 4. Cells of this kind form a thin layer over the surface of the brain, and its fibres for the most part have their origin from or among them. They also exist in large numbers in certain spots in the substance of the brain, and they are found within the spinal cord in its whole length. They have a pale pinkish hue, and wherever they are found they go by the name of "grey matter," the nerve fibres being called the white matter.

The fibres which constitute the nerves, strictly so called, are conductors, and they conduct to and from the cells. What, then, is the part played by the latter?

Before answering this question it is worth while to pause, and note (as we may well do with something like surprise) the extreme simplicity of form exhibited by this element of the nervous system. In the grey matter of the brain we are arrived at the very highest organic structure, the great achievement of the vital force, the texture in which bodily life culminates, and for the sake of which, we might almost say, all the other organs exist. And we find a structure of the very lowest form. Mere cells and granules—Nature's first and roughest work, her very starting point in the organic kingdom—strewn in a mere mass with no appreciable order over the ends of a multitude of fibres, and loosely folded up, as it seems, for convenient stowage! This is what meets the eye. Is this the laboratory of reason; the birthplace of thought; the home of genius and imagination; the palace of the soul? Nay, is this even the source and spring of bodily order; the seat of government and control for the disorderly rubble of the muscles. Should we not have expected when we

came thus to the inmost shrine of life, and penetrated to the council-chamber of the mind, to find all that had before appeared of skilful architecture and elaborate machinery surpassed and thrown into the shade? But it is all cast away. Mechanical contrivances for mechanical effects! Skilful grouping and complex organization there may be for the hand, the eye, the tongue; for all parts and every function where the mind is not. But where the spirit comes, take all that scaffolding away.

Whether this suggestion be a true one or not, we do not know. Most probably it is not true; because it is a guess, and expresses ignorance, which *ought* to be deceived. But it remains a noteworthy fact, nevertheless, and surely puts our anticipation somewhat at fault, that at the very summit of the organic world, everything that we are accustomed to call structure, and to admire as beautiful, either to the eye or to the intellect, sinks to its lowest pitch. The grey matter of the brain, however, is very abundantly supplied with blood.

But to descend again to *terra firma*—what is the part played by the grey or cellular matter, so far as we can discover it? In order to gain clear ideas on this point, we must consider the general plan on which the nervous system is arranged, and regard it first in its simplest forms. Omitting the lowest members of the animal series in which nerves are found (and in which precisely the same principles prevail), we find in the class of insects a pattern to which

all the higher forms may be referred. Fig. 5 is a diagram of the nervous system of the centipede. It consists of a series of little groups of nervous cells, arranged on each side of the middle line, a pair in every segment of the body, and additional ones in the head, connected with the organs of sight, smell, touch, &c. These are all united to each other by bands of fibres, and each one sends out nerves to the organs contained in the segment in which it is placed. The nervous system of the highest animals is but a repetition, in an enlarged and condensed form, of this simple type. Fig. 6 represents the brain and spinal cord of man. The masses of cells, we perceive, have become joined together, and constitute not a series of

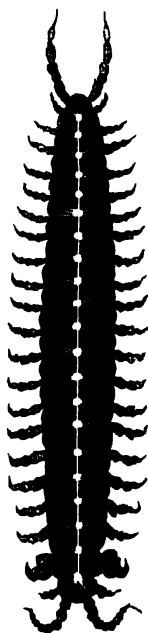


Fig. 5.

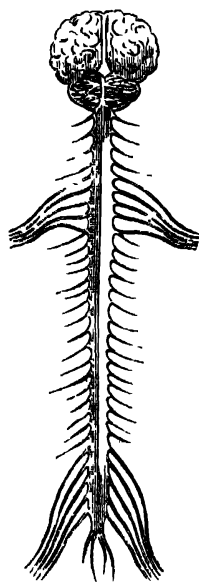


Fig. 6.

double knots, but a continuous column of varying size; and those in the head have become enormously developed. But the parallel between the

two structures remains, in spite of these changes. The spinal cord of man is a series of groups of cells, giving off nerves on each side, and connected by communicating fibres with each other, and with the larger groups in the brain, which also give off nerves to the nose and eye, the skin and muscles of the face, and other parts.

Thus in man and all animals alike, masses of grey matter, or cells, are placed at the centre, and nerve fibres connect them with the organs of the body. It has been proved, also, by the beautiful experiments of Sir Charles Bell, that the nerve fibres are of two kinds; some conveying an influence from the organs to the centres where the nerve cells are placed, and others carrying back an influence from them to the organs. So these groups of cells evidently answer to the *stations* of the electric telegraph. They are the points at which the messages are received from one line and passed on along another.* But besides this, the cells are the generators of the nervous power. For the living telegraph flashes along its wires not only messages, but the force also which ensures their fulfilment. A nerve bears inwards, say from the hand or foot, an impression, it may be of the slightest kind; but the cells (richly bathed as they are by air-containing blood) are thrown into active change by this slight stimulus, and are thus able to send out a force along the nerves leading to large groups of muscles, and excite them all to vigorous motion. Just so a message from one line may, by its stimulus to human wills, be transmitted from a station in twenty new directions.

In its simplest form this is called the "reflex function"—a name given to it by Dr. Marshall Hall, to whose investigations we owe much of our knowledge respecting the laws of nervous action. The idea of a reflex action is simply that to which reference has been made before; a stimulus to one part of the body being conveyed by a conductor to the cells at the centre, and "reflected" by them upon another, which it excites to activity. Thus, for example, a pinch or prick of the skin excites the muscles to contract. The name of "reflex" has been given to this action, because it may, and in many cases naturally does, take place without consciousness. There may be no feeling and no will, yet actions having all the appearance of design may be produced. Thus in some cases of paralysis, when, owing to an injury of the spinal cord, all sensibility and all voluntary power, in respect to one or more of the limbs, are abolished, a pinch or tickling of the paralysed member will cause it to be withdrawn, without any consciousness on the patient's part. This is an exhibition of the reflex function of the spinal cord. Similar results, of even more striking character, may be produced at will in the lower creatures. We know how long decapitated insects continue to move their limbs; how vigorously, for example, a headless wasp plies his sting. "If the head of a centipede

* They are called "ganglia" in scientific language; but this word has no deep meaning: it signifies a knot, and was applied to them simply with reference to the form they present at some places. Where a nerve passes through a small group of cells, the latter looks something like a knot tied in it.

be cut off while it is in motion, the body will continue to move onwards by the action of the legs; and the same will take place in the separate parts, if the body be divided into several distinct portions. After these actions have come to an end, they may be excited again by irritating any part of the nervous centres or the cut extremity of the nervous cord. The body is moved forward by the regular and successive action of the legs, as in the natural state, but its movements are always forward, never backward, and are only directed to one side when the forward movement is checked by an obstacle. If, again, the nervous cord of a centipede be divided in the middle of the trunk, so that the hinder legs are cut off from connection with the head, they will continue to move, but not in harmony with those of the fore part of the body, being completely paralysed so far as the animal's controlling power is concerned, though still capable of performing reflex movements by the influence of their own nerve cells, which may thus continue to propel the body in opposition to the determinations of the animal itself. The case is still more remarkable when the nervous cord is not merely divided, but a portion of it is entirely removed from the middle of the trunk; for the anterior legs still remain obedient to the animal's control, the legs of the segments from which the cord has been removed are altogether motionless, while those of the posterior segments continue to act in a manner which shows that the animal has no power of checking or directing them.

"The stimulus to the reflex movements of the legs in the foregoing cases appears to be given by the contact of the extremities with the solid surface on which they rest. In other instances the appropriate impression can only be made by the contact of a liquid. Thus a water beetle, having had its head removed, remained motionless as long as it rested on a dry surface, but when cast into water, it executed the usual swimming motions with great energy and rapidity, striking all its comrades to one side by its violence, and persisting in these for more than half an hour."*

Facts of this kind prove that the ordinary movements of the legs and wings, in insects and similar animals, are effected not by a direct effort of will, but reflexly, through the medium of the little collections of nervous cells with which the several parts are connected by their nerves; while impulses derived from their "brain" serve only to harmonize, control, and direct their spontaneous motions. The spinal cord in ourselves has a similar office. Fig. 7 represents a section of it, about its middle portion. A nerve is seen proceeding from it on each side. The white portions in the figure represent the external layers of the cord,



Fig. 7

* Dr. Carpenter.

which consist of white fibres; the dark part represents the central cellular or grey matter. Each nerve arises from the cord by two roots: the anterior one is the nerve of motion, or that which conveys impulses from the centre to the muscles; the posterior is the nerve of sensation, which conveys impulses from the skin and other parts to the centre. It will be seen that the posterior root alone is in immediate connection with the grey matter. This root also has a small mass of nerve cells situated upon it, a short distance from its origin; the motor root has none. While the nerve is perfect, if it be irritated (as by galvanism, pricking, &c.) at any point below the junction of its roots, the animal gives signs of pain, and some or all of the muscles to which it is distributed are at the same time thrown into contraction. But the proof that these two "roots" of the nerve (or two nerves, as they should perhaps be considered, though they are bound up in one sheath) have different offices, is this:—If the roots are separately divided, sensation is cut off by the division of the posterior, and the power of voluntary motion by that of the anterior root. At the same time, irritation of the posterior root *above* the point of division, causes pain, and irritation of the anterior *below* the point at which it is divided, still produces movement in the muscles. This was an experiment of Sir Charles Bell's, and it puts it beyond question that the nerves which convey sensation upwards and those which carry motor impulses downwards are different.

We have called the nerve which carries impressions upwards *sensitive*; and so it is, but only by virtue of the connection of the cord with the brain. If it be cut off from that, sensation ceases, but as before shown, all the actions which sensation ordinarily prompts do not cease. The spinal cord is organized as a centre for reflex action in the highest animals, as the simple nervous cord is in insects; and similar results to those which are produced in insects when connection with the head is severed, ensue also, under like circumstances, in quadrupeds and man, though less powerfully, and lasting for a very brief interval. A fowl flaps her wings and struggles for several seconds after the spinal cord is completely divided. And in reptiles, in which the processes of life, being less vigorous, are also less rapidly exhausted, reflex actions will continue a long time after complete removal of the brain. A frog, for example, in such a condition will put up its leg as if to push away anything that irritates its side. Cut off, therefore, from the brain, the nerve called *sensitive* still produces an effect, and induces more or less perfectly its appropriate action, although no sensation accompanies it. An action of this kind is called *automatic*.*

* The proof that there is no sensation when the connection with the brain is severed, is given by cases of paralysis from disease or injury, in which this severance is effected, and consciousness in respect to the parts thus cut off is wholly wanting. It has been argued that there is a consciousness—a sensation—pertaining to the cord itself; but this is not within the ordinary meaning of the term, and that question belongs at present wholly to the domain of speculation.

Thus we live an automatic life, in which various actions are carried on merely by virtue of the mechanical powers in the organs, and the arrangement of the nerves and cells within the spinal cord. We may call this our spinal life. It is the entire life, probably, of the lowest animals, whose functions are thus taken up into our being, and made a basis on which is erected the superstructure of our conscious, our human, life. By means of it we perform the actions which we can carry on without any heed, or even knowledge of their taking place. Walking, when our attention is wholly absorbed in something else, affords a good illustration of an action performed automatically. "When we are walking without attending to our steps, the foot coming down to the ground conveys the quasi-sensation of its contact to the spinal centres; these are roused to a corresponding motion; in other words, they command the muscles of the other leg to put it into a forward movement. No sooner is this executed, than at the end of the movement another manifest quasi-sensation (an impression which might be felt, but is not) is afforded by the fresh contact with the earth, which contact, reaching the centres, engenders a second motion, and so forth, throughout the walk. There is a simple circle, in which quasi-sensation excites motion at the centre, and motion produces quasi-sensation at the extremes. Thus, the foot on the ground represents sensation, and that in progress motion, and the two contemplated together represent the links in a chain of nervous fate."

This automatic action is the foundation of our nervous life; but other forms of life are in immediate relation with it, modifying and controlling it, and reducing it to a diminished amount and importance. Just as the animal rises in the scale, so do its lower, or automatic functions receive more influence from those above them, and express more fully the dictates of consciousness and will. Man is the least automatic of all animals, through the greater preponderance of his conscious part, which uses the automatic organs as its ever ready instrument. But the instrument must exist, or it could not be used; and constantly supreme as is the rational part in man, it can exercise this supremacy only because the inferior, and merely physical powers, are ever waiting on its behests.

At the upper part of the spinal cord there is added on another set of nervous centres—masses, that is, of grey matter—which preside over other actions, those, namely, of breathing and of eating. These are still essentially automatic, yet less purely so than some of those whose seat is lower down the cord. They are situated in an expanded portion of the spinal cord, just below its junction with the brain; and here is found a special part of the nervous system, the destruction of which is at once fatal to life. Not, however, because there is any special vitality connected with it, but simply because on it depends the performance of respiration. To this part is conveyed the stimulus arising from the presence of impure blood in the lungs or in the system at large, and from it radiates the influence which calls into play the group of muscles which expand the

chest. A sensation—the need of breathing—which becomes overpowering when long resisted, is normally connected with the performance of respiration ; but this is not essential. In profound coma, or unconsciousness from disease, and under the action of chloroform, respiration continues, though slowly, and with diminished energy. The case is the same with the act of swallowing, which, like breathing, is automatic so far as the act itself is concerned, being produced without, and even against, our will, upon the contact of food with the upper part of the throat; and though normally connected with certain sensations, will yet take place in their absence. We swallow during sleep, and infants born with the brain wholly wanting can both breathe and suck. Fig. 8 represents the upper portion of the spinal cord, on which three actions depend.

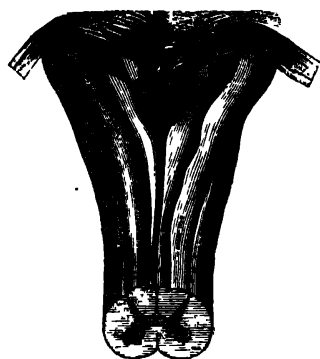


Fig. 8.

Each of these partly automatic actions has a special nerve appropriated as its *excitor*, that is, a nerve which receives impressions from the organs concerned; the lung cells on the one hand, and the surface of the back part of the mouth on the other. These nerves convey a stimulus to the centre, and from thence it is diffused through other nerves (of motion) to the muscles by which the appointed action is effected. But the excitement of these muscles is not dependent on this special nerve alone; respiration especially has the widest relations, and almost all the sensitive nerves in the body may rouse or modify it. The sudden inspiration produced by the shock of cold water on the skin is a familiar instance of this kind of action.

Above all these parts comes the brain, containing the nervous centres which subserve feeling, thought, and will; but the description of these we must leave to another time, and also of the means by which all these separate parts are harmoniously blended into one, and made to co-operate in every action of the man. In the meantime, we see what the method is by which a basis is laid for our higher life of consciousness and moral choice, in the subordination to these powers of an animal machine, in which the processes requisite for maintaining life are carried on of themselves. If we had to perform the actions that have been enumerated by direct volitions, all our energy would be squandered upon them, and we should have no time for anything better. Breathing alone would occupy all our life, if each breath were a distinct voluntary act. By the committal of so much to a mere unconscious operation of nervous power, mind is emancipated, and placed in its fit relations; devoted to other interests and burdened with nobler cares.

Above all these parts comes the brain, containing the nervous centres which subserve feeling, thought, and will; but the description of these we must leave to another time, and also of the means by which all these separate parts are harmoniously blended into one, and made to co-operate in every action of the man. In the meantime, we see what the method is by which a basis is laid for our higher life of consciousness and moral choice, in the subordination to these powers of an animal machine, in which the processes requisite for maintaining life are carried on of themselves. If we had to perform the actions that have been enumerated by direct volitions, all our energy would be squandered upon them, and we should have no time for anything better. Breathing alone would occupy all our life, if each breath were a distinct voluntary act. By the committal of so much to a mere unconscious operation of nervous power, mind is emancipated, and placed in its fit relations; devoted to other interests and burdened with nobler cares.

This lower portion of the nervous system, however, controlling as it does the functions of chief necessity to life, is of paramount importance

to health. Derangements of its action are seen in the paroxysms of asthma, and the seizures of epilepsy, in both of which affections the muscles are thrown into excessive contraction through a morbid condition induced in the spinal cord. Of a different order are that languor and feeling of utter disability for muscular exertion which creep over us at times. These feelings show that the nerve-centres which preside over muscular exertion have become oppressed and sluggish; perhaps through being badly nourished for want of proper exercise. Of a different kind, again, are trembling of the muscles, or involuntary jerks and twitchings, and, in brief, all that condition known by the expressive name of "fidgets;" and which will sometimes affect the best-meaning people at the most unbecoming times. This affection is capable of a sufficiently simple explanation. The nervous centres which control the muscular activity (that "reflex" or involuntary activity which has been described) are then in a state of undue excitement, and yielding to stimuli too slight, or without any external stimulus at all, they call the muscles into irregular and spasmodic contraction. Cramps and a tendency to involuntary sighing are often due to a similar condition; the muscles themselves, however, sometimes sharing with the spinal cord in an increased excitability.

What is the source of this irritability which renders it impossible to keep the muscles still? We can answer, in general, that irritability means weakness—it is a tendency to too easy an overthrow of the balance in which the living textures exist; the excessive action arises from too rapid a decay. A philosophical physician compares it to the whirling movement of the hands of a watch, of which the mainspring is broken; and the eminent French experimentalist, M. Claude Bernard, has thrown a light on this condition by pointing out that an unnatural proneness to activity exists in every organ of a living animal, at a period immediately preceding the death of the part. In our physical as in our moral nature, strength is calm, patient, orderly; weakness hurries, cannot be at rest, attempts too much. The force, which in the living frame, binds up the elements into organic forms, being relaxed, too easily permits them to sink down, and ineffectual mimics of energy ensue.

But how is living strength to be ensured in respect to the functions we have spoken of? The laws we have been tracing give us a partial answer to this question. Strength in the living body (for reasons that it would be very interesting to trace) is maintained by the full but natural exercise of each organ; and as we have seen, the action of these portions of the nervous system is made dependent upon influences conveyed to them by the sensitive nerves distributed over the various parts of the body. And among these the nerves passing to the skin are the chief. The full access of all healthful stimuli to the surface, and its freedom from all that irritates or impedes its functions, are the first external conditions of the normal vigour of this nervous circle. Among these stimuli, fresh air and pure water hold the first place. Sufficient warmth is second. The great, and even wonderful advantages of cleanliness are partly referrible to the

direct influence of a skin healthily active, open to all the natural stimuli, and free from morbid irritation, upon the nerve-centres of which it is the appointed excitant. This influence is altogether distinct from those cleansing functions which the healthy skin performs for the blood; and in any just estimate of its value is far too important to be overlooked.

That state of general vigour which we call "Tone" also depends upon the healthy action of these nervous centres. It consists in an habitual moderate contraction of the muscles, due to a constant stimulus exerted on them by the spinal cord, and is valuable less for itself than as a sign of a sound nervous balance. Tone is maintained partly by healthful impressions radiated upon the spinal cord, through the nerves, from all parts of the body, and partly by the stimulus poured down upon it from the brain. So it is disturbed by whatever conveys irritating or depressing influences in either direction. A single injudicious meal, a single sleepless night, a single passion or piece of bad news, will destroy it. On the other hand, a vivid hope, a cheerful resolve, an absorbing interest, will restore it as if by magic. For in man these lower officers in the nervous hierarchy draw their very breath according to the biddings of the higher powers. But the dependence of the higher on the lower is no less direct. The mutual action takes place in each line. A chief condition of keeping the brain healthy is to keep these unconscious nervous functions in full vigour, and in natural alternations of activity and repose. Thus it is that (besides its effect in increasing the breathing and the general vigour of the vital processes) muscular exercise has so manifest a beneficial influence on a depressed or irritable state of mind. The bodily movement, by affording an outlet to the activity of the spinal cord, withdraws a source of irritation from the brain; or it may relieve excitement of that organ by carrying off its energy into a safe channel. We see evidence of the same law in the delightful effect of a cheerful walk, and in the demand for violent exertion, which is so frequent in insanity. Every part of the nervous system makes its influence felt by all the rest. A sort of constitutional monarchy exists within us; no power in this small state is absolute, or can escape the checks and limitations which the other powers impose. Doubtless the brain is King; but Lords and Commons have their seats below, and guard their privilege with jealous zeal. If the "constitution" of our personal realm is to be preserved intact, it must be by the efforts of each part, lawfully directed to a common end.

Frozen-out Actors.

IN the eventful year 1587, while Roman Catholics were deploring the death of Mary Stuart; while Englishmen were exulting at the destruction dealt by Drake to a hundred Spanish ships in the port of Cadiz; while the Puritan party was at angry issue with Elizabeth; while John Fox was lying dead, and while Walsingham was actively impeding the ways and means of Armada Philip, by getting his bills protested at Genoa,—there was a little man in the parish of St. Botolph, of which he was the incumbent, nibbling his pen, and making it fly furiously over paper, in wordy war against the stage and stage players.

The name of this well-meaning little man was Gosson. His hatred of theatres, actors, and audiences was, in its sublime phrensy, almost heroic. Its intensity was probably not lessened by the fact that the reverend gentleman had himself written two or three pieces, all which, on being acted, were speedily and irrevocably condemned! In his book against the stage he dwells on perilous allurements connected with the theatre, as though he were more in love with the theme than angry at what he affected to censure. As a logician, where exception may not be made to his premisses, it may be made to his conclusions; and frequently neither one nor the other has a hair's breadth of basis to stand upon. When the Britons ate acorns and drank water, he says, they were giants and heroes; but since plays came in they had dwindled, so he asserts, into a puny race, incapable of noble and patriotic achievements! And yet next year, some pretty fellows of that race were sweeping the Inviincible Armada from the surface of our seas!

From this time, however, the assailants of the stage became unwearied in their onslaught; but they were not always permitted to go unanswered. When, in King James's reign, Sutton made the pulpit of St. Mary Overy re-echo with tirades denouncing the infernal origin of the drama, Field, the actor, stepped forth, and respectfully asked to be informed, in what part of Scripture it was expressly condemned. Sutton devoted to perdition not only the players but their patrons. "His most sacred Majesty is one of these," said courtly Field, and he suggested that the preacher might have manifested more courtesy and not less loyalty, had he not forced upon the public memory the circumstance of the theatre being protected by the king; who, if he favoured certain licensed actors, made up for his error by being merciless against poor strollers.

While London was yet talking admiringly of the Coronation of Charles I., and Parliament was barely according him one pound in twelve of the money-aids of which he was in such need, there was another pamphleteer sending up his testimony from Cheapside to West-

minster, against the alleged abomination of plays and players. This anonymous author does not lack complacency, but begs the Parliament to read his pamphlet, and defies them, having read it, to do aught else, subsequently, but plant their iron heel on the drama and crush it into nothingness for ever.

This writer entitles his work *A Short Treatise against Stage Plays*, and he makes it as sharp as it is short. Plays were invented by heathens, they must necessarily be prejudicial to Christians!—*that* is the style of his assertion and argument. They were invented in order to appease false gods, consequently the playing of them must excite to wrath a true Deity! They are no recreation, because people come away from them wearied. The argument, in tragedy, he informs us, is murder; in comedy, it is social vice. This he designates as bad instruction; and remembering Field's query to Sutton, he would very much like to know in what page of Holy Writ authority is given for the vocation of an actor. He might as well have asked for the suppression of tailors, on the ground of their never being once named in either the Old Testament or the New!

But this author finds condemnation, there, of "stage effects," rehearsed or unrehearsed. You deal with the judgments of God in tragedy, and laugh over the sins of men in comedy; and thereupon he reminds you, not very appositely, that Ham was accursed for deciding his father! Players change their apparel and put on women's attire,—as if they had never read a chapter of Deuteronomy in their lives! If coming on the stage under false representation of their natural names and persons, be not an offence against the Epistle to Timothy, he would thank you to inform him *what* it is! As to looking on these pleasant evils and not falling into sin,—you have heard of Job and King David, and you are worse than an heathen if you do not remember what *they* looked upon with innocent intent, or if you have forgotten what came of the looking.

He reminds parents that while *they* are at the play, there are wooers who are carrying off the hearts of their daughters at home; perhaps, the very daughters themselves *from* home. This seems to me to be less an argument against resorting to the theatre than in favour of your taking places for your "young ladies," as well as for yourselves. The writer does not see this, he looks too wide abroad to see what lies at his feet. He is in Asia, citing the Council of Laodicea against the theatre. He is in Africa, vociferating, as the Council of Carthage did, against audiences. He is in Europe, at Aries, where the Fathers decided that no actor should be admitted to the sacrament. Finally, he unites all these Councils together at Constantinople, and in a three-piled judgment sends stage, actors, and audiences to Gehenna.

If you would only remember that many royal and noble men have been slain when in the theatre, on their way thither, or returning thence, you will have a decent horror of risking a similar fate in like localities. He has known actors who have died after the play was over; he would fain have you believe that there is something in *that*. And when he has

intimated that theatres have been burnt and audiences suffocated, that stages have been swept down by storms, and spectators trodden to death; that less than forty years previous to the time of his writing, eight persons had been killed, and many more wounded, by the fall of a London playhouse; and that a similar calamity, but greater in degree, had lately occurred in the city of Lyons,—the writer conceives he has advanced quite sufficient argument, and administered more than enough of admonition, to deter any audacious person from entering a theatre henceforth and for ever.

This paper pellet failed of its purpose. It had not long been printed, and was altogether forgotten, when the vexed author might have seen four actors sailing joyously along the Strand. There they are, Master Moore (there were no *managers* then; they were “masters” till the Georgian era), Master Moore, heavy Foster, mirthful Guilman, and airy Townsend. The master carries in his pocket a royal licence to form a company, whose members, in honour of the king’s sister, shall be known as “the Lady Elizabeth’s servants;” with permission to act when and where they please, in and about the city of London, unless when the plague should be more than ordinarily prevalent.

There was no present opportunity to touch these licensed companies; and, accordingly, a sect of men who professed to unite loyalty with orthodoxy, looking eagerly about them for offenders, detected an unlicensed fraternity playing a comedy in the house of Sir John Yorke. The result of this was the assembling of a nervously-agitated troop of offenders in the Star Chamber. One Christopher Mallory was made the scapegoat, for the satisfactory reason that in the comedy alluded to he had represented the devil, and in the last scene, descended through the stage, with a figure of King James on his back, remarking the while, that such was the road by which all Protestants must necessarily travel! Poor Mallory, condemned to fine and imprisonment, meekly observed that there were two points, he thought, in his favour,—that he had not played in the piece, and had not been even present in the house. No one believed him, and he was held to be the actual representative of the father of lies.

Meanwhile, the public flocked to their favourite houses, and fortune seemed to be most blandly smiling on “masters,” when there suddenly appeared the monster mortar manufactured by Prynne, and discharged by him over London, with an attendant amount of thunder, which shook every building in the metropolis. Prynne had just previously seen the painters busily at work in beautifying the old “Fortune,” and the decorators gilding the horns of the “Red Bull.” He had been down to Whitefriars, and had there beheld a new theatre rising on the old time-honoured site. He was unable to be longer silent, and, in 1633, out came his *Histrion-Mastix*. I suppose our sires really accomplished what I have frequently said in vain, namely, the reading through, from title-page to *finis*, the thousand and several hundred pages of which this ponderous volume is composed. Thence, perhaps, arose the exultation of his followers, and the indignation of his adversaries. Prynne does not say

how many prayer-books had been recently published, but he notes, with a cry of anguish, the printing of forty thousand plays within the last two years. "There are five devil's chapels," he says, "in London; and yet in more extensive Rome, in Nero's days, there were but three, and those," he adds, "were three too many!" When the writer gets beyond statistics he grows rude; but he was at least sincere, and accepted all the responsibility of the course taken by him, advisedly.

While the anger excited by this attack on pastimes favoured by the king was yet hot, the assault itself was met by a defiance. The gentlemen of the Inns of Court closed their law-books, got up a masque, and played it at Whitehall, in the presence of a delighted audience, consisting of royal and noble personages. The most play-loving of the lords followed the example afforded by the lawyers, and the king himself assumed the buskins and turned actor, for the nonce. Tom Carew was busy with superintending the rehearsals of his *Cælum Britannicum*, and in urging honest and melodious Will Lawes to progress more rapidly with the music. Cavalier Will was not to be hurried, but did his work steadily; and Prynne might have heard him and his brother Harry humming the airs over as they walked together across the park to Whitehall. When the day of representation arrived, great was the excitement and intense the delight of some, and the scorn of others. Among the noble actors who rode down to the palace was Rich, Earl of Holland. All passed off so pleasantly that no one dreamed it was the inauguration of a struggle in which Prynne was to lose his estate, his freedom, and his ears, the king and the earl their heads; while gallant Will Lawes, as honest a man as any of them, was, a dozen years after, to be found among the valiant dead who fell at the siege of Chester.

Ere this *dénouement* to a tragedy so mirthfully commenced had been logically reached, there were other defiances cast in the teeth of audacious, but too harshly-treated Prynne. There was a reverend playwright about town, whom Eton loved and Oxford highly prized; Ben Jonson called him his "son," and Bishop Fell, who presumed to give an opinion on subjects of which he was totally ignorant (and yet he might have remembered Shakspeare himself), pronounced the Rev. William Cartwright to be "the utmost that man could come to!" For the Christ Church students, at Oxford, Cartwright wrote the "Royal Slave," one of three out of his four plays which sleep under a righteous oblivion. The king and queen went down to witness the performance of the scholastic amateurs; and, considering that a main incident of the piece comprises a revolt in order to achieve some reasonable liberty for an oppressed people, the subject may be considered more suggestive than felicitous. The fortunes of many of the audience were about to undergo mutation, but there was an actor there whose merited prosperity may be said to have commenced on or from that day. All the actors played with spirit, but this especial one manifested such self-possession, displayed such judgment, and exhibited such powers of conception and execution, that king, queen,

and all the illustrious audience showered down upon him applauses—hearty, loud, and long. His name was Busby. He had been so poor that he received 5*l.* to enable him to take his degree of B.A. Westminster was soon to possess him, for nearly threescore years the most famous of her “masters.” “A very great man!” said Sir Roger de Coverley; “he whipped my grandfather!”

When Prynne, and Bastwick, and Burton—released from prison by the Long Parliament—entered London in triumph, with wreaths of ivy and rosemary round their hats, the players who stood on the causeway, or at tavern windows, to witness the passing of the victims, must have felt uneasy at their arch-enemy being loose again. Between politics, perverse parties, the plague, and the parliament, the condition of the actors fell from bad to worse. In a dialogue which professedly passed at this time between Cane of the “Fortune” and Reed of the “Friars,” one of the speakers deploras the going-out of all good old things, and the other, sighingly, remarks that true Latin is as little in fashion at Inns of Court as good clothes are at Cambridge. At length arrived the fatal year 1647, when, after some previous attempts to abolish the vocation of the actors, the parliament disbanded the army and suppressed the players. The latter struggled manfully, but not so successfully, as the soldiery. They were treated with less consideration; the decree of February, 1647, informed them that they were no better than heathens; that they were intolerable to Christians; that they were incorrigible and vicious offenders, who would now be compelled by whip, and stocks, and gyves, and prison fare, to obey ordinances which they had hitherto treated with contempt. Had not the glorious Elizabeth stigmatized them as “rogues,” and the sagacious James as “vagabonds?” Mayors and sheriffs, and high and low constables were let loose upon them, and encouraged to be merciless; menace was piled upon menace; money penalties were hinted at in addition to corporal punishments—and, after all, plays were enacted in spite of this counter-enactment.

But these last enactors were not to be trifled with; and the autumn saw accomplished what had not been effected in the spring. The *Perfect Weekly Account* for “Wednesday, Oct. 20, to Tuesday, Oct. 26,” informs its readers that on “Friday an ordinance passed both houses for suppressing of stage-plays, which of late began to come in use again.” The ordinance itself is as uncivil a document as ever proceeded from ruffled authority; and the framers clearly considered that if they had not crushed the stage for ever, they had unquestionably frozen-out the actors as long as the existing government should endure.

At this juncture, historians inform us that many of the ousted actors took military service—generally, as was to be expected, on the royalist side. But, in 1647, the struggle was virtually over. The great fire was quenched, and there was only a trampling out of sparks and embers. Charles Hart, the actor—grandson of Shakspeare’s sister—holds a prominent place among these players turned soldiers, as one who rose to be a

major in Rupert's Horse. Charles Hart, however, was at this period only seventeen years of age, and more than a year and a half had elapsed since Rupert had been ordered beyond sea, for his weak defence of Bristol. Rupert's major was, probably, that very "jolly good fellow" with whom Pepys used to take wine and anchovies to such excess as to make it necessary for the "girl" to rise early, and fetch her sick master fresh water wherewith to slake his thirst in the morning.

The enrolment of actors in either army occurred at an earlier period, and one Hart was certainly among them. Thus Allen, erst of the Cockpit, filled the part of quartermaster-general to the king's army at Oxford. Burt became a cornet, Shatterel was something less dignified in the same branch of the service,—the cavalry. These survived to see the old curtain once more drawn; but record is made of the death of one gallant player, said to be Will Robinson, whom doughty Harrison encountered in fight, and through whom he passed his terrible sword, shouting at the same time: "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently!" This serious bit of stage business would have been more dramatically arranged had Robinson been encountered by Swanston, a player of Presbyterian tendencies, who served in the Parliamentary army. A "terrific broad-sword combat" between the two might have been an encounter at which both armies might have looked on with interest, and supported by applause. Of the military fortunes of the actors none was so favourable as brave little Mohun's, who crossed to Flanders, returned a major, and was subsequently set down in the "cast" under his military title. Old Taylor retired, with that original portrait of Shakspeare to solace him, which was to pass, by the hands of Davenant, to that glory of our stage, "incomparable Betterton." Pollard, too, withdrew, and lusty Lowin, after a time, kicked both sock and buskin out of sight, clapped on an apron, and appeared, with well-merited success, as landlord of the Three Pigeons, at Brentford.

Meanwhile there was a most obstinate pursuit of the drama under difficulties, and great wrong complained of by the actors. These could not comprehend why their office was suppressed, while the bear-baiters were putting money in both pockets, and non-edifying puppet-shows were enriching their proprietors. If Shakspeare was driven from Blackfriars and the Cockpit, was it fair to allow *Bel and the Dragon* to be enacted by dolls, at the foot of Holborn Bridge? The players were told that the public would profit by the abolition of their vocation. Loose young gentlemen, fast merchant-factors, and wild young apprentices were no longer to be seen, it was said, hanging about the theatres, spending all their spare money, much that they could not spare, and not a little which was not theirs to spend. It was uncivilly suggested that the actors were a merry sort of thieves, who used to attach themselves to the puny gallants who sought their society, and strip them of the gold pieces in their pouches, the bodkin on their thighs, the girdles buckled to give them shape, and the very beavers jauntily plumed to lend them grace and stature.

In some of the streets by the river side a tragedy king or two found refuge with kinsfolk. The old theatres stood erect and desolate, and the owners, with hands in empty pockets, asked how they were to be expected to pay ground-rent, now that they earned nothing? whereas their afternoon-share used to be twenty—ay, thirty shillings, sir! And see, the flag is still flying above the old house over the water, and a lad who erst played under it looks up at the banner with a proud sorrow. An elder actor puts his hands on the lad's shoulder, and cries: "Before the old scene is on again, boy, thy face will be as battered as the flag there on the roof-top!" And as this elder actor passes on, he has a word with a poor fellow-mime who has been less provident than he, and whose present necessities he relieves according to his means. Near them stand a couple of deplorable-looking "door-keepers," or, as we should call them now, "money-takers," and the well-to-do ex-actor has his allusive joke at their old rascality, and affects to condole with them that the time is gone by when they used to scratch their neck where it itched not, and then dropped shilling and half-crown pieces behind their collars! But they were not the only poor rogues who suffered by revolution. That slipshod tapster, whom a guest is cudgelling at a tavern-door, was once the proudest and most extravagantly-dressed of the tobacco-men, whose notice the smokers in the pit gingerly entreated, and who used to vend, at a penny the pipeful, tobacco that was not worth a shilling a cart-load. And behold other evidences of the hardness of the times! Those shuffling fiddlers who so humbly peer through the low windows into the tavern room, and meekly inquire: "Will you have any music, gentlemen?" they are tuneful relics of the band who were wont to shed harmony from the balcony above the stage, and play in fashionable houses, at the rate of ten shillings for each hour. *Now*, they shamble about in pairs, and resignedly accept the smallest dole, and think mournfully of the time when they heralded the coming of kings, and softly tuned the dirge at the burying of Ophelia!

Even these have pity to spare for a lower class than themselves,—the journeymen playwrights, whom the managers once retained at an annual stipend and "beneficial second nights." The old playwrights were fain to turn pamphleteers, but their works sold only for a penny, and that is the reason why those two shabby-genteel people, who have just nodded sorrowfully to the fiddlers, are not joyously tipping sack and Gascony wine, but are imbibing unorthodox ale and heretical small beer. "*Omni-bus graviora coturnis!*" murmurs the old actor, whose father was a schoolmaster; "it's more pitiful than any of your tragedies!"

This picture is no counterfeit presentment. It is true limning. The distress was severe, but the profession had to abide it. Much amendment was promised, if only something of the old life might be pursued without peril of the stocks or the whipping-post. The authorities would not heed these promises, but grimly smiled,—at the actors, who undertook to promote virtue; the poets, who engaged to be proper of speech; the managers,

who bound themselves to prohibit the entrance of all temptations into "the sixpenny rooms;" and the tobacco-men, who swore with earnest irreverence, to vend nothing but the pure Spanish leaf, even in the three-penny galleries.

The distressed actors who had not been fortunate enough to obtain military engagements, or other occupation, did not lose heart under their difficulties. While the king was alive they seemed to have kept up their courage, and making the best of a poor season looked, not altogether patiently, perhaps, for more favourable times.

But the tragedy which ended with the killing of the king gave sad hearts to the comedians, who were in worse plight than before, being now deprived of hope itself. One or two contrived to print and sell old plays for their own benefit; a few authors continued to add a new piece, now and then, to the stock, and that there were readers for them we may conjecture from the fact of the advertisements which began to appear in the papers,—sometimes of the publication of a solitary play, at another of the entire dramatic works of that most noble lady, the Marchioness of Newcastle. The actors themselves united boldness with circumspection. Richard Cox, dropping the words *play* and *player*, constructed a mixed entertainment in which he spoke and sang, and, on one occasion so aptly mimicked the character of an artisan, that a master in the craft kindly and earnestly offered to engage him. During the suppression, Cowley's *Guardian* was privately played at Cambridge. The authorities would seem to have winked at these private representations, or to have declined noticing them until after the expiration of the period within which the actors were exposed to punishment. Too great audacity, however, was very promptly and severely visited, from the earliest days after the issuing of the prohibitory decree. A first-rate troop obtained possession of the Cockpit for a few days, in 1648. They had played, unmolested, for three days, and were in the very midst of the *Bloody Brother*, on the fourth, when the house was invaded by the Puritan soldiery, the actors captured, the audience dispersed, and the seats and the stage righteously smashed into fragments. The players (some of them among the most accomplished of their day,) were paraded through the streets in all their stage finery, and clapped into the Gate House and other prisons, whence they were too happy to escape, after much unseemly treatment, at the cost of all the theatrical property which they had carried on their backs into durance vile.

This severity, visited in other houses as well as the Cockpit, caused some actors to despair, while it rendered others only a little more discreet. Rhodes, the old prompter at Blackfriars, turned bookseller, and opened a shop at Charing Cross. There, he and one Betterton, an ex-under-cook in the kitchen of Charles I., who lived in Tothill Street, talked mournfully over the past, and, according to their respective humours, of the future. The cook's sons listened the while, and one of them especially took delight in hearing old stories of players, and in cultivating an acquaintance with the old theatrical bookseller. In the neighbourhood of the ex-prompter's

shop, knots of very slenderly built players used to congregate at certain seasons. A delegate from their number might be seen whispering to the citizen captain in command at Whitehall, who, as wicked people reported, consented for a "consideration" not to bring his red-coats down to the Bull or other localities where private stages were erected,—especially during the time of Bartholomew Fair, Christmas and other joyous tides. To his shame be it recorded, the captain occasionally broke his promise, or the poor actors had fallen short in their purchase-money of his pledge, and in the very middle of the piece, the little theatre would be invaded, and the audience be rendered subject to as much virtuous indignation as the actors.

The cause of the latter, however, found supporters in many of the members of the aristocracy. Close at hand, near Rhodes's shop, lived Lord Hatton, first of the four peers so styled. His house was in Scotland Yard. His lands had gone by forfeiture, but the proud old Cheshire land-owner cared more for the preservation of the deed by which he and his ancestors had held them, than he did for the loss of the acres themselves. Hatton was the employer, so to speak, of Dugdale, and the patron of literary men and of actors, and—it must be added—of very frivolous company besides. He devoted much time to the preparation of a Book of Psalms and the ill-treatment of his wife; and was altogether an eccentric personage, for he recommended Lambert's daughter as a personally and politically suitable wife for Charles II., and afterwards discarded his own eldest son for marrying that incomparable lady. In Hatton, the players had a supreme patron in town; and they found friends as serviceable to them in the noblemen and gentlemen residing a few miles from the capital. These patrons opened their houses to the actors, for stage representations; but even this private patronage had to be distributed discreetly. Goffe, the light-limbed lad who used to play women's parts at the "Blackfriars," was generally employed as messenger to announce individually to the audience when they were to assemble, and to the actors the time and place for the play. One of the mansions wherein these dramatic entertainments were most frequently given, was Holland House, Kensington. It was then held and inhabited by the widowed countess of that unstable Earl of Holland, whose head had fallen on the scaffold, in March, 1649; but this granddaughter of old Sir Walter Cope, who lost Camden House at cards to a Cheapside mercer, Sir Baptist Hicks, was a strong-minded woman, and perhaps found some consolation in patronizing the pleasures which the enemies of her defunct lord so stringently prohibited. When the play was over, a collection was made among the noble spectators, whose contributions were divided between the players, according to the measure of their merits. This done, they wended their way down the avenue to the high road, where probably, on some bright summer afternoon, if a part of them prudently returned afoot to town, a joyous but less prudent few "padded it" to Brentford, and made a short but glad night of it with their brother of the "Three Pigeons."

At the most this was but a poor life; but such as it was, the players were obliged to make the best of it. If they were impatient, it was not without some reason, for though Oliver despised the stage, he could condescend to laugh at and with men of less dignity in their vocation than actors. Buffoonery was not entirely expelled from his otherwise grave court. At the marriage festival of his daughter Frances and his son-in-law Mr. Rich, the Protector would not tolerate the utterance of a line from Shakspeare, expressed from the lips of a player; but there were hired buffoons at that entertainment, which they well-nigh brought to a tragical conclusion. A couple of these saucy fellows seeing Sir Thomas Hillingsley, the old gentleman-usher to the Queen of Bohemia, gravely dancing, sought to excite a laugh by trying to blacken his face with a burnt cork. The high-bred, solemn old gentleman was so aroused to anger by this unseemly audacity, that he drew his dagger, and, but for swift interference, would have run it beneath the fifth rib of the most active of his rude assailants. On this occasion, Cromwell himself was almost as lively as the hired jesters; snatching off the wig of his son Richard, he feigned to fling it in the fire, but suddenly passing the wig under him, and seating himself upon it, he pretended that it had been destroyed, amid the servile applause of the edified spectators. The actors might reasonably have argued that *Hamlet* in Scotland Yard or at Holland House was a more worthy entertainment than such grown-up follies in the gallery at Whitehall.

Those follies ceased to be; Oliver had passed away, and Richard had laid down the greatness which had never sat well upon him. Important changes were at hand, and the merry rattle of Monk's drums coming up Gray's Inn Road, and welcomed by thousands of dusty spectators, announced no more cheering prospect to any class than to the actors. The Oxford vintner's son, Will Davenant, might be seen bustling about in happy hurry, eagerly showing young Betterton how Taylor, the original *Hamlet*, used to play that part under the instruction of the author, Mr. Shakspeare, and announcing bright days at hand to open-mouthed Kynaston, ready at a moment's warning to leap over his master's counter, and take his standing at the balcony as the smooth-checked Juliet.

Meanwhile, that master, beaming old Rhodes, with a head full of old memories of the joyous Blackfriars' days, and the merry afternoons over the water, at the Globe, leaving his once apprentice, Betterton, listening to Davenant's stage histories, and Kynaston, not yet out of his time, longing to flaunt it before the footlights, took his own way to Hyde Park, where Monk was encamped, and there obtained, in due time, from that far-seeing individual, licence to once more raise the theatrical flag, enrol the actors, light up the stage, and, in a word, revive the English theatre. In a few days the drama commenced its new career in the Cockpit, in Drury Lane; and this fact seemed so significant as to the character of General Monk's tastes that, subsequently, when he and the Council of State dined in the city halls, the companies treated their guests, after

dinner, with satirical farces, such as *Citizen and Soldier*, *Country Tom and City Dick*, with, as the newspapers inform us, "dancing and singing, many shapes and ghosts, and the like; and all to please his Excellency the Lord General."

The English stage owes a debt of gratitude to both Monk and Rhodes. The former made glorious summer of the actors' winter of discontent; and the latter inaugurated the Restoration by introducing young Betterton. The son of Charles the First's cook was, for fifty-one years, the pride of the English theatre. His acting was witnessed by more than one old contemporary of Shakspeare,—the poet's younger brother being among them,—he surviving till shortly after the accession of Charles the Second; and a few of Betterton's younger fellow-actors lived to speak of his great glory to old stagers who were loquacious in the early days of elderly men yet paying seat and lot among us. The frozen-out actors warmed into life and laughter again beneath the sunshine of his presence. His dignity, his marvellous talent, his versatility, his imperishable fame, are all well known and acknowledged. His industry is indicated by the fact that he created one hundred and thirty new characters! Among them were *Jaffier* and *Valentine*, three *Virginiiuses*, and *Sir John Brute*. He was as mirthful in *Fulstaf* as he was majestic in *Alexander*; and the craft of his *Ulysses*, the grace and passion of his *Hamlet*, the terrible force of his *Othello*, were not more remarkable than the low comedy of his *Old Bachelor*, the airiness of his *Woodville*, or the cowardly bluster of his *Thersites*. The old actors who had been frozen out, and the new who had much to learn, could not have rallied round a more noble or a worthier chief; for Betterton was not a greater actor than he was a true and honourable gentleman. Only for him the old frozen-outs would have fared but badly. He enriched himself and them, and, as long as he lived, gave dignity to his profession. The humble lad, born in Tothill Street, before monarchy and the stage went down, had a royal funeral in Westminster Abbey, after dying in harness almost in sight of the lamps. He deserved no less, for he was the king of an art which had well-nigh perished in the Commonwealth times, and he was a monarch who probably has never since had, altogether, his equal. Off, as on the stage, he was exemplary in his bearing; true to every duty; as good a country-gentleman on his farm in Berkshire as he was perfect actor in town; pursuing with his excellent wife the even tenor of his way; not tempted by the vices of his time, nor disturbed by its politics; not tippling like Underhill, not plotting and betraying the plotters against William, like Goodman, nor carrying letters for a costly fee between London and St. Germain, like Scudamore. If there had been a leading player on the stage in 1647, with the qualities, public and private, which distinguished Betterton, there perhaps would have been a less severe ordinance than that which inflicted so much misery on the "frozen-out actors."

The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

BY ONE OF THE FIRM.

CHAPTER XIX.

GEORGE ROBINSON'S MARRIAGE.

Thus ended George Robinson's dream of love. Never again will he attempt that phase of life. Beauty to him in future shall be a thing on which the eye may rest with satisfaction, as it may on the sculptor's chiselled marble, or on the varied landscape. It shall be a thing to look at,—possibly to possess. But for the future George Robinson's heart shall be his own. George Robinson is now wedded, and he will admit of no second wife. On that same Tuesday which was to have seen him made the legal master of Maryanne's charms, he vowed to himself that Commerce should be his bride; and, as in the dead of night he stood on the top of the hill of Ludgate, he himself, as high-priest, performed the ceremony. "Yes," said he on that occasion, "O goddess, here I devote myself to thy embraces, to thine and thine only. To live for thee shall satisfy both my heart and my ambition. If thou wilt be kind, no softer loveliness shall be desired by me. George Robinson has never been untrue to his vows, nor shalt thou, O my chosen one, find him so now. For thee will I labour, straining every nerve to satisfy thy wishes. Woman shall henceforward be to me a doll for the adornment of whose back it will be my business to sell costly ornaments. In no other light will I regard the loveliness of her form. O sweet Commerce, teach me thy lessons! Let me ever buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. Let me know thy hidden ways, and if it be that I am destined for future greatness, and may choose the path by which it shall be reached, it is not great wealth at which I chiefly aim. Let it rather be said of me that I taught the modern world of trade the science of advertisement."

Thus did he address his new celestial bride, and as he spoke a passing cloud rolled itself away from before the moon's face, and the great luminary of the night shone down upon his upturned face. "I accept the omen," said Robinson, with lightened heart; and from that moment his great hopes never again altogether failed him, though he was doomed to pass through scorching fires of commercial disappointment.

But it must not be supposed that he was able to throw off his passion for Maryanne Brown without a great inward struggle. Up to that moment, in which he found Brisket in Mr. Brown's room, and, as he

stood for a moment on the landing-place, heard that inquiry made as to the use of his name, he had believed that Maryanne would at last be true to him. Poppins, indeed, had hinted his suspicions, but in the way of prophecy Poppins was a Cassandra. Poppins saw a good deal with those twinkling eyes of his, but Robinson did not trust to the wisdom of Poppins. Up to that hour he had believed in Maryanne, and then in the short flash of an instant the truth had come upon him. She had again promised herself to Brisket, if Brisket would only take her. Let Brisket have her if he would. A minute's thought was sufficient to bring him to this resolve. But hours of scorching torment must be endured ere he could again enjoy the calm working of a sound mind in a sound body.

It has been told how in the ecstasy of his misery he poured out the sorrows of his bleeding heart before his brethren at the debating club. They, with that ready sympathy which they always evince for the success or failure of any celebrated brother, at once adjourned themselves; and Robinson walked out, followed at a distance by the faithful Poppins.

"George, old fellow!" said the latter, touching his friend on the shoulder, at the corner of Bridge Street.

"Leave me!" exclaimed Robinson. "Do not pry into sorrows which you cannot understand. I would be alone with myself this night."

"You'd be better if you'd come to the Mitre, and smoke a pipe," said Poppins.

"Pipe me no pipes," said Robinson.

"Oh, come. You'd better quit that, and take it easy. After all, isn't it better so, than you should find her out when it was too late? There's many would be glad to have your chance."

"Man!" shouted Robinson, and as he did so he turned round upon his friend and seized him by the collar of his coat. "I loved that woman. Forty thousand Poppins could not, with all their quantity of love, make up my sum."

"Very likely not," said Poppins.

"Would'st thou drink up Esil? Would'st thou eat a crocodile?"

"Heaven forbid," said Poppins.

"I'll do it. And if thou prate of mountains——"

"But I didn't."

"No, Poppins, no. That's true. Though I should be Hamlet, yet art not thou Laertes. But Poppins, thou art Horatio."

"I'm Thomas Poppins, old fellow; and I mean to stick to you till I see you safe in bed."

"Thou art Horatio, for I've found thee honest. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

"Come, old fellow."

"Poppins, give me that man that is not passion's slave, and I will

wear him in my heart's core; ay, in my heart of hearts, as I do thee." And then, falling on Poppins's neck, George Robinson embraced him.

"You'll be better after that," said Poppins. "Come, let's have a little chat over a drop of something hot, and then we'll go to bed. I'll stand Sammy."

"Something hot!" said Robinson. "I tell you, Poppins, that everything is hot to me. Here, here I'm hot." And then he struck his breast. "And yet I'm very cold. 'Tis cold to be alone; cold to have lost one's all. Poppins, I've loved a harpy."

"I believe you're about right there," said Poppins.

"A harpy! Her nails will grow to talons, and on her feet are hoofs. Within she is horn all over. There's not a drop of blood about her heart. Oh, Poppins!"

"You're very well out of it, George. But yet I'm sorry for you. I am, indeed."

"And now, good-night. This way is mine; yours there."

"What! to the bridge? No; I'm blessed if you do; at any rate not alone."

"Poppins, tell me this; was Hamlet mad, or did he feign so?"

"Faith, very likely the latter. Many do that now. There are better rations in Bedlam, than in any of the gaols;—let alone the workhouses."

"Ay; go mad for rations! There's no feigning there, Poppins. The world is doing that. But, Poppins, Hamlet feigned; and so do I. Let the wind blow as it may, I know a hawk from a handsaw. Therefore you need not fear me."

"I don't; but I won't let you go on to that bridge alone. You'll be singing that song of a suicide, till you're as low as low. Come and drink a drop of something, and wish Brisket joy with his wife."

"I will," said Robinson. And so the two went to the Mitre; and there, comforted by the truth and honesty of his friend, Robinson resolved that he would be weak no longer, but, returning at once to his work, would still struggle on to rescue the house of Brown, Jones, and Robinson from that bourne of bankruptcy to which it was being hurried by the incompetency of his partners.

The following day was Sunday, and he rose at twelve with a racking headache. He had promised to take a chop with his friend at two, and at that hour he presented himself, with difficulty, at Mrs. Poppins's room. She was busy laying the cloth as he entered, but his friend was seated, half-dressed, unshorn, pale, and drooping, in an old arm-chair near the window.

"It's a shame for you, George Robinson," said the lady, as he entered, "so it is. Look at that, for a father of a family,—coming home at three o'clock in the morning, and not able to make his way upstairs till I went down and fetched him!"

"I told her that we were obliged to sit out the debate," said Poppins, winking eagerly at his friend.

"Debate, indeed! A parcel of geese as you call yourself—only geese go to bed betimes, and never get beastly drunk, as you was, Poppins."

"I took a bit of stewed cheese, which always disagrees with me."

"Stewed cheese never disagrees with you when I'm with you. I'll tell you what it is, Poppins; if you ain't at home and in bed by eleven o'clock next Saturday, I'll go down to the Goose and Gridiron, and I'll have that old Grand out of his chair. That's what I will. I suppose your're so bad you can't eat a bit of nothing." In answer to which, Robinson said that he did not feel himself to be very hungry.

"It's a blessing to Maryanne to have lost you: that's what it is."

"Stop, woman," said Robinson.

"Don't you woman me any womans. I know what stuff you're made of. It's a blessing for her not to have to do with a man who comes home roaring drunk, like a dead log, at three o'clock in the morning."

"Now, Polly, —" began poor Poppins.

"Oh, ah, Polly! Yes. Polly's very well. But it was a bad day for Polly when she first sat eyes on you. There was Sergeant MacNash never took a drop too much in his life. And you're worse than Robinson ten times. He's got no children at home, and no wife. If he kills himself with tobacco and gin, nobody will be much the worse. I know one who's got well out of it anyway. And now, if either of you are able to eat, you can come." Robinson did not much enjoy his afternoon, but the scenes, as they passed, served to reconcile him to that lonely life which must, henceforward, be his fate. What was there to enjoy in the fate of Poppins, and what in the proposed happiness of Brisket? Could not a man be sufficient for himself alone? Was there aught of pleasantness in that grinding tongue of his friend's wife? Should not one's own flesh—the bone of one's bone—bind up one's bruises, pouring in balm with a gentle hand? Poppins was wounded sorely about the head and stomach, and of what nature was the balm which his wife administered? He, Robinson, had longed for married bliss, but now he longed no longer.

On the following Monday and Tuesday he went silently about his work, speaking hardly a word to anybody. Mr. Brown greeted him with an apologetic sigh, and Jones with a triumphant sneer; but he responded to neither of them. He once met Maryanne in the passage, and bowed to her with a low salute, but he did not speak to her. He did not speak to her, but he saw the colour in her cheek, and watched her downcast eye. He was still weak as water, and had she clung to him even then, he would have even then forgiven her! But she passed on, and, as she left the house, she slammed the door behind her.

A little incident happened on that day, which is mentioned to show that, even in his present frame of mind, Robinson was able to take advantage of the smallest incident on behalf of his firm. A slight crowd had been collected round the door in the afternoon, for there had been a quarrel between Mr. Jones and one of the young men, in which loud words had reached the street, and a baby, which a woman held in her

arms, had been somewhat pressed and hurt. As soon as the tidings reached Robinson's ears he was instantly at his desk, and before the trifling accident was two hours passed, the following bill was in the printer's hands :—

"CAUTION TO MOTHERS!—MOTHERS, BEWARE!"

"Three suckling infants were yesterday pressed to death in their mothers' arms by the crowd which had congregated before the house of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, at Nine times Nine, Bishopsgate Street, in their attempts to be among the first purchasers of that wonderful lot of cheap but yet excellent flannels, which B., J., and R. have just imported. Such flannels, at such a price, were never before offered to the British public. The sale, at the figures quoted below, will continue for three days more.

"Magenta House."

And then followed the list.

It had chanced that Mr. Brown had picked up a lot of remnants from a wholesale house in Houndsditch, and the genius of Robinson immediately combined that fact with the little accident above mentioned.

CHAPTER XX.

SHOWING HOW MR. BRISKET DIDN'T SEE HIS WAY.

THEN two months passed by, and the summer was over. Early in September Mr. Brown had been taken ill, and he went to Margate for a fortnight with his unmarried daughter. This had been the means of keeping Brisket quiet for a while with reference to that sum of money which he was to receive, and had given a reason why the marriage with him should not be performed at once. On Mr. Brown's return, the matter was discussed, and Brisket became impatient. But the middle of October had come before any steps were taken to which it will be necessary to allude in the annals of the firm.

At that time Brisket, on two successive days, was closeted with his proposed father-in-law, and it was evident to Robinson that after each of these interviews Mr. Brown was left in an unhappy frame of mind. At this time the affairs of the shop were not absolutely ruinous,—or would not have been so had there been a proper watch kept on the cash taken over the counter. The heaviest amounts due were to the stationer, printer, and advertising agents. This was wrong, for such people of course press for their money; and whatever hitch or stoppage there may be in trade, there should, at any rate, be no hitch or stoppage in the capability for advertising. For the goods disposed of by the house payments had been made, if not with absolute punctuality on every side, at any rate so fairly that some supply was always forthcoming. The account at the bank had always been low; and, though a few small bills had been discounted, nothing like a mercantile system of credit had been established. All this was wrong, and had already betrayed the fact that Brown, Jones, and Robinson were little people, trading in a little way. It is useless to con-

veal the fact now, and these memoirs would fail to render to commerce that service which is expected from them, were the truth on this matter kept back from the public. Brown, Jones, and Robinson had not soared upwards into the empyrean vault of commercial greatness on eagle's wings. There are bodies so ponderous in their nature, that for them no eagle's wings can be found. The firm had commenced their pecuniary transactions on a footing altogether weak and unsubstantial. They had shown their own timidity, and had confessed, by the nature of their fiscal transactions, that they knew themselves to be small. To their advertising agents they should never have been behindhand in their payments for one day; but they should have been bold in demanding credit from their bank, and should have given their orders to the wholesale houses without any of that hesitation or reserve which so clearly indicates feebleness of purpose.

But in spite of this acknowledged weakness, a brisk trade over the counter had been produced; and though the firm had never owned a large stock, an unremitting sale was maintained of small goods, such as ribbons, stockings, handkerchiefs, and cotton gloves. The Katakairion shirts also had been successful, and now there was a hope that, during the coming winter, something might be done in African monkey muffs. At that time, therefore, the bill of the house at three months, though not to be regarded as a bank-note, was not absolutely waste paper. How far Brisket's eyes were open on this matter cannot now be said; but he still expressed himself willing to take one hundred pounds in cash, and the remainder of Maryanne's fortune in the bill of the firm at three months.

And then Mr. Brisket made a third visit to Bishopsgate Street. On all these occasions he passed by the door of the little room in which Robinson sat, and well did his late rival know his ponderous step. His late rival; for Brisket was now welcome to come and go. "Mr. Brown!" said he, on one occasion, "I have come here to have a settlement about this thing at once."

"I've been ill, Brisket; very ill, you know," said Mr. Brown, pleadingly, "and I'm not strong now."

"But that can't make no difference about the money. Maryanne is willing, and me also. When Christmas is coming on, it's a busy time in our trade, and I can't be minding that sort of thing then. If you've got the cash ready, and that bit of paper, we'll have it off next week."

"I've never spoken to him about the paper;" and Mr. Brown, as he uttered these words, pointed down towards the room in which Robinson was sitting.

"Then you'd better," said Brisket. "For I shan't come here again after to-day. I'll see it out now one way or the other, and so I've told Maryanne."

Mr. Brown's sigh when he heard these words was prolonged and deep. "You heard what he said that night," continued Brisket. "You ask him. He's game for anything of that sort."

All these words Robinson had overheard, for the doors of the two rooms were close together, and neither of them had been absolutely closed. Now was the moment in which it behoved him to act. No false delicacy as to the nature of the conversation between his partner and that partner's proposed son-in-law withheld him; but rising from his seat, he walked straight into the upper room.

"Here he is, by jingo," said Brisket. "Talk of the ——"

"Speak of an angel and behold his wings," said Robinson, with a faint smile. "I come on a visit which might befit an angel. Mr. Brown, I consent that your daughter's dowry shall be paid from the funds of the firm."

But Mr. Brown, instead of expressing his thankful gratitude, as was expected, winked at his partner. The dull Brisket did not perceive it, but Robinson at once knew that this act of munificence on his part was not at the moment pleasing to the lady's father.

"You're a trump," said Brisket; "and when we're settled at home like, Maryanne and I that is, I hope you'll let bygones be bygones, and come and take pot luck with us sometimes. If there's a tender bit of steak about the place it shall be sent to the kitchen fire when you show your face."

"Brisket," said Robinson, "there's my hand. I've loved her. I don't deny it. But you're welcome to her. No woman shall ever sit at the hearth of George Robinson;—but at her hearth George Robinson will never sit."

"You shall be as welcome as if you did," said Brisket; "and a man can't say no fairer."

But in the meantime Mr. Brown still continued to wink, and Robinson understood that his consent to that bill transaction was not in truth desired. "Perhaps, Mr. Brisket," said he, "as this is a matter of business, I and my partner had better discuss it for a moment together. We can go down into my room, Mr. Brown."

"With all my heart," said Brisket. "But remember this, both of you: If I don't see my way before I leave the house, I don't come here any more. I know my way pretty well from Aldersgate Street, and I'm sick of the road. I've been true to my word all along, and I'll be true to the end. But if I don't see my way before I leave this house, remember I'm off."

"You shouldn't have said that," whispered Brown to his partner as soon as the two were together.

"Why not?"

"The money won't be there at the end of three months, not if we pay them other things. And where's the hundred pounds of ready to come from?"

"That's your look-out."

"I haven't got it, George. Jones has it, I know; but I can't get it out of him."

"Jones got a hundred pounds! And where should Jones have gotten it?"

"I know we have been wrong, George; I know we have. But you can't wonder at me, George; can you? I did bring four thousand pounds into it; didn't I?"

"And now you haven't got a hundred pounds!"

"If I have it's as much as I can say. But Jones has it, and ever so much more. If Brisket will wait, we can frighten it out of Jones."

"If I know anything of human nature," said Robinson, "Brisket will not wait."

"He would, if you hadn't spoke to him that way. He'd say he wouldn't, and go away, and Maryanne would blow up; but I should have worked the money out of Jones at last, and then Brisket would have waited."

When Mr. Brown had made this disclosure, whispering all the time as he leaned his head and shoulder on Robinson's upright desk, they both remained silent for a while. "We have been wrong," he had said; "I know we have." And Robinson, as he heard the words, perceived that from the beginning to the end he had been a victim. No wonder that the business should not have answered, when such confessions as these were wrung from the senior partner! But the fact alleged by Mr. Brown in his own excuse was allowed its due weight by Robinson, even at that moment. Mr. Brown had possessed money—money which might have made his old age comfortable and respectable in obscurity. It was not surprising that he should be anxious to keep in his own hand some small remnant of his own property. But as for Jones! What excuse could be made for Jones! Jones had been a thief; and worse than ordinary thieves, for his thefts were committed on his own friends.

"And he has got the money," said Robinson.

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Brown, "there's no doubt in life about that."

"Then, by the heaven above us, he shall refund it to the firm from which he has stolen it," shouted Robinson, striking the desk with his fist as he did so.

"Which, George, which; Brisket will hear you."

"Who cares? I have been robbed on every side till I care for nothing! What is Brisket to me, or what is your daughter? What is anything?"

"But, George——"

"Is there no honesty left in the world, Mr. Brown? That there is no love I had already learned. Ah me, what an age is this in which we live! Deceit, deceit, deceit; it is all deceit!"

"The heart of a man is very deceitful," said Mr. Brown. "And a woman's especially."

"Delilah would have been a true wife now-a-days. But never mind. That man is still there, and he must be answered. I have no hundred pounds to give him."

"No, George, no; we're sure of that."

"When this business is broken up, as broken up it soon will be——"

"Oh, George, don't say so."

"Ay, but it will. Then I shall walk out from Magenta House with empty pockets and with clean hands."

"But think of me, George. I had four thousand pounds when we began. Hadn't I, now?"

"I do think of you, and I forgive you. Now go up to Brisket, for he will want his answer. I can assist you no further. My name is still left to me, and of that you may avail yourself. But as for money, George Robinson has none."

About half an hour after that, Mr. Brisket again descended the stairs with his usual ponderous and slow step, and went forth into the street, shaking the dust from his feet as he did so. He was sore offended, and vowed in his heart that he would never enter that house again. He had pressed Mr. Brown home about the money; and that gentleman had suggested to him, first, that it should be given to him on the day after the marriage, and then that it should be included in the bill. "You offered to take it all in one bill before, you know," said Mr. Brown. Hereupon Brisket began to think that he did not see his way at all, and finally left the house in great anger.

He went direct from thence to Mrs. Poppins' lodgings, where he knew that he would find Miss Brown. Poppins himself was, of course, at his work, and the two ladies were together.

"I've come to wish you good-by," he said, as he walked into the room.

"Laws, Mr. Brisket!" exclaimed Mrs. Poppins.

"It's all up about this marriage, and so I thought it right to come and tell you. I began straightforward, and I mean to end straightforward."

"You mean to say you're not going to have her," said Mrs. Poppins.

"Polly, don't make a fool of yourself," said Maryanne. "Do you think I want the man. Let him go." And then he did go, and Miss Brown was left without a suitor.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. BROWN IS TAKEN ILL.

BRISKET kept his word, and never entered Magenta House again, nor, as far as George Robinson is aware, has he seen any of the Brown family from that day on which he gave up his intended marriage to this present. For awhile Maryanne Brown protested that she was well satisfied that this should be so. She declared to Mrs. Poppins that the man was mercenary, senseless, uninteresting, heavy, and brutal; and though in the bosom of her own family she did not speak out with equal freedom, yet

from time to time she dropped words to show that she was not breaking her heart for William Brisket. But this mood did not last long. Before winter had come round the bitterness of gall had risen within her heart, and when Christmas was there her frame of mind was comfortable neither to herself nor to her unfortunate father.

During this time the house still went on. Set a business going, and it is astonishing how long it will continue to move by the force of mere daily routine. People flocked in for shirts and stockings, and young women came there to seek their gloves and ribbons, although but little was done to attract them, either in the way of advertisement or of excellence of supply. Throughout this wretched month or two Robinson knew that failure was inevitable, and with this knowledge it was almost impossible that he should actively engage himself in his own peculiar branch of business. There was no confidence between the partners. Jones was conscious of what was coming and was more eager than ever to feather his own nest. But in these days Mr. Brown displayed a terrible activity. He was constantly in the shop, and though it was evident to all eyes that care and sorrow were heaping upon his shoulders a burden which he could hardly bear, he watched his son-in-law with the eyes of an Argus. It was terrible to see him, and terrible, alas, to hear him; for at this time he had no reserve before the men and women engaged behind the counters. At first there had been a pretence of great love and confidence, but this was now all over. It was known to all the staff that Mr. Brown watched his son-in-law, and known also that the youngest partner had been treated with injustice by them both.

They in the shop, and even Jones himself, knew little of what in these days was going on upstairs. But Robinson knew, for his room was close to that in which Mr. Brown and his daughter lived; and, moreover, in spite of the ill-feeling which could not but exist between him and Miss Brown, he passed many hours in that room with her father. The bitterness of gall had now risen within her breast, and she had begun to realize that truth which must be so terrible for a woman, that she had fallen to the ground between two stools. It is a truth terrible to a woman. There is no position in a man's life of the same aspect. A man may fail in business, and feel that no further chance of any real success can ever come in his way; or he may fail in love, and in the soreness of his heart may know that the pleasant rippling waters of that fountain are for him dried for ever. But with a woman the two things are joined together. Her battle must be fought all in one. Her success in life and her romance must go together, hand in hand. She is called upon to marry for love, and if she marry not for love, she disobeys the ordinance of nature and must pay the penalty. But at the same time all her material fortune depends upon the nature of that love. An industrious man may marry a silly fretful woman, and may be triumphant in his counting-house though he be bankrupt in his drawing-room. But a woman has but the one chance. She must choose her life's companion

because she loves him; but she knows how great is the ruin of loving one who cannot win for her that worldly success which all in the world desire to win.

With Maryanne Brown these considerations had become frightfully momentous. She had in her way felt the desire for some romance in life, but she had felt more strongly still how needful it was that she should attain by her feminine charms a position which would put her above want. "As long as I have a morsel, you shall have half of it," her father had said to her more than once. And she had answered him with terrible harshness, "But what am I to do when you have no longer a morsel to share with me? When you are ruined or dead where must I then look for support and shelter?" The words were harsh, and she was a very Regan to utter them. But, nevertheless, they were natural. It was manifest enough that her father would not provide for her, and for her there was nothing but Eve's lot of finding an Adam who would dig for her support. She was hard, coarse, almost heartless; but it may perhaps be urged in her favour, that she was not wilfully dishonest. She had been promised to one man, and though she did not love him she would have married him, intending to do her duty. But to this he would not consent, except under certain money circumstances which she could not command. Then she learned to love another man, and him she would have married; but prudence told her that she should not do so until he had a home in which to place her. And thus she fell to the ground between two stools, and, falling, perceived that there was nothing before her on which her eye could rest with satisfaction.

There are women, very many women, who could bear this, if with sadness, still without bitterness. It is a lot which many women have to bear; but Maryanne Brown was one within whose bosom all feelings were turned to gall by the prospect of such a destiny. What had she done to deserve such degradation and misfortune? She would have been an honest wife to either husband! That it could be her own fault in any degree she did not for a moment admit. It was the fault of those around her, and she was not the woman to allow such a fault to pass unavenged.

"Father," she would say, "you will be in the workhouse before this new year is ended."

"I hope not, my child."

"Hope! What's the good of hoping? You will. And where am I to go, then? Mother left a handsome fortune behind her, and this is what you've brought us to."

"I've done everything for the best, Maryanne."

"Why didn't you give that man the money when you had it? You'd have had a home then when you'd ruined yourself. Now you'll have no home; neither shall I."

All this was very hard to be borne. "She nags at me that dreadful, George," he once said, as he sat in his old arm-chair, with his head

hanging wearily on his chest, "that I don't know where I am or what I'm doing. As for the workhouse, I almost wish I was there."

She would go also to Poppins' lodgings, and there quarrel with her old friend Polly. It may be that at this time she did not receive all the respect that had been paid to her some months back, and this reverse was to her proud spirit unendurable. "Polly," she said, "if you wish to turn your back upon me, you can do so. But I won't put up with your airs."

"There's nobody turning their back upon you but yourself," Polly replied; "only it's frightful to hear the way you're always a-grumbling;—as if other people hadn't had their ups and downs besides you."

Robinson also was taught by the manner of his friend Poppins that he could not now expect to receive that high deference which was paid to him about the time that Johnson of Manchester had been in the ascendant. Those had been the halcyon days of the firm, and Robinson had then been happy. Men at that time would point him out as he passed, as one worthy of notice; his companions felt proud when he would join them; and they would hint to him, with a mysterious reverence that was very gratifying, their assurance that he was so deeply occupied as to make it impossible that he should give his time to the ordinary slow courtesies of life. All this was over now, and he felt that he was pulled down with rough hands from the high place which he had occupied.

"It's all very well," Poppins would say to him, "but the fact is, you're a-doing of nothing."

"If fourteen hours a day——," began Robinson. But Poppins instantly stopped him.

"Fourteen hours' work a day is nothing, if you don't do anything. A man may sweat hard digging holes and filling them up again. But what I say is, he does not do any good. You've been making out all those long stories about things that never existed, but what's the world the better for it;—that's what I want to know. When a man makes a pair of shoes——" And so he went on. Coming from such a man as Poppins, this was hard to be borne. But nevertheless Robinson did bear it. Men at the "Goose and Gridiron" also would shoulder him now-a-days, rather than make way for him. Goese whose names had never been heard beyond the walls of that room would presume to occupy his place. And on one occasion, when he rose to address the chamber, the Grand omitted the courtesy that had ever been paid to him, and forgot to lay down his pipe. This also he bore without flinching.

It was about the middle of February when a catastrophe happened which was the immediate forerunner of the fall of the house. Robinson had been at his desk early in the morning,—for, though his efforts were now useless, he was always there; and had been struck with dismay by the loudness of Marvanne's tone as she rebuked her father. Then Mrs. Jones had joined them, and the battle had raged still more furiously. The voice of the old man, too, was heard from time to time; when roused by suffer-

ing to anger he would forget to speak in his usual falsetto treble, and break out in a few natural words of rough impassioned wrath. At about ten, Mr. Brown came down into Robinson's room, and, seating himself on a low chair, remained there for awhile without moving, and almost without speaking. "Is she gone, George?" he asked at last.

"Which of them?" said Robinson.

"Sarah Jane. I'm not so used to her, and it's very bad." Then Robinson looked out and said that Mrs. Jones was gone. Whereupon Mr. Brown returned to his own room.

Again and again throughout the day Robinson heard the voices; but he did not go up to the room. He never did go there now, unless specially called upon to do so by business. At about noon, however, there came a sudden silence—a silence so sudden that he noticed it. And then he heard a quick step across the room. It was nothing to him, and he did not move from his seat; but still he kept his ears open, and sat thoughtless of other matters, as though he expected that something was about to happen. The room above was perfectly still, and for a minute or two nothing was done. But then there came the fall of a quicker step across the room, and the door was opened, and Maryanne, descending the four stairs which led to his own closet, was with him in an instant. "George," she said, forgetting all propriety of demeanour, "father's in a fit!"

It is not necessary that the scene which followed should be described with minuteness in these pages. Robinson, of course, went up to Mr. Brown's room, and a doctor was soon there in attendance upon the sick man. He had been struck by paralysis, and thus for a time had been put beyond the reach of his daughters' anger. Sarah Jane was very soon there, but the wretched state in which the old man was lying quieted even her tongue. She did not dare to carry on the combat as she looked on the contorted features and motionless limbs of the poor wretch as he lay on his bed. On her mind came the conviction that this was partly her work, and that if she now spoke above her breath, those around her would accuse her of her cruelty. So she slunk about into corners, whispering now and again with her husband, and quickly took herself off, leaving the task of nursing the old man to the higher courage of her sister.

And Maryanne's courage sufficed for the work. Now that she had a task before her she did it:—as she would have done her household tasks had she become the wife of Brisket or of Robinson. To the former she would have been a good wife, for he would have required no softness. She would have been true to him, tending him and his children;—scolding them from morning to night, and laying, not unfrequently, a rough hand upon them. But for this Brisket would not have cared. He would have been satisfied, and all would have been well. It is a thousand pities that, in that matter, Brisket could not have seen his way.

And now that her woman's services were really needed, she gave them to her father readily. It cannot be said that she was a cheerful nurse.

Had he been in a state in which cheerfulness would have relieved him, her words would have again been sharp and pointed. She was silent and sullen, thinking always of the bad days that were coming to her. But, nevertheless, she was attentive to him,—and during the time of his terrible necessity even good to him. It is so natural to women to be so, that I think even Regan would have nursed Lear, had Lear's body become impotent instead of his mind. There she sat close to his bed, and there from time to time Robinson would visit her. In those days they always called each other George and Maryanne, and were courteous to each other, speaking solely of the poor old sick man, who was so near to them both. Of their former joint hopes, no word was spoken then; nor, at any rate as regards the lady, was there even a thought of love. As to Jones, he very rarely came there. He remained in the shop below; where the presence of some member of the firm was very necessary, for, in these days, the number of hands employed had become low.

"I suppose it's all up down there," she said one day, and as she spoke she pointed towards the shop. At this time her father had regained his consciousness, and had recovered partially the use of his limbs. But even yet he could not speak so as to be understood, and was absolutely helpless. The door of his bedroom was open, and Robinson was sitting in the front room, to which it opened.

"I'm afraid so," said he. "There are creditors who are pressing us; and now that they have been frightened about Mr. Brown, we shall be sold up."

"You mean the advertising people?"

"Yes: the stationer and printer, and one or two of the agents. The fact is, that the money, which should have satisfied them, has been flittered away uselessly."

"It's gone at any rate," said she. "He hasn't got it," and she pointed to her father.

"Nor have I," said Robinson. "I came into it empty-handed, and I shall go out as empty. No one shall say that I cared more for myself than for the firm. I've done my best, and we have failed. That's all."

"I am not going to blame you, George. My look-out is bad enough, but I will not say that you did it. It is worse for a woman than for a man. And what am I to do with him?" And again she pointed towards the inner room. In answer to this Robinson said something as to the wind being tempered for the shorn lamb. "As far as I can see," she continued, "the sheep is best off that knows how to keep its own wool. It's always such cold comfort as that one gets, when the world means to thrust one to the wall. It's only the sheep that lets themselves be shorn. The lions and the tigers know how to keep their own coats on their own backs. I believe the wind blows colder on poor naked wretches than it does on those as have their carriages to ride in. Providence is very good to them that know how to provide for themselves."

"You are young," said he, "and beautiful ——"

"Psha!"

"You will always find a home if you require one."

"Yes; and sell myself! I'll tell you what it is, George Robinson: I wish to enter no man's home, unless I can earn my meat there by my work. No man shall tell me that I am eating his bread for nothing. As for love, I don't believe in it. It's all very well for them as have nothing to do and nothing to think of,—for young ladies who get up at ten in the morning, and ride about with young gentlemen, and spend half their time before their looking-glasses. It's like those poetry books you're so fond of. But it's not meant for them as must earn their bread by their own sweat. You talk about love, but it's only madness for the like of you."

"I shall talk about it no more."

"You can't afford it, George; nor yet can't I. What a man wants in a wife is some one to see to his cooking and his clothes; and what a woman wants is a man who can put a house over her head. Of course, if she have something of her own, she'll have so much the better house. As for me, I've got nothing now."

"That would have made no difference with me." Robinson knew that he was wrong to say this; but he could not help it. He knew that he would be a madman if he again gave way to any feeling of tenderness for this girl, who could be so hard in her manner, so harsh in her speech, and whose temperament was so utterly unsuited to his own. But as she was hard and harsh, so was he in all respects the reverse. As she had told him over and over again, he was tender-hearted even to softness.

"No; it wouldn't," she replied. "And, therefore, with all your cleverness, you are little better than a fool. You have been working hard and living poor these two years back, and what better are you? When that old man was weak enough to give you the last of his money, you didn't keep a penny."

"Not a penny," said Robinson, not without some feeling of pride at his heart.

"And what the better are you for that? Look at them Joneses; they have got money. When the crash comes, they won't have to walk out into the street. They'll start somewhere in a little way, and will do very well."

"And would you have had me become a thief?"

"A thief! You needn't have been a thief. You needn't have taken it out of the drawers as some of them did. I couldn't do that myself. I've been sore tempted, but I could never bring myself to that." Then she got up, and went to her father, and Robinson returned again to the figures that were before him.

"What am I to do with him?" she again said, when she returned. "When he is able to move, and the house is taken away from us, what am I to do with him? He's been bad to me, but I won't leave him."

"Neither will I leave him, Maryanne."

"That's nonsense. You've got nothing, no more than he has ; and he's not your flesh and blood. Where would you have been now, if we'd been married on that day?"

"I should have been nearer to him in blood, but not truer to him as a partner."

"It's lucky for you that your sort of partnership needn't last for ever. You've got your hands and your brain, and at any rate you can work. But who can say what must become of us? Looking at it all through, George, I have been treated hard ; haven't I, now?"

He could only say that of such hard treatment none of it rested on his conscience. At such a moment as this he could not explain to her that had she herself been more willing to trust in others, more prone to believe in Providence, less hard and worldly, things would have been better with her. Even now, could she have relaxed into tenderness for half an hour, there was one at her elbow who would have taken her at once, with all that burden of a worn-out, pauper parent, and have poured into her lap all the earnings of his life. But Maryanne Brown could not relax into tenderness, nor would she ever deign to pretend that she could do so.

The first day on which Mr. Brown was able to come out into the sitting-room was the very day on which Brown, Jones, and Robinson were declared bankrupts. Craddock and Giles, the stationers of St. Mary Axe, held bills of theirs, as to which they would not—or probably could not—wait; and the City and West End Commercial and Agricultural Joint-Stock Bank refused to make any further advances. It was a sad day; but one, at least, of the partners felt relieved when the blow had absolutely fallen, and the management of the affairs of the shop was taken out of the hands of the firm.

"And will we be took to prison?" asked Mr. Brown. They were almost the first articulate words which he had been heard to utter since the fit had fallen on him; and Robinson was quick to assure him that no such misfortune would befall him.

"They are not at all bitter against us," said Robinson; they know we have done our best."

"And what will they do with us?" again asked Mr. Brown.

"We shall have a sale, and clear out everything, and pay a dividend; and then the world will be open to us for further efforts."

"The world will never be open to me again," said Mr. Brown. "And if I had only have kept the money when I had it——"

"Mr. Brown," said Robinson, taking him by the hand, "you are ill now, and, seen through the sickly hue of weakness and infirmity, affairs look bad and distressing; but ere long you will regain your strength."

"No, George, I shall never do that."

On this day the business of the shop still went on, but the proceeds of such sales as were made were carried to the credit of the assignees.

Mr. Jones was there throughout the day, doing nothing, and hardly speaking to any one. He would walk slowly from the front of the shop to the back, and then returning would stand in the doorway, rubbing his hands one over the other. When any female of specially smart appearance entered the shop, he would hand to her a chair, and whisper a few words of oily courtesy; but to those behind the counter he did not speak a word. In the afternoon Mrs. Jones made her appearance, and when she had been there a few minutes, was about to raise the counter door and go behind; but her husband took her almost roughly by the arm, and muttering something to her, caused her to leave the shop. "Ah, I knew what such dishonest doings must come to," she said, as she went her way. "And, what's more, I know who's to blame." And yet it was she and her husband who had brought this ruin on the firm.

"George," said Mr. Brown, that evening, "I have intended for the best,—I have indeed."

"Nobody blames you, sir."

"You blame me about Maryanne."

"No, by heaven : not now."

"And she blames me about the money; but I've meant it for the best, —I have indeed."

All this occurred on a Saturday, and on that same evening Robinson attended at his debating club, for the express purpose of explaining to the members the state of his own firm. "It shall never be thrown in my teeth," said he, "that I became a bankrupt and was ashamed to own it." So he got up and made a speech, in which he stated that Brown, Jones, and Robinson had failed, but that he could not lay it to his own charge that he had been guilty of any omission or commission of which he had reason to be ashamed as a British merchant. This is mentioned here, in order that a fitting record may be made of the very high compliment which was paid to him on the occasion by old Pancabinet.

"Most worthy Grand," said old Pan, and as he spoke he looked first at the chairman and then down the long table of the room, "I am sure I may truly say that we have all of us heard the statement made by the enterprising and worthy Goose with sentiments of regret and pain; but I am equally sure that we have none of us heard it with any idea that either dishonour or disgrace can attach itself in the matter to the name of ——" (Order, order, order.) "Worthy Geese are a little too quick," continued the veteran debater with a smile—"to the name of——one whom we all so highly value." (Hear, hear, hear.) And then old Pancabinet moved that the enterprising and worthy Goose was entitled to the full confidence of the chamber. Crowdy magnanimously seconded the motion, and the resolution, when carried, was communicated to Robinson by the worthy Grand. Having thanked them in a few words, which were almost inaudible from his emotion, he left the chamber, and immediately afterwards the meeting was adjourned.

Fish Culture.

Of the multitude of tourists who annually stop at Bâle, on entering Switzerland, few are aware that within the distance of a pleasant walk from the town there may be seen in operation, at the village of Huningue, an establishment organized for carrying on a new and curious species of industry, which is now being extended over the greater part of continental Europe, namely, the breeding of fish by artificial means. The piscicultural depôt at Huningue is well worth seeing, although it is not mentioned in some of the popular continental hand-books, which dilate more upon the scenery and architectural features of places than on their industrial characteristics; and thus the great laboratory which is giving new life to the fisheries of France is known only to a few. Nor, whilst dwelling on the scenery of the Vosges, do the guide-books allude to a pursuit followed in these and the surrounding districts—the collection of fish-eggs, which took its rise at La Bresse, and was originally carried on by Joseph Remy, a simple fisherman of that place, who was the first in France to hit upon the new method of fish-breeding.

This peasant fisherman, seeing the annually increasing scarcity of fresh-water fish, bethought himself of studying the habits of those denizens of the rivers, and speedily arrived at the conclusion that the enormous waste of eggs was one of the principal causes of the ever-declining supply. Remy saw that tens of thousands of the eggs never came to life, being either wasted through exposure, or preyed upon by enemies. To collect from the spawning-grounds, and protect the eggs in boxes placed in the running streams, was the first idea which the fisherman of La Bresse formed of pisciculture, but these rudimentary plans were speedily improved upon as experience and knowledge came to his aid. Although practised in France as a new art, it is certain that pisciculture, in far more complicated shapes, was well known to ancient nations. In China an effective system of collecting and transporting fish and fish-eggs to great distances has existed for ages, nothing being required in the case of the live fish but a frequent change of water, and failing that, the introduction into the jars of the yolk of an egg. The ancient Romans, who were adepts in those arts of luxury applicable to the pleasures of the table, were ingenious pisciculturists, and had modes of operating on fish, with reference to their growth and flavour, which are entirely lost to us. Among other stories of Roman art in connection with fish, is one indicating that certain kinds could be so trained as to live in wine, and that fresh-water varieties could be induced to live and breed in the sea, and salt-water fish be so acclimatized as to exist in fresh-water ponds and inland rivers.

It is quite certain that pisciculture, as now understood, was successfully practised more than a century ago in Germany, at which time an elaborate treatise was published on the subject by a Mr. Jacobi; this work, which was written in the German language, was translated into Latin, and published by Duhamel du Monceau in his general treatise on fishes. So that, in any case, the honours claimed for France as the discovery ground of this very curious art, fall to the ground. Besides, it is certain that, as applicable to the study of the growth and habits of fish, the art was practised in Britain before it became a commercial adjunct of the French fisheries. Pisciculture originated in Scotland in connection with what is termed "the parr controversy," a long-continued dispute as to the growth of the salmon in its earlier stages. In order to demonstrate that the "parr" was undoubtedly the young of the salmon, Mr. Shaw collected the eggs of that fish from the spawning beds, and, confining them in a protected place, watched them into life, and noted their growth and progress closely till they became "smolts;" and in order that his experiments might be perfect, he personally caught the native fish, despoiled it of its eggs, and placed the "parr" question beyond doubt by hatching spawn that he knew to be that of the salmon. In those experiments—begun in the year 1833, carried on for five years, the results of which were published in 1840—Mr. Shaw was corroborated by Mr. Young, of Invershin, a gentleman of ability as a practical naturalist, who had likewise resorted to the artificial method in connection with the same controversy. It is important to note that the discovery of the fisherman of La Bresse took place in 1842; and it is suggested, therefore, that while to the French nation belongs the merit of making a commercial use of the discovery, the far higher honour of the successful application of pisciculture to the requirements of science must be awarded to the hard-headed sons of Scotland.

Before the piscicultural era, the fisheries of France had become completely exhausted. The river and coast fishings of that extensive empire were not, according to the report of M. Coste, at that period of more value than the rental of one of our Scottish salmon streams. Fish is so much a necessity of life in all Roman Catholic countries, as before the Reformation it was also in Britain, that there is a more than ordinary drain on the streams and seas of the Continent; and this, coupled with the almost fabulous loss of eggs and young fish incidental to the natural spawning system, led to the depopulation of the rivers. It was this poverty of fish that incited the peasant of La Bresse to his discovery. His occupation as a fisherman was failing, when he luckily bethought himself of putting an end to the destruction of unprotected eggs by collecting them and nursing them into life, under his own eye, in the running streams where he pursued his daily avocation. The next step was easy. Why take the trouble, which involved great labour, of collecting the eggs from the spawning ground individually? Would it not be a better plan to capture the fish, and obtain the eggs on what may

be called the wholesale plan—that is, by extruding them from the body of the fish and mixing them with milt, placing them at once under protection in order to be hatched, and then, by feeding them in their infantile stages till they were able to protect themselves, so prepare them for their life in the great streams? Aided by M. Gehin, a clever coadjutor, this was Remy's next step. The per-centage of gain on any given stream by this method is very considerable, as we know from what has been achieved in Ireland and on the river Tay.

The progress of fish-breeding did not stop at this stage. They knew better in France than to nip so valuable a discovery in the bud for want of encouragement. The piscicultural operations at La Bresse at once excited a large amount of local enthusiasm; and it was no sooner observable, after a few months' practice, that the trout and other native fishes of the streams of the Vosges were increasing, literally by tens of thousands, than Dr. Huxo, the secretary of one of the emulative societies of the district, drew the attention of the Government of the day, and also of the Academy, to what had been accomplished. The importance of the plan adopted by Remy was at once seen; the Government aided it with money and protection, and ultimately grafted pisciculture on one of its imperial departments, employing Gehin and Remy to conduct the practical part of the business. Stream after stream was repeopled with finny inhabitants, and all the plans so well carried out, that experiments were speedily projected, having for their object the improvement of the coast fisheries of France, which were also in a most impoverished state. Maritime pisciculture, it was thought, would be as easy, under the guidance of proper engineers, as the processes of restocking the rivers had been. M. Coste soon overcame all difficulties by laying down oyster-beds on various parts of the coast, and also by propagating the different kinds of flat fish; and having continued these operations for twelve years, there can now be no doubt of their success.

To facilitate these various enterprises, an establishment, in the nature of a piscicultural laboratory, was erected some years ago, on a large scale, at Huningue, near Bâle, on the Rhine. From this establishment millions of the eggs of all the species of fish usually cultivated in the country, particularly those having large eggs, as the Danube salmon, Ombre chevalier, &c., have been distributed to the chief rivers of France. Canals, ponds, and marshes have likewise been stocked, and new places have been constructed to grow eels and other appropriate fish. Few of the eggs are brought to maturity in Huningue; it suits better to send them away when nearly hatched. Packed among wet moss, enclosed in wooden boxes, they can be sent to great distances: some have gone quite safely that required to be on their journey as long as ten days. Although not more than two miles distant from Bâle, and with grounds nicely laid out, there is a certain want of interest about the establishment at Huningue, inasmuch as they do not, as a rule, hatch the eggs in large quantities. Although there are always a few thousand fish in the place, it is a rule

only to supply eggs. People are paid to collect these from the rivers and lakes of Switzerland, and also to procure them from the Rhine and the Danube. The trade thus created affords employment to a great number of industrious people, who are paid at the rate of 1s. 8d. per thousand. The spawn of a fish weighing twenty pounds would yield to the pisciculturist a sum of 1l. 13s. 4d. The eggs of some of the fresh-water fish are too minute to be operated upon pisciculturally—these must just be left to chance. Pike, tench, carp, &c. allow a vast per-centage of their eggs to be lost; indeed they are nearly all lost, except such as are caught on those leaves and weeds which overhang the river. The eggs of such fish may be numbered by millions; but, from their being exposed to all kinds of accidents, and from their being devoured in wholesale quantities, only a small per-centage ever comes to life: it is not an exaggeration to say that of some species perhaps not one egg in each hundred ever becomes a marketable fish. In addition to serving as a commercial depôt, the naturalist has rare facilities at Hünigues to study the development of the fish, as the hatching-boxes are all under cover, and therefore easy to observe. Indeed, the progress of the egg (and these are there in all stages of progress), can be noted from day to day, and its various changes observed. These are so gradual that it requires a keen observer to hit upon the points. It is not, for instance, till about the tenth day, according to Agassiz, that the form of the embryo can be distinguished, and about the thirtieth day signs of the circulation of the blood are observable; and, under favourable circumstances, the fish escapes from its egg about the sixtieth day. Of course, much depends upon the temperature of the water—indeed, the heat of the water is a grand question in all matters relating to fish-life. The salmon eggs in the breeding-boxes at Stormontfield do not hatch so quickly as those described by Agassiz—they require fully one hundred days, and sometimes take four months. Of course they are exposed to the open air; in a warmer atmosphere they would be hatched in half the time. We know of eggs that were hatched in fifty days, but the fish did not live.

The growth and changes incidental to fish life can be best observed through the medium of Pisciculture, for it is impossible amid the depths of seas and oceans to follow the animal from its birth to its death, and note the varied transformations which it must of necessity undergo before it becomes of value for the uses of the table. It would be of great consequence if, by means of some gigantic sea-water pond; we could view the growth of those marine fishes which are important to mankind as a food-resource. We could then tell how long the eggs of the cod and haddock were in coming to life, likewise when the fish arrived at such maturity as to be able to multiply its species; the herring family, the flat fish, and many others of which we are equally ignorant, could also be placed under surveillance, and be reported upon from time to time. Points in the natural history of fish, which have been in debate for ages past, could thus be resolved. In the Logan fish-pond, on the coast of Galloway,

which is only used as a storing place, we have a miniature of what is meant. This pond is but an adjunct to a country gentleman's commissariat, keeping the white fish in prime condition, and ensuring a supply at times when the sea may be so stormy as to preclude the fisherman from venturing out. There might with advantage to science be more of such ponds, only they would require to be on a larger scale than the one at Logan. The experiments at Stormontfield have been in every way so successful, so far as salmon are concerned, as to preclude any doubt of a pond for the growing of sea-fish proving equally important for the solution of questions connected with their growth and transformation. The pond at Logan is only fifty feet in diameter, and about ten feet deep at low water; it would, therefore, require a much larger basin to carry on important investigations in natural history.

The commercial achievements of pisciculture were not long confined to France. Germany soon awakened to their importance, and the Danube salmon, a fish which attains at maturity the enormous weight of 200 pounds, offered a ready subject for experiment. Professor Wimmer, under whose direction various experiments in the propagation of this fish has been made, speaks of it as admirably adapted for the practice of pisciculture, as a fish of eighteen pounds weight yielded the extraordinary number of 40,000 (?) eggs. The hatching of these eggs takes a period of fifty-six days, and the young fish attain a weight of one pound in the course of the first year. The supplies of salmon in the Danube have been sensibly augmented by the operations carried on in the tributaries of that river and elsewhere. It may be noted, also, that this salmon, like our own, migrates from the main stream to its tributaries, but has never been caught in the Black Sea, nor is it known ever to enter the Sulina mouth of the Danube. A fair exchange of eggs has been made between Germany and France, the spawn of the Danube fish being given for that of the common salmon; and Professor Fraas tells us that thousands of young salmon have been produced at Munich from eggs procured at Huningue. Might we not try to breed the Danube salmon in some of our fishless English rivers?

There are, however, curiosities of pisciculture much more wonderful than any that have yet been narrated. The oyster-beds laid down on the sea coasts of France, and the eel-breeding establishment in the lagoons of Comaccio, are notable as achievements in the art of pisciculture. The eel is esteemed a curious fish, and it has been made the theme of many a story and legend. Some people—the Scotch in particular—have so great a prejudice against this fish, that they will not partake of it; but, for all that, eels are wholesome and savoury food, and they can be had in such countless quantities as to form a welcome addition to our unsteady fish supplies. At Comaccio an extensive commerce has been carried on for about three centuries principally in this one fish. This traffic has had its origin in the careful observation of the habits and growth of the eel family: as is well known, the eel migrates to the sea in order to spawn, and the

fry ascend our rivers and canals in order to fatten. In the lagoons at Comaccio an ingenious series of dykes and canals have been provided, in order to facilitate the entrance and exit of the fish. The natural situation of the place is conducive to the commerce carried on there. "The lagoon of Comaccio," says M. Coste, "is situated on the coast of the Adriatic, below the mouth of the Po and the territory of Ravenna, about thirty miles from Ferrara, and forms an immense swamp nearly 110 miles in circumference, and about four feet deep, with a simple strip of earth separating it from the sea; while two rivers, the Reno and the Volano, form this vast swamp into a species of delta, similar to that formed by the Rhone at Camargue."

As a provision for the growth of the enormous herds of serpentine cannibals which are bred in the lagoon, vast quantities of a small fish named the aquadelle are provided; and that their small fry are devoured in countless numbers, is evident from the value which the eels so speedily acquire. A pound weight of eel fry at its entrance into the lagoon will embrace 1,800 young fish, and these will, in the course of a year or two, weigh about four tons, and attain a money value of 41*l.* sterling. The mullet is also assiduously "cultivated" at Comaccio, the rapidity of its growth forming the chief inducement; and when the reader knows that in its infantile state 6,000 mullet go to the pound, while at the expiry of a year each individual weighs four ounces, he will not be surprised that so profitable a trade should be eagerly carried on.

In addition to its engineering attractions, and they are numerous, Comaccio is also remarkable for the social condition of its people. The persons more immediately employed in the fisheries live in barracks, and undergo something akin to military discipline. They receive but scanty wages, and are simple in their habits and modes of life, an allowance of fish forming their staple diet. They have occasional fêtes and rejoicings, most of which are connected with their daily avocation. For instance, when a division of the community succeed on any night in securing a "shot," which weighs 48,000 lbs., a gun is fired, which communicates the glad tidings to the whole community. Next day is held as a holiday, and is devoted to rejoicings of all kinds, and in particular to a splendid dinner cooked from a portion of the captured fish, and washed down by the appropriate wine. The eels begin to ascend from the sea to the lagoon in February, and this emigration lasts for a period of two months, when the sluices are closed and the breeding begins. The supplies are gathered in with great solemnity, religious services being held at the commencement and at intervals throughout the season. Another curious feature of the place lies in the fact that the greater quantity of the produce is sold ready cooked! There is an immense kitchen, where the larger eels are roasted and the smaller fish are fried: there is any quantity of spits, and a perfect brigade of male and female cooks. The extent of the cooking business may be guessed from the fact, that it requires a canal to carry away the oil which exudes from the fish as they are roasting: as the

larger eels are brought into the kitchen they are dexterously prepared for the spit by being cut up into proper lengths, the heads and tails being laid aside as a perquisite for the poor ; the smaller fish, with a slight trimming, are spitted alive. The flat fish are fried with the oil from the eels, in gigantic frying-pans. The scene in the great kitchens of Comaccio, especially when there is a more than ordinary supply of fish, is a very animated one. In addition to the cooked fish, which are sent into the cities of Italy, a portion is sold in a salted state, while another portion is cooked by being boiled alive and then dried by exposure to the air. The inhabitants of this isolated lagoon are hardy and industrious, and much resemble the quaint fishing population of our own shores, as indeed do most of the continental maritime population.

The growth of the oyster may be observed now at most of the fishing towns on the coast of France, and the happy oyster dredgers of Whitstable might take a lesson from their friends over the water, and largely extend their operations. The dredgers at Whitstable have so far adopted oyster culture as to transplant and nurse their oysters, separating their supplies into different qualities, and sending them to market as required. There is one great advantage in dredging for oysters : the young ones can be thrown into the water, there to wait till their beards grow larger. When fishing for cod or other fish, this cannot be done, as the animal is usually killed before it reaches the surface of the water. There is nothing to prevent the Whitstable men going a step farther than they do at present, and breeding their "natives" from the "spat." M. Coste has superintended the laying down of a great number of new oyster-beds on the coasts of France, and likewise repleted a number that had been exhausted by over-dredging. His mode of engineering an oyster-bed is exceedingly simple, and is founded on the knowledge that all that is required to secure a few millions of oysters, is a resting-place for the "spat." It is well known to those versed in the economic history of our fisheries, that the greatest waste arises from the non-ripening of the eggs. Countless millions never come to life at all, and consequently are just that number of fish lost to our commissariat. It is the same with the oyster ; for want of a resting-place, seven-eighths of the spawn is lost. M. Coste's idea is to provide the necessary resting-place. He makes up a foundation of old bricks, tiles, fragments of pottery-ware and shells ; and over these he plants a forest of strong stakes, round which are twined luxuriant branches to which the seedling oyster may become attached ; and then, laying down a parent stock of breeders, he patiently awaits the result, knowing well that in the course of four years there will be an abundant supply of marketable oysters. Even as we write there arrives news of the truth of M. Coste's "practical theories," for do we not read of a little rejoicing that has just taken place at the opening of one of the new oyster-beds in the river Aury ? The dredgers employed procured 350,000 oysters in the short space of an hour ! In the evening there was an illumination of the little fishing-town, and dancing was carried on on the beach with great spirit

till a late hour by the happy fisher folk. This fête of these dredgers is a type of the interest which the French people take in the piscicultural operations now being carried on for their benefit. All are interested in their success, and know about them, from the Emperor downwards. Even the children are "up" in the subject, and can talk about it in an intelligible style. Having made anxious personal inquiry on the subject in various parts of France, we can testify to this fact; and the exhibition at the College of France of some of the experiments, taught the people personally how it was all achieved. The gigantic Aquarium now opened in the Garden of Acclimatization in the Bois de Boulogne will still further interest the Parisians, as it contains a model of an oyster-bed on the artificial system, as also samples of the various native fishes that have been reared on the artificial plan, as well as others that the French *savans* propose to naturalize. The structure was not quite finished at the time of our visit, but in dimensions and design it bade fair to fulfil the purpose for which it was intended.

The piscicultural system is, of course, of the greatest value when taken in connection with our largest fishes or our most important fisheries. The salmon of Britain and the salmon of the Danube are undoubtedly of such value as to be worth cultivating in quantity; and it is certain that public attention is now being awakened to the breeding of fishes on a large scale; and we have some hopes of operations being speedily commenced on one or other of our large English rivers. Mr. Thomas Ashworth, who was one of the earliest in this country to foresee the importance of pisciculture, and who takes a warm interest in the breeding and preservation of salmon, is about to extend his operations in Ireland. Preparations, he tells us in a recent communication, have been made upon the estates of Lord Plunket, at Tourmakeady, on Lough Mask, and various other suitable situations, on the streams all round Loughs Mask and Corrib, and on the river Rabe. All the great district above the lough will be supplied with fish, and it is a fact that hitherto no salmon have been known to exist in that district, in consequence of the passage from Corrib to Mask having been through cavern and rocks, and therefore inaccessible to fish. An opening having lately been made for the fish to pass up, it is certain to be used by the salmon after they have been introduced into the upper streams; and by this plan waste rivers and waters that are now unproductive will be cultivated. This artificial fish passage is a capital example of engineering skill; it is about two miles in length, cut about five yards wide, and has nearly thirty feet of fall in it. This new district, if properly worked, will undoubtedly turn out a profitable supply of Irish salmon; and now-a-days, with railway and steamboat careering through the country, there is a ready market within an hour or two's distance for any quantity of this fine fish.

Does fish-breeding pay? is, of course, an important question. But the answer is entirely favourable; the financial results of pisciculture are

highly encouraging. At the Stormontfield ponds, on the river Tay, the only expense beyond the construction of the breeding-beds, and the necessary reservoirs and runlets, is the small annual charge for wages to "Peter of the Pools," the faithful nurse of the young salmon, there being scarcely any other money cost. In fact, per individual fish, the annual money charge is not appreciable. The ponds at Stormontfield have had a marked effect on the produce of the Tay, having increased the rental, and consequently the annual profit, by at least ten per cent., affording good interest for the capital expended. The charges incurred in the construction of the French oyster-beds are not at all extravagant, the material used being of the simplest and most inexpensive description, much of it mere rubbish, helps to lessen the sum total. The full cost of an oyster-bed is less than ten pounds. As an example of the figures, we may cite the debtor and creditor account of the bank which has been constructed off the coast of Brittany at St. Brieux; and we shall adopt the official figures of M. Laviciere, commissary of the maritime inscription. These inform us that three fascines, selected by chance from an oyster-bank laid down in the year 1859, contained 20,000 oysters each! "The expense of laying down the bank in question was 9*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*, and if each of the fascines [300] laid down be multiplied by 20,000, 6,000,000 oysters will be obtained, and these at 1*s.* 8*d.* per thousand will yield a revenue of 5,000*l.*"—an immense profit to obtain with so small an outlay of capital and labour. Then, again, in the case of the Danube salmon, we find that to procure the eggs a sum of 1*s.* 8*d.* per thousand has to be expended; but as each thousand grows to the extent of 16 ounces the first year, and as a pound weight of the fish is worth 10*l.*, it follows that the seed which cost 1*s.* 8*d.* is worth in twelve months, with scarcely any expenditure, a sum of 41*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* At Comaccio, too, the profits are large, as the fish grow rapidly. The quantity cultivated in the lagoon is positively fabulous; the average annual take, after letting away a sufficient quantity of breeding fish and providing for the food of the people, is 1,000,000 pounds in weight, and some years it has been nearly double that amount.

From a detailed statement issued by the French Government, the following figures may be cited as an evidence of the commercial success of the piscicultural system in France. The money value of the fish caught in the navigable rivers, canals, and estuaries has been estimated at 602,640*l.* per annum; this amount is derived, it must be borne in mind, from a very large territory, embracing 114,889 miles of water-courses and 498,750 acres of lakes and ponds. The fish-ponds of Doonibes alone cover a surface equal to 34,580 acres! These results are really marvellous when we consider Coste's statement, that the whole fisheries of France were not, twenty years ago, of greater value than the annual rent of a Scottish salmon river.

The Winter in Canada.

“Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky,
And icy mountains, high on mountains piled,
Seem to the shivering sailors from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.”—

THOMSON'S *Winter*.

THE New Year's salutation to everybody supposed to have experience in the Canadas, was—"Do you think our troops will get up to Quebec?" accompanied with the remark, "Poor fellows, if they cannot get up the river, what a dreadful march it will be for them over all that ice and snow!" While we are writing there is no intelligence of the expedition, and the truth is, that very few people in England can give an opinion on the subject, even though they may have spent several years in Canada, or the Lower Provinces. There are not many, even in Canada itself, who have any knowledge of the Lower St. Lawrence in winter. From Rivière du Loup to Gaspé, a distance of nearly 350 miles, there is no place of any importance to which people, commercially or otherwise engaged, are in the habit of travelling. The country is very thinly inhabited, and only here and there some neat-looking French cottages, with the wooden church invariably attached to every settlement along the banks, remind the summer voyager on the St. Lawrence that he has left behind him the good old Saxon villages of brick and thatch, and is in a country that was a hundred years ago under Gallic rule. He wonders if there can be those Arctic scenes he has read of, where the pretty little wooden cottages, and the picturesque and verdant scenery around them, seem suggestive of nothing but summer and sunshine. By people in Upper Canada it is considered bad enough to go as far as Quebec, when legislative duties or the necessities of business summon them to the capital of the Lower Province; but, beyond it, neither Upper nor Lower Canadians have cause to venture after the close of navigation. Consequently very few people know anything of the river at this time of year below the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway. This line of railroad terminates at Rivière du Loup, a small watering-place 120 miles from Quebec, and on the opposite side of the river. A few miles farther down the stream, and on the same side, is the village of Cacouna, the so-called seaside of Canada. In summer, when the excess of temperature is equally great, and the thousand tin roofs of Montreal, Kingston, and Quebec, each reflecting a mimic sun little inferior to the February original in London, have roused even the sternest devotees of business to a feeling of uneasiness under heat, and dust, and conjugal expostulations, whole families

migrate to summer quarters at Cacouna. The air is cool and refreshing, and the monotony of existence at a watering-place may be varied by excursions up the famous Saquenay, which mingles its stream with the St. Lawrence almost exactly opposite Cacouna. So far, then, there is no doubt that many people have seen, and can speak of, the Lower St. Lawrence; but tourists and others, who have only seen this part of the country in summer, cannot form the smallest conception of what it is in winter, and they are as much dependent on books, and papers descriptive of winter in Canada, as persons who have never crossed the Atlantic at all.

Premising, then, that before this reaches our readers the result of all our ships' attempts to navigate the St. Lawrence will be known, before entering on a general description of the climate, sports, country, and society of Canada, we will anticipate some of the incidents which will mark the progress of our troops. Their first instructions are to steam to Rivière du Loup, whence in a few hours they can be conveyed to any part of the province where their presence may be required, or where accommodation may be most conveniently found. Failing the possibility of reaching Rivière du Loup, they will attempt disembarkation at Bic, a small island on the same side of the river, with an anchorage of unusual extent and security. This will necessitate a march of sixty miles, through Trois Pistoles and Cacouna to the railway. Should it be found impracticable even to get as far as Bic, their only alternative then is to put about, and round Cape Breton for Halifax. All accounts hitherto received concur in an opinion that the present is an unusually late winter in the Lower Provinces, and it is therefore probable that all the vessels will reach Bic or Rivière du Loup.

It takes many weeks of most intense frost to form such fields of ice in the St. Lawrence as will impede the progress of a screw steamer. The influence of tide is felt in the St. Lawrence several miles higher up the river than Quebec, and is a considerable drawback to the formation of continuous ice. Added to this, there is running past Quebec the overflow of all the great lakes, and the drainage of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries for 500 miles. Consequently it is a very rare thing, even in the hardest winters, for the river at Quebec to be completely frozen over. Large irregular masses of ice float about in the stream, jostling each other with ominous sounds, by no means pleasing to the sensitive traveller, who is crossing for the first time in a canoe of the *voyageurs* from the station at Point Levi to the city of Quebec. There is more positive hardship and exposure in this short journey across the river, which everybody coming from the west is obliged to make, than in a whole day's sleighing along a well-worn road such as that between Bic and Rivière du Loup. Wrapped up in buffalo robes, with fur cap and gauntlets on, and a blanket coat with a red sash round the waist, and its *capote* drawn over his head, the French Canadian *habitant* gives us no bad substitute for the picturesque appearance of the Indian *aborigines*. Leaning well back, with his legs pressing firmly against the splashboard of his cutter or carriage; the ther-

monometer, perhaps, twenty degrees below zero, and a sky of the clearest azure over his head; no gravel grating wheel-tires; no noise but the merry jingle of his sleigh bells and the regular beat of his horses' feet; he shouts encouragement to his steed in the high-pitched *patois* of his countrymen, and glides along as comfortable and independent as the first nobleman in the land rolling through Hyde Park in the fashionable winter equipage of the period. There is nothing more thoroughly exhilarating than the noiseless, smooth sliding of the iron runners over frozen snow, behind a pair of thoroughbred Canadian ponies, going, as the Americans say, at 2·40 gait, without a touch of the whip.

In case it should be found necessary for any of the later steamers to disembark their troops at Bic, it is probable that sleighs can be sent down from above in sufficient numbers to transport all, or the majority, of the men and stores. Their arrival in the river will be known in Quebec from the telegraph-station at Father Point, long before the ships are even abreast of the village. In moderate weather the troops can lie off the telegraph-station, 180 miles from Quebec, long enough to admit of communication with and an answer from head-quarters. The river is twenty-five miles in width there, although ninety miles from its actual mouth. It is a country of extremes, and Nature conducts all her operations in North America on a gigantic scale. The lakes are inland seas; the rivers are as wide as what the men of Dover and Holyhead call channels; what is called in England a home-view, is a thing quite unknown in Canada and the Western States; their woods are forests, and their plains are prairies; the hottest and coldest days at Quebec show every year a variation of a hundred and twenty degrees; their fair weather is the most beautiful in the world, and there are days rough, foul and dingy as Erebus; their winds are often hurricanes, and rain falls often like an avalanche. That the country is not mountainous may be gathered from the fact that for 900 miles along the whole extent of the Grand Trunk railroad, which nowhere makes any very great *détour*, there is not one tunnel, and very few cuttings of any considerable depth. There are many steep, abrupt eminences in the province, and it is remarkable that many of these exist where the character of the surrounding scenery is flat. Perhaps the most celebrated are the mountain at Montreal, the Citadel of Quebec, Fort Henry at Kingston, the Heights of Queenston, and the Barrack Hill at Ottawa. All these elevations have great rivers, such as the Ottawa, the St. Lawrence, or the Niagara, flowing at their feet, and it is not too much to say that the scenery of Canada is mainly dependent for its magnificence on the wonderful intersection of the country by lakes and rivers. The splendid valley of Dundas is the only exception that occurs to us, and even there the hills command a view of the pretty Bay of Burlington.

If any of our troops are obliged to cross from St. John, New Brunswick, during the ensuing winter, the discomfort most to be apprehended on the march is from a *thaw*. The January thaw is inevitable, and for four or

five days the snow melts, the streets and roads are covered with water, and everything looks wet, dirty, and dismal. This thaw once over, the people expect three months of dry, cold, healthy weather; their spirits rise with the fall of the mercury; the sun shines brighter perhaps than in the thaw, and the dazzling surface of the snow resumes its cleanly crispness, not to be sullied again until the first rains of spring, and warmer winds from the tropics, bid it vanish for ever. Much has been, and before this article is in print, much more will be written about this overland march from St. John. For ourselves, we state a deliberate preference for making the journey in winter. The roads are better than in summer; short cuts over bogs and morasses, impassable in warmer weather, are now eagerly desired by the least adventurous; and the whole distance to be sleighed between St. John and Rivière du Loup can be done quicker and with less fatigue to men and horses. The snowstorms of blinding *pouivre*, so prevalent in the Gulf, and off the shores of Newfoundland, may force some of our ships to discharge their cargoes at Halifax; and though it is not a thing to be courted, we have no hesitation in affirming that gross exaggerations have been circulated with reference to the hardships of a winter march through New Brunswick. There are good roads, and frequent halting-places; there are even some of the old block-houses of the last war now standing on the *route*, and the last part of the journey is over a new government road. We are not writing a history of our travels, nor a winter guide-book for future followers in our course, or we would enumerate the circumstances which lead us to this expression of opinion. From Halifax a railway runs through Nova Scotia to Windsor: thence the route is across the basin of Minas, and down the Bay of Fundy to St. John. In scenery snow is a leveller of all distinctions, and we must not pause to panegyrize the summer landscape of "Evangeline," or the magnificence of Blomidon. Landed at St. John, our road runs nearly north for Canada; through Woodstock to Grand Falls, across the suspension bridge of the River St. John, and along the left bank of the river, here the boundary line of the State of Maine, to Little Falls. There are several small French settlements and stopping places along the road. Thence, saving distance by crossing the ice, our road runs on to the Lake port, and so by the new government road to the St. Lawrence. A longer description of this journey, which is nearly 200 miles long, would be out of place; we have described the process of sleighing, and country sleighs, which are little more than wooden floors or boxes mounted on runners, can quickly be put together on any emergency. Cold is not to be feared half so much as a drizzle of sleet or the January thaw.

By whatever route our soldiers enter Canada, they go by Grand Trunk Railway to Quebec, or rather to Point Levi on the opposite side, and so along the south bank of the St. Lawrence to the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. Passing through the tubes of this wonderful structure, nearly two miles long, and 100 feet high, they arrive at Montreal, a city with a population of 100,000 inhabitants, and the real and commercial, though

not the legislative capital of Canada. From Montreal the Railway runs in an uninterrupted line along the north bank of the St. Lawrence to Kingston, Toronto, London, and so on to the shores of Lake Huron. In an emergency like the present we learn to appreciate the value of this artery of communication running along the whole extent of the Canadas, connecting all military posts, and carrying life-blood to towns and villages, which would otherwise, to this moment, have been the site of only towering pines and primeval bush. The location of the line along the very frontier of the country, and for some distance on what may be called the American side of the river, is a misfortune, but not a fault. Towns and railways are as cause and effect; but in process of time they change positions, and new settlements become the effect instead of the cause. In Canada the earliest settlements, of course, sprung up on the banks of the first and natural highway of the country, and it was an accident that the St. Lawrence became the boundary-line of a province.

Whilst, however, due attention is paid to the maintenance of railway communication, the importance of the lakes, rivers, and canals need not be overlooked. In 1812-14, the Americans kept two objects constantly in view: the friendship of the Indians, and the mastery of the lakes. Time, which has removed the possibility of one, has greatly increased the importance of the other. At the close of the war it was agreed between the high contracting parties that neither power should build or maintain a naval establishment on the lakes. This part of the treaty has been scrupulously observed at all events on the side of the colonists. The wharves and storehouses in Navy Bay, the head-quarters of the old marine at Kingston, have long ago sunk into ruin and decay, and there is not a vestige left of the old ships forwarded from England in pieces, and, as the story goes, fitted with large immovable water tanks, to float over the freshwater waves of Ontario! Though the Americans have numerous steamers on the lakes, which can be hastily adapted to war purposes during the winter, and, with armaments and equipments forwarded by rail from New York, could do much to annoy, perhaps endanger, our towns and railroads, before gunboats could be forwarded through the locks, the clause in the treaty must still be considered an advantage to England. The Erie Canal, from the foot of Lake Erie to the Hudson at Albany, is not wide enough for the passage of the smallest corvette, whereas it is not certain that even our heavy despatch boats cannot be so lightened as to make the passage of the St. Lawrence canals. By the aid of this wonderful series of locks vessels surmount the rapids of the St. Lawrence; and sailing up Lake Ontario, pass through another line of locks on the Welland Canal, built to connect Erie and Ontario, whose only natural connection is by the river Niagara, which falls 334 feet in its short course of 36 miles! For offensive and defensive operations a flotilla of gunboats on the lakes is virtually indispensable; at the same time they cannot be sent there without a declaration of war with America. Though all the towns on Lake Ontario may admit of fortification, by a system of earthworks to

guard their approaches, the general commanding would find himself thwarted and outmanœuvred in every direction were the mastery of the lakes in any hands but our own.

We learn a few facts of interest at the present moment by reference to a Blue-book published at the close of last year, relating to Colonial and other possessions of the United Kingdom. In 1859 the American vessels passing through Canadian canals, showed an equality in numbers, and an actual excess in tonnage over our own. The largest ships which passed seem to have been of about 420 tons, or double the measurement of many of our gunboats. These were probably wheat-laden vessels bound direct from Chicago to Liverpool, that is to say, vessels drawing less than ten feet of water, and consequently able to make the passage of the locks, as well as the Atlantic, in safety. This fact proves the feasibility of a naval establishment on the lakes, sent direct from our dockyards in England, should there ever be occasion to want their services. At the same time the fact of so many American owned vessels, engaged in the carrying trade of the St. Lawrence and Upper Lakes, using our canals, reveals in a startling manner the working of the Reciprocity Treaty, and demands that some remedy should be applied to the obvious disadvantages to Canadian ship-owners.

We will now turn our attention to the defences already existing in Canada. The last accounts from the Lake country speak of earthworks, built under the supervision of General Williams, along the western entrance to the harbour of Toronto. What is called "the Gap," at the eastern extremity of the opposite island, can be rendered useless by the removal of the buoys. This city of 50,000 inhabitants, and the metropolis of Upper Canada, is otherwise totally unprotected; for of old forts and rotting block-houses—of no more use against rifled ordnance and the modern munitions of war than so many walls of brown paper—we make no account. It has not been our colonial policy to fortify possessions of this class against possible attack, and the colonists themselves have rather expended their revenue on the improvement and opening up of their country; trusting, as they are entitled to do, to the assistance of imperial troops, where imperial interests are at stake, and providing ample means of their own for the preservation of internal peace and good order. At Kingston there is more show of defence. Moats, battlements, and escarpments, are there, though we are told that they are but a semblance. Fort Henry, the resort of many a merry taboggining party, to the unsophisticated civilian shows an imposing front: official reporters, however, set it down as *nil*. Martello towers, too, dot the circumference of the harbour, and with an Armstrong gun planted on the platform at the top of them, seem of undeniable utility in protecting the entrance of the St. Lawrence, and the Rideau Canal to Ottawa. At the mouth of the Niagara river is our only other fortification along the lake. Within three hundred yards of a similar building on the American side stands Fort St. George, the smaller and less pretentious of the two, but apparently of

greater strength and solidity than the lath-and-plaster-looking barrack on the opposite shore. The city of Niagara—imposing nomenclature—once the seat of government, is now a small village, growing rapidly less. Content with the epitaph, “*Sic transit gloria mundi*,” it might with advantage transfer its illustrious name to the village and town rapidly springing up in the more immediate neighbourhood of the Falls, which are fifteen miles beyond what is now called the city of Niagara. It is in this neighbourhood that many events in the history of Canada have taken place the battle of Queenston heights, memorable for the victory and death of Brock; the battle of Lundy’s Lane; and in later years, the celebrated seizure of the *Caroline*. Within the limits of an article such as this, in which it is our wish to present to our readers a general account of the country, its climate, sports, and society, much that is interesting must be omitted. We will henceforth, therefore, confine our attention to the Lake country, without further mention of the famous citadel of Quebec and fortifications of undoubted strength, greatly assisted by the natural position of this transatlantic Gibraltar; as also any notice of Montreal, the fortifications on the opposite island of St. Helen’s, or the American preparations on Lake Champlain. We must, however, proceed to give some account of the “bone and sinew,” as it is called, and, after all, the most important item in the list of national defences.

The Canadian militia is celebrated in history; and if agricultural industry and peaceful occupations have during late years led them to abandon the sword-hilt for the plough-handle, there is no reason to doubt that in younger veins there still flows the blood of the gallant N. E. Loyalists, and the descendants of those who fought with Carleton and Brock are inspired with the same patriotism and horror of annexation that nerved the hardy muscles of their ancestors. In 1775, during the first aggression of the States after their renunciation of allegiance, it was chiefly owing to the militia of the province that the enemy, after a brief winter campaign, in which Montgomery was killed under the walls of Quebec, were driven back across the frontier. Again, in the war of 1812, when tardy reinforcements from England added but little to the strength of the regulars, it was to the local militia that General Brock and Sir George Prevost were chiefly indebted for successes, which terminated in a peace signed at Ghent in 1814—a peace by no means satisfactory to the Canadians, who were just beginning to turn the tables on the invaders, by frequent inroads upon American territory. By law, every male adult under a certain age is enrolled on the list of the militia. This has been divided into two branches, “the active” and the “sedentary;” both liable to be called out at the will of the Colonial Government. An undue feeling of security, and the universal occupation consequent on business and progress in a new country, have led to a fearful glut of the “sedentary” commodity; and, notwithstanding the efforts here and there of a few zealots, with leisure and ability to encourage military exercises, the regiments of militia, with a few notable exceptions, have given proof of

their existence rather on paper than in the field. We were going to say, "than *in propria persona*;" but the term would not be applicable, for there are few houses in Canada where a militia uniform does not occupy a corner of the wardrobe—to grace the exterior of its owner on grand occasions; more generally, though, under the glittering light of ball-room chandeliers, than under the open canopy of the sky. Nevertheless, in the districts to which we are now confining our attention, there are several well-equipped and well-drilled companies of artillery and rifles, ready at once to render valuable assistance to the forces under General Williams. Of late, the volunteer system has also become extremely popular, and without the assistance of the 10,000 troops now sent to their assistance, we have little doubt that in any event Upper Canada could have held its own till the opening of navigation. Her danger would have been in a compromise between North and South, which would have set at liberty some hundreds of thousands of military rabble, eager for a quarrel and careless of the cause, so long as it resulted in plunder and pay.

Another national defence, of which we have seen no mention lately, is the regiment of Royal Canadian Rifles: and it is to this regiment that Canada has mainly looked of late years for ordinary garrison duty and occasional emergencies. One company has lately been on detachment duty at the Red River settlement, in the far north-west. There is probably no regiment in the service more effective and trustworthy: good conduct and sobriety are the necessary recommendations for admission into its ranks, and it is chiefly composed of married men of long experience in the climate and customs of the country. They are drafted from every regiment of the line, and go to Canada to enjoy the unusual privileges of exemption from other foreign service, and of leave to earn wages additional to their pay, by hiring themselves out for wood-cutting and harvesting in the neighbourhood of their barracks. The advantages of the regiment are so well understood that even the officers can ensure something above the regular price, in exchanging into another regiment, or making absolute sale of their commissions. Men of such experience in the country, even should there be no war to employ them, will be found of great assistance to the troops now despatched across the Atlantic, for the most part, regiments of no experience in the climate, and ignorant of the best precautions to be taken against its effects. Ordinary winter life in Canada is not subject to Arctic severity or dangerous exposure: it is, on the contrary, the most healthful season of the year—dry, bracing and cheerful; but the resources of Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Niagara, and London—the towns in which barracks are to be found—will be severely taxed to find accommodation, and, at first, it is not unlikely that we may hear of some minor inconveniences in consequence of the cram. Where timber is cheap, and saw-mills as thick as blackberries, the erection of wooden huts, furnished with American stoves and challenge-heaters, is only the work of a week or two; and the contractor who published his marvellous statement of the

time in which "a vacant lot," and some hundreds of unhewn logs, were converted into the ever-memorable ball-room built for the Prince at Montreal, may still be in the land of the living, and, whether Canadian or American, probably open to a bargain ! Barrack room was not easily found for the troops sent to Canada last summer by the *Great Eastern* ; but along the line of the railway any number of troops might be billeted at the towns of Belleville, Cobourg, Hamilton, Guelph, Galt, Goderich, and others, all west of a line drawn from the Georgian Bay, in rear of Toronto, to Kingston, at the entrance of the St. Lawrence, and all connected with head-quarters and each other by the wires of the Montreal Telegraph Company. By these means, at a day's notice, they can be concentrated on any point where there is occasion for their services.

And now for a word or two about the pastimes and amusements of a Canadian winter. Our soldiers will necessarily remain in the province one winter at least ; and wherever Englishmen go, sports and athletic exercises follow in their train. The races, paper hunts, and cricket-matches, which marked the spirit of our men before Sebastopol, may, in their way, be repeated out in Canada with tenfold opportunity. At Montreal there is a subscription pack of foxhounds, and the members of the club, not long ago, offered their services to General Williams, in the event of war, as a special body-guard. Their exploits in the chase are necessarily confined to the open weather in the fall and spring of the year. The province is entirely destitute of hedges, which will not stand the severity of the winter ; and the fields are bounded with "snake fences," or long rails of timber piled five feet high, and more, on two uprights running in a zig-zag direction : consequently, in hunting vernacular, it is a difficult country, and good nerve and a good timber jumper are indispensable. In weather too hard for hunting, sportsmen can console themselves with sleighing, and drive their horses with the Tandem Club. Snow roads are nothing like the "high hard road" of summer, and properly roughed and shod, horses take no harm even on ice. At Kingston, it is a common thing to see trotting races, in light American sleigh-sulkies, over the ice between the town and Garden Island ; and the ordinary winter passage of travellers between Kingston and New York is in a stage, which, for several months, is driven across the twelve miles of ice between the former place and Cape Vincent. Other resources for the energetic are — meetings of the snowshoe club, the curling sheds, skating rinks, or the more obstreperous pastime of taboggining.

Of all these various and exciting amusements, we will endeavour to give our readers a concise account.

Of course, the national game of old Scotia has been imported into a country where for five months in the year ice is the normal condition of all water, save that in the open lakes or at the bottom of a well. "Keen curlers," all attention to the exhortations of their "skip," toe the scratch in every town of the Canadas, with a skill and devotion worthy of the champion district north of the Tweed. In Canada, the curling-stones are

(to use an Irishism) made of wrought iron, usually painted to represent the colour of granite, and are found a great improvement on the stones proper usually seen in Scotland; they are more evenly weighted, less cumbrous, and keep a truer "turn" up to the "tee." The game is played under long sheds, containing two or more parallel rinks, flooded by a hose attached to the nearest hydrant of the fire companies; and the opening of the windows at night is quite sufficient to freeze the water solid to the bottom. The surface of the ice can, of course, be renewed at pleasure. The buildings are fitted with gas, and after the business of the day is over, dignified Scotch merchants, who have long lost the suppleness and activity of youth, betake themselves to the game of skill, and play it with advantage over younger competitors. The watching the great stones slide up the long vista of ice, to make a cannon with the precision of a billiard stroke, the ringing "click" of less gentle concussions, the frantic sweeping of those who wish to hurry their stones, the breathless anxiety with which the skip's last shot is watched, as with a dexterous turn of the handle he sends his stone curling round intervening obstacles, and the hearty mirth with which it is declared to be "in," are all features accounting for the good humour and popularity of the game. Atlantic voyagers, desirous of wiling away the long hours of the passage, amuse themselves with a game played upon the smooth deck of the steamer, in which wooden "shuffles" are used instead of stones, but which is otherwise very similar to curling. Upon these occasions, bets of bottled ale run high, and vary the speculation indulged in as to the day's "run."

But curling is not the only amusement which can be followed, irrespective of the daylight. Large circular buildings may be seen at Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto, with an open arena in the centre, and tiers of seats running round the sides, provided also with gas, and flooded and frozen in the same way that we have described. These are the skating clubs, where morning, afternoon, and evening, ladies and gentlemen may be seen combining the gaiety and evolutions of a ball-room with the out-door skill and activity of the most accomplished performers on the Serpentine. The officers not unfrequently enliven the scene with the music of a military band, and the beautifully-executed figures go merrily on. Under cover, and in a limited space, figure-slating, of course, becomes the fashion, and tyros, male and female, may be seen at peep of day hurrying to the rink, hoping that the wriggles and contortions which precede the acquirement of that ease and apparent absence of force, which mark a finished skater, may escape the observation of more experienced connoisseurs. The ladies, without adopting an ultra-Bloomer costume, dress for the occasion, and seem not unaware that the natural elegance of the movement enhances the personal charms for which Lower Canadians are so justly celebrated. Four months of certain ice every year render the use of skates quite universal in Canada, and ragged little urchins may even be seen "striking out" along the board pavements of the towns, with things

fastened on to their feet with string, which one day, perhaps, officiated as the backs of carving-knives. Though the lakes themselves are never frozen, the bays and harbours of towns in Upper Canada are crowded with skaters, and immense distances are sometimes traversed by those fond of adventure or notoriety.

Snowshoeing is also productive of capital sport, though by no means so popular an amusement as the preceding. The exercise is very severe, and discomfiture so much more unpleasant than a fall on the ice, that many people lose heart at the outset, and declare they see no fun in it at all. In Upper Canada the snowshoe is seldom absolutely necessary; though sportsmen in pursuit of moose and deer in the bush must have recourse to its use; as also many persons living in northern settlements, where there is little traffic, and the roads are not kept worn by horses and sleigh-runners. A full-sized snowshoe is three and a half feet long, and at its greatest width sixteen inches wide, lozenge-shaped, and the weight of a pair should not exceed three pounds. The frame is of tough, light hickory, and covered with a network of deer-skin, of the same colour and texture as catgut; the toe of the mocassin is thrust through a loop in the centre of the shoe, and kept in its place by thongs passing round the ankle. The shoe is lifted by the toe, the heel being free; and the "tail" of the snowshoe is never off the ground. The track left behind this process of locomotion is the most curious ever beheld. A good walker can easily do his four miles an hour in them, when there is a good crust on the snow, and he has learnt to miss his ankle in passing one shoe over the other. His danger is, lest in planting one foot he should not step quite clear of the other; for in this case, when he lifts for the next step, a fall is inevitable. Naturally enough, out shoot both hands for the purpose of saving himself, and down they go up to the armpits through the treacherous surface of the snow. Cuffs, collars, and sleeve-linings become the receptacles of the frozen element, which melts at its leisure, to the grievous discomfiture of his inner man during the remainder of the walk. There he lies sprawling and struggling on his stomach, as helpless as a sheep on its back in a ditch. The toes of his shoes have run into the snow; one, perhaps, has come off, and down that leg goes, as far as is consistent with his formation as a bifurcated animal. A more pitiable condition cannot be imagined; and yet, strange to say, it is one more provocative of mirth than any it has been our misfortune to laugh at, when weeping, perhaps, would have been considered in better taste. Some few years ago, Dr. Rae, the famous Arctic explorer, walked in snowshoes from Hamilton to Toronto, a distance of forty miles, between breakfast and dinner. Active men can jump in them, and races are run every year for a silver cup, on the course of the Montreal Turf Club.

Taboggining, the next amusement on our list, is suggestive of nothing but romps and tumbles, and "muffining" under difficulties. The taboggin is a very simple contrivance: two thin strips of pliable wood, each about a foot wide and ten feet long, are fitted together by a groove, and secured

by wooden cross-pieces; two hickory rods are run along the inside edge; the top end is bent down to the floor at both corners, and secured by thongs, to serve, as it were, for a splashboard. The vehicle is then complete. Let the reader fancy himself at the top of Fort Henry, the day fine and frosty, his hair and whiskers white, as with a respectable old age, and each point of his moustache the base of an incipient iceberg. The hill is of the proverbial steepness of the side of a house, covered with glistening snow, and below him stretches a mile or two of ice, some two feet thick, with patches of snow drifted over its level black surface. He and his companions are provided with taboggins, and half-a-dozen ladies are of the party; for in Canada ladies are essential accompaniments of merry-making both indoors and out. A favourable slide is chosen, which is considered none the worse for having two or three minor precipices in its course to the ice. The steersmen of the party provide themselves with short pointed pieces of stick, with which they shape their course down the slippery descent. A gentleman kneels down at the first taboggin; holds it carefully to prevent a false start; tucks in the lateral superfluities of dress belonging to the lady, who has seated herself in the prow of his ship with her feet pressing against the turned-up end; cautiously seats himself on the floor behind her, sticks in hand—a friendly shove, and they are off! Yes, off they go, acquiring greater speed with every yard, raising a cloud of snow with “the digs” necessary to keep the taboggin straight before a clear channel is worn, shoot the little falls without mishap, and, after dipping the base of the incline, are seen sailing along once more in a horizontal direction over the ice below. But every pleasure has its “draw-back,” and so has taboggining; for the impetus lost, the party have to get out; and putting himself into string traces attached to the front of the taboggin, the gentleman proceeds to drag “Humpty-dumpty” up again. As faithful chroniclers, we are obliged to add that unnecessary delay is often remarked in the ascent of “self and partner” to what lawyers call, the place of beginning. We have only described the descent of a skilled *voyageur*; half the fun is in the amusing accidents of less skilful practitioners. The beginner digs too hard on one side, when round goes the head of the taboggin at a tangent to the other; so to speak, it gets across the stream, and in obedience to the laws of gravity—though hardly with a grave demeanour—the pilot and his companion roll down the remainder of the hill, without their taboggin. A favourite place for this diversion, where it is carried on with small hand-sleighs, instead of taboggins, and is attended with considerable risk, is at the ice-cone formed by the spray from the Falls of Montmorenci, a few miles below Quebec.

We put “ice-boating” last, but it is by no means least of winter amusements peculiar to the shores of Ontario. A triangular floor, capable of bearing some five or six persons in a recumbent position, is mounted on large iron skates, and is fitted with mast and sail in the bows. The triangle, if we may call it so, runs base forwards, and at each angle there

is a skate. The two forward ones are fixed straight, and parallel; the one in the stern is worked with a tiller; and the man at the helm, who has also the cleats of the mainsheet within his reach, has absolute command over the motion and direction of his vessel. These boats will go as close to the wind, and "wear" and "tack" in exactly the same way as a yacht. The two miles between the shore of Toronto and the opposite island have been done under four minutes, and very little wind insures a considerable speed. Danger and excitement often go hand in hand, and so it is with ice-boating, when open cracks and air-holes in the ice require the constant vigilance of all on board. Lying close to the surface, and watching the cracks and snow-patches as the boat flies on, there is, perhaps, the most appreciable sensation of velocity, without precipitation, ever felt by man. The passengers take turn about in steering; but there are not many competent or bold enough, either at Kingston or Toronto, to undertake the task.

An enumeration of amusements, into which, at all events, our public schoolmen in the regiments will enter, with all the zest and vigour which characterized their encounters "at the wall," or their deeds in the "playing fields," brings us to speak of the social qualities of Canadians. They will be found a gay and hospitable people, attached to the Crown of England, and warmly sympathising in all her interests and undertakings. It has been a too prevalent habit here at home to class the habits and customs of Canadians in the same long category with American peculiarities; while some people, of average knowledge and attainments, have gone so far as to confound Canadians with the aborigines of the forest. For a long time this ignorance of the first colony of our empire was intelligible enough; but of late years her generous subscription to the Patriotic Fund, her chivalrous enlistment of the 100th Regiment in the time of our necessity, the extraordinary success of her industrial productions exhibited at Paris, the magnificent welcome with which she received the Prince of Wales, and now for the third time her loyal alacrity to show a bold front to British enemies,—all point to Canada as demanding from the nations of Europe, and especially from ourselves, a due recognition of her political and commercial status among the nations of the world. The readiness of the Canadians to see the long frontier along which two-thirds of them live converted into an Anglo-American battle-ground, was the more surprising, if we reflect on the relations existing between themselves and the States. Averse as they are to American rule, and superior as they think themselves to the foibles and peculiarities of the "Yankee," the intercourse between the two countries, public and private, has for many years been one of the closest intimacy. The association of Americans with most of the great business speculations of the provinces, has served to draw closer the ties of proximity and relationship. It is not too much to say that there is not a family of consequence in Canada, which, by intermarriage or otherwise, has not relatives or dear personal friends across the border. In Canada the extension of the franchise is

fast bringing a representative form of government to the verge of democracy; and the institutions of both countries are in many points on a similar footing. The fear of constituents, and the pernicious system of pay for parliamentary services, are day by day bringing politics into greater disrepute; and, as in America, many able, good, and conscientious men are kept from being of service to their country by the ill repute of those with whom they would have to consort. In respect to the civil war now raging in America, the feeling of Canada has been divided: though the taunts and threats of the Northern press have done much to promote a sympathy for the South, and a fixed resolution, from Gaspé to Sandwich, to risk life and property in the vindication of what every Canadian calls "Home."

The presence of a large number of troops will cause a great expenditure of money, where money has been scarce since the troubles of '57; public attention will have been called to the state of colonial defences, and favour enlisted in behalf of the Inter-colonial Railway. These are advantages to set against the prospect of war and desolation—high prices and insecurity of property. The meritorious loyalty with which Canadians faced the latter contingencies demands any reward consistent with the observance of a wise colonial policy. Unassisted by an imperial grant, the Government of Canada subsidizes a line of ocean packets at an annual expense of 104,000*l.*; while it sees the Cunard line to Boston and New York indebted for its existence to the patronage of English tax-payers. Moreover, in the celebrated Galway Company's case, England evinced a disposition to help any project for Atlantic mail service, save only the very line to which she is most bound to furnish her countenance and assistance. Naturally enough Canadians view this conduct with jealousy and suspicion, though doubtless our Government has excellent reasons of its own for not complying with their request.

The effect of civil war in America, though now injurious to Canadian trade, must eventually be favourable to emigration to our colonies; so also the waste of capital, the depreciation of stocks, and the loss of men for military service, must ultimately favour Canadian competition in American markets. For many years to come emigrants will cease to seek a home in a country liable to internal discord, and so careless in its provocation of chastisement from the foreigner. The Canadian rebellion, and disturbances among the French in Lower Canada, have for years operated against the settlement of the eastern townships south of Montreal—a part of the country as fertile as any, and close to the place of disembarkation. Reasoning from analogy, we may predict that emigrants will understand the advantages of a peaceable country, and stay in it, in preference to hurrying through by rail, as they lately have done, to the prairie farms of Illinois and Iowa in the West.

Belgravia out of Doors.

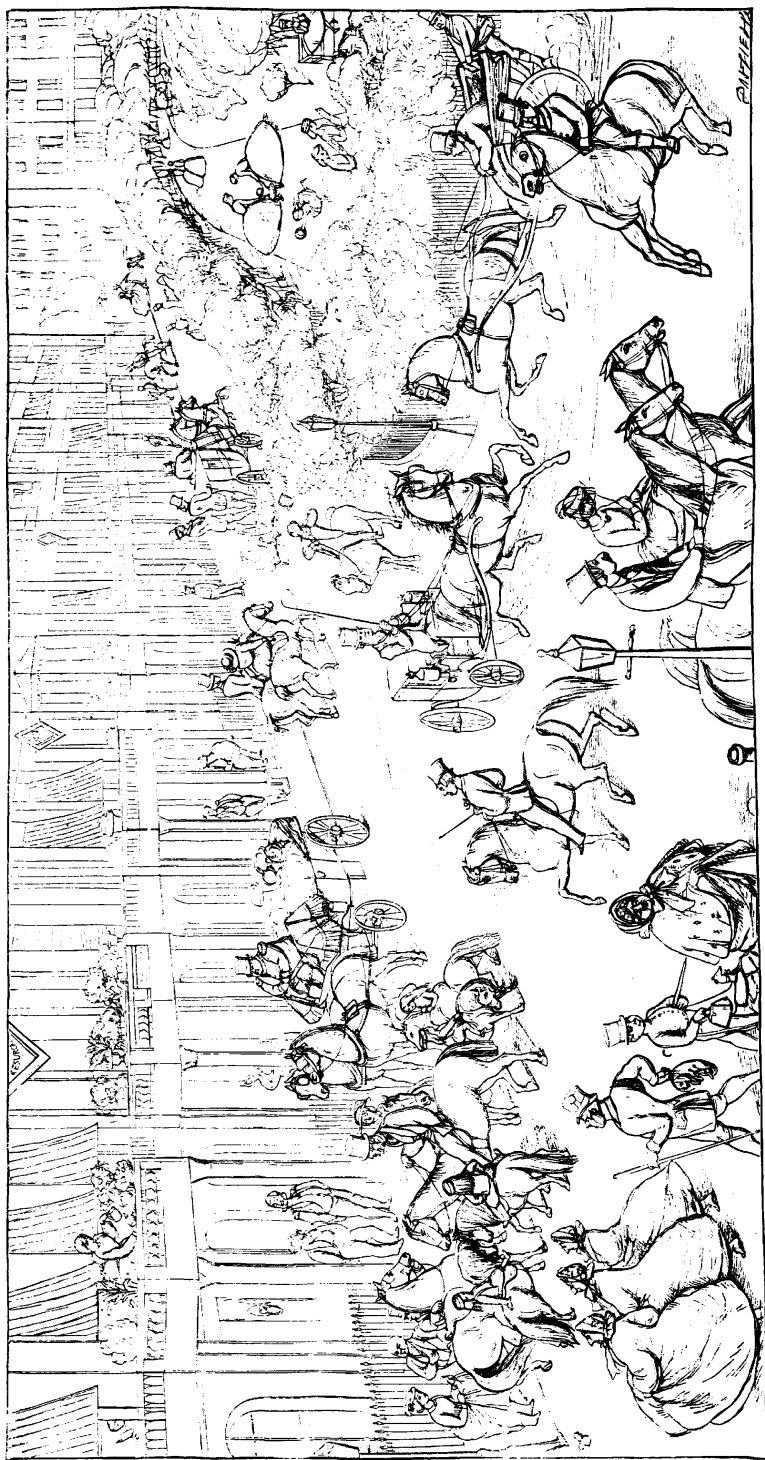


ROSSING over Piccadilly at Hyde Park Corner, on a sultry summer's afternoon, the traveller in London suddenly finds himself, as it were, becalmed after a storm. So great is the change from the roar and rattle, the crowd and confusion, the steam of omnibuses and cabs, and men and women that fill the length of Piccadilly and Knightsbridge, to the quiet, stately, wealthy, aristocratic and dull district known as Belgravia.

This drawing is an attempt to represent a "view" of Belgravia about that time of the day when the nearest approach to movement and liveliness takes place. An easy, unruffled calm seems to prevail everywhere. The sun shines oppressively, the pavement is hot, the blinds are all down, the houses within have a cool, shady, deserted look. Everybody—that is, the family—is out. Six-foot liveried, powdered domestics of the period, varied occasionally by a portly butler, sun themselves, mostly in couples, on almost every doorstep, and in attitudes more or less representative of elegance and dignity; and there is an additional air of ease and independence, and of being in complete possession, as it were, of the premises for the time, from the circumstance that the inhabitants of the mansions are, for the most part, out driving in their carriages or riding on horseback.

Ever and anon a terrific volley of double knocks, seeming as if they would never cease, and suggesting to the listener the idea that the person performing on the knocker was suddenly gone out of his mind, breaks in upon the otherwise stillness of the scene, and indicates to the passer-by that in all human probability one lady of fashion has left her card upon another lady of fashion.

The fashion for ladies of distinction out driving seems to be a recumbent posture, similar to that adopted by ordinary folks when in bed. The correct thing seems to be to lie flat on the back amid the multitudinous robe which rises up and fills every nook and corner of the carriage, and which requires a good deal of tucking in on the part of the attendants to enable the door to shut, and above which the head of



Belgravia out of Doors.

the lady just bobs up, so to speak, above water. The chin is generally worn in the air, and the parasol rises perpendicularly, like a little sail above the waves, or like a slim mushroom from the midst of the snowy mountain of muslin, or whatever the material of the dress may be.

Pity, if you please, the youth with the languid air, who drives his cab so lazily that he scarcely has energy left to turn a corner.

Sympathize, if you can, with the stooped, depressed-looking equestrians, who are supposed to be taking exercise.

And observe the young ladies not yet "out," in the garden of the square, some at play, others reading the mild emotional domestic novel, and not having found their lives as yet a bore.

Commissions of Lunacy.

IN a late article on the Windham case, *The Times* took occasion to give its innumerable readers one of those half-contemptuous, half-philosophical discourses in which it sometimes delights to assume to sweep away difficulties of all kinds, especially legal difficulties; and to show that, by the help of a little of what is rather lightly called common sense, everything might be set to rights which appears at first sight startling or unjust. The general drift of the article was this:—Mr. Windham's Commission of Lunacy is altogether an absurdity, and a scandal to the administration of the law. We are all, more or less, mad. Madness is entirely a question of degree. Eccentricity is only a mild form of the disease, and the difference between lunatics in the full legal sense and others is simply this—that lunatics carry their eccentricities so far that it becomes, on the whole, desirable, for themselves and the public at large, that they should be shut up. Madness being so simple a matter, how absurd it is that the process of ascertaining the fact of its existence in a particular case should be so elaborate and expensive. Means are found for settling the question in a very summary and, on the whole, satisfactory manner in the case of the ordinary lunatics who fill our county asylums. Why should the case of a gentleman be different? and, above all, why should a process be adopted in his case which may, as the Windham inquiry proves, result in dividing amongst the lawyers the whole of the property, his capacity to manage which is the point at issue?

All these questions were pressed with the triumphant air which is natural to a writer who thinks it impossible that his questions should receive an answer. This cavalier and presumptuous way of treating really difficult and interesting questions is one of the principal drawbacks to the utility of journalism. It tends to make people unreasonably discontented with the world in which they live, because it leads them to suppose that a much larger proportion of the evils under which they suffer are referable to the clumsiness of institutions, and a much smaller one to the inherent defects and difficulties of human nature, than is really the case. Fair consideration of the subject will show that, in truth, there is little to complain of in the arrangements made for ascertaining whether or not people are lunatics, and that both the enormous trouble and the immense expense of trying such questions out, are inevitable results of the nature of the subject-matter of inquiry.

The subject falls under three heads—the fact to be proved, the evidence by which it is to be proved, and the expenses of the process of proving it. First, as to the fact to be proved. The question before Com-

missions of Lunacy is always, or at least generally, this—Is the person in question so affected by disease that he is mentally incompetent to manage his person and his affairs, both or either? To say that this is a question of degree, that all men are, to some extent, mad, that eccentricity is madness, and that some rough and ready way of drawing the line at which sanity ends and madness begins ought to be devised, because it is difficult to hit upon any precise and available definition of madness, is an unwise, and, indeed, in an important sense, is a very dangerous doctrine. In the first place, it is altogether false in fact. It is easy to imagine cases in which a man might carry eccentricity to the utmost, and yet be absolutely sane. Assume, for example, that a man had some strange taste about eating or drinking, such as a positive antipathy, say, to roast beef. Suppose that he could not endure the taste, the smell, or the sight of it, and always left the room when it appeared, would any one say that, if in every other particular the man were perfectly consistent and regular in his conduct, this peculiarity either constituted madness or formed a step towards it? Such a notion is monstrous, and its prevalence to any considerable extent would be a great evil, for it would tend directly to discourage anything like freedom or originality of character. Mr. Mills argues elaborately, in his *Essay on Liberty*, to show how great the benefits are which eccentricity confers on mankind; and without going to quite the same length, it may be said that it is at once a poor thing, and hasty and unjust, to describe madness in terms which identify it in principle with all the qualities by which eminent men are distinguished from the mass of mankind. If eccentricity is madness merely because it is uncommon, is genius madness? Is a man mad because he is a great poet, or painter, or author? Or, again, is physical deformity a sort of madness? It would seem so, if mere strangeness is the test; for it is quite as uncommon for a man to have more or fewer fingers or toes than his neighbours, as to have peculiar habits, tastes, or powers. No doubt the exertion of trying to affix a clear meaning to such a word as Madness is considerable, and it is possible to represent all inquiry on the subject as fruitless, and as leading to mere metaphysical subtleties, unavailable for practical purposes; but this is an objection which it is possible to urge, and which continually is urged against all accurate thought whatever on all subjects, and it is impossible, if the subject is to be fully understood, to avoid some consideration of the question, What does madness mean, and what is it which people inquire into when they inquire whether or no a man is mad? It may be all very well for a smart popular writer to say that all men are more or less mad, and that whether or no a person is to be deprived of the control of his person and property is merely a question of degree; but if such a principle were really admitted and applied to the practical business of life, the consequences would be terrible.

It must, no doubt, be admitted, and the admission explains the origin of such statements as that of *The Times*, that madness cannot be defined ;

but it is the common characteristic of almost all fallacies to confound together the words of which language consists and the things which those words denote. It does not follow that madness is not a real specific thing because it never has been defined, any more than it follows that a tree is not a real thing because the word Tree has never been defined. It would not follow that the thing denoted by the word Madness was not a distinct thing, even if it were admitted not only that it never has been, but also that it never will be defined. What is a "reasonable doubt," whether or not a man is guilty of a crime? It is such a doubt as *ought* to induce twelve men selected in a certain manner to hesitate in deciding that he is guilty. What is meant by the word *ought*? It means that it would be *generally beneficial to society* if such doubts always existed under such circumstances. And what, it may be asked, do you mean by "generally beneficial to society?" The answer to that question would involve a whole theory of the scope and objects of human life. Thus, to give a definition of a *reasonable* doubt, a whole system of morals would be required; yet who would deny that some doubts are reasonable and others not—that it would, for example, be utterly unreasonable to doubt twelve impartial witnesses who all swore that on a previous day they saw a given man at a given place, whilst it would be perfectly reasonable to doubt one deeply interested person who said the very same thing, when he had a strong motive for saying it.

The inference from this is, that the bare fact that language does not supply an exact description of a particular class of objects, with which they may be readily compared, is no proof at all that the objects denoted by particular words, such as "madness," or "reasonable doubt," have not in fact any distinguishing characteristics. The true mode of inquiry in all such cases is to try to find out by observation and comparison what those distinguishing characteristics are. It is a very bad service to the cause of exact thought, or practical utility, to insist upon the inadequacy of our current language as proof that the problems to which it points are in themselves insoluble.

What, then, is madness? In the first place, it is perfectly certain that it is a disease, and a specific—though, no doubt, an obscure and mysterious—disease. What then is a disease? Without affecting to give a scientific definition of it, the following description may be taken as not incorrect:—The human body is a mass of matter of various kinds, disposed in a particular and most marvellous manner. This matter lives and moves. What these words mean we know most imperfectly; but at all events they denote this, that the different members of the body, the different parts of the matter of which it consists, have, to use the common expression, appropriate functions. They act upon each other in certain ways, and the general result of that interaction is the production and preservation of a state of things which we call health and life. If any part of the body acts not in this, which may be called the normal, way, but in some other abnormal way, and if the result of that is to produce pain, the incapacity

of other members, and ultimately death, that abnormal action is a disease. Such is the body, and such its diseases; but what is the mind? Here again we come upon a mystery of which no one has the solution, perhaps not even the key. What the words Mind, Soul, or Spirit denote, it is impossible to say. There are good reasons for believing that they denote something which may and will exist independently of the body as we see and feel it now; but though this is the most important of all beliefs, and gives life its whole dignity and interest, it must not be allowed to obscure this other truth, that the operations of the mind are at present known to us exclusively through bodily functions. The expression of the face, the gestures of the body, the sounds made by the organs of speech, the impressions made on the eye by written or printed words, and other processes of the same kind, are the means, and the only means, by which the dearest friends can trace the operations of each other's minds, although they may feel convinced beyond the possibility of a doubt that what they are tracing is the operation of a mind, and not of a mere material organ.

Not only do all the operations of the mind—thought itself included—pass through the bodily organs, but they have another quality, which has often been contested, but which, nevertheless, unquestionably belongs to them, and that is regularity.* Men think, feel, and act, not at random, but according to certain principles. They acknowledge the validity of the same kind of arguments; they are pleased and pained by the same kind of occurrences; they keep in view the same sorts of objects, and try to attain them by the same sorts of means. This regularity is, no doubt, consistent with the utmost variety—a variety so infinitely complicated and diversified, that the very existence of the regularity which underlies, and enables us to understand it, has been and still is most pertinaciously and foolishly denied. Some men are wise, some foolish, some strong, some weak, some good, some bad. Their various tastes and powers are mixed up in innumerable combinations, and produce such an infinite quantity of individual peculiarities, that no two men are precisely alike, and that even those who resemble each other most closely (brothers, for example) interest us almost as much by their strange contrasts as by their equally strange resemblances.

All this variety, however, depends upon the fundamental resemblance out of which it grows. If that did not exist, there would be no variety; for each man would be an isolated creature, independent of all the rest; and we should no more think of remarking on their differences than we think of observing that Homer's *Iliad* is very different from a watch-key, or that there is no resemblance between Westminster Hall and three o'clock in the afternoon. One or two illustrations of the substantial

* On the regularity of mental operations, and on the consistency of this with morality and responsibility, see two Essays on the "Study of History," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for June and July, 1851.

identity which is covered by this circumstantial variety, will explain one relation between them. All men dislike physical pain; yet no two men view it in precisely the same light, or behave in reference to it in precisely the same manner, or feel it in the same degree on the same occasions. A brave man will defy it, a timid man will crouch before the threat of it. A weak woman will often bear it with the sweetest resignation; a strong man will constantly rage and fret under it, with an utter forgetfulness of decency and self-respect. A mustard-poultice will be absolute torture to some persons in some states of health; the extraction of a toenail will be matter of indifference to others, or even to the same person under different circumstances.

So, again, all men love themselves; but with some this self-love takes the form of the vilest selfishness. With others, it is the foundation of the most exalted goodness and the most sublime self-sacrifice, from a disinterested wish for the welfare of others; and between those two extremes are an infinite number of shades of temper and behaviour, all of which equally proceed from the common principle of self-love.

It is conceivable—though as yet nothing of the kind has been done, or even attempted—that by careful investigation a complete account might be given of the common principles of human nature, so that men might be able to count up the roots out of which grow the infinite variety of human actions; but, though this has not been done, and probably never will be done completely, the general truth that there are such things as principles of human nature, and that those principles are, as far as we know, permanent and universal, is as well established as any other fact whatever.

This fact is enough to enable us, not indeed to give a definition, but to form a very distinct conception of what we mean by sanity and insanity. We do not mean by the one—as the writer in *The Times* seemed to think—deviation in any direction from the dead level of human nature. There is this, amongst other conclusive objections to such an opinion, that no such dead level exists. Human nature is infinitely various and complex, and it would be utterly impossible, if it were desirable, to specify any level on which all sane men are bound to stand. On the other hand, we do mean such an insensibility to the common principles of human conduct, caused by bodily disease, as renders a man incapable of managing either his person or his property, or both (if the question arises on a Commission of Lunacy); or of knowing right from wrong; or of voluntary action (if the question arises on a criminal trial); or of understanding and deliberating on the subject of a particular transaction (if the question arises in a specific civil suit—such, for example, as the validity of a contract or will, which is disputed on the ground of the insanity of the contractor or testator).

Each of the parts of this description—for it has no claim to the precision of a definition—of the notion of madness which lawyers have adopted for practical purposes, deserves attention, and deserves also to be

attentively compared with the foregoing account of the nature of disease and the nature of human conduct.

In the first place, there must be an insensibility to the principles of human conduct. The general nature of these principles has been sufficiently explained already. The important thing to observe is their application to human conduct. Their recognition and practical adoption for the purpose of guiding conduct is perfectly consistent with any degree either of singularity, or of wickedness, or of folly. A man may have a sublime genius which raises him above the common level of humanity; he may, on the other hand, be a prey to wretched superstitions, like the fetish worshippers in Africa, or the believers in rapping spirits in our own country; he may be able, like the calculating boy, to extract at sight the cube root of a number expressed by eight or nine figures; or he may be unable, from sheer stupidity and inattention, to do a sum in long addition: in each of these cases he would be equally singular, and in each he might be equally sane, because he would proceed upon the same general principles of thought and action, though he would apply them in totally different ways, and with a different degree of facility. For example, the reason why the man of genius writes a poem or paints a picture is, that he delights in the exercise of his faculties, just as a doctor or a lawyer likes advising his clients or patients. Not one man in a century feels that particular delight which Shakspeare felt when he completed *King Lear*; but millions of men every day feel an analogous satisfaction of a humbler kind. Few people in this country would worship a figure made out of fish-bones and old rags, but thousands would feel afraid to cross a churchyard at night; and the awe of the unseen, the feeling that we are but atoms in an infinite universe, which may contain innumerable powers capable of hurting us, of which we know nothing, is one of the qualities which distinguish men from brute beasts. Thus it is not mere singularity in any shape—not the mere uncommonness of a man's proceedings—which shows that he does not act on the common principles of action, any more than it is mere peculiarity in other things that makes him strange. A man might, and, in fact, all men do differ, possibly, from every one else in the world—certainly from almost every one else—in innumerable particulars, without being at all extraordinary. Suppose, for example, there were a man who had a complexion slightly differing in shade, a voice slightly differing in accent, hair slightly differing in colour, and also in the number of the individual hairs, from all other men in the world, he would not of necessity be at all a singular man. A person who precisely resembled, say, a million other people in every one of these and innumerable other respects, but who differed from the rest of the species in perspiring like a dog, through his tongue only, would be far more remarkable.

Having pointed out what is not madness, it is desirable to inquire what it is. It is an insensibility to the general principles of human nature caused by disease. Dislike to pain is one of these principles. Suppose the case of a man who obviously felt pain, but, without any assignable reason

whatever, did not avoid it. Suppose he were to stick splinters under his nails, to gash himself with a knife, to handle burning coals, &c., not from fanaticism or asceticism, like the Fakirs; not as a proof of hardihood, like the North American Indians; nor from vanity, by way of displaying some abnormal bodily insensibility to suffering; but simply in a casual, unaccountable manner. Suppose that after inflicting the injury he gave all the signs of suffering, shrieking and writhing and so forth, but as soon as he had an opportunity, did the same thing again. Every one would say that this was a most unreasonable act; and if it became ever so common, if it became epidemic, it would be regarded (even by those who did it, if they were sensible on other points) as an epidemic madness. Such was the view actually taken of the practices of the Flagellants, and of the dancing and preaching manias which have occurred in different parts of the world at different ages. These cases prove that an act is not mad because it is uncommon, or sane because it is common, but because it does or does not denote an insensibility on the part of the agent to the common principles, practical and speculative, of human nature.

Next, this insensibility must be caused by bodily disease. There are principles, both practical and speculative, to which a man may deaden himself without madness, simply by continued neglect of them. For example, the general principles of self-love and benevolence, as applied to moral obligations, are the great leading principles by which all men ought to govern their conduct, and by which most men do so to a very considerable degree; but it is conceivable that, by a long course of wickedness and folly, a man might so lose the habit of acting upon them as to become practically unconscious of their existence, and to act as if there were no such things in the world as right and wrong. This would not constitute madness, but only desperate and hardened wickedness, which is altogether another thing. If, however, a man who had always acted well up to a certain point, were suddenly to fall ill, and if, after his illness had subsisted for some time, he were to become apparently altogether unconscious to all the principles which he had acted on before, and were to show no sense of the difference between good and evil; and if it were an observed fact that men who suffered under such illnesses often fell into such a state; it would be highly probable that in the particular case the madness caused the insensibility, and that it was a case of madness, and not of wickedness.

Lastly, the question of degree has always to be considered when madness is made the subject of legal inquiry. It is not enough to show that a man is mad in general, but, before the fact of his madness can be of any legal importance, he must be shown to be so mad that in his particular case certain special results have actually followed. The best established and most familiar illustration of this is the case of crime. It has been laid down repeatedly, and is now perfectly well settled, that when a man is accused of a crime, the questions to be considered are these: Did he break the law? Did he know he was doing wrong?

Could he help it? If these three questions are answered in the affirmative, the question whether he was or was not sane becomes immaterial; and, indeed, at any stage in the inquiry, it is relevant only because it affords evidence by which the jury may be guided in answering the other questions, or some of them.

Thus the three questions which arise in considering the sanity of any particular person for any legal purpose are these :—Does he act and think upon the same general principles as other men? If not, is his insensibility to the principles on which other men act and think caused by bodily disease? If so, is the disturbance so great as to produce the effect required to be produced with reference to the particular subject-matter of inquiry? It is easy to deride or slur over the speculations upon which these conclusions are founded, and, by confident assertions, which appear by their very confidence to claim for those who use them an exclusive title to common sense, to make out that the whole question is one which can be disposed of in a few words, and which requires nothing more than the use of particular shrewdness for its solution. This is a great mistake. The solution of such questions will never be practically satisfactory, and will often work most intolerable wrong unless those who preside over their decision have a real grasp of the principles on which their solution must depend.

This introduces the question of evidence. On what grounds ought we to infer that a man is insensible to the ordinary principles of thought and conduct, that this insensibility is caused by disease, and that it is great enough to prevent him from managing his person or his affairs? To this, as to all other questions of evidence, no precise answer can be given. On what evidence ought a jury to believe that a man picked a pocket, or committed a forgery? It is impossible to go beyond generalities, but this may be said,—they will never decide the question satisfactorily unless they know clearly what it is that they are to decide. The foregoing observations lay the foundation for some observations on this point. The difficulty with which a jury on a Commission of Lunacy have to contend, is that they are deciding, not as common-sense scepticism is in the habit of saying, a question of degree, but a question of kind, which is very easily represented as a question of degree. The external conduct of a madman, a fool, and a desperate villain, have many features of resemblance, but the state of the three men's minds is as different as possible; and what the jury have to say is, which of three causes, any one of which may have produced a given result, did in fact produce it. One great assistance in discharging this duty is to consider where the burden of proof lies. It is almost always on those who allege madness. If a man commits what is *primâ facie* a crime, he is presumed to be sane, and must prove himself mad before he can escape. If it is desired to deprive a man of his property and freedom, those who wish to do so must prove him mad, and he need prove nothing at all unless he chooses to do so. In order to prove madness, it is necessary not only to show con-

duct consistent with madness, but also to go farther, and show conduct inconsistent with sanity. If this is done, subsidiary evidence becomes superfluous. If it is not done, it is impertinent. In most cases, therefore, an enormous mass of evidence usually produced on such occasions is in reality altogether beside the mark. The question always is, whether the man's principles of thought and conduct were the same with those of other people. This question is hardly affected by showing that his practice was peculiar.

For example: a man makes wildly extravagant presents to his mistress. No doubt that is consistent with madness; but it is also consistent with mere weakness. He is guilty of shameless indecency and blackguardism. The same remark applies to that. Nine-tenths of the evidence given in the disgusting case which was recently paraded before the public for nearly a month falls under exactly the same principle. The conduct imputed to the miserable creature whose infirmities so long disgusted all the newspaper readers in the kingdom was like the conduct of a madman, but it did not in itself prove madness. The limits of folly and bad manners are almost immeasurable, and almost all that Mr. Windham did was what any ill-bred and ill-conducted youth might do, and what scores of such youths have done a thousand times before. Clear proof of a single well-marked delusion, or of downright insensibility to any of the principles by which good men and bad, wise men and fools, all govern their conduct more or less skilfully and consistently, would have outweighed ten times as much evidence as was actually given, immeasurable as it was in amount.

The evidence which is thus required as to the character of the conduct of a supposed lunatic is only one step towards completing the case. It is necessary to go further, and to show that bodily disease is the cause of it. Even when, by the application of the principle just explained, the relevancy of the evidence given has been sifted, when so much of it as is really irrelevant has been rejected, it may still be a most difficult question whether the residue which is relevant is to be taken as proof of madness or merely of hardened wickedness. Madness is, in all probability, a specific disease, which deranges in some unknown way those functions of the body by which the mind acts and communicates its thoughts to other minds. What that specific disease is, no one knows. Suppose, for the sake merely of illustration, and in order to use definite terms, that it is an obscure inflammation of the brain, or of some part of it, and substitute for the word "madness" the words "obscure inflammation of the brain." The questions to be answered will then be as follows: Whether A B is incapable of managing his affairs, by reason of an insensibility to the common principles of human nature produced by an obscure inflammation of the brain? The evidence is that A B does, in fact, mismanage all his affairs, and that he does so because his conduct has no reference at all to those elementary principles of prudence and morals which men in general recognize—good men as their judges, bad men as principles which are in

point of fact established, and which must in various ways be recognized and respected. The question still undecided, and on which the jury have to pronounce, is whether this state of things is caused by obscure inflammation of the brain? If it is, the man is to be found a lunatic. If not, not.

The difficulty of the case is twofold. In the first place the elementary principles of prudence and morals, though no doubt real, are ill-defined. No one has ever yet succeeded in giving a perfectly satisfactory account of them. In the next place, the very existence of the obscure inflammation of the brain is an open question:—its effects are very imperfectly understood; its nature is not understood at all, and the results which it is supposed to produce may generally be referred in whole or in part to other causes. In short, the question which the jury have to try is whether an indefinite effect has been produced by a hypothetical cause; and there is, of course, a strong temptation to say that such a question is altogether insoluble, and ought not to be tried at all, or at least not by such a body.

Such a result is simply intolerable. Commissions of Lunacy there must be, for lunatics cannot be left at large, and no one who knows anything of the administration of justice, and of the crotchets and bias of skilled witnesses, would ever listen for an instant to the proposal to put the liberty and property of suspected lunatics at the mercy of a set of mad doctors. Either they would shut up every one who was extravagant and vicious, or else they would fall into radical dissension, each man standing up for his own theory. In either case, the security to the public would be utterly destroyed. Who would refer a point of doctrine to a jury of divines? Dr. Lushington's decision on the orthodoxy of the *Essays and Reviews* is sure to command respect, whatever it may be; but if the bishops were allowed to judge of heresy, they would either condemn without mercy, or fight between themselves like Kilkenny cats.

The difficulty, then, is a real one. It must be dealt with, and it must be dealt with by an unprofessional tribunal of some sort. How are they to deal with it? They must deal with it under the disadvantages which the imperfect state of science at present imposes. They must give to a great many persons whom there are strong grounds to conjecture to be more or less under the influence of the specific disease called madness, whatever that may be, the benefit of a doubt. That is the real result of the whole inquiry; but it is a result which cannot possibly be reached if the public get inoculated with the notion that madness is a mere question of degree; that a madman is nothing else than a person who is in a minority of one; and that if strict justice had been done, Shakspeare, Milton, and Newton, would have each been confined in Bedlam, for having thoughts which occurred to no one else before them.

It is, no doubt, a consequence from this that a considerable number of persons, whom it might be very proper to put into a lunatic asylum, will be allowed to squander their money and pester their friends and society

at large with their folly and vice; but this is an unavoidable evil. It is part of the price which we pay for our individual liberty, and after all, it is not a very heavy one, and it is one which the growth of science will certainly diminish and possibly will ultimately remove. Suppose, for example, that in the course of time the specific nature of madness should be discovered, and symptoms should be detected affording an infallible test of its existence. Assume, for the sake of illustration, that it could be shown to demonstration that madness is caused by some morbid condition of the spinal marrow, and suppose it were also shown that wherever that condition existed a certain mark was produced on the finger nails. Then, when the question was whether a man was unable, or merely unwilling, to manage his affairs properly, the question would be settled at once by the inspection of his hands. Of course there is no sort of reason to suppose that any test of the sort will ever be discovered; but there is every reason to hope that the notions of scientific men on the subject will become more fixed and definite as time goes on and well-digested experience accumulates; and it is not impossible that they may ultimately be able to speak with as much confidence of the existence of madness in a particular case, and of the degree in which it has interfered with the mental processes of the person affected, as they can show at present in speaking of scarlet-fever or small-pox, or in discriminating between weakness and delirium. Till that is the case it is hopeless to try to make an obscure question clear and easy by devising new modes of discussion. The defect is not in the definition, or rather description of madness, nor in the tribunal which is to decide it, but in the evidence by which its existence is to be proved. Where evidence is capable of several constructions people must do as well as they can, but no rearrangement of their modes of decision will enable them to give satisfactory judgments in all cases.

The last matter to be considered in reference to Commissions of Lunacy is their expense. The monstrous costliness of the Windham inquiry has not unnaturally attracted great attention, and it is said with much plausibility that such inquiries are like the famous case of the oyster, in which the plaintiff recovered one shell and the defendant the other, whilst the lawyers absorbed the contents. There is some truth in this, but there is a great deal of error, and it is an error which is greatly aggravated by the hasty, noisy way in which the real difficulties of the matter are pooh-poohed by those who speak of madness as a question of degree, and of eccentricity as being " unquestionably " a mild form of madness.

The expenses consist of three main items,—counsel's fees, the expenses of witnesses, and the attorneys' bills. As to the counsel's fees, it is a mere question of supply and demand. It is said, that in the Windham case, an eminent member of the bar was offered a fee of 500 guineas, with refreshers of 50 guineas a-day during the inquiry, and that he refused to take it on the ground that it was not worth his while. If a man chooses to employ highly skilled labour, he must pay the market price for it.

There are scores of barristers who would have joyfully accepted a tenth part of the sums mentioned, and it was a question for the parties concerned, and for them alone, whether they would make the one offer or the other. As to the expenses of witnesses, the same remark applies. If a doctor in large practice is to be brought 100 miles from his home and his patients, and to be imprisoned for a fortnight or three weeks in a wretched court for the purpose of saying that Mr. Windham slobbered, of course he must be paid for it. If those who set the inquiry on foot think such a piece of evidence worth such a price, that is a matter exclusively for them. If a man likes to light his candles with bank notes, the bank will be much obliged to him, and nobody except himself will be any the worse. With regard to the attorneys' bills, the case is even stronger: they are subject to taxation by public officers appointed for that purpose, who are perfectly competent to see whether the charges made really represent work done. It must be added, that the expense of such proceedings is a matter of absolute indifference to the public at large. If Mr. Windham's estates were swallowed up by an earthquake, no doubt the English nation would be a great loser; but if the 250,000*l.*, which they are said to be worth, is cut up into slices of 500*l.* and 1,000*l.*, and handed round to a number of barristers, attorneys, doctors, railway guards, and others, the operation might possibly be for the public advantage. It certainly would not diminish the national wealth. There are plenty of country gentlemen in the world, and if the Windham family should lose that honourable position, the English nation would survive the loss.

The real truth—and it is a truth which people are wonderfully slow to grasp—is that the expense of litigation under our present system depends almost entirely on the litigants. As far as the public are concerned, the administration of justice is nearly gratuitous. If a man chooses to conduct his own cause—if he calls no witnesses and employs no attorney—he may try an action without paying more than two or three pounds. Few men, of course, have the necessary leisure, knowledge, and confidence, to do this, and they have accordingly to pay those whose business it is to act for them, but just in the same way they pay the doctor, and (but for the Established Church) would have to pay the clergyman; and the rate of payment depends, like the price of all other commodities, upon supply and demand.

No doubt if the inquiry into a man's sanity were conducted, not by those who are interested in maintaining or in contesting it, but by the public, at the public expense, it might be done far more cheaply; but such a course of conduct would be utterly at variance with the fundamental principles of the administration of justice in this country. In every department of the law our maxim is, *Vigilantibus, non dormientibus, leges subserviunt*. Law is private war. A man who wants to bring an action must bring it for himself; even if he wishes to prosecute a criminal he must do it for himself. There is no public officer to do it for him. To deprive a man of the right of defending his own liberty and property

in his own way and by his own agents, would be, and be felt to be, a monstrous act of tyranny ; and if he is allowed to do so at all, he must be allowed to do so as expensively as he pleases.

It has been asked how is the matter managed with paupers, and why should there be one law for the rich and another for the poor ? The answer is, that the most wretched pauper in England may, if he pleases, demand that his insanity shall be established before a jury, just like Mr. Windham, but that as it is seldom worth while to lock him up, unless he is mad beyond all possibility of dispute, it hardly ever is worth his while to make the demand.

Of course these observations are subject to qualification as to details. The court has already some power over the costs of the inquiry. It might, perhaps, be advantageously trusted with more. There would be no difficulty or impropriety in giving a somewhat stringent and peremptory discretion to the Master as to the propriety of calling particular witnesses. He might be allowed to say, 'Whatever may be the result of the cause, you who have called this witness must pay for him, and not the other side.' How far he has that power at present, and how it might be enlarged, are questions of technical detail unsuited for these pages.

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER XX.

FLORENCE AND HER PROPHEET.

It was drawing towards evening, as two travellers, approaching Florence from the south, checked their course on the summit of one of the circle of hills which command a view of the city, and seemed to look down upon it with admiration. One of these was our old friend Father Antonio, and the other the cavalier. The former was mounted on an ambling mule, whose easy paces suited well with his meditative habits; while the other reined in a high-mettled steed, who, though now somewhat jaded under the fatigue of a long journey, showed by a series of little lively motions of his ears and tail, and by pawing the ground impatiently, that he had the inexhaustible stock of spirits which goes with good blood.

"There she lies, my Florence," said the monk, stretching his hands out with enthusiasm. "Is she not, indeed, a sheltered lily growing fair among the hollows of the mountains? Little she may be, sir, compared to old Rome; but every inch of her is a gem,—every inch!"

And, in truth, the scene was worthy the artist's enthusiasm. All the overhanging hills that encircle the city with their silvery olive-gardens and their pearl-white villas were now lighted up with evening glory. The old gray walls of the convents of San Miniato and the Monte Oliveto were touched with yellow light, and even the black obelisks of the expressos in their cemeteries had here and there streaks and dots of burnished gold, fluttering like bright birds among their gloomy branches. The distant snow-peaks of the Apennines, which even in spring long wear their icy mantles, were shimmering and changing like opal, with tints of violet green, blue, and rose, blended in inexpressible softness by that dreamy haze which forms the peculiar feature of Italian skies.

In this loving embrace of mountains lay the city, divided by the Arno as by a line of rosy crystal barred by the graceful arches of its bridges. Amid the crowd of palaces, spires, and towers, rose central and conspicuous the great Duomo, just crowned with that magnificent dome which was then considered a novelty and a marvel in architecture, and which Michael Angelo looked longingly back upon when he was going to Rome to build that more wondrous cupola of Saint Peter's. White and stately by its side shot up the airy shaft of the Campanile; and the violet vapour swathing the whole city in a tender indistinctness, these two striking objects, rising by their magnitude far above it, seemed to stand alone in a sort of airy grandeur.

And now the bells of the churches were sounding the Ave Maria,

the monk and the cavalier bent low in their saddles, and seemed to join devoutly in the worship of the hour.

When Father Antonio left Sorrento in company with the cavalier, it was the intention of the latter to go with him only so far as their respective routes should lie together. The band under the command of Agostino was posted in a ruined fortress in one of those airily perched old mountain towns which form so picturesque and characteristic a feature of the Italian landscape. But before they reached this spot, the simple, poetic, guileless monk, with his fresh artistic nature, had so won upon the mind of his travelling companion that a most enthusiastic friendship had sprung up between them, and Agostino could not find it in his heart at once to separate from him. Tempest-tossed and homeless, burning with a sense of wrong, alienated from the faith of his fathers through his intellect and moral sense, yet clinging to it with his memory and imagination, he found in the tender devotional fervour of the artist monk a reconciling and healing power. He shared, too, in no small degree, the feelings which now possessed the breast of his companion for the great reformer, whose purpose seemed to meditate nothing less than restoring the Church of Italy to the primitive apostolic simplicity; he longed to listen to the eloquence of which he had heard so much. Then, too, he had thoughts that but vaguely shaped themselves in his mind. This noble man, so brave and courageous, menaced by the forces of a cruel tyranny, might he not need the protection of a good sword? He recollected, too, that he had an uncle high in the favour of the King of France, to whom he had written a full account of his own situation. Might he not be of use in urging this uncle to induce the French King to throw before Savonarola the shield of his protection? At all events, he entered Florence this evening with the burning zeal of a young neophyte who hopes to effect something himself for a glorious and sacred cause embodied in a leader who commands his deepest veneration.

"My son," said Father Antonio, as they raised their heads after the evening prayer, "I am at this time like a man who, having long been away from his home, fears, on returning, that he shall hear some evil tidings of those he hath left. I long, yet dread, to go to my dear Father Girolamo and the beloved brothers in our house. There is a presage that lies heavy on my heart, so that I cannot shake it off. Look at our glorious old Duomo; doth she not sit there among the houses and palaces as a queen-mother among nations, worthy, in her greatness and beauty, to represent the Church of the New Jerusalem, the Bride of the Lord? Ah, I have seen it thronged with the multitude who came to crave the bread of life from our master!"

"Courage, my friend!" said Agostino; "it cannot be that Florence will suffer her pride and glory to be trodden down. Let us hasten on, for the shades of evening are coming fast, and there is a keen wind sweeping down from your snowy mountains."

And the two soon found themselves plunging into the shadows of the

streets, threading their devious way to the convent. At length they drew up before a dark wall, where the Father Antonio rang a bell. A door was immediately opened, a cowed head appeared, and a cautious voice asked—

“Who is there?”

“Ah, is that you, good Brother Angelo?” replied Father Antonio, cheerily.

“And is it you, dear Brother Antonio? Come in! come in!” was the cordial response, as the two passed into the court; “truly, it will make all our hearts leap to see you.”

“And, Angelo, how is our dear father? I have been so anxious about him!”

“Oh, fear not!—he sustains himself in God, and is full of sweetness to us all.”

“But do the people stand by him, Angelo, and the Signoria?”

“He has strong friends as yet, but his enemies are like ravening wolves. The Pope hath set on the Franciscans, and they hunt him as dogs do a good stag. But whom have you here with you?” added the monk, raising the torch and regarding the knight.

“Fear him not; he is a brave knight and good Christian, who comes to offer his sword to our father and seek his counsels.”

“He shall be welcome,” said the porter, cheerfully. “We will have you into the refectory forthwith, for you must be hungry.”

The young cavalier, following the flickering torch of his conductor, had only a dim notion of long cloistered corridors, from which now and then, as the light flared by, came a golden gleam from some quaint old painting, where the pure angel forms of Angelico stood in the gravity of an immortal youth, or the Madonna, like a bending lily, awaited the message of Heaven; but when they entered the refectory, a cheerful voice addressed them, and Father Antonio was clasped in the embrace of the Father so much beloved.

“Welcome, welcome, my dear son!” said that rich voice, which had thrilled so many thousand Italian hearts with its music. “So you are come back to the fold again. How goes the good work of the Lord?”

“Well, everywhere,” said Father Antonio; and then, recollecting his young friend, he suddenly turned and said—“Let me present you one son who comes to seek your instructions—the young Signor Agostino, of the noble house of Sarelli.”

The Superior turned to Agostino with a movement full of a generous frankness, and warmly extended his hand, at the same time fixing upon him the glance of his large, deep blue eyes, which might have been mistaken for black, so great was their depth and brilliancy. Agostino surveyed his new acquaintance with that mingling of ingenuous respect and curiosity with which an ardent young man would regard the most distinguished leader of his age, and felt drawn to him by the influence of a vital cordiality such as one can feel better than describe.

“You have ridden far to-day, my son; you must be weary,” said the Superior, affably; “but here you must feel yourself at home: command

us in anything we can do for you. The brothers will attend to those refreshments which are needed after so long a journey; and when you have rested and supped, we shall hope to see you a little more quietly."

So saying, he signed to one or two brothers who stood by, and, commending the travellers to their care, left the apartment. In a few moments a table was spread with a plain and wholesome repast, to which the two travellers sat down with appetites sharpened by their long journey. During the supper, the brothers of the convent, among whom Father Antonio had always been a favourite, crowded around him in a state of eager excitement.

"You should have been here the last week," said one; "such a turmoil as we have been in!"

"There hath been a whirlwind of preaching here and there," said another, "in the Duomo, and Santa Croce, and San Lorenzo; and they have battled to and fro, and all the city is full of it."

"Tell him about yesterday, about the ordeal," shouted a third.

Two or three voices took up the story at once, and began to tell it, all the others correcting, contradicting, or adding incidents. From the confused fragments here and there Agostino gathered that there had been on the day before a popular spectacle in the grand piazza, in which, according to an old superstition of the Middle Ages, Frà Girolamo Savonarola and his opponents were expected to prove the truth of their words by passing unhurt through the fire; that two immense piles of combustibles had been constructed with a narrow passage between, and the whole magistracy of the city convened, and a throng of the populace, eager for the excitement of the spectacle; that the day had been spent in discussions, and scruples, and preliminaries; and that, finally, in the afternoon, a violent storm of rain arising had dispersed the multitude and put a stop to the whole exhibition.

"But the people are not satisfied," said Father Angelo; "and there are enough mischief-makers among them to throw all the blame on our father."

"Yes," said one, "they say he wanted to burn the Holy Sacrament, because he was going to take it with him into the fire."

"As if it could burn!" exclaimed another voice.

"It would to all human appearance, I suppose," suggested a third.

"Any way," put in a fourth, "there is some mischief brewing; for friend Prospero Rondinelli, just come in, says that when he came past the Duomo he saw people gathering, and heard them threatening us. There were as many as two hundred, he thought."

"We ought to tell Father Girolamo," exclaimed several voices.

"Oh, he will not be disturbed!" interposed Father Angelo. "Since these doings, he hath been in prayer in the chapter-room before the blessed Angelico's picture of the Cross. When we would talk with him of these things, he waves us away, and says only, 'I am weary.'"

"He bade me come to him after supper," said Father Antonio. "I will talk with him."

"Do so,—that is right," responded two or three eager voices, as the monk and Agostino, having finished their repast, arose to be conducted to the presence of the father.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ATTACK ON SAN MARCO.

They found Savonarola in a large and dimly-lighted apartment, sitting absorbed in contemplation before a picture of the Crucifixion by Frà Angelico; which, whatever might be its defects of drawing and perspective, has an intense earnestness of feeling, and, though faded and dimmed by the lapse of centuries, still stirs in some faint degree even the modern *dilettanti*. In our day such pictures are visited by tourists with red guide-books in their hands, who survey them in the intervals of careless conversation; but they were painted by the devout artist on his knees, weeping and praying as he worked, and the sight of them was accepted by simple-hearted Christians as a perpetual sacrament of the eye. So absorbed was the father in the contemplation of this picture, that he did not hear the approaching footsteps of the knight and monk. When at last they came so near as almost to touch him, he suddenly looked up, his eyes full of tears. He rose, and, pointing with a mute gesture toward the painting, said :

"There is more in that than in all Michael Angelo Buonarotti hath done yet, though he be a God-fearing youth: more than all the heathen marbles in Lorenzo's gardens. Sit down with me here. I have to come here often, where I can refresh my courage."

The monk and knight seated themselves, the latter with his attention riveted on the remarkable man before him. The lineaments of Savonarola are familiar to us in many paintings and medallions; these, however, fail to impart what must have been the effect of his personal presence, which drew all hearts to him in his day. The knight saw a man of middle age, of elastic, well-knit figure, and a flexibility and grace of motion which seemed to make every nerve, even to his finger-ends, vital with the expression of his soul. The close-shaven crown, and the simple folds of his white Dominican robe, gave a severe and statuesque simplicity to the lines of his figure. His head and face, like those of most of the men of genius whom modern Italy has produced, were so strongly cast in the antique mould as to leave no doubt of the identity of modern Italian blood with that of the great men of ancient Italy. His low, broad forehead, prominent Roman nose, well-cut yet fully outlined lips, and strong, finely-moulded jaw and chin, denoted the old Roman vigour and energy, while the flexible delicacy of the muscles of his face and figure gave an inexpressible fascination to his appearance. Every

emotion and changing thought seemed to flutter and tremble over his countenance as the shadow of leaves over sunny water. His eye had a wonderful dilating power, and when he was excited seemed to emit sparks of light; and the delicate and melodious inflections of his voice were capable of expressing the whole range of human feeling, whether playful and tender or denunciatory and terrible. Yet, when in repose among his friends, he had an almost child-like simplicity and guilelessness of manner, which drew the heart by an irresistible attraction. At this moment it was easy to see by his pale cheek and haggard lines of his face that he had been passing through severe struggles; but his mind seemed staid on some invisible centre, in a solemn and mournful calm.

"Come, tell me something of the good works of the Lord in our Italy, brother," he said, with a smile which was almost playful in its brightness. "You have been through all the lowly places of the land, carrying our Lord's bread to the poor, and repairing and beautifying shrines and altars by the noble gift that is in you."

"Yes, father," replied the monk. "I have had precious seasons of preaching and confessing, and have worked in blessedness many days, restoring and beautifying the holy pictures and statues."

"What think you, brother, are all *these* doing now?" the Superior asked, pointing to the saints in the picture. "They see clearly through our darkness." Then, rising up, he added, solemnly: "Whatever man may say or do, it is enough for me to feel that my dearest Lord and His blessed Mother, and all the holy archangels, the martyrs, and prophets, and apostles, are with me. The end is coming."

At this moment a monk rushed into the room with a face expressive of the utmost terror, and called out,—“Father, what shall we do? The mob are surrounding the convent! Hark! hear them at the door!”

In truth, a wild, confused roar of mingled shrieks, cries, and blows came in through the open door; and the sound of approaching footsteps was heard along the cloisters.

"Here come Messer Nicolo de' Lapi, and Francesco Valori!" called out a voice.

The room was soon filled with a confused crowd, consisting of distinguished Florentine citizens, who had gained admittance through a secret passage, and the excited novices and monks.

"The streets outside the convent are packed close with men," cried one of the citizens; "they have stationed guards everywhere to cut off our friends who might come to help us."

"I saw them seize a young man who was quietly walking, singing psalms, and slay him on the steps of the Church of the Innocents," said another; "they cried and hooted, 'No more psalm-singing!'"

"And there's Arnolfo Battista," said a third; "he went out to try to speak to them, and they have killed him."

"Hurry! hurry! barricade the door! arm yourselves!" was the cry from other voices."

"Shall we fight, father? shall we defend ourselves?" cried others, as the monks pressed around their superior.

When the crowd first burst into the room, the face of the superior flushed, and there was a slight movement of surprise; then he seemed to recollect himself, and murmuring, "I expected this, but not so soon," appeared lost in mental prayer. To the agitated inquiries of his flock, he answered, "No, brothers; the weapons of monks must be spiritual, not carnal." Then lifting on high a crucifix, he said, "Come with me, and let us walk in solemn procession to the altar, singing the praises of our God."

The monks, with the instinctive habit of obedience, fell into procession behind their leader, whose voice, clear and strong, was heard raising the psalm, "*Quare fremunt gentes?*"—

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"

"The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying,

"Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us."

"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision."

As one voice after another took up the chant, the solemn enthusiasm rose and deepened, and all present, whether ecclesiastics or laymen, fell into the procession, and joined in the anthem. Amid the wild uproar, the din and clatter of axes, the thunders of heavy battering implements on the stone walls and portals, came this long-drawn, solemn wave of sound, rising and falling,—now drowned in the savage clamours of the mob, and now bursting out clear and full, like the voices of God's chosen amid the confusion and struggles of all the generations of this mortal life. White-robed and grand the procession moved on, while the pictured saints and angels on the walls seemed to smile calmly down from a golden twilight. The monks passed thus into the sacristy, where with all solemnity and composure they arrayed their father and superior for the last time in his sacramental robes; and then, still chanting, followed him to the high altar, where all bowed in prayer. And still, whenever there was a pause in the stormy uproar and fiendish clamour, might be heard the clear, plaintive uprising of that strange singing: "O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage!"

It needs not to tell in detail what history has told of that tragic night: how the doors at last were forced, and the mob rushed in; how citizens and friends, and many of the monks themselves, their instinct of combativeness overcoming their spiritual beliefs, fought valiantly, and used torches and crucifixes for purposes little contemplated when they were made. Fiercest among the combatants was Agostino, who three times drove back the crowd as they were approaching the choir, where Savonarola and his immediate friends were still praying. Father Antonio, too, seized a sword from the hand of a fallen man, and laid about him with an

impetuosity which would be inexplicable to any who do not know what force there is in gentle natures when the objects of their affections are assailed. The artist monk fought for his master with the blind desperation with which a woman fights over the cradle of her child.

All in vain! Past midnight, and the news comes that artillery is planted to blow down the walls of the convent; then the magistracy, who to this time have lifted not a finger to repress the tumult, send word to Savonarola to surrender himself to them, together with the two most active of his companions, Frà Domenico da Pescia and Frà Silvestro Maruffi, as the only means of averting the destruction of the whole order. They offer him assurances of protection and safe return, which he does not in the least believe: nevertheless, he feels that his hour is come, and gives himself up.

His preparations were all made with a solemn method, which showed that he felt he was approaching the last act in the drama of life. He called together his flock, scattered and forlorn, and gave them his last words of fatherly advice, encouragement, and comfort, ending with the remarkable declaration, "A Christian's life consists in doing good and suffering evil." "I go with joy to this marriage-supper," he said, as he left the church for the last sad preparation. He and his doomed friends then confessed, and received the sacrament; and after that he surrendered himself into the hands of the men who he felt in his prophetic soul had come to take him to torture and to death.

As he gave himself into their hands, he said, "I commend to your care this flock of mine, and these good citizens of Florence who have been with us;" and then, once more turning to his brethren, said, "Doubt not, my brethren. God will not fail to perfect His work. Whether I live or die, He will aid and console you."

At this moment there was a struggle with the attendants in the outer circle of the crowd, and the voice of Father Antonio was heard crying out earnestly, "Do not hold me! I will go with him! I must go with him!" "Son," said Savonarola, "I charge you on your obedience not to come. It is I and Frà Domenico who are to die for the love of Christ." And thus, at the ninth hour of the night, he passed the threshold of San Marco. As he was leaving, a plaintive voice of distress was heard from a young novice who had been peculiarly dear to him, who stretched his hands after him, crying, "Father! father! why do you leave us desolate?" Thereupon he turned back a moment, and said, "God will be your help. If we do not see each other again in this world, we surely shall meet in heaven."

When the party had gone forth, the monks and citizens stood looking into each other's faces, listening with dismay to the howl of wild ferocity that was rising around the departing prisoner.

"What shall we do?" was the outcry from many voices.

"I know what I shall do," said Agostino. "If any man here will find me a fleet horse, I will start for Milan this very hour; for my uncle is

now there on a visit, and he is a Councillor of weight with the King of France : we must get the king to interfere."

"I will go with you," said Father Antonio. "I shall have no rest till I do something."

"And I," quoth Jacopo Niccolini, "will saddle for you, without delay, two horses of part Arabian blood, swift of foot, and easy, and which will travel day and night without sinking."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CATHEDRAL.

THE rays of the setting sun were imparting even more than their wonted cheerfulness to the airy and bustling streets of Milan. There was the usual rush and roar of busy life which mark the great city, and the display of gay costumes and brilliant trappings proper to a ducal capital, which at that time gave the law to Europe in all matters of taste and elegance, even as Paris does now. It was, in fact, from the reputation of this city in matters of external show that our English term *Milliner* was probably derived; and one might well have believed this, who saw the sweep of the ducal cortège at this moment returning in pomp from the afternoon airing. Such glittering of gold-embroidered mantles, such bewildering confusion of colours, such flashing of jewellery from cap and dagger-hilt and finger-ring, and even from bridle and stirrup, testified that the male sex at this period in Italy were no whit behind the daughters of Eve in that passion for personal adornment which our age is wont to consider exclusively feminine. Indeed, all that was visible to the vulgar eye of this pageant was wholly masculine; though no one doubted that behind the gold-embroidered curtains of the litters which contained the female notabilities of the court still more dazzling wonders might be concealed. Occasionally a white, jewelled hand would draw aside one of these screens, and a pair of eyes brighter than any gems would peer forth; and then there would be tokens of a visible commotion among the plumed and genuined cavaliers around; one young head would nod to another with jests and quips, and there would be bowing and curvetting and all the antics and caracolings supposable among gay young people on whom the sun shone brightly, and who felt the world going well around them, and deemed themselves the observed of all observers.

Meanwhile, the mute, subservient common people gazed on this gorgeous scene as a part of their daily amusement. Meek dwellers in those dank, noisome caverns, without any opening but a street-door, which are called dwelling-places in Italy, they lived in uninquiring good-nature, contentedly bringing up children on corn-bread, dirty cabbage-stumps, and other garbage, while all they could earn was sucked upward to nourish the extravagance of those upper classes on which they stared with such

blind and ignorant admiration. This was the lot they believed themselves born for, and which every exhortation of their priest taught them to regard as the appointed ordinance of God. The women, to be sure, true to the instinct of their sex, crawled out of the damp and vile-smelling recesses of their homes with solid gold ear-rings shaking in their ears, and their blue-black lustrous hair ornamented with a glittering circle of steel pins or other quaint coiffure. There was sense in all this: for had not even Dukes of Milan been found so condescending and affable as to admire the charms of the fair in the lower orders, whence had come sons and daughters who took rank among princes and princesses? What father, or what husband, could be insensible to prospects of such honour? What priest would not readily absolve such sin? Therefore one might have observed more than one comely, dark-eyed woman, brilliant as some tropical bird in the colours of her peasant dress, who cast coquettish glances towards high places, not unacknowledged by patronizing nods in return, while mothers and fathers looked on in triumph. These were the days for the upper classes: the Church bore them all in her bosom as a tender nursing-mother, and provided for all their little moral peccadilloes with even grandmotherly indulgence, and in return the world was immensely deferential towards the Church; and it was only now and then that some rugged John Baptist, in raiment of camel's hair, like Savonarola, who dared to speak an indecorous word of God's truth in the ear of power. Herod and Herodias had ever at hand the good old recipe for quieting such disturbances: John Baptist was beheaded in prison, and then all the world and all the Scribes and Pharisees applauded; and only a few poor disciples were found to take up the body.

The whole piazza around the great cathedral is at this moment full of the dashing cavalcade of the ducal court, looking as brilliant in the evening light as a field of poppy, corn-flower, and scarlet clover at Sorrento; and there, amid the flutter and rush, the amours and intrigues, the court scandal, the laughing and gibing, the glitter, dazzle, stands a silent witness, that wonderful cathedral. In the great, vain, wicked city, all alive with the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, it seemed to stand as much apart and alone as if it were in the solemn desolation of the Campagna, or in one of the wide deserts of Africa, so little did it appear to belong to the struggling, bustling crowd, who beneath its white, dazzling pinnacles seemed dwarfed into crawling insects. They who could look up from the dizzy, frivolous life below, saw far, far above them, in the blue Italian air, thousands of glorified saints standing on a thousand airy points of brilliant whiteness, ever solemnly adoring. The marble, which below was somewhat soiled with the dust of the street, seemed gradually to refine and brighten as it rose into the purer regions of the air, till at last in those thousand distant pinnacles it had the ethereal translucence of wintry frost-work, and now began to glow with the violet and rose hues of evening, in solemn splendour.

The ducal cortège sweeps by; but we have mounted the dizzy, dark

staircase that leads to the roof, where, amid the bustling life of the city, there is a promenade of still and wondrous solitude. One seems to have ascended in those few moments far beyond the tumult and dust of earthly things, to the silence, the clearness, the tranquillity of ethereal regions. The noise of the rushing tides of life below rises only in a soft and distant murmur; while around, in the wide, clear distance, is spread a prospect which has not on earth its like or its equal. The beautiful plains of Lombardy lie beneath like a map, and the northern horizon-line is glittering with the entire sweep of the Alps, like a solemn senate of archangels with diamond mail and glittering crowns. Mont Blanc, Mont Rosa with his countenance of light, the Jungfrau, and all the weird brothers of the Oberland, rise one after another to the delighted gaze, and the range of the Tyrol melts far off into the blue of the sky. On another side, the Apennines, with their picturesque outlines and cloud-spotted sides, complete the inclosure. All around, wherever the eye turns, is an unbroken phalanx of mountains; and this temple, with its thousand saintly statues standing in attitudes of ecstacy and prayer, seems like a worthy altar and shrine for the beautiful plain which the mountains inclose; it seems to give all Northern Italy to God. Never were Art and Nature so majestically married by Religion in so worthy a temple.

One living being could be discerned standing gazing from a platform on the roof upon the far-distant scene. He was enveloped in the white coarse woollen gown of a Dominican monk, and seemed wholly absorbed in meditating on the scene before him, which appeared to move him deeply. Then the evening worship commenced within the cathedral, and the whole building seemed to vibrate with the rising swell of the great organ, while the grave, long-drawn tones of the Ambrosian liturgy rose surging in waves and dying away in distant murmurs, like the rolling of the tide on some ocean-shore. The monk drew near to the central part of the roof to listen, and as he turned he disclosed the well-known features of Father Antonio. Haggard, weary, and travel-worn, his first impulse, on entering the city, had been to fly to this holy solitude, as the wandering sparrow of sacred song sought her nest amid the altars of God's temple. Artist no less than monk, he found in this wondrous shrine of beauty a repose both for his artistic and his religious nature; and while waiting for Agostino Sarelli to find his uncle's residence, he had determined to pass the interval in this lofty seclusion. Many hours had he paced alone up and down the long promenades of white marble which intersect groves of dazzling pinnacles and flying buttresses of airy lightness. Now he rested in fixed attention against the wall above the choir, which he could feel pulsating with throbs of sacred sound, as if a great warm heart were beating within the fair marble miracle, warming it into mysterious life and sympathy.

"I would now that boy were here to worship with me," he said. "No wonder the child's faith fainteth: it takes such monuments as these of the Church's former days to strengthen one's hopes."

At this moment the form of Agostino was seen ascending the marble staircase. The eye of the monk brightened; he put out one hand eagerly to take his, and held up the other with a gesture of silence.

"Look," he said, "and listen! Is it not the sound as of many waters and mighty thunderings?"

Agostino stood subdued for the moment by the magnificent sights and sounds; for, as the sun descended, the distant mountains grew every moment more unearthly in their brilliancy; and as they lay in a long line, jewelled brightness mingling with the cloud-wreaths of the far horizon, one might have imagined that he in truth beheld the foundations of that celestial city of jasper, pearl, and translucent gold which the Apostle saw, and that the risings and fallings of choral sound which seemed to thrill and pulsate through the marble battlements were indeed that song like many waters sung by the Church Triumphant above.

For a few moments the monk and the young man stood in silence, till at length the monk spoke.

"You have told me, my son, that your heart often troubles you in being more Roman than Christian; that you sometimes doubt whether the Church on earth be other than a fiction or a fable. But look around us. Who are these, this great multitude who praise and pray continually in this temple of the upper air? These are they who have come out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. These are not the men who have sacked cities, and made deserts, and written their triumphs in blood and carnage. These be men who have sheltered the poor, and built houses for orphans, and sold themselves into slavery to redeem their brothers in Christ. These be pure women who have lodged saints, brought up children, lived holy and prayerful lives. These be martyrs who have laid down their lives for the testimony of Jesus. There were no such churches in old Rome,—no such saints."

"Well," returned Agostino, "one thing is certain. If such be the True Church, the Pope and the Cardinals of our day have no part in it; for they are the men who sack cities and make desolations, 'who devour widows' houses and for a pretence make long prayers.' Let us see one of *them* selling himself into slavery for the love of anybody, while they seek to keep all the world in slavery to themselves!"

"That is the grievous declension our master weeps over," said the monk. "Ah, if the Bishops of the Church now were like brave old Saint Ambrose, strong alone by faith and prayer, showing no more favour to an unrepentant emperor than to the meanest slave, then would the Church be a reality and a glory! Such is my master. Never is he afraid of the face of king or lord, when he has God's truth to speak. You should have heard how plainly he dealt with our Lorenzo de' Medici on his deathbed; how he refused him absolution, unless he would make restitution to the poor and restore the liberties of Florence."

"I should have thought," retorted the young man, sarcastically, "that Lorenzo the Magnificent might have got absolution cheaper than that."

Where were all the bishops in his dominions that he must needs send for Jerome Savonarola ?

"Son, it is ever so," replied the monk. "If there be a man who cares neither for duke nor emperor, but for God alone, then dukes and emperors would give more for his good word than for a dozen of common priests."

"I suppose it is something like a rare manuscript or a singular gem; these *virtuosi* have no rest till they have clutched it: the thing they cannot get is always the thing they want."

"Lorenzo was always seeking our master," said the monk. "Often would he come walking in our gardens, expecting surely the Superior would hasten down to meet him; and the brothers would run to his cell to say, 'Father, Lorenzo is in the garden.' 'He is welcome,' would he answer, with his pleasant smile. 'But, father, will you not descend to meet him?' 'Truth he asked for me?' 'No.' 'Well, then, let us not interrupt his meditations,' he would answer, and remain still at his teaching; so jealous was he lest he should seek the favour of princes and forget God, as do all the world in our day."

"And because he does not seek the favour of the men of this world he will be trampled down and slain. Will the God in whom he trusts defend him?"

The monk pointed expressively upward toward the statues that stood glorified above them, still wearing a rosy radiance, though the shadows of twilight had fallen on all the city below.

"My son," he said, "the victories of the true Church are not in Time, but in Eternity. How many around us were conquered on earth that they might triumph in heaven! What saith the Apostle? 'They were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection.'"

"Alas!" exclaimed Agostino, "are we never to see the right triumph here? I fear that this noble name is written in blood, like so many of whom the world is not worthy. Can one do nothing to help it?"

"How is that? What have you heard?" asked the monk, eagerly. "Have you seen your uncle?"

"Not yet; he is gone into the country for a day—so say his servants. When the duke's court passed, I saw my cousin, who is in his train, and got a moment's speech with him; and he promised that, if I would wait for him here, he would come to me as soon as he could be let off from his attendance. When he comes, it were best that we confer alone."

"I will retire to the southern side," said the monk, "and await the end of your conference." With that he crossed the platform on which they were standing, and, going down a flight of white marble steps, was soon lost to view amid the wilderness of frost-like carved work.

He had scarcely vanished before footsteps were heard ascending the marble staircase on the other side, and the sound of a voice humming a popular air of the court. The stranger was a young man about five-and-twenty, habited with all that richness and brilliancy of colouring which the fashion of the day permitted to a young exquisite. His mantle of

purple velvet, falling jauntily off from one shoulder, disclosed a doublet of amber satin, richly embroidered with gold and seed-pearl. The long white plume which drooped from his cap was held in its place by a large diamond, which sparkled like a star in the evening twilight. His finely-moulded hands were loaded with rings, and ruffles of the richest Venetian lace encircled his wrists. He had worn over all a dark cloak with a peaked hood, the usual evening disguise in Italy; but as he gained the top-stair of the platform he threw it carelessly down and gaily offered his hand.

"Good even to you, cousin mine! So you see I am as true to my appointment as if your name were Leonora or Camilla instead of Agostino. How goes it with you? I wanted to talk with you below, but I saw we must have a place without listeners. Our friends the saints are too high in heavenly things to make mischief by eavesdropping."

"Thank you, cousin Carlos, for your promptness. And now to the point. Did your father, my uncle, get the letter I wrote him about a month since?"

"He did; and he bade me treat with you about it. It's an abominable snare this they have got you into. My father says, your best way is to come straight to him in France, and abide till things take a better turn; he is high in favour with the King, and can find you a very pretty place at court, and he takes upon him in time to reconcile the Pope. Between you and me, the old Pope has no special spite in the world against *you*: he merely wants your lands for his son; and as long as you prowl round and lay claim to them, why, you must stay excommunicated; but just clear the coast and leave them peaceably, and he will put you back into the true Church, and my father will charge himself with your success. Popes don't last for ever, or there may come another falling out with the King of France, and either way there will be a chance of your being one day put back into your rights; meanwhile, a young fellow might do worse than have a good place in our court."

During this long monologue, which the young speaker uttered with all the flippant self-sufficiency of worldly people with whom the world is going well, the face of the young nobleman who listened presented a picture of many strong contending emotions.

"You speak," he said, "as if man had nothing to do in this world but seek his own ease and pleasure. What lies nearest my heart is not that I am plundered of my estates and my house uprooted, but it is that my beautiful Rome, the city of my fathers, is a prisoner under the heel of the tyrant. It is that the glorious religion of Christ, the holy faith in which my mother died, the faith made venerable by all these saints around us, is made the tool and instrument of such vileness and cruelty that one is tempted to doubt whether it were not better to have been born of heathen in the good old times of the Roman republic,—God forgive me for saying so! Does the Most Christian King of France know that the man who pretends to rule in the name of Christ is not a believer in the Christian religion,—that he does not believe even in a God,—that he obtained the

holy seat by simony,—that he uses all its powers to enrich a brood of children whose lives are so indecent that it is a shame to modest lips even to *say* what they do? Shall we let infidels have the very house of the Lord, and reign supreme in His holy dwelling-place? There has risen a holy prophet in Italy, the greatest since the time of Saint Francis, and his preaching hath stirred all hearts to live more conformably with our holy faith; and now for his pure life and good works he is under excommunication of the Pope, and they have seized and imprisoned him, and threaten his life."

"Oh, you mean Savonarola," said the other.

"Have you heard," asked Agostino, "of a letter which he wrote to the King of France lately, stirring him up to call a General Council of the Christian Church, to consider what is to be done about the scandals at Rome?"

"Oh, he has written one, has he?" replied the young man; "then the story that I have heard whispered about here must be true. A man who certainly is in a condition to know, told me the day before yesterday that the duke had arrested a courier with some such letter and sent it on to the Pope: it is likely, for the duke hates Savonarola. If that be true it will go hard with him yet; for the Pope has a long arm for an enemy."

"The city of Florence has stood by him until lately," said Agostino—"and would again, with a little help."

"Oh, no! never think it, my dear Agostino! Depend upon it, it will end as such things always do; and the man is only a madman who undertakes it. What have *you* to do with this man? Why do you attach yourself to the side that is *sure* to lose? This is no way to mend your fortunes. Come to-night to my father's palace: the duke has appointed us princely lodgings, and treats us with great hospitality, and my father has plans for your advantage. Between us, there is a fair young ward of his, of large estates and noble blood, whom he designs for you. So you see, if you turn your attention in this channel, there may come a reinforcement of the family property, which will enable you to hold out until the Pope dies, or some prince or other gets into a quarrel with him, which is always happening; and then a move may be made for you."

Agostino stood silent, with the melancholy air of a man who has much to say, and is deeply moved by considerations which he perceives it would be utterly idle and useless to attempt to explain. If the easy theology of his friend were indeed true—if holiness of heart and life, and all those nobler modes of living and being which were witnessed in the histories of the thousand saints around him, were indeed but a secondary thing in the strife for worldly place and territory,—what, then, remained for the man of ideas, of aspirations? In such a state of society, his track must be like that of the dove in sacred history who found no rest for the sole of her foot.

Agostino folded his arms and sighed deeply, and then made answer mechanically, as one whose thoughts are afar off,—

"Present my duty," he said, "to my uncle, your father, and say to him that I will wait on him to-night."

"Even so," replied the young man, picking up his cloak and folding it about him. "And now, you know, I must go. Don't be discouraged; keep up a good heart; you shall see what it is to have powerful friends to stand by you. All will be right yet. Come, will you go with me now?"

"Thank you," answered Agostino; "I think I would be alone a little while. My head is confused, and I would fain think over matters a little quietly."

"Well, then, I must leave you to the company of the saints. But be sure and come early."

"So saying, he threw his cloak over his shoulder and sauntered carelessly down the marble steps, humming again the gay air with which he had ascended."

Left alone, Agostino once more cast a glance on the strangely solemn and impressive scene around him. He was standing on a platform of the central tower which overlooked the whole building. The round, full moon had now risen in the horizon, displacing, by her solemn brightness, the glow of twilight; her beams were reflected by the delicate frost-work of the myriad pinnacles which rose in a bewildering maze at his feet. It might seem to be some strange enchanted garden of fairy-land, where a luxuriant and freakish growth of nature had been suddenly arrested and frozen into eternal stillness. Around in the shadows at the foot of the cathedral the lights of the great gay city twinkled and danced, and veered and fluttered like fire-flies in the damp dewy shadows of some moist meadow in summer. The sound of clattering hoofs and passing carriages, of tinkling guitars and gay roundelays, rose out of that obscure distance, seeming far off and plaintive like the dream of a life that is passed. The great church seemed a vast world; the long aisles of statued pinnacles, with their pure floorings of white marble, appeared as if they might be the corridors of heaven; and it seemed as if the crowned and sceptred saints in their white marriage garments might come down and walk there, without ever a spot of earth on their unsullied whiteness.

In a few moments Father Antonio had glided back to the side of the young man, whom he found so lost in reverie that not till he laid his hand upon his arm did he awaken from his meditations.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a start, "my father, is it you?"

"Yes, my son. What of your conference? Have you learned anything?"

"Father, I have learned far more than I wished to know."

"What is it, my son? Speak it at once."

"Well, then, I fear that the letter of our holy father to the King of France has been intercepted here in Milan, and sent to the Pope."

"What makes you think so?" asked the monk, with an eagerness that showed how much he felt the intelligence.

"My cousin tells me that a person of consideration in the duke's household, who is supposed to be in a position to know, told him that it was so."

Agostino felt the light grasp which the monk had laid upon his arm gradually closing with a convulsive pressure, and that he was trembling with intense feeling.

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight!" he exclaimed, after a few moments of silence.

"It is discouraging," said Agostino, "to see how little these princes care for the true interests of religion and the service of God—how little real fealty there is to our Lord Jesus."

"Yes," the monk asserted, "all seek their own, and not the things that are Christ's. It is well written, 'Put not your trust in princes.'"

"And what prospect, what hope do you see for him?" asked Agostino. "Will Florence stand firm?"

"I could have thought so once," replied the monk; "in those days when I have seen councillors and nobles and women of the highest degree all humbly craving to hear the word of God from his lips, and seeming to seek nothing so much as to purify their house, their hands, and their hearts, that they might be worthy citizens of that commonwealth which has chosen the Lord Jesus for its gonfalonier. I have seen the very children thronging to kiss the hem of his robe, as he walked through the streets; but oh, my friend, did not Jerusalem bring palms and spread its garments in the way of Christ only four days before he was crucified?"

The monk's voice here faltered. He turned away and seemed to wrestle with a tempest of suppressed sobbing. A moment more, he looked heavenward, and pointing up with a smile, spoke thus:

"Son, you ask *what hope there is*. I answer, There is hope of such crowns as these wear who came out of great tribulation and now reign with Christ in glory."

Roundabout Papers.—No. XIX.

ON HALF A LOAF.

A Letter to Messrs. Broadway, Battery and Co., of New York, Bankers.



S it all over?
 May we lock up
 the case of in-
 struments? Have
 we signed our
 wills; settled up
 our affairs; pre-
 tended to talk
 and rattle quite
 cheerfully to the
 women at din-
 ner, so that they
 should not be
 alarmed; sneak-
 ed away under
 some pretext,
 and looked at the
 children sleep-
 ing in their beds
 with their little
 unconscious
 thumbs in their
 mouths, and a

flush on the soft-pillowed cheek; made every arrangement with Colonel MacTurk, who acts as our second, and knows the other principal a great deal too well to think he will ever give in; invented a monstrous signment about going to shoot pheasants with Mac in the morning, so as to soothe the anxious fears of the dear mistress of the house; early as the hour appointed for the—the little affair—was, have we been awake hours and hours sooner; risen before daylight, with a faint hope, perhaps, that MacTurk might have come to some arrange-ment with the other side; at seven o'clock (confound his punctuality!) heard his cab-wheel at the door, and let him in looking perfectly trim, fresh, jolly, and well shaved; driven off with him in the cold morning, after a very unsatisfactory breakfast of coffee and stale bread-and-butter (which choke, somehow, in the swallowing); driven off to Wormwood

Scrubs in the cold, muddy, misty, moonshiny morning ; stepped out of the cab, where Mac has bid the man to halt on a retired spot in the common ; in one minute more, seen another cab arrive, from which descend two gentlemen, one of whom has a case like MacTurk's under his arm ;—looked round and round the solitude, and seen not one single sign of a policeman—no, no more than in a row in London ;—deprecatd the horrible necessity which drives civilized men to the use of powder and bullet ;—taken ground as firmly as may be, and looked on whilst Mac is neatly loading his weapons ; and when all ready, and one looked for the decisive One, Two, Three—have we even heard Captain O'Toole (the second of the other principal) walk up, and say : “ Colonel MacTurk, I am desired by my principal to declare at this eleventh—this twelfth hour, that he is willing to own that he sees HE HAS BEEN WRONG in the dispute which has arisen between him and your friend ; that he apologizes for offensive expressions which he has used in the heat of the quarrel ; and regrets the course he has taken ? ” If something like this has happened to you, however great your courage, you have been glad not to fight ;—however accurate your aim, you have been pleased not to fire.

On the sixth day of January in this year sixty-two, what hundreds of thousands—I may say, what millions of Englishmen, were in the position of the personage here sketched—Christian men, I hope, shocked at the dreadful necessity of battle ; aware of the horrors which the conflict must produce, and yet feeling that the moment was come, and that there was no arbitrament left but that of steel and cannon ! My reader, perhaps, has been in America. If he has, he knows what good people are to be found there ; how polished, how generous, how gentle, how courteous. But it is not the voices of these you hear in the roar of hate, defiance, folly, falsehood, which comes to us across the Atlantic. You can't hear gentle voices ; very many who could speak are afraid. Men must go forward, or be crushed by the maddened crowd behind them. I suppose after the perpetration of that act of—what shall we call it ?—of sudden war, which Wilkes did, and Everett approved, most of us believed that battle was inevitable. Who has not read the American papers for six weeks past ? Did you ever think the United States Government would give up those Commissioners ? I never did, for my part. It seems to me the United States Government have done the most courageous act of the war. Before that act was done, what an excitement prevailed in London ! In every Club there was a parliament sitting in permanence : in every domestic gathering this subject was sure to form a main part of the talk. Of course I have seen many people who have travelled in America, and heard them on this matter—friends of the South, friends of the North, friends of peace, and American stockholders in plenty.—“ They will never give up the men, sir,” that was the opinion on all sides ; and, if they would not, we knew what was to happen.

For weeks past this nightmare of war has been riding us. The City

was already gloomy enough. When a great domestic grief and misfortune visits the chief person of the State, the heart of the people, too, is sad and awe-stricken. It might be this sorrow and trial were but presages of greater trials and sorrow to come. What if the sorrow of war is to be added to the other calamity? Such forebodings have formed the theme of many a man's talk, and darkened many a fireside. Then came the rapid orders for ships to arm and troops to depart. How many of us have had to say farewell to friends whom duty called away with their regiments; on whom we strove to look cheerfully, as we shook their hands, it might be for the last time; and whom our thoughts depicted, treading the snows of the immense Canadian frontier, where their intrepid little band might have to face the assaults of other enemies than winter and rough weather! I went to a play one night, and protest I hardly know what was the entertainment which passed before my eyes. In the next stall was an American gentleman, who knew me. "Good heavens, sir," I thought, "is it decreed that you and I are to be authorized to murder each other next week; that my people shall be bombarding your cities, destroying your navies, making a hideous desolation of your coast; that our peaceful frontiers shall be subject to fire, rapine, and murder?" "They will never give up the men," said the Englishman. "They will never give up the men," said the American. And the Christmas piece which the actors were playing proceeded like a piece in a dream. To make the grand comic performance doubly comic, my neighbour presently informed me how one of the best friends I had in America—the most hospitable, kindly, amiable of men, from whom I had twice received the warmest welcome and the most delightful hospitality—was a prisoner in Fort Warren, on charges by which his life perhaps might be risked. I think that was the most dismal Christmas fun which these eyes ever looked on.

Carry out that notion a little farther, and depict ten thousand, a hundred thousand homes in England saddened by the thought of the coming calamity, and oppressed by the pervading gloom. My next-door neighbour perhaps has parted with her son. Now the ship in which he is, with a thousand brave comrades, is ploughing through the stormy midnight ocean. Presently (under the flag we know of) the thin red line in which her boy forms a speck, is winding its way through the vast Canadian snows. Another neighbour's boy is not gone, but is expecting orders to sail; and some one else, besides the circle at home maybe, is in prayer and terror, thinking of the summons which calls the young sailor away. By firesides modest and splendid, all over the three kingdoms, that sorrow is keeping watch, and myriads of hearts beating with that thought, "Will they give up the men?"

I don't know how, on the first day after the capture of the Southern Commissioners was announced, a rumour got abroad in London that the taking of the men was an act according to law, of which our nation could take no notice. It was said that the law authorities had so declared, and a very noble testimony to the *loyalty* of Englishmen, I think, was

shown by the instant submission of high-spirited gentlemen, most keenly feeling that the nation had been subject to a coarse outrage, who were silent when told that the law was with the aggressor. The relief which presently came, when, after a pause of a day, we found that law was on our side, was indescribable. The nation *might* then take notice of this insult to its honour. Never were people more eager than ours when they found they had a right to reparation.

I have talked during the last week with many English holders of American securities, who, of course, have been aware of the threat held over them. "England," says the *New York Herald*, "cannot afford to go to war with us, for six hundred millions worth of American stock is owned by British subjects, which, in event of hostilities, would be confiscated; and we now call upon the Companies not to take it off their hands on any terms. *Let its forfeiture be held over England as a weapon in terrorism.* British subjects have two or three hundred millions of dollars invested in shipping and other property in the United States. All this property, together with the stocks, would be seized, amounting to nine hundred millions of dollars. Will England incur this tremendous loss for a mere abstraction?"

Whether "a mere abstraction" here means the abstraction of the two Southern Commissioners from under our flag, or the abstract idea of injured honour, which seems ridiculous to the *Herald*, it is needless to ask. I have spoken with many men who have money invested in the States, but I declare I have not met one English gentleman whom the publication of this threat has influenced for a moment. Our people have nine hundred millions of dollars invested in the United States, have they? And the *Herald* "calls upon the Companies" not to take any of this debt off our hands. Let us, on our side, entreat the English press to give this announcement every publicity. Let us do everything in our power to make this "call upon the Americans" well known in England. I hope English newspaper editors will print it, and print it again and again. It is not we who say this of American citizens, but American citizens who say this of themselves. 'Bull is odious. We can't bear Bull. He is haughty, arrogant, a braggart, and a blusterer; and we can't bear brag and bluster in our modest and decorous country. We hate Bull, and if he quarrels with us on a point in which we are in the wrong, we have goods of his in our custody, and we will rob him!' Suppose your London banker saying to you, "Sir, I have always thought your manners disgusting, and your arrogance insupportable. You dare to complain of my conduct because I have wrongfully imprisoned Jones? My answer to your vulgar interference is, that I confiscate your balance!"

What would be an English merchant's character after a few such transactions? It is not improbable that the moralists of the *Herald* would call him a rascal. Why have the United States been paying seven, eight, ten per cent. for money for years past, when the same commodity can be got elsewhere at half that rate of interest? Why, because though among

the richest proprietors in the world, creditors were not sure of them. So the States have had to pay eighty millions yearly for the use of money which would cost other borrowers but thirty. Add up this item of extra interest alone for a dozen years, and see what a prodigious penalty the States have been paying for repudiation here and there, for sharp practice, for doubtful credit. Suppose the peace is kept between us, the remembrance of this last threat alone will cost the States millions and millions more. If they must have money, we must have a greater interest to insure our jeopardised capital. Do American Companies want to borrow money—as want to borrow they will? Mr. Brown, show the gentlemen that extract from the *New York Herald*, which declares that the United States will confiscate private property in event of a war. As the country newspapers say, "Please, country papers, copy this paragraph." And, gentlemen in America, when the honour of *your* nation is called in question, please to remember that it is the American press which glories in announcing that you are prepared to be rogues.

And when this war has drained uncounted hundreds of millions more out of the United States exchequer, will they be richer or more inclined to pay debts, or less willing to evade them, or more popular with their creditors, or more likely to get money from men whom they deliberately announce that they will cheat? I have not followed the *Herald* on the "stone-ship" question—that great naval victory appears to me not less horrible and wicked than suicidal. Block the harbours for ever; destroy the inlets of the commerce of the world; perish cities,—so that we may wreak an injury on them. It is the talk of madmen, but not the less wicked. The act injures the whole Republic: but it is perpetrated. It is to deal harm to ages hence; but it is done. The Indians of old used to burn women and their unborn children. This stone-ship business is Indian warfare. And it is performed by men who tell us every week that they are at the head of civilization, and that the Old World is decrepit, and cruel, and barbarous as compared to theirs.

The same politicians who throttle commerce at its neck, and threaten to confiscate trust-money, say that when the war is over and the South is subdued, then the turn of the old country will come, and a direful retribution shall be taken for our conduct. This has been the cry all through the war. "We should have conquered the South," says an American paper which I read this very day, "but for England." Was there ever such puling heard from men who have an army of a million, and who turn and revile a people who have stood as aloof from their contest as we have from the war of Troy? Or is it an outcry made with malice prepense? And is the song of the *New York Times* a variation of the *Herald* tune?—"The conduct of the British, in folding their arms and taking no part in the fight, has been so base that it has caused the prolongation of the war, and occasioned a prodigious expense on our part. Therefore, as we have British property in our hands, we &c. &c." The lamb troubled the water dreadfully, and the wolf in a righteous indignation "confiscated" him.

Of course we have heard that at an undisturbed time Great Britain would never have dared to press its claim for redress. Did the United States wait until we were at peace with France before they went to war with us last? Did Mr. Seward yield the claim which he confesses to be just, until he himself was menaced with war? How long were the Southern gentlemen kept in prison? What caused them to be set free? and did the Cabinet of Washington see its error before or after the demand for redress? The captor was feasted at Boston, and the captives in prison hard by. If the wrong-doer was to be punished, it was Captain Wilkes who ought to have gone into limbo. At any rate, as "the Cabinet of Washington could not give its approbation to the commander of the *San Jacinto*," why were the men not sooner set free? To sit at the Tremont House, and hear the captain after dinner give his opinion on international law, would have been better sport for the prisoners than the grim *salle-à-manger* at Fort Warren.

I read in the commercial news brought by the *Teutonia*, and published in London on the present 13th January, that the pork market was generally quiet on the 29th December last; that lard, though with more activity, was heavy and decidedly lower; and at Philadelphia, whisky is steady and stocks firm. Stocks are firm: that is a comfort for the English holders, and the confiscating process recommended by the *Herald* is at least deferred. But presently comes an announcement which is not quite so cheering:—"The Saginaw Central Railway Company (let us call it) has postponed its January dividend on account of the disturbed condition of public affairs."

A la bonne heure. The bond and share holders of the Saginaw must look for loss and depression in times of war. This is one of war's dreadful taxes and necessities; and all sorts of innocent people must suffer by the misfortune. The corn was high at Waterloo when a hundred and fifty thousand men came and trampled it down on a Sabbath morning. There was no help for that calamity, and the Belgian farmers lost their crops for the year. Perhaps I am a farmer myself—an innocent *colonus*; and instead of being able to get to church with my family, have to see

* "At the beginning of December the British fleet on the West Indian station mounted 850 guns, and comprised five liners, ten first-class frigates, and seventeen powerful corvettes. . . . In little more than a month the fleet available for operations on the American shore had been more than doubled. The reinforcements prepared at the various dockyards included two line-of-battle ships, twenty-nine magnificent frigates—such as the *Shannon*, the *Sutlej*, the *Euryalus*, the *Orlando*, the *Galatea*; eight corvettes, armed like the frigates in part, with 100- and 40- pounder Armstrong guns; and the two tremendous iron-cased ships, the *Warrior* and the *Black Prince*; and their smaller sisters, the *Resistance* and the *Defence*. There was work to be done which might have delayed the commission of a few of these ships for some weeks longer; but if the United States had chosen war instead of peace, the blockade of their coasts would have been supported by a steam fleet of more than sixty splendid ships, armed with 1,800 guns, many of them of the heaviest and most effective kind."—*Saturday Review*: Jan. 11.

squadrons of French dragoons thundering upon my barley, and squares of English infantry forming and trampling all over my oats. (By the way, in writing of "Panics," an ingenious writer in the *Atlantic Magazine* says that the British panics at Waterloo were frequent and notorious.) Well, I am a Belgian peasant, and I see the British running away and the French cutting the fugitives down. What have I done that these men should be kicking down my peaceful harvest for me, on which I counted to pay my rent, to feed my horses, my household, my children? It is hard. But it is the fortune of war. But suppose the battle over; the Frenchman says, "You scoundrel! why did you not take a part with me? and why did you stand like a double-faced traitor looking on? I should have won the battle but for you. And I hereby confiscate the farm you stand on, and you and your family may go to the workhouse."

The New York press holds this argument over English people *in terrorem*. 'We Americans may be ever so wrong in the matter in dispute, but if you push us to a war, we will confiscate your English property.' Very good. It is peace now. Confidence of course is restored between us. Our eighteen hundred peace commissioners have no occasion to open their mouths; and the little question of confiscation is postponed. Messrs. Battery, Broadway and Co., of New York, have the kindness to sell my Saginaws for what they will fetch. I shall lose half my loaf very likely; but for the sake of a quiet life, let us give up a certain quantity of farinaceous food; and half a loaf, you know, is better than no bread at all.



A LETTER FROM NEW YORK

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1862.

Philip.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NARRATES THAT FAMOUS JOKE ABOUT MISS GRIGSBY.



OR once Philip found that he had offended without giving general offence. In the confidence of female intercourse, Mrs. Mugford had already, in her own artless but powerful language, confirmed her husband's statement regarding Mr. Bickerton, and declared that B. was a beast, and she was only sorry that Mr. F. had not hit him a little harder. So different are the opinions which different individuals entertain of the same event! I happen to know that Bickerton, on his side, went away, averring that we were quarrelsome, underbred people; and that a man of any refinement had best avoid that kind of society. He does really and

seriously believe himself our superior, and will lecture almost any gentleman on the art of being one. This assurance is not at all uncommon with your *parvenu*. Proud of his newly-acquired knowledge of the art of exhausting the contents of an egg, the well-known little boy of the apologue rushed to impart his knowledge to his grandmother, who had been for many years familiar with the process which the child had just

discovered. Which of us has not met with some such instructors I know men who would be ready to step forward and teach Taglioni how to dance, Tom Sayers how to box, or the Chevalier Bayard how to be a gentleman. We most of us know such men, and undergo, from time to time, the ineffable benefit of their patronage.

Mugford went away from our little entertainment vowing, by George, that Philip shouldn't want for a friend at the proper season; and this proper season very speedily arrived. I laughed one day, on going to the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, to find Philip installed in the sub-editor's room, with a provision of scissors, wafers, and paste-pots, snipping paragraphs from this paper and that, altering, condensing, giving titles, and so forth; and, in a word, in regular harness. The three-headed calves, the great prize gooseberries, the old maiden ladies of wonderful ages who at length died in country places—it was wonderful (considering his little experience) how Firmin hunted out these. He entered into all the spirit of his business. He prided himself on the clever titles which he found for his paragraphs. When his paper was completed at the week's end, he surveyed it fondly—not the leading articles, or those profound and yet brilliant literary essays which appeared in the *Gazette*—but the births, deaths, marriages, markets, trials, and what not. As a shop-boy, having decorated his master's window, goes into the street, and pleased surveys his work; so the fair face of the *Pall Mall Gazette* rejoiced Mr. Firmin, and Mr. Bince, the printer of the paper. They looked with an honest pride upon the result of their joint labours. Nor did Firmin relish pleasantry on the subject. Did his friends allude to it, and ask if he had shot any especially fine *canard* that week? Mr. Philip's brow would corrugate and his cheeks redden. He did not like jokes to be made at his expense: was not his a singular antipathy?

In his capacity of sub-editor, the good fellow had the privilege of taking and giving away countless theatre orders, and panorama and diorama tickets: the *Pall Mall Gazette* was not above accepting such little bribes in those days, and Mrs. Mugford's familiarity with the names of opera singers, and splendid appearance in an opera-box, was quite remarkable. Friend Philip would bear away a heap of these cards of admission, delighted to carry off our young folks to one exhibition or another. But once at the diorama, where our young people sat in the darkness, very much frightened as usual, a voice from out the midnight gloom cried out: "*Who has come in with orders from the Pall Mall Gazette?*" A lady, two scared children, and Mr. Sub-editor Philip, all trembled at this dreadful summons. I think I should not dare to print the story even now, did I not know that Mr. Firmin was travelling abroad. It was a blessing the place was dark, so that none could see the poor sub-editor's blushes. Rather than cause any mortification to this lady, I am sure Philip would have submitted to rack and torture. But, indeed, her annoyance was very slight, except in seeing her friend annoyed. The humour of the scene surpassed the annoyance in the

lady's mind, and caused her to laugh at the mishap; but I own our little boy (who is of an aristocratic turn, and rather too sensitive to ridicule from his schoolfellows) was not at all anxious to talk upon the subject, or to let the world know that he went to a place of public amusement "with an order."

As for Philip's landlady, the Little Sister, she, you know, had been familiar with the press, and press-men, and orders for the play for years past. She looked quite young and pretty, with her kind smiling face and neat tight black dress, as she came to the theatre—it was to an Easter piece—on Philip's arm, one evening. Our children saw her from their cab, as they, too, were driving to the same performance. It was "Look, mamma! There's Philip and the Little Sister!" And then came such smiles, and nods, and delighted recognitions from the cab to the two friends on foot! Of course I have forgotten what was the piece which we all saw on that Easter evening. But those children will never forget; no, though they live to be a hundred years old, and though their attention was distracted from the piece by constant observation of Philip and his companion in the public boxes opposite.

Mr. Firmin's work and pay were both light, and he accepted both very cheerfully. He saved money out of his little stipend. It was surprising how economically he could live with his little landlady's aid and counsel. He would come to us, recounting his feats of parsimony with a childish delight: he loved to contemplate his sovereigns, as week by week the little pile accumulated. He kept a noble eye upon sales, and purchased now and again articles of furniture. In this way he brought home a piano to his lodgings, on which he could no more play than he could on the tight-rope; but he was given to understand that it was a very fine instrument; and my wife played on it one day when we went to visit him, and he sat listening, with his great hands on his knees, in ecstasies. He was thinking how one day, please Heaven, he should see other hands touching the keys—and player and instrument disappeared in a mist before his happy eyes. His purchases were not always lucky. For example, he was sadly taken in at an auction about a little pearl ornament. Some artful Hebrews at the sale conspired and ran him up, as the phrase is, to a price more than equal to the value of the trinket. "But you know who it was for, ma'am," one of Philip's apologists said. "If she would like to wear his ten fingers he would cut 'em off and send 'em to her. But he keeps 'em to write her letters and verses—and most beautiful they are, too."

"And the dear fellow, who was bred up in splendour and luxury, Mrs. Mugford, as you, ma'am, know too well—he won't drink no wine now. A little whiskey and a glass of beer is all he takes. And his clothes—he who used to be so grand—you see how he is now, ma'am. Always the gentleman, and, indeed, a finer or grander looking gentleman never entered a room; but he is saving—you know for what, ma'am."

And, indeed, Mrs. Mugford *did* know; and so did Mrs. Pendennis and

Mrs. Brandon. And these three women worked themselves into a perfect fever, interesting themselves for Mr. Firmin. And Mugford, in his rough, funny way, used to say, "Mr. P., a certain Mr. Heff has come and put our noses out of joint. He has, as sure as my name is Hem. And I am getting quite jealous of our sub-editor, and that is the long and short of it. But it's good to see him haw-haw Bickerton if ever they meet in the office, that it is! Bickerton won't bully *him* any more, I promise you!"

The conclaves and conspiracies of these women were endless in Philip's behalf. One day I let the Little Sister out of my house, with a handkerchief to her eyes, and in a great state of flurry and excitement, which perhaps communicates itself to the gentleman who passes her at his own door. The gentleman's wife is on her part not a little moved and excited. "What do you think Mrs. Brandon says? Philip is learning shorthand. He says he does not think he is clever enough to be a writer of any mark;—but he can be a reporter, and with this and his place at Mr. Mugford's, he thinks he can earn enough to—— Oh, he is a fine fellow!" I suppose feminine emotion stopped the completion of this speech. But when Mr. Philip slouched in to dinner that day, his hostess did homage before him: she loved him; she treated him with a tender respect and sympathy which her like are ever wont to bestow upon brave and honest men in misfortune.

Why should not Mr. Philip Firmin, barrister-at-law, bethink him that he belonged to a profession which has helped very many men to competence, and not a few to wealth and honours? A barrister might surely hope for as good earnings as could be made by a newspaper reporter. We all know instances of men who, having commenced their careers as writers for the press, had carried on the legal profession simultaneously, and attained the greatest honours of the bar and the bench. "Can I sit in a Pump-court garret waiting for attornies?" asked poor Phil; "I shall break my heart before they come. My brains are not worth much: I should addle them altogether in poring over law books. I am not at all a clever fellow, you see; and I haven't the ambition and obstinate will to succeed which carry on many a man with no greater capacity than my own. I may have as good brains as Bickerton, for example; but I am not so *bumptious* as he is. By claiming the first place wherever he goes, he gets it very often. My dear friends, don't you see how modest I am? There never was a man less likely to get on than myself—you must own that; and I tell you that Charlotte and I must look forward to a life of poverty, of cheese-parings, and second-floor lodgings at Pentonville or Islington. That's about my mark. I would let her off, only I know she would not take me at my word—the dear little thing. She has set her heart upon a hulking pauper: that's the truth. And I tell you what I am going to do. I am going seriously to learn the profession of poverty, and make myself master of it. What's the price of cowheel and tripe? You don't know. I do; and the right place to buy 'em. I am as good a

judge of sprats as any man in London. My tap in life is to be small beer. henceforth, and I am growing quite to like it, and think it is brisk and pleasant, and wholesome." There was not a little truth in Philip's account of himself, and his capacities and incapacities. Doubtless, he was not born to make a great name for himself in the world. But do we like those only who are famous? As well say we will only give our regard to men who have ten thousand a year, or are more than six feet high.

While of his three female friends and advisers, my wife admired Philip's humility, Mrs. Brandon and Mrs. Mugford were rather disappointed at his want of spirit, and to think that he aimed so low. I shall not say which side Firmin's biographer took in this matter. Was it my business to applaud or rebuke him for being humble-minded, or was I called upon to advise at all? My amiable reader, acknowledge that you and I in life pretty much go our own way. We eat the dishes we like because we like them, not because our neighbour relishes them. We rise early, or sit up late; we work, idle, smoke, or what not, because we choose so to do, not because the doctor orders. Philip, then, was like you and me, who will have our own way when we can. Will we not? If you won't, you do not deserve it. Instead of hungering after a stalled ox, he was accustoming himself to be content with a dinner of herbs. Instead of braving the tempest, he chose to take in sail, creep along shore, and wait for calmer weather.

So, on Tuesday of every week let us say, it was this modest sub-editor's duty to begin snipping and pasting paragraphs for the ensuing Saturday's issue. He cut down the parliamentary speeches, giving due favouritism to the orators of the *Pall Mall Gazette* party, and meagre outlines of their opponents' discourses. If the leading public men on the side of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gave entertainments, you may be sure they were duly chronicled in the fashionable intelligence; if one of their party wrote a book it was pretty sure to get praise from the critic. I am speaking of simple old days, you understand. Of course there is *no* puffing, or jobbing, or false praise, or unfair censure now. Every critic knows what he is writing about, and writes with no aim but to tell truth.

Thus Philip, the dandy of two years back, was content to wear the shabbiest old coat; Philip, the Philippus of one-and-twenty, who rode showy horses, and rejoiced to display his horse and person in the Park, now humbly took his place in an omnibus, and only on occasions indulged in a cab. From the roof of the larger vehicle he would salute his friends with perfect affability, and stare down on his aunt as she passed in her barouche. He never could be quite made to acknowledge that she purposely would not see him; or he would attribute her blindness to the quarrel which they had had, not to his poverty and present position. As for his cousin Ringwood, "That fellow would commit any baseness," Philip acknowledged; "and it is I who have cut *him*," our friend averred.

A real danger was lest our friend should in his poverty become more haughty and insolent than he had been in his days of better fortune, and that

he should make companions of men who were not his equals. Whether was it better for him to be slighted in a fashionable club, or to swagger at the head of the company in a tavern parlour? This was the danger we might fear for Firmin. It was impossible not to confess that he was choosing to take a lower place in the world than that to which he had been born.

"Do you mean that Philip is lowered, because he is poor?" asked an angry lady, to whom this remark was made by her husband—man and wife being both very good friends to Mr. Firmin.

"My dear," replies the worldling of a husband, "suppose Philip were to take a fancy to buy a donkey and sell cabbages? He would be doing no harm; but there is no doubt he would lower himself in the world's estimation."

"Lower himself!" says the lady, with a toss of her head. "No man lowers himself by pursuing an honest calling. No man!"

"Very good. There is Grundsell, the greengrocer, out of Tuthill Street, who waits at our dinners. Instead of asking him to wait, we should beg him to sit down at table; or perhaps we should wait, and stand with a napkin behind Grundsell."

"Nonsense!"

"Grundsell's calling is strictly honest, unless he abuses his opportunities, and smuggles away——"

"——smuggles away stuff and nonsense!"

"Very good; Grundsell is *not* a fitting companion, then, for us, or the nine little Grundells for our children. Then why should Philip give up the friends of his youth, and forsake a club for a tavern parlour? You can't say our little friend, Mrs. Brandon, good as she is, is a fitting companion for him?"

"If he had a good little wife, he would have a companion of his own degree; and he would be twice as happy; and he would be out of all danger and temptation—and the best thing he can do is to marry directly!" cries the lady. "And, my dear, I think I shall write to Charlotte and ask her to come and stay with us."

There was no withstanding this argument. As long as Charlotte was with us we were sure Philip would be out of harm's way, and seek for no other company. There was a snug little bedroom close by the quarters inhabited by our own children. My wife pleased herself by adorning this chamber, and uncle Mac happening to come to London on business about this time, the young lady came over to us under his convoy, and I should like to describe the meeting between her and Mr. Philip in our parlour. No doubt it was very edifying. But my wife and I were not present, *vous concevez*." We only heard one shout of surprise and delight from Philip as he went into the room where the young lady was waiting. We had but said, "Go into the parlour, Philip. You will find your old friend, Major Mac, there. He has come to London on business, and has news of——" There was no need to speak, for here Philip straightway bounced into the room.

And then came the shout. And then out came Major Mac, with such a droll twinkle in his eyes! What artifices and hypocrisies had we not to practise previously, so as to keep our secret from our children, who assuredly would have discovered it! I must tell you that the *pater-familias* had guarded against the innocent prattle and inquiries of the children regarding the preparation of the little bedroom, by informing them that it was intended for Miss Grigsby, the governess, with whose advent they had long been threatened. And one of our girls, when the unconscious Philip arrived, said, "Philip, if you go into the parlour, you will find *Miss Grigsby, the governess, there.*" And then Philip entered into that parlour, and then arose that shout, and then out came uncle Mac, and then &c. &c. And we called Charlotte Miss Grigsby all dinner-time; and we called her Miss Grigsby next day; and the more we called her Miss Grigsby the more we all laughed. And the baby, who could not speak plain yet, called her Miss Gibby, and laughed loudest of all; and it was such fun. But I think Philip and Charlotte had the best of the fun, my dears, though they may not have laughed quite so loud as we did.

As for Mrs. Brandon, who, you may be sure, speedily came to pay us a visit, Charlotte blushed, and looked quite beautiful when she went up and kissed the Little Sister. "He *have* told you about me, then!" she said, in her soft little voice, smoothing the young lady's brown hair. "Should I have known him at all but for you, and did you not save his life for me when he was ill?" asked Miss Baynes. "And mayn't I love everybody who loves him?" she asked. And we left these women alone for a quarter of an hour, during which they became the most intimate friends in the world. And all our household, great and small, including the nurse (a woman of a most jealous, domineering, and uncomfortable fidelity), thought well of our gentle young guest, and welcomed Miss Grigsby.

Charlotte, you see, is not so exceedingly handsome as to cause other women to perjure themselves by protesting that she is no great thing after all. At the period with which we are concerned, she certainly had a lovely complexion, which her black dress set off, perhaps. And when Philip used to come into the room, she had always a fine garland of roses ready to offer him, and growing upon her cheeks, the moment he appeared. Her manners are so entirely unaffected and simple that they can't be otherwise than good: for is she not grateful, truthful, unconscious of self, easily pleased, and interested in others? Is she very witty? I never said so—though that she appreciated *some* men's wit (whose names need not be mentioned) I cannot doubt. "I say," cries Philip, on that memorable first night of her arrival, and when she and other ladies had gone to bed, "by George! isn't she glorious, I say! What can I have done to win such a pure little heart as that? *Non sum dignus.* It is too much happiness—too much, by George!" And his voice breaks behind his pipe, and he squeezes two fists into eyes that are brimful of

joy and thanks. Where Fortune bestows such a bounty as this, I think we need not pity a man for what she withdraws. As Philip walks away at midnight (walks away? is turned out of doors; or surely he would have gone on talking till dawn), with the rain beating in his face, and fifty or a hundred pounds for all his fortune in his pocket, I think there goes one of the happiest of men—the happiest and richest. For is he not possessor of a treasure which he could not buy, or would not sell, for all the wealth of the world?

My wife may say what she will, but she assuredly is answerable for the invitation to Miss Baynes, and for all that ensued in consequence. At a hint that she would be a welcome guest in our house, in London, where all her heart and treasure lay, Charlotte Baynes gave up straightway her dear aunt, at Tours, who had been kind to her; her dear uncle, her dear mamma, and all her dear brothers—following that natural law which ordains that a woman, under certain circumstances, shall resign home, parents, brothers, sisters, for the sake of that one individual who is henceforth to be dearer to her than all. Mrs. Baynes, the widow, growled a complaint at her daughter's ingratitude, but did not refuse her consent. She may have known that little Hely, Charlotte's volatile admirer, had fluttered off to another flower by this time, and that a pursuit of that butterfly was in vain: or she may have heard that he was going to pass the spring—the butterfly season—in London, and hoped that he perchance might again light on her girl. Howbeit, she was glad enough that her daughter should accept an invitation to our house, and owned that as yet the poor child's share of this life's pleasures had been but small. Charlotte's modest little trunks were again packed, then, and the poor child was sent off, I won't say with how small a provision of pocket-money, by her mother. But the thrifty woman had but little, and of it was determined to give as little as she could. "Heaven will provide for my child," she would piously say; and hence interfered very little with those agents whom heaven sent to befriend her children. "Her mother told Charlotte that she would send her some money next Tuesday," the Major told us; "but, between ourselves, I doubt whether she will. Between ourselves, my sister-in-law is always going to give money next Tuesday: but somehow Wednesday comes, and the money has not arrived. I could not let the little maid be without a few guineas, and have provided her out of a half-pay purse; but mark me, that pay-day Tuesday will never come." Shall I deny or confirm the worthy Major's statement? Thus far I will say, that Tuesday most certainly came; and a letter from her mamma to Charlotte, which said that one of her brothers and a younger sister were going to stay with aunt Mac; and that as Char. was so happy with her most hospitable and kind friends, a fond widowed mother, who had given up all pleasures for herself, would not interfere to prevent a darling child's happiness.

It has been said that three women, whose names have been given up, were conspiring in the behalf of this young person and the young man her

sweetheart. Three days after Charlotte's arrival at our house, my wife persists in thinking that a drive into the country would do the child good, orders a brougham, dresses Charlotte in her best, and trots away to see Mrs. Mugford at Hampstead. Mrs. Brandon is at Mrs. Mugford's, of course quite by chance: and I feel sure that Charlotte's friend compliments Mrs. Mugford upon her garden, upon her nursery, upon her luncheon, upon everything that is hers. "Why, dear me," says Mrs. Mugford (as the ladies discourse upon a certain subject), "what does it matter? Me and Mugford married on two pound a week; and on two pound a week my dear eldest children were born. It was a hard struggle sometimes, but we were all the happier for it; and I'm sure if a man won't risk a little he don't deserve much. I know *I* would risk, if I were a man, to marry such a pretty young dear. And I should take a young man to be but a mean-spirited fellow who waited and went shilly-shallying when he had but to say the word and be happy. I thought Mr. F. was a brave, courageous gentleman, I did, Mrs. Brandon. Do you want me for to have a bad opinion of him? My dear, a little of that cream. It's very good. We 'ad a dinner yesterday, and a cook down from town, on purpose." This speech, with appropriate imitations of voice and gesture, was repeated to the present biographer by the present biographer's wife, and he now began to see in what webs and meshes of conspiracy these artful women had enveloped the subject of the present biography.

Like Mrs. Brandon, and the other matron, Charlotte's friend, Mrs. Mugford became interested in the gentle young creature, and kissed her kindly, and made her a present on going away. It was a brooch in the shape of a thistle, if I remember aright, set with amethysts and a lovely Scottish stone called a carungrum. "She ain't no style about her: and I confess, from a general's daughter, brought up on the Continent, I should have expected better. But we'll show her a little of the world and the opera, Brandon, and she'll do very well, of that I make no doubt." And Mrs. Mugford took Miss Baynes to the opera, and pointed out the other people of fashion there assembled. And delighted Charlotte was. I make no doubt there was a young gentleman of our acquaintance at the back of the box who was very happy too. And this year, Philip's kinsman's wife, LADY RINGWOOD, had a box, in which Philip saw her and her daughters, and little Ringwood Twysden paying assiduous court to her ladyship. They met in the crush-room by chance again, and Lady Ringwood looked hard at Philip and the blushing young lady on his arm. And it happened that Mrs. Mugford's carriage—the little one-horse trap which opens and shuts so conveniently—and Lady Ringwood's tall, emblazoned chariot of state, stopped the way together. And from the tall emblazoned chariot the ladies looked not unkindly at the trap which contained the beloved of Philip's heart: and the carriages departed each on its way: and Ringwood Twysden, seeing his cousin advancing towards him, turned very pale, and dodged at a double quick down an arcade. But he need not have been afraid of Philip. Mr. Firmin's heart was all softness and bene-

violence at that time. He was thinking of those sweet, sweet eyes that had just glanced to him a tender good-night; of that little hand which a moment since had hung with fond pressure on his arm. Do you suppose in such a frame of mind he had leisure to think of a nauseous little reptile crawling behind him? He was so happy that night, that Philip was King Philip again. And he went to the Haunt, and sang his song of *Garry-owen-na-gloria*, and greeted the boys assembled, and spent at least three shillings over his supper and drinks. But the next day being Sunday, Mr. Firmin was at Westminster Abbey, listening to the sweet church chants, by the side of the very same young person whom he had escorted to the opera on the night before. They sate together so close that one must have heard exactly as well as the other. I daresay it is edifying to listen to anthems *à deux*. And how complimentary to the clergyman to have to wish that the sermon was longer! Through the vast cathedral aisles the organ notes peal gloriously. Ruby and topaz and amethyst blaze from the great church windows. Under the tall arcades the young people went together. Hand in hand they passed, and thought no ill.

Do gentle readers begin to tire of this spectacle of billing and cooing? I have tried to describe Mr. Philip's love affairs with as few words and in as modest phrases as may be—omitting the raptures, the passionate vows, the reams of correspondence, and the usual commonplaces of his situation. And yet, my dear ma'am, though you and I may be past the age of billing and cooing, though your ringlets, which I remember a lovely auburn, are now—well—are now a rich purple and green black, and my brow may be as bald as a cannon-ball;—I say, though we are old, we are not too old to forget. We may not care about the pantomime much now, but we like to take the young folks, and see them rejoicing. From the window where I write, I can look down into the garden of a certain square. In that garden I can at this moment see a young gentleman and lady of my acquaintance pacing up and down. They are talking some such talk as Milton imagines our first parents engaged in; and yonder garden is a paradise to my young friends. Did they choose to look outside the railings of the square, or at any other objects than each other's noses, they might see—the tax-gatherer we will say—with his book, knocking at one door, the doctor's brougham at a second, a hatchment over the windows of a third mansion, the baker's boy discoursing with the housemaid over the railings of a fourth. But what to them are these phenomena of life? Arm in arm my young folks go pacing up and down their Eden, and discoursing about that happy time which I suppose is now drawing near, about that charming little snuggery for which the furniture is ordered, and to which, miss, your old friend and very humble servant will take the liberty of forwarding his best regards and a neat silver teapot. I daresay, with these young people, as with Mr. Philip and Miss Charlotte, all occurrences of life seem to have reference to that event which forms the subject of their perpetual longing and con-

templation. There is the doctor's brougham driving away, and Imogene says to Alonzo, "What anguish I shall have if you are ill!" Then there is the carpenter putting up the hatchment. "Ah, my love, if you were to die, I think they might put up a hatchment for both of us," says Alonzo, with a killing sigh. Both sympathize with Mary and the baker's boy whispering over the railings. Go to, gentle baker's boy, we also know what it is to love!

The whole soul and strength of Charlotte and Philip being bent upon marriage, I take leave to put in a document which Philip received at this time; and can imagine that it occasioned no little sensation:—

"Astor House, New York.

"AND so you are returned to the great city—to the *funnum*, the *strepitum*, and I sincerely hope the *opes* of our Rome! Your own letters are but brief; but I have an occasional correspondent (there are few, alas! who remember *the exile!*) who keeps me *au courant* of my Philip's history, and tells me that you are industrious, that you are cheerful, that you prosper. Cheerfulness is the companion of Industry, Prosperity their offspring. That that prosperity may attain *the fullest growth*, is an absent father's fondest prayer! Perhaps ere long I shall be able to announce to you that I too am prospering. I am engaged in pursuing a scientific discovery here (it is medical, and connected with my own profession), of which the results *ought* to lead to Fortune, unless the jade has for ever deserted George Brand Firmin! So you have embarked in the drudgery of the press, and have become a member of *the fourth estate*. It has been despised, and press-man and poverty were for a long time supposed to be synonymous. But the power, the wealth of the press are daily developing, and they will increase yet further. I confess I should have liked to hear that my Philip was pursuing his profession of the bar, at which honour, splendid competence, nay, aristocratic rank, are the prizes of *the bold, the industrious, and the deserving*. Why should you not?—should I not still hope that you may gain legal eminence and position? A father who has had much to suffer, who is descending the vale of years alone and in a distant land, would be soothed in his exile if he thought his son would one day be able to repair the shattered fortunes of his race. But it is not yet, I fondly think, too late. You may yet qualify for the bar, and one of its prizes may fall to you. I confess it was not without a pang of grief I heard from our kind little friend Mrs. B., you were studying shorthand in order to become a newspaper reporter. And has Fortune, then, been so relentless to me, that my son is to be compelled to follow such a calling? I shall try and be resigned. I had hoped higher things for you—for me."

"My dear boy, with regard to your romantic attachment for Miss Baynes, which our good little Brandon narrates to me, in her *peculiar orthography*, but with much *touching simplicity*,—I make it a rule not to say a word of comment, of warning, or remonstrance. As

sure as you are your father's son, you will take your own line in any matter of attachment to a woman, and all the fathers in the world won't stop you. In Philip of four-and-twenty I recognize his father thirty years ago. My father scolded, entreated, quarrelled with me, never forgave me. I will learn to be more generous towards my son. I may grieve, but I bear you no malice. If ever I achieve wealth again, you shall not be deprived of it. I suffered so myself from a harsh father, that I will never be one to my son !

"As you have put on the livery of the Muses, and regularly entered yourself of the Fraternity of the Press, what say you to a little addition to your income by letters addressed to my friend, the editor of the new journal, called here the *Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand*. It is the fashionable journal published here; and your qualifications are precisely those which would make your services valuable as a contributor. Doctor Geraldine, the editor, is not, I believe, a relative of the Leinster family, but a self-made man, who arrived in this country some years since, poor, and an exile from his native country. He advocates Repeal politics in Ireland; but with these of course you need have nothing to do. And he is much too liberal to expect these from his contributors. I have been of service professionally to Mrs. Geraldine and himself. My friend of the *Emerald* introduced me to the doctor. Terrible enemies in print, in private they are perfectly good friends, and the little passages of arms between the two journalists serve rather to amuse than to irritate. 'The grocer's boy from Ormond Quay' (Geraldine once, it appears, engaged in that useful but humble calling), and the 'miscreant from Cork'—the editor of the *Emerald* comes from that city—assail each other in public, but drink whiskey-and-water *galore* in private. If you write for Geraldine, of course you will say nothing disrespectful about *grocers' boys*. *His dollars are good silver*, of that you may be sure. Dr. G. knows a part of your history: he knows that you are now fairly engaged in literary pursuits; that you are a man of education, a gentleman, a man of the world, a man of courage. I have answered for your possessing all these qualities. (The doctor, in his droll, humorous way, said that if you were a chip of the old block you would be just what he called 'the grit.') Political treatises are not so much wanted as personal news regarding the notabilities of London, and these, I assured him, you were the very man to be able to furnish. You, who know everybody; who have lived with the great world—the world of lawyers, the world of artists, the world of the university—have already had an experience which few gentlemen of the press can boast of, and may turn that experience to profit. Suppose you were to trust a little to your imagination in composing these letters? there can be no harm in being *poetical*. Suppose an *intelligent correspondent* writes that he has met the D-ke of W-ll-ngt-n, had a private interview with the Pr-m-r, and so forth, who is to say him nay? And this is the kind of talk our *gobemouches* of New York delight in. My worthy friend, Doctor Geraldine, for example—between ourselves

his name is Finnigan, but his private history is *strictly entre nous*—when he first came to New York astonished the people by the copiousness of his anecdotes regarding the *English aristocracy*, of whom he knows as much as he does of the Court of Pekin. He was smart, ready, sarcastic, amusing; he found readers: from one success he advanced to another, and the *Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand* is likely to make *this worthy man's fortune*. You really may be serviceable to him, and may justly earn the *liberal remuneration* which he offers for a weekly letter. Anecdotes of men and women of fashion—the more gay and lively the more welcome—the *quicquid agunt homines*, in a word,—should be the *farrago libelli*. Who are the reigning beauties of London? and Beauty, you know, has a rank and fashion of its own. Has any one lately won or lost on the turf or at play? What are the clubs talking about? Are there any duels? What is the last scandal? Does the good old duke keep his health? Is that affair over between the Duchess of This and Captain That?

“Such is the information which our *badauds* here like to have, and for which my friend the doctor will pay at the rate of — dollars per letter. Your name need not appear at all. The remuneration is certain. *C'est à prendre ou à laisser*, as our lively neighbours say. Write in the first place in confidence to me; and in whom can you confide more safely than in your father?

“You will, of course, pay your respects to your relative the new lord of Ringwood. For a young man whose family is so powerful as yours, there can surely be no derogation in entertaining some feudal respect, and who knows whether and how soon Sir John Ringwood may be able to help his cousin? By the way, Sir John is a Whig, and your paper is a Conservative. But you are, above all, *homme du monde*. In such a subordinate place as you occupy with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a man's private politics do not surely count at all. If Sir John Ringwood, your kinsman, sees any way of helping you, so much the better, and of course your politics will be those of your family. I have no knowledge of him. He was a very quiet man at college, where, I regret to say, your father's friends were not of the quiet sort at all. I trust I have repented. I have sown my wild oats. And ah! how pleased I shall be to hear that my Philip has bent *his* proud head a little, and is ready to submit more than he used of old to the customs of the world. Call upon Sir John, then. As a Whig gentleman of large estate, I need not tell you that he will expect *respect* from you. He is your kinsman; the representative of your grandfather's gallant and noble race. He bears the name your mother bore. To *her* my Philip was always gentle, and for her sake you will comply with the wishes of

“Your affectionate father,
“G. B. F.”

“I have not said a word of compliment to mademoiselle. I wish her so well that I own I wish she were about to marry a richer suitor than my dear son. Will fortune ever permit me to embrace my daughter-in-

law, and take your children on my knee? You will speak kindly to them of their grandfather, will you not? Poor General Baynes, I have heard, used violent and unseemly language regarding me, which I most heartily pardon. I am grateful when I think that *I never did General B. an injury*: grateful and proud to accept benefits from my own son. These I treasure up in my heart; and still hope I shall be able to repay with something more substantial than my fondest prayers. Give my best wishes, then, to Miss Charlotte, and try and teach her to think kindly of her Philip's father."

Miss Charlotte Baynes, who kept the name of Miss Grigsby, the governess, amongst all the roguish children of a facetious father, was with us one month, and her mamma expressed great cheerfulness at her absence, and at the thought that she had found such good friends. After two months, her uncle, Major MacWhirter, returned from visiting his relations in the North, and offered to take his niece back to France again. He made this proposition with the jolliest air in the world, and as if his niece would jump for joy to go back to her mother. But to the major's astonishment, Miss Baynes turned quite pale, ran to her hostess, flung herself into that lady's arms, and then there began an osculatory performance which perfectly astonished the good major. Charlotte's friend, holding Miss Baynes tight in her embrace, looked fiercely at the major over the girl's shoulder, and defied him to take her away from that sanctuary.

"Oh, you dear, good dear friend!" Charlotte gurgled out, and sobbed. I know not what more expressions of fondness and gratitude.

But the truth is, that two sisters, or mother and daughter, could not love each other more heartily than these two personages. Mother and daughter forsooth! You should have seen Charlotte's piteous look when sometimes the conviction would come on her that she ought at length to go home to mamma; such a look as I can fancy Clytemnestra casting on Agamemnon, when, in obedience to a painful sense of duty, he was about to—to use the sacrificial knife. No, we all loved her. The children would howl at the idea of parting with their Miss Grigsby. Charlotte, in return, helped them to very pretty lessons in music and French—served hot, as it were from her own recent studies at Tours—and a good daily governess operated on the rest of their education to everybody's satisfaction.

And so months rolled on and our young favourite still remained with us. Mamma fed the little maid's purse with occasional remittances; and begged her hostess to supply her with all necessary articles from the milliner. Afterwards, it is true, Mrs. General Baynes * * But why enter upon these painful family disputes in a chapter which has been devoted to sentiment?

As soon as Mr. Firmin received the letter above faithfully copied (with the exception of the pecuniary offer, which I do not consider myself at liberty to divulge), he hurried down from Thornhaugh Street to West-

minster. He dashed by Buttons, the page; he took no notice of my wondering wife at the drawing-room door; he rushed to the second floor, bursting open the school-room door, where Charlotte was teaching our dear third daughter to play *In my Cottage near a Wood*.

"Charlotte! Charlotte!" he cried out.

"La, Philip! don't you see Miss Grigsby is giving us lessons?" said the children.

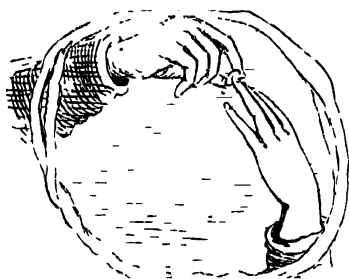
But he would not listen to those wags, and still beckoned Charlotte to him. That young woman rose up and followed him out of the door, as, indeed, she would have followed him out of the window; and there, on the stairs, they read Doctor Firmin's letter, with their heads quite close together, you understand.

"Two hundred a year more," said Philip, his heart throbbing so that he could hardly speak; "and your fifty—and two hundred the *Gazette*—and——"

"Oh, Philip!" was all Charlotte could say, and then—— There was a pretty group for the children to see, and for Mr. Walker to draw!

CHAPTER XXXII.

WAYS AND MEANS.



Of course any man of the world, who is possessed of decent prudence, will perceive that the idea of marrying on four hundred and fifty pounds a year so secured as was Master Philip's income, was preposterous and absurd. In the first place, you can't live on four hundred and fifty pounds a year, that is a certainty. People do live on less, I believe. But a life without a brougham,

without a decent house, without claret for dinner, and a footman to wait, can hardly be called existence. Philip's income might fail any day. He might not please the American paper. He might quarrel with the *Pall Mall Gazette*. And then what would remain to him? Only poor little Charlotte's fifty pounds a year! So Philip's most intimate male friend—a man of the world, and with a good deal of experience—argued. Of course I was not surprised that Philip did not choose to take my advice; though I did not expect he would become so violently angry, call names almost, and use most rude expressions, when, *at his express desire*, this advice was tendered to him. If he did not want it, why did he ask for it? The advice might be unwelcome to him, but why did he choose to tell me at my own table, over my own claret, that it was the advice of a sneak and a worldling? My good fellow, *that* claret, though it is a second growth, and I can afford no better, costs seventy-two shillings a dozen. How much is six times three hundred and sixty-five? A bottle a day is the least you can calculate (the fellow would come to my house and drink two bottles to himself, with the utmost nonchalance). A bottle per diem of that light claret—of that second-growth stuff—costs one hundred and four guineas a year, do you understand? or, to speak plainly with you, *one hundred and nine pounds four shillings!*

"Well," says Philip, "*après?* We'll do without. Meantime I will take what I can get!" and he tosses off about a pint as he speaks (these *mousseline* glasses are not only enormous, but they break by dozens.) He tosses off a pint of my Larose, and gives a great roar of laughter, as if he had said a good thing!

Philip Firmin is coarse and offensive at times, and Bickerton in holding this opinion is not altogether wrong.

"I'll drink claret when I come to you, old boy," he says, grinning; "and at home I will have whiskey-and-water."

"But suppose Charlotte is ordered claret?"

"Well, she can have it," says this liberal lover; "a bottle will last her a week."

"Don't you see," I shriek out, "that even a bottle a week costs something like—six by fifty-two—eighteen pounds a year?" (I own it is really only fifteen twelve; but, in the hurry of argument, a man *may* stretch a figure or so.) "Eighteen pounds for Charlotte's claret; as much, at least, you great boozy toper, for your whiskey and beer. Why, you actually want a tenth part of your income for the liquor you consume! And then clothes; and then lodging; and then coals; and then doctor's bills; and then pocket-money; and then sea-side for the little dears. Just have the kindness to add all these things up, and you will find that you have about two-and-ninepence left to pay the grocer and the butcher."

"What you call prudence," says Philip, thumping the table, and, of course, breaking a glass, "I call cowardice—I call blasphemy! Do you mean, as a Christian man, to tell me that two young people, and a family if it should please Heaven to send them one, cannot subsist upon five hundred pounds a year? Look round, sir, at the myriads of God's creatures who live, love, are happy and poor, and be ashamed of the wicked doubt which you utter!" And he starts up, and strides up and down the dining-room, curling his flaming moustache, and rings the bell fiercely, and says, "Johnson, I've broke a glass. Get me another."

In the drawing-room, my wife asks what we two were fighting about? And, as Charlotte is upstairs, telling the children stories as they are put to bed, or writing to her dear mamma, or what not, our friend bursts out with more rude and violent expressions than he had used in the dining-room over my glasses which he was smashing, tells my own wife that I am an atheist, or at best a miserable sceptic and Sadducee: that I doubt of the goodness of heaven, and am not thankful for my daily bread. And, with one of her kindling looks directed towards the young man, of course my wife sides with him. Miss Char. presently came down from the young folks, and went to the piano, and played us Beethoven's *Dream of Saint Jerome*, which always soothes me, and charms me, so that I fancy it is a poem of Tennyson in music. And our children, as they sink off to sleep over-head, like to hear soft music, which soothes them into slumber, Miss Baynes says. And Miss Charlotte looks very pretty at her piano: and Philip lies gazing at her, with his great feet and hands tumbled over one of our arm-chairs. And the music, with its solemn cheer, makes us all very happy and kind-hearted, and ennobles us somehow as we listen. And my wife wears her *benedictory* look whenever she turns towards these young people. She has worked herself up to the opinion that yonder couple ought to marry. She can give chapter and verse for her belief. To doubt about the matter at all is wicked according to her notions. And there are certain points upon which, I humbly own, that I don't dare to argue with her.

When the women of the house have settled a matter, is there much use in man's resistance? If my harem orders that I shall wear a yellow coat

and pink trousers, I know that, before three months are over, I shall be walking about in *rose-tendre* and canary-coloured garments. It is the perseverance which conquers, the daily return to the object desired. Take my advice, my dear sir, when you see your womankind resolute about a matter, give up at once, and have a quiet life. Perhaps to one of these evening entertainments, where Miss Baynes played the piano, as she did very pleasantly, and Mr. Philip's great clumsy fist turned the leaves, little Mrs. Brandon would come tripping in, and as she surveyed the young couple, her remark would be, "Did you ever see a better suited couple?" When I came home from chambers, and passed the dining-room door, my eldest daughter with a knowing face would bar the way and say, "You mustn't go in there, papa! Miss Grigsby is there, and Master Philip is *not to be disturbed at his lessons!*" Mrs. Mugford had begun to arrange marriages between her young people and ours from the very first day she saw us; and Mrs. M.'s ch. filly Toddles, rising two years, and our three-year old colt Billyboy, were rehearsing in the nursery the endless little comedy which the grown-up young persons were performing in the drawing-room.

With the greatest frankness Mrs. Mugford gave her opinion that Philip, with four or five hundred a year, would be no better than a sneak if he delayed to marry. How much had she and Mugford when *they* married, she would like to know? "Emily Street, Pentonville, was where *we* had apartments," she remarked; "we were pinched sometimes; but we owed nothing: and our housekeeping books I can show you." I believe Mrs. M. actually brought these dingy relics of her honeymoon for my wife's inspection. I tell you, my house was peopled with these friends of matrimony. Flies were for ever in requisition, and our boys were very sulky at having to sit for an hour at Shoolbred's, while certain ladies lingered there over blankets, tablecloths, and what not. Once I found my wife and Charlotte flitting about Wardour Street, the former lady much interested in a great Dutch cabinet, with a glass cupboard and corpulent drawers. And that cabinet was, ere long, carted off to Mrs. Brandon's, Thornhaugh Street; and in that glass cupboard there was presently to be seen a neat set of china for tea and breakfast. The end was approaching. That event, with which the third volume of the old novels used to close, was at hand. I am afraid our young people can't drive off from St. George's in a chaise and four, and that no noble relative will lend them his castle for the honeymoon. Well: some people cannot drive to happiness, even with four horses; and other folks can reach the goal on foot. My venerable Muse stoops down, unlooses her *cothurnus* with some difficulty, and prepares to fling that old shoe after the pair.

Tell, venerable Muse! what were the marriage gifts which friendship provided for Philip and Charlotte? Philip's cousin, Ringwood Twysden, came simpering up to me at Bays's Club one afternoon, and said: "I hear my precious cousin is going to marry. I think I shall send him a broom to sweep a crossin'." I was nearly going to say, "This was a piece of

generosity to be expected from your father's son;" but the fact is, that I did not think of this withering repartee until I was crossing St. James's Park on my way home, when Twysden of course was out of ear-shot. A great number of my best witticisms have been a little late in making their appearance in the world. If we could but hear the *unspoken* jokes, how we should all laugh; if we could but *speak* them, how witty we should be! When you have left the room, you have no notion what *clever* things I was going to say when you balked me by going away. Well, then, the fact is, the Twysden's family gave Philip nothing on his marriage, being the exact sum of regard which they professed to have for him.

MRS. MAJOR MACWHIRTER gave the bride an Indian brooch, representing the Taj Mahal at Agra, which General Baynes had given to his sister-in-law in old days. At a later period, it is true, Mrs. Mac asked Charlotte for the brooch back again; but this was when many family quarrels had raged between the relatives—quarrels which to describe at length would be to tax too much the writer and the readers of this history.

MRS. MUGFORD presented an elegant plated coffee-pot, six drawing-room almanacs (spoils of the *Pall Mall Gazette*), and fourteen richly cut jelly-glasses, most useful for negus if the young couple gave evening parties, which dinners they would not be able to afford.

MRS. BRANDON made an offering of two tablecloths and twelve dinner napkins, most beautifully worked, and I don't know how much house linen.

THE LADY OF THE PRESENT WRITER—Twelve teaspoons in bullion, and a pair of sugar-tongs. Mrs. Baynes, Philip's mother-in-law, sent him also a pair of sugar-tongs, of a light manufacture, easily broken. He keeps a tong to the present day, and speaks very satirically regarding that relic.

PHILIP'S INN OF COURT—A bill for commons and Inn taxes, with the Treasurer's compliments.

And these, I think, formed the items of poor little Charlotte's meagre trousseau. Before Cinderella went to the ball she was almost as rich as our little maid. Charlotte's mother sent a grim consent to the child's marriage, but declined herself to attend it. She was ailing and poor. Her year's widowhood was just over. She had her other children to look after. My impression is that Mrs. Baynes thought that she could be out of Philip's power so long as she remained abroad, and that the general's savings would be secure from him. So she delegated her authority to Philip's friends in London, and sent her daughter a moderate wish for her happiness, which may or may not have profited the young people.

"Well, my dear? You are rich compared to what I was, when I married," little Mrs. Brandon said to her young friend. "You will have a good husband. That is more than I had. You will have good friends; and I was almost alone for a time, until it pleased God to befriend me." It was not without a feeling of awe that we saw these young people commence that voyage of life on which henceforth they were to journey together; and I am sure that of the small company who accompanied them to the silent little chapel where they were joined in marriage there

was not one who did not follow them with tender good wishes and heartfelt prayers. They had a little purse provided for a month's holiday. They had health, hope, good spirits, good friends. I have never learned that life's trials were over after marriage; only lucky is he who has a loving companion to share them. As for the lady with whom Charlotte had stayed before her marriage, she was in a state of the most lachrymose sentimentality. She sat on the bed in the chamber which the little maid had vacated. Her tears flowed copiously. She knew not why, she could not tell how the girl had wound herself round her maternal heart. And I think if heaven had decreed this young creature should be poor, it had sent her many blessings and treasures in compensation.

Every respectable man and woman in London will, of course, pity these young people, and reprobate the mad risk which they were running, and yet, by the influence and example of a sentimental wife probably, so madly sentimental have I become, that I own sometimes I almost fancy these misguided wretches are to be envied.

A melancholy little chapel it is where they were married, and stands hard by our house. We did not decorate the church with flowers, or adorn the beads with white ribbons. We had, I must confess, a dreary little breakfast, not in the least enlivened by Mugford's jokes, who would make a speech *de circonstance*, which was not, I am thankful to say, reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "We shan't charge you for advertising the marriage *there*, my dear," Mrs. Mugford said. "And I've already took it myself to Mr. Burjoyce." Mrs. Mugford had insisted upon pinning a large white favour upon John, who drove her from Hampstead: but that was the only ornament present at the nuptial ceremony, much to the disappointment of the good lady. There was a very pretty cake, with two doves in sugar, on the top, which the Little Sister made and sent, and no other hymeneal emblem. Our little girls as bridesmaids appeared, to be sure, in new bonnets and dresses, but everybody else looked so quiet and demure, that when we went into the church, three or four street urchins knocking about the gate, said, "Look at 'em. They're going to be 'ung." And so the words are spoken, and the indissoluble knot is tied. Amen. For better, for worse, for good days or evil, love each other, cling to each other, dear friends. Fulfil your course, and accomplish your life's toil. In sorrow, soothe each other; in illness, watch and tend. Cheer, fond wife, the husband's struggle; lighten his gloomy hours with your tender smiles, and gladden his home with your love. Husband, father, whatsoever your lot, be your heart pure, your life honest. For the sake of those who bear your name, let no bad action sully it. As you look at those innocent faces, which ever tenderly greet you, be yours, too, innocent, and your conscience without reproach. As the young people kneel before the altar-railing, some such thoughts as these pass through a friend's mind who witnesses the ceremony of their marriage. Is not all we hear in that place meant to apply to ourselves, and to be carried away for everyday cogitation?

After the ceremony we sign the book, and walk back demurely to breakfast. And Mrs. Mugford does not conceal her disappointment at the small preparations made for the reception of the marriage party. "I call it shabby, Brandon; and I speak my mind. No favours. Only your cake. No speeches to speak of. No lobster-salad: and wine on the side-board. I thought your Queen Square friends knew how to do the thing better! When one of *my* gurls is married, I promise you we shan't let her go out of the back-door; and at least we shall have the best four greys that Newman's can furnish. It's my belief your young friend is getting too fond of money, Brandon, and so I have told Mugford." But these, you see, were only questions of taste. Good Mrs. Mugford's led her to a green satin dress and a pink turban, when other ladies were in gray or quiet colours. The intimacy between our two families dwindled immediately after Philip's marriage; Mrs. M., I am sorry to say, setting us down as shabby-genteel people, and she couldn't bear screwing—never could!

Well: the speeches were spoken. The bride was kissed, and departed with her bridegroom: they had not even a valet and lady's-maid to bear them company. The route of the happy pair was to be Canterbury, Folkestone, Boulogne, Amiens, Paris, and Italy perhaps, if their little stock of pocket-money would serve them so far. But the very instant when half was spent, it was agreed that these young people should turn their faces homeward again; and meanwhile the printer and Mugford himself agreed that they would do Mr. Sub-editor's duty. How much had they in the little purse for their pleasure-journey? That is no business of ours, surely; but with youth, health, happiness, love, amongst their possessions, I don't think our young friends had need to be discontented. Away then they drive in their cab to the railway station. Farewell, and heaven bless you, Charlotte and Philip! I have said how I found my wife crying in her favourite's vacant bed-room. The marriage table did coldly furnish forth a funeral kind of dinner. The cold chicken choked us all, and the jelly was but a sickly compound to my taste, though it was the Little Sister's most artful manufacture. I own for one I was quite miserable. I found no comfort at clubs, nor could the last new novel fix my attention. I saw Philip's eyes, and heard the warble of Charlotte's sweet voice. I walked off from Bay's, and through Old Parr Street, where Philip had lived, and his parents entertained me as a boy; and then tramped to Thornhaugh Street, rather ashamed of myself. The maid said mistress was in Mr. Philip's rooms, the two pair,—and what was that I heard on the piano as I entered the apartment? Mrs. Brandon sat there hemming some chintz window curtains, or bed curtains, or what not: by her side sate my own eldest girl stitching away very resolutely; and at the piano—the piano which Philip had bought—there sate my own wife picking out that *Dream of Saint Jerome* of Beethoven, which Charlotte used to play so delicately. We had tea out of Philip's tea-things, and a nice hot cake, which consoled some of us. But I have known few evenings more melancholy than that. It feels like the first night at school after the holidays,

when we all used to try and appear cheerful, you know. But ah! how diabolical the gaiety was; and how dreary that lying awake in the night, and thinking of the happy days just over!

The way in which we looked forward for letters from our bride and bridegroom was quite a curiosity. At length a letter arrived from these personages: and as it contains no secret, I take the liberty to print it *in extenso*.

“Amiens, Friday. Paris, Saturday.

“DEAREST FRIENDS—(For the dearest friends you *are* to us, and will continue to be *as long as we live*)—We perform our promise of writing to you to say that we are *well*, and *safe*, and *happy*! Philip says I mustn't use *dashes*, but I can't *help it*. He says, he supposes I am *dashing* off a letter. You know his joking way. Oh, what a blessing it is to see him so happy. And if he is happy I am. I tremble to think *how* happy. He sits opposite me, smoking his cigar, looking so noble! *I like it*, and I went to our room and *brought him this one*. He says, ‘Char, if I were to say bring me your head, you would order a waiter to cut it off.’ Pray, did I not promise three days ago to love, honour, and obey him, and am I going to break my promise already? I hope not. I pray not. All my life I hope I shall be trying to keep that promise of mine. We liked Canterbury almost as much as dear Westminster. We had an open carriage and took *a glorious drive* to Folkestone, and in the crossing Philip was ill, and I wasn't. And he looked very droll; and he was in a dreadful bad humour; and that was my first appearance as nurse. I think I should like him to be *a little* ill sometimes, so that I may sit up and take care of him. We went through the cords at the custom-house at Boulogne; and I remembered how, two years ago, I passed through those very cords with my poor papa, and *he* stood outside, and saw us! We went to the Hôtel des Bains. We walked about the town. We went to the Tintelleries, where we used to live, and to your house in the Haute Ville, where I remember *everything as if it was yesterday*. Don't you remember, as we were walking one day, you said, ‘Charlotte, there is the steamer coming; there is the smoke of his funnel;’ and I said, ‘What steamer?’ and you said, ‘The Philip, to be sure.’ And he came up, smoking his pipe! We passed over and over the old ground where we used to walk. We went to the pier, and gave money to the poor little hunch-back who plays the guitar, and he said, ‘*Merci, madame*.’ How droll it sounded! And that good kind Marie at the Hôtel des Bains remembered us, and called us ‘*mes enfans*.’ And if you were not the most good-natured woman *in the world*, I think I should be ashamed to write such nonsense.

“Think of Mrs. Brandon having knitted me a purse, which she gave me as we went away from *dear, dear* Queen Square; and when I opened it, there were five sovereigns in it! When we found what the purse contained, Philip used one of his great *jurons* (as he always does when he is most tender-hearted), and he said that woman was an angel, and that we would keep those five sovereigns, and never change them.

Ah! I am thankful my husband has such friends! I will love all who love him—you most of all. For were not you the means of bringing this noble heart to me? I fancy I have known *bigger people*, since I have known you, and some of your friends. Their talk is simpler, their thoughts are greater than—those with whom I used to live. P. says, heaven has given Mrs. Brandon such a great heart, that she must have a good intellect. If loving my Philip be wisdom, I know some one who will be very wise!

“If I was not in a very great hurry to see mamma, Philip said we might stop a day at Amiens. And we went to the Cathedral, and to whom, do you think, it is dedicated? to *my* saint: to SAINT FIRMIN! and oh! I prayed to heaven to give me strength to devote my life to *my saint's service*, to love him always, as a pure, true wife: in sickness to guard him, in sorrow to soothe him. I will try and *learn* and *study*, not to make my intellect equal to his—very few women can hope for that—but that I may better comprehend him, and give him a companion more worthy of him. I wonder whether there are many men in the world as clever as our husbands? Though Philip is so modest. He says he is not clever *at all*. Yet I know he is, and grander somehow than other men. I said nothing, but I used to listen at Queen Square; and some who came who thought best of themselves, seemed to me pert, and worldly, and small; and some were like princes somehow. My Philip is one of the princes. Ah, dear friend! may I not give thanks where thanks are due, that I am chosen to be the wife of a true gentleman? Kind, and brave, and loyal Philip! Honest and generous,—above deceit or selfish scheme. Oh! I hope it is not wrong to be so happy!

“We wrote to mamma and dear Madame Smolensk to say we were coming. Mamma finds Madame de Valentinois' boarding-house even dearer than dear Madame Smolensk's. I *don't mean* a pun! She says she has found out that Madame de Valentinois' real name is Cornichon; that she was a person of the worst character, and that cheating at *écarté* was practised at her house. She took up her own two francs and another two-franc piece from the card-table, saying that Colonel Boulotte was cheating, and by rights the money was hers. She is going to leave Madame de Valentinois at the end of her month, or as soon as our children, who have the measles, can move. She desired that on no account I would come to see her at Madame V.'s; and she brought Philip 12l. 10s. in five-franc pieces, which she laid down on the table before him, and said it was my first quarter's payment. It is not due yet, I know. ‘But do you think I will be beholden,’ says she, ‘to a man like you!’ And P. shrugged his shoulders, and put the *rouleau* of silver pieces into a drawer. He did not say a word, but, of course, I saw he was ill-pleased. ‘What shall we do with your fortune, Char?’ he said, when mamma went away. And a part we spent at the opera and at Véry's restaurant, where we took our dear kind Madame Smolensk. Ah, how good that woman was to me! Ah, how I suffered in that house when mamma wanted to

part me from Philip! We walked by and saw the windows of the room where that horrible, horrible tragedy was performed, and Philip shook his fist at the green *jalousies*. 'Good heavens!' he said: 'how, my darling, how I was made to suffer there!' I bear no malice. I will do no injury. But I never can forgive: never! I can forgive mamma, who made my husband so unhappy; but can I love her again? Indeed and indeed I have tried. Often and often in my dreams that horrid tragedy is acted over again; and they are taking him from me, and I feel as if I should die. When I was with you I used often to be afraid to go to sleep for fear of that dreadful dream, and I kept one of his letters under my pillow so that I might hold it in the night. And now! No one can part us!—oh, no one!—until the end comes!

"He took me about to all his old *bachelor haunts*; to the Hôtel Poussin, where he used to live, which is very dingy but comfortable. And he introduced me to the landlady, in a Madras handkerchief, and to the landlord (in earrings and with no coat on), and to the little boy who *frottes* the floors. And he said, '*Tiens*' and '*merci, madame!*' as we gave him a five-franc piece out of my fortune. And then we went to the café opposite the Bourse, where Philip used to write his letters; and then we went to the Palais Royal, where Madame de Smolensk was in waiting for us. And then we went to the play. And then we went to Tortoni's to take ices. And then we walked a part of the way home with Madame Smolensk under a hundred million blazing stars; and then we walked down the Champs Elysées' avenues, by which Philip used to come to me, and beside the plashing fountains shining under the silver moon. And, oh, Laura! I wonder under the silver moon was anybody so happy as your loving and grateful
C. F."

"P.S." [In the handwriting of Philip Firmin, Esq.]—"MY DEAR FRIENDS.—I'm so jolly that it seems like a dream. I have been watching Charlotte scribble, scribble for an hour past; and wondered and thought is it actually true? and gone and convinced myself of the truth by looking at the paper and the dashes which she will put under the words. My dear friends, what have I done in life that I am to be made a present of a little angel? Once there was so much wrong in me, and my heart was so black and revengeful, that I knew not what might happen to me. She came and rescued me. The love of this creature purifies me—and—and I think that is all. I think I only want to say that I am the happiest man in Europe. That Saint Firmin at Amiens! Didn't it seem like a good omen? By St. George! I never heard of St. F. until I lighted on him in the cathedral. When shall we write next? Where shall we tell you to direct? We don't know where we are going. We don't want letters. But we are not the less grateful to dear, kind friends; and our names are
P. AND C. F."

The Winter Time.

A PEEP THROUGH THE FOG.

De gustibus,—there is no accounting for tastes. Mr. [unclear] passes the east wind, and my friend Sir Galahad wakes [unclear] from the fog. "My good sir," he said to me the other day, "you do not appreciate this weather. Your sympathies are circumscribed. To a well-constituted mind, a London fog is radiant with romance; radiant as that golden mist in Murillo's pictures, out of which the angels are made—those divine little rogues! It is only at such times that our streets cease to be commonplace. Nothing relieves their intense monotony except the fog. But, while it lasts, the square windows, and the green blinds, and the plaster of Paris, are transfigured,—they grow sombre, mystical, and fantastic. The street-lamp at the corner glows like a star, and emits an angry and Mars-like light. It is a street-lamp no longer—'tis the Pharos that lights the *Mare Tenebrosum*. The approach of an omnibus sounds like the roar of an avalanche. Even the gay and jaunty Hansom—ordinarily so matter-of-fact and practical—forgets its sceptical audacity and cheerful insouciance, and begins to believe in the Invisible. The boys who distribute the *Star* and the *Sun* are supernatural intelligences, who hawk the newspapers of another world. The people you meet in the deserted thoroughfares look distant and uncorporeal—even when they run into your ribs. Society returns to its original elements. The police-magistrate is as helpless as the pickpocket in his dock. If you have a turn that way, you may murder your fellow-creatures in the Strand, with perfect impunity, and without any risk of detection. And the fog, like death, levels all distinctions. Though your coat is threadbare, your dearest friend won't cut you. You may wear a green hat, and brass rings in your nose, without being mobbed. 'Divinest liberty' has, of course, its perils. Should you miss your way in the park, you are a lost man. Rescue is hopeless. You will not meet a single living creature, except the bewildered crows, who brush your face with their wings as they sweep past, and the tame ducks by the water-side, jubilant amid the mist as the bird of Jove. And yet, in spite of all this, in spite of the elastic freedom and poetic mystery which it introduces into your cramped and colourless life, you say that you do not love the fog!"

Sir Galahad's eloquence did not move me. Such an argument, indeed, to a man with a constitutional liability to bronchitis, was heartless mockery or a bad jest. Heine was a Greek idolator, yet even Heine admits that when Olympus is misty, the gods "catch the divinest catarrhs, and coughs that last them for ever;" and an Olympian mist does

not try human or divine lungs like a London fog. So that I answered him somewhat curtly, and in words which had once before been employed by silence a speculative philosopher:—

“Prythee ~~have done,~~

And do not play in wench-like words with that

Which is so serious.”

Even while he spoke, however, my mind was “made up.” Mahomet went to the mountain, and it is possible to quit the fog. Thick darkness broods upon the metropolis, but (it is a fact, though it sounds novel and paradoxical) there is a whole planet outside the metropolis. And for a week past I had been irritated by observing in the weather report of the morning paper such sentences as these: “N.E. Line. St. Mungo’s Head. Fine,” or “Hard frost at St. Mungo. Wind S.S.W.,” and five miles to the north of St. Mungo stretches a noble beach of pebbly sand, pure as the driven snow, and brilliant as the fairy landscape in the new pantomime. Moreover, I had been dreaming over Mrs. Blackburn’s *Birds*. Do you know her book? Well, if you do not, get Mudie to send it to you, or, better still, buy a copy for your children, and yourself,—who, despite the fifty summers, and the silvered hairs, are yet, I know, a very child at heart. Scarcely ever before have our feathered relatives (for we are all somehow connected, of course—birds and beasts) found such an interpreter. If the ingratitude of princes is not to become proverbial, the Queen of the Birds—the bright-eyed, purple-vested, golden eagle—ought forthwith to decorate her portrait-painter in ordinary. The Cross of Harold of the Iceberg, or the Order of the Peacock’s-tail, or the Collar of the Hoopoe, or the Garter of the Bird of Paradise, would be a graceful feather in Mrs. Blackburn’s cap, and an appropriate and well-merited compliment. Such delightful birds, especially those of them who haunt the shore, and who are not very far advanced in life—herons, guillemots, sandpipers, and solan geese! The heron, with that mysterious, wakeful eye,—round, liquid, passionless,—the eye of a great poet, like Shakspeare, who is supremely impartial, and belongs to no faction in particular. And even Silvey’s charming *carte-de-visite* of little Effie is not more charming than the miniatures in this volume—the young of the bluetit, and the whinchat, and the willow warbler, and the sandpiper, and the black guillemot—unfledged little brats, with open mouths, and inquiring eyes, and hungry, comical-looking faces, and lined with the very softest and silkiest down,—such as Queen Mab stuffs her pillow-slips with. There are two groups especially which you will never tire of looking at,—a flock of gannets fishing for herrings in the blue sea off Aikie Craig, and a company of herons on Lochiel. This last, indeed, is the gem of the cabinet. It is the early morning—there is a fold of mist along the barren shoulder of the mountain on the other shore of the lake, and round his feet a few stunted alder bushes—deep, still, shadows rest upon the motionless water, for no “breeze of morning” has yet begun to move,—and then, in the foreground—the very *genius loci*—the long-legged, long-necked heron: These

queer, grotesque, uncanny-looking rogues are met on an errand that can not bear the scrutiny of noon, and they will melt into thin air before the sun has scattered the mists on Ben Nevis. It was this picture, I believe, that settled me. I knew such another spot by heart,—a shelly, sea-beat, bright, where the winter heaven is palpable and serene as Claude's, and the sparkling ripple ceases to sparkle among

“ The twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach.”

So I unpacked my guncase, bought five dozen of ~~Elly's~~ ~~Leah's~~ Leasing cartridges (green—No. 2), found a place in my portmanteau for Mr. St. John and Colonel Hawker, and took a return-ticket from Euston Square to St. Mungo,—there and back, 5*l.* 5*s.*

I like reading in the first-class carriage of an express train. You are comfortably seated: your feet, during this frost at least, are kept pleasantly warm by the hot water (a blessed invention); and then the rapid motion quickens the flow of ideas. The flying fields mix with your dreams. When you tire of your book, you gaze indolently upon the trees, and hills, and farm-houses, and rivers which you are passing (or which are passing you), and weave them into your study of imagination. I am certain that rapid travelling is a great aid to mental activity. It rouses, excites, quickens, and stimulates the soul. The rustic who stays at home stagnates into muddy obscurity; the rustic who takes the train to the metropolis expands into a hero or a statesman. If the earth went twice as fast as it does we should all be wits and poets. If we could only feel the wind sweeping our faces as it swept through space, and saw it hurrying past the planets, our intellectual faculties would be amazingly sharpened. The people in the tail of a comet must be sharp as needles.

I had been thinking more than once about the fight we had over the body of Beatrice—Dante's Beatrice—the last time you, and I, and Sir Galahad met. Galahad had declared, in his vague, chivalrous way, that Beatrice Portinari was one of the articles of his creed. All historical and critical calumnies against the fair Florentine he drove at with lance in rest. She was to him—the knight without fear and without reproach, “ the meekest man and the gentlest that ever sat in hall among ladies ”—a soft-eyed angel who lived in a garden of vines and lilies in Vallambrosa, and who, when the first bloom of her rosy girlhood died, folded her hands in quietness upon her breast, and went meekly to heaven. To assert that she jilted the poet, and married another, and bore children to him, after the manner of women, was an insult to the imagination that could not lightly be forgiven. You maintained, on the contrary, like an inveterate pagan as you are, that the Beatrice of the *Commedia* was neither more nor less than the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. To which I replied (though I could not indeed altogether agree with Sir Galahad), that it showed a profound ignorance of human nature to suppose that Dante, who painted

the delicious portrait of the grave, girlish Beatrice in the *Vita Nuova*, could have even associated the name of Beatrice—a name so tenderly and affectionately dwelt upon—with a theological institution, however illustrious. It was because he experienced a fanciful solace in associating the poem of his life with the passion of his life, that her glorified spirit conducted him along his pilgrimage. And though “her bed be made in the heaven high, down at the foot of our good Lord’s knee,” and she is purified from all taint of mortal weariness, yet the devout and courageous instinct of the true believer assures him that this is the very Beatrice,—she, and none other,—whom Dante, in that far-off world below the stars, loved with a love passing the love of women.

Well, here is the *Vita Nuova* translated into the mother-tongue of Shakspeare; and, as the train flashes through the Midland counties, we shall consider leisurely, after the manner of our nation, how far it sustains, or fails to sustain, the argument I had urged. But, first, let us render our thanks, in due form, to the two gentlemen whose admirable translations, published the other day, will make Dante better known to the English reader than he has ever been hitherto,—Mr. Theodore Martin, and Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Both translations are excellent, yet I confess that I incline to award the palm to Mr. Rossetti. I think that he has kept more of the original metal than Mr. Martin has succeeded in doing. The *Vita Nuova* is a piece of mediæval poetry and feeling. Now, the old forms of poetic construction are not preserved by sticking in at random a few words spelt and pronounced as Chaucer and Spenser spelt and pronounced them. Mr. Martin, however, is rather inclined to do this; and as the rest is essentially modern in sentiment and expression, the old words,—like Queen Elizabeth’s ruffles on a modern beauty,—look awkward, and out of place and keeping. In Mr. Rossetti’s, also, there is more literalness of thought as well as more literalness of language. Poetic language is always to some extent materialistic; and the materialism of Dante’s language (being united with profound awe and passionate devotion) is more marked than any other poet’s. I have not the original beside me, but I do not mind betting a brace of half-crowns with you that Mr. Rossetti, when he says,—

“Counting this weary and most evil place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace,”

is nearer the sense and the phraseology of Dante than is Mr. Martin, when he says,—

“Deeming this life of care and sorrowing
Unworthy of so fair and pure a thing.”

It is only the critic who reads carefully, and weighs attentively what he reads, who will detect what is not a verbal difference merely; but such an one will be disposed to say that the sustained and weighty music of Rossetti’s lines, his gravity and singleness of purpose, are more in unison

with Dante's absorbed and reflective passion, than the dash, and idiomatic elegance, and voluble ease of Mr. Martin. He has followed out—here pen in hand, as hitherto pencil in hand—the intricacies of Dante's language and Dante's thoughts, with a quiet and persistent conscientiousness,—a conscientiousness exactly like that of an old monk, working with gold and silver and blue and crimson dyes on the initial letters of the Septuagint.

The *Vita Nuova* is a singular commentary on Dante's mind. The picture of that grave and absorbed passion is one of the most curious ever painted. The passion is at white heat, ever so many degrees above the ordinary temperature of passion. When the thought of Beatrice comes into his mind he grows pale as death. "When love did battle with me in this wise," he says, "I would rise up all colourless, if so I might see my lady." He sees Beatrice, and Beatrice alone. He is quite heedless of the ordinary proprieties,—the opinion of the world is less than nothing to him. He can say with Imogen, "I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare subdues all pangs, all fears." This simpleness, quaint as a mannerism, and yet relieved from all "rusticity" by the intense and concentrated fire which shines through it, appears most strikingly when he explains his poems, and lays bare their structure. Most artists take pains to conceal their machinery, but Dante is curiously solicitous to tell us all about his art. Men dying in delirium sometimes manifest this pathetic anxiety to explain. Ophelia's commentary on her "coronet flowers" is one well-known example of it. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. There's a daisy; I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died." In this idle forgetfulness and tender confusion there is real madness. Dante's is not absolute unsoundness of mind; there is only a profound strain, an unnatural tension; but, when so tried, the silver chord does sometimes crack. Yet his manner, though often nervously and restlessly eager, is strangely calm too. A strange calmness—like a dead man recalling the life from which he has parted, or the voice of one whom the strong surge of calamity has quite overborne, and in whom all hope is dead. Such calmness is excessively suspicious. Men who love and who are loved are excited, anxious, jealous; it is only the dead and the hopeless who can maintain this pitiful complacency. "There is the wound—a curious cut is it not? It goes straight through the veins of the heart, you see." When a man can talk in this way about either his body or his soul, it must be pretty nearly over with him here. No medicine will ever quite heal him again in this world. In the next he may fare better, perhaps. Let us hope so.

And the confession is as remarkable for the fearlessness and openness as for the simplicity of its detail. There is no reserve. The author has nothing to conceal. He tells us quite artlessly how on one occasion "there came upon me a great desire to say something in rhyme;" and how, on another, after a bitter fit of weeping, "I went suddenly asleep like a

beaten, sobbing child." This frankness—this innocent garrulosity—does not startle us. Its egotism does not offend us, as it would have done had Dante been a selfish or a vain man. But we see that he manifests this perfect unreserve because he has forgotten himself. It is because he is wrapped in Beatrice that he can speak plainly about his own thoughts and feelings. Were he not preoccupied, he would shrink into his cell. But his eyes are constantly fixed upon that face "which bred in those who looked on it a soothing quiet beyond any speech," and so he is forced to account to his friends for the effect it produces on him; as in the touching scene "on that day which fulfilled the year since my lady had been made of the citizens of eternal life," when sketching on a tablet the face of the angel Beatrice—"this youngest of the angels"—certain of his friends, unnoticed by him, entered the room where he sat drawing. "Also I learned afterwards that they had been there awhile before I perceived them. Perceiving whom, I arose for salutation, and said, 'Another was with me.'"

With these elaborate explanations there is united in the *Vita Nuova* a curious and finical nicety for which the reader is hardly prepared. Are the two quite consistent—this exaggerated regard for the trifles of expression, and that profound and vehement passion? He sits at table with the Master, and grieves, like Martha, about the folds of the napkin. The criticism is hardly fair. For even these slight observances are "clothed upon" with love. They are indicative of the deep and rooted regard, which enlists them in its service, and to which they point. Dante may discuss the derivation of a word, or the appropriateness of a phrase; but whatever his occupation is, he never,—never for one moment,—forgets Beatrice.

Such is the character of the book itself; and then as to the question, Is the Beatrice of the *Vita Nuova* the Beatrice of the *Commedia*?—it must, I think, be answered, that Beatrice Portinari is the Beatrice of the *Commedia* as well as of the *Vita Nuova*.

The heroine of *The New Life*, in the first place, though perfectly human, is somewhat colourless and formless,—nearly as much so as the heroine (if I may use the word in such connection) of the *Paradise*. The *Vita Nuova* is not a love-poem, in the ordinary sense of the term,—after the fashion of Anacreon, or Catullus, or Thomas Moore. There is little of the traditional phraseology of amatory verse: no red lips, or blue eyes, or brown hair, or peach-like bloom. Dante seldom gets beyond the *dulce loquentem, dulce ridentem* of Horace's Lalage. It is "her most sweet speech, and her marvellous smile," which hold him captive. We see little of her besides; a few hints, relating to qualities scarcely more sensuous, are all that we are favoured with.

"My lady carries love within her eyes,
All that she looks on is made pleasanter."

"She hath that paleness of the pearl, that's fit
In a fair woman."

Yet the *Vita Nuova* is clearly not a passionate hymn to the soul only. Beatrice is a creature of flesh and blood. She is quite as visible to us as if "every lovely organ of her life" had been described at length, and in minute detail. This abstract, yet vivid, presentment is to be attributed, I think, to the intense strength of the passion. Dante has no leisure to dwell upon the mere accidents of the form. He takes it for granted that we know all about Beatrice's face. Her image fills his heart: it is the frame in which the picture is set. And while we read, though he does not discourse about the colour in her eye, or the dimple in her chin, we come at length to feel that Beatrice is not far off, and that we shall know her when we meet. The conception in the mind of the writer, which obscurely colours and affects every word that he writes, is communicated to the mind of the reader by means of a creative sympathy, the production of which in another's mind depends upon a faculty which belongs only to supreme genius acted upon by supreme passion. So, in like manner, of the absence of colour. "Places which pale passion loves," says the poet. The white lip, even when it does not quiver, denotes the intensest love and the deadliest hate,—the love and hate which drive the blood out of the cheek, and into the heart. The images which an imagination so excited gives birth to are never vulgarly florid; for that fervid fire consumes artificial and meretricious colours, and sometimes withers the natural.

The passion in itself, too, is very different from the Anacreontic. There is always a great fear in Dante's love. Beatrice's place is among the angels: "My lady is desired in the high heaven." Death stoops over the beloved. His kiss is upon her brow: his breath chills her cheek. The old Anacreontic-Horatian vein, indeed, did not exclude death. Death held the wine-cup in his hand: Death lurked among the roses. But it was an essentially Pagan death,—a death introduced only to communicate a keener zest and relish to life. Pluck the rose ere it fades: let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. In Dante's religious and tender awe, there is nothing of this. It seems to him unfit and incredible that this saint-like child should tarry long in "this weary and most evil place;" and so, with nervous apprehension, he awaits the inevitable summons. He dreams that she is dead: he can never divest himself of the overwhelming conviction that he is to be left alone in the world—without her. In the earliest dream which he records, when he beheld a Lord, of an aspect terrible to the beholder, "yet who seemed within himself to wear an air of exceeding joyfulness," waken Beatrice from her sleep, and force her to eat of the burning heart,—“and she ate as one fearing,”—we are aware of this sensitive dread. "Then, having waited again a space, all his joy was turned into most bitter weeping: and, as he wept, he gathered the lady into his arms, and it seemed to me that he went with her up towards heaven; whereby such a great anguish came upon me, that my light slumber could not endure through it, but was suddenly broken." Every incident, in a narrative where there is hardly

any incident, relates to death. Her girlish playmates are removed. "It pleased the Master of the angels to call into his glory a damsel, young, and of a gentle presence, who had been very lovely in the city I speak of;" on which Dante, remembering that he had seen this damsel with Beatrice, composes that lovely sonnet, in which he says of Death,—

"Out of this world thou hast driven courtesy
And virtue, dearly prized in womanhood;
And out of youth's gay mood
The lovely lightness is quite gone through thee."

Then her father dies. "Not many days after this (it being the will of the Most High God, who also from himself put not away Death), the father of wonderful Beatrice, going out of this life, passed certainly into glory." His death is followed by that strange vision (in which the sorrowful and bewildering conviction,—“Certainly it must sometime come to pass that the very gentle Beatrice will die,”—is so wonderfully given shape and expression to), when he beholds Beatrice in death, with a white veil across her face, and of so humble an aspect, that it was as though she had said, "I have attained to look on the beginning of peace," and from which he awakens with her name upon his lips,—

"But utter'd in a voice so sob-broken,
So feeble with the agony of tears,
That I alone might hear it in my heart."

And, lastly, comes the news that his lady herself is dead, when he stops abruptly in the middle of the sonnet he is writing, and breaks into the pathetic lamentation,—“*Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo; facta est quasi vidua domina gentium!*”

So that Beatrice's death, though it causes keenest agony to the poet, though his pen falters, and his heart almost ceases to beat, does not come like an unlooked-for event. It is only the accomplishment of what he has long foreknown. It was fit that the Lord should take Beatrice into his heaven.

"Beatrice is gone up into high heaven,
The kingdom where the angels are at peace."

There she has been long desired, and even there she spreads, as he well knows,—

"A light of love which makes the angels glad."

We can detect, I think, a change of phraseology in the *Vita Nuova* after her death. "This most excellent Beatrice" becomes "sainted Beatrice," and "holy Beatrice." But death hardly alters the character of the relation which subsists between them. It was peculiar and mystical here,—it has only ripened, now that she has removed farther off, into a more sacred and lofty affiance. There is no separation,—no hopeless *vale, vale, in aeternum vale!*—no simple farewell, even. She lives as truly for him in

the heaven as she had done on the earth. He calls on her, and she comforts him,—

“On Beatrice, I ask, ‘Canst thou be dead?’
And, calling on her, I am comforted.”

Her influence over him is as real now as it was before. His eyes still behold her: his heart still beats in unison with hers:—

“A new perception born of grieving love
Guideth it upward the untrodden ways.”

And then he beholds a very wonderful vision, which determines him that he shall say nothing further of this most blessed one, until such time as he can discourse more worthily concerning her. “And to this end I labour all I can, as she well knoweth. Wherefore, if it be His pleasure, through whom is the life of all things, that my life continue with me a few years, it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman. After the which, may it seem good unto Him, who is the Master of Grace, that my spirit should go hence to behold the glory of its lady—to wit, of that blessed Beatrice, who now gazeth continually on his countenance, *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus. Laus Deo.*”

So we pass from the last page of the *Vita Nuova* to the first of the *Paradiso*, without interruption or any feeling of strangeness. In the last page of the one, Beatrice, an angel-visitant to the earth, is “habited in that crimson raiment she had worn when I first beheld her; also she appeared to me of the same tender age as then;” in the first page of the other, in the vesture of immortality, among the glories of Paradise, she greets her mortal guest. And yet we are expected to believe that the Beatrice of the *Commedia* is not *that* Beatrice, but another!

So the train flashed on,—past cities, and churches, and farm-houses, and quiet lanes, and then across the estuary of a mighty river hushed by the tide and the frost, and so on in the darkness to the Northern capital. At the last station but one, my old friend, the MacCloskie, entered the carriage with a huge bundle of papers, tied with red tape, under his arm. He was delighted to see me, but *atra cura* sat above his eyebrows.

“This is a teind business,” he said, with a sigh, squinting at the bundle of papers (which he had placed as far from him as the circumstances admitted), as Christian squinted at the bundle on his back, or Sinbad at the hairy old chap whose knees were knuckled into his ribs. “The minister of Cladachclough wants an augmentation of stipend, that is, an addition to his income. A very natural feeling you suppose; but unluckily, certain unprincipled heritors start up and exclaim, Bless the fellow, what does he mean? Where does he expect to go? We haven’t got a halfpenny to give him. To which my client replies (he’s a prodigiously learned old dog, and drinks like the fish in his own lochs),

That though the infeudation of teinds to laymen was forbidden by Innocent III. under the heavy penalty of the *wanat* of Christian burial, and

the yet heavier one of eternal damnation, yet that by the Act 1567, cap. 10, commonly known as the Assumption of Thirds, the lords of erection, or titulars of the teinds, were required to surrender such a proportion as the Commissioners of Plat might determine; that the lands of Towie, not being held *cum decimis inclusis*, were liable *pari passu*; that if the thirlage of the lands of Macorkindale imported an astrictio of the tithes to the Laird of Drumwhalloch, that could only be because the servitude had been created prior to the Act of Charles, which was not the case, and was at least no business of the minister, nor of the titular, who might allocate any teinds that he chose, seeing that there was no locality, and that though the leases had expired, the tenants continued to hold on tacit relocation.' By Jove, isn't it awful? I have wakened every night for the past week in a cold perspiration, dreaming of the *Purgatorio*—a strait-jacket, and a shaved head. However, it will be over to-morrow. Will you come and hear us at it? Eleven, sharp." And as I got into a cab at the station, I promised to attend.

Having a spare hour next morning before the train started, I kept my engagement. The court was sitting, and I took my place on a side bench to watch the proceedings. "That's the President, you know," said my friend, coming to where I sat, "looking as fresh as a lark,—he don't seem a year older since you left us; and that is the Vice on his right. The two cleverest men in England at this moment, I take it."

True enough, *Mac Closke nio*,—able men both. The President, serene, luminous, equitable, never swayed by passion, never bent by prejudice; an orderly and abstemious intellect, disinclined, though not unfitted, to deal with principles and abstract propositions, and clinging to fact with characteristic tenacity. Orderly—for the manner in which he marshals the leading facts of a case, groups them into relation, and keeps them in subordination to the end to which he is cautiously working, is often quite admirable; so that when the end does come, it seems to you, without further demonstration, that no other is possible, and that any argument would be superfluous: abstemious—never throwing away a word, or a scrap of logic, or a grain of sense; always equal to the argument, never below it, and (an infirmity almost as common with men of great powers) never above it; never expending force when it is not demanded, and never feeble, even when combating a truism, or extinguishing a bore. This abstemiousness is not timid carefulness or an artificial restraint; it is the natural fruit of a supreme sense of order. When he has arranged, analyzed, and sifted, with untiring patience, all the facts of the case, it is wonderful, in many instances, how little remains to be done. The "logic of fact" is "inexorable" when we can get at it; but it needs an intellect like the President's to disengage the fact from what is accidental or superfluous,—to sweep away the rubbish, and make the true reading visible. This is a very fine and a very peculiar faculty. For an indolent and speculative mind dislikes facts, slurs them over, commonly mistakes their application and value, and then retreats from the chaos which it cannot

shape into order, on metaphysical subtleties or a general principle. The judge who retires majestically upon "the principles of eternal justice," and leaves the Judicature Act to take care of itself, possesses, as a rule, reasoning faculties that are either slothful, feeble, or helplessly inaccurate.

The Vice-President was a great advocate: his speech in a *cause célèbre*, of which all the world has heard, is one of the finest of modern times,—symmetrical in arrangement, and executed with a consummate knowledge of strategy and effect. When he was opposed to you, however good your cause might be, you felt that you were doomed. You became a criminal in your own estimation. No innocence could resist the weight of that immaculate indignation; it could as well resist the Ten Commandments. He was neither witty nor sarcastic; but the haughty scorn of his virtue, the intense bitterness of his integrity, crushed its victim to pieces. His presence was imposing, and he knew how to use it to perfection. He folded his black stuff-gown about him with the offended dignity of a Chatham. The contemptuous curl of his nether lip was deadly. His manner was singularly still and impassive, until the victim was fairly in his toils, when he came down upon him like a thunder-clap. As a judge, he is powerful, intrepid; a profound civilian, a great logician. If it be possible to rescue our jurisprudence from the meanness and empiricism of modern practice, the Vice-President is the man to do it.

The MacCloskie made an impressive appeal. His client's parish was extensive and important; Mr. Malthus's arguments had had no effect upon the nursing mothers of the flock, and the population had increased outrageously; the necessaries of life were not to be purchased for love or money; the heritors were as rich as Croesus, and the minister as poor as Job. It was a cheerful picture, but his adversary disposed very summarily of the MacCloskie's statistics. The parish was a large one, no doubt, but it consisted entirely of fresh-water lochs, and sand-banks covered by the sea at high water; snuff, tobacco, and whisky, on which life was exclusively maintained in the district, could be had for an old song; nobody lived within ten miles of the church, except seals, otters, and rock-cod. What augmentation the minister succeeded in getting I did not stay to learn: the argument on Drumwhalloch's thirlage was not concluded when I departed; it is possible that they are talking on at this very minute.

The frosty twilight had closed in around us when we arrived at the *St. Mungo Arms* (the good old Saint's were forcibly amputated by the Wendish heathen of the district, but mine host's sign contains no occult antiquarian reference, I believe), after a sharp trot of an hour and a half, the nearest coach or railway station being eighteen miles distant. After the inclement stars, the gleam of red light from the open door of the little roadside inn looked snug and inviting, and MacTavish's rubicund face added its glow to our welcome. The kettle, like St. Ursula at the stake, is "singing" on its knob; the warm tea is fragrant and aromatic; Bess,

our attendant, is a neat-handed nothern Hebe, with a complexion like a Christmas rose; and the cloth upon the table, and the bed-linen in the next room, are white as snow, or the wild swan, who is trumpeting at this moment, across the bay out yonder.

And now I had meant to sit down, and tell you a little about the birds, and the people, and the histories of this old-fashioned district; about the great Imber-loon, who never lands except during the week before Christmas, "whence the fourth Sunday in Advent is called by the people Imber Sunday;" and his petulant and coquettish cousin, the red-throated bordiwing; and the outlandish ducks, driven in by stress of weather, who are whistling through the moonlight; and the adventurous fisher-boys—tried old friends—blue-eyed and fair-haired, like Njal or Balder; and then, perhaps, a single sentence upon the Dark Ladye's Well, where Muriel, long ago, wept those salt tears which still burn the hand on which they fell. But the pine log sparkles so bravely, and one grows lazy and luxurious as one grows old, and the blessed Latakia is seductive, and the easy chair was made for use, and not for ornament, and we have the last pages of our romance to finish ere we tumble in between the virgin sheets for the night—the last pages of the wondrous *Villette*.

A wondrous book indeed,—these closing chapters especially being marvellously written. They glow with fervid eloquence,—they are touched with intense passion. Such rapture is seldom translated into words. The victor moves along to a solemn music,—the music to which doomed men die bravely,—and the lines flash with sunlight, and ring like a minster bell. It is Psyche, the soul, who speaks, and she raises our minds to the contemplation of a pain which is diviner than the most rapturous bliss. On a sudden the dull and weary life has grown radiant; the intensest hope of the woman's soul is satisfied; the swell of a triumphant emotion, in which mingle the blessedness of release from pain and the blessedness of un hoped-for victory, carries her along. Thus supported, misery cannot hurt her; the great anguish which is in store does not overwhelm her in its waves; she is able, martyr-like, to exclaim, through her agony, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Death is redeemed by his love. I have conquered, because I have loved."

Hark! again that shrill trumpeting. The battered war-horse pricks his ears. I declare, as I stand beside the magic casement, opening, as in Keats's glorious hymn—

"Opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn—"

and gaze across that Northern Sea, out of which came Thor, and Gunnar, and Regnar Hairybreeks, and the old Icelandic heroes,—gloomy and mystical, yet lustrously moonlighted,—I can discern the flock, just beyond the dark outline of the pier. The hooper, the great wild swan, who comes direct from Valhalla, who has supped with Odin and the gods! To your boats, O sons of the Danes!—we will go down, as in old days, and do

battle with the heathen. Eheu! Eheu! The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak, and that smart twinge in the small of the back admonishes us in season that the thermometer is ten degrees below zero, and that we have passed the grand climacteric. 'Tis sorry truth. I do not believe that the rarest duck in creation would now tempt me to wet my boots; and yet the time has been (our shaggy and lamented friend Jim—Jim was the prince of retrievers and water-dogs—having shortly before been laid with his fathers) when I have swum fifty yards, in the dead of winter, for a brace of common teal. "But," as Ulysses said, with a brave sigh, "we are not now that strength which in old days moved heaven and earth." Life has lost its colour. The world is dimmer than it used to be. "Swallows have built in Cleopatra's sails their nests." And so, instead of "catching our death" of rheumatism in a wild-goose chase in the moonlight, we will wrap ourselves in the snowy sheets, and dream of the birds of Paradise,—Juno's peacocks, haughty and pensive like their mistress, the violet-eyed, deep-bosomed doves of Aphrodite, or that most royal bird, who, on the snowiest crest of peaked Olympus,—

"Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak
As when the god is pleased."

* * * * *

The Morning After.—My anticipations have been more than realized. The frost is sharp as a diamond; and, indeed, as I look abroad, the grass, and the alder branches, and the reeds upon the river bank, seem coated with diamonds,—the filigree work of the frost being as brilliant and sparkling as Lady Geraldine's necklace. The round red face of the sun (round and red like mine host's,) is half-way out of the sea: the sea itself is smooth as a mirror; and one by one, the brown-sailed boats are quitting the pier-head for their famous fishing-ground to the 'nor'ard.' The accounts of sport are all that could be desired. The brick thickets along the slopes of the sea-lapped glens are alive with woodcock, who have been frozen out of the inland covers: at every spring on the hill-side, one is certain to flush half-a-score of snipe; and flocks of scoters, and long-tailed ducks, and eiders, are fishing busily in the river mouth. Yes, believe me, there is a world beyond the fog, and it is a world, as I think, worth seeing. I have no patience with the people who shiver through the whole winter: and a scene like this ought surely to silence the grumblers.

The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

BY ONE OF THE FIRM.

CHAPTER XXII.

WASTEFUL AND IMPETUOUS SALE.

THERE is no position in life in which a man receives so much distinguished attention as when he is a bankrupt—a bankrupt, that is, of celebrity. It seems as though he had then realized the legitimate ends of trade, and was brought forth in order that those men might do him honour with whom he had been good enough to have dealings on a large scale. Robinson was at first cowed when he was called upon to see men who were now becoming aware that they would not receive more than 2s. 9d. in the pound out of all the hundreds that were owed to them. But this feeling very soon wore off, and he found himself laughing and talking with Giles the stationer, and Burrows the printer, and Sloman the official assignee, as though a bankruptcy were an excellent joke; and as though he, as one of the bankrupts, had by far the best of it. These men were about to lose, or rather had lost, large sums of money; but, nevertheless, they took it all as a matter of course, and were perfectly good-humoured. No word of reproach fell from their lips, and when they asked George Robinson to give them the advantage of his recognized talents in drawing up the bills for the sale, they put it to him quite as a favour; and Sloman, the assignee, went so far as to suggest that he should be remunerated for his work.

"If I can only be of any service to you," said Robinson, modestly.

"Of the greatest service," said Mr. Giles. "A tremendous sacrifice, you know—enormous liabilities—unreserved sale—regardless of cost; and all that sort of thing."

"Lord bless you!" said Mr. Burrows. "Do you think he doesn't understand how to do all that better than you can tell him? You'll draw out the headings of the posters; won't you, Mr. Robinson?"

"And put the numbers and figures into the catalogue," suggested Mr. Sloman. "The best way is to put 'em down at about cost price. We find we can generally do 'em at that, if we can only get the people to come sharp enough." And then, as the evening had fallen upon them at their labours, they adjourned to the "Four Swans" opposite, and Robinson was treated to his supper at the expense of his victims.

On the next day the house was closed. This was done in order that the goods might be catalogued and prepared for the final sale. The shop

would then be again opened for a week, and after that there would be an end of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. In spite of the good-humour which was shown by those from whom ill-humour on such an occasion might have been expected; there was a melancholy about this which was inexpressible. It has been said that there is nothing so exciting in trade as a grand final sacrificial sale. But it is like the last act of a tragedy. It is very good while it lasts, but what is to come after it? Robinson, as he descended into the darkened shop, and walked about amidst the lumber that was being dragged forth from the shelves and drawers, felt that he was like Marius on the ruins of Carthage. Here had been the scene of his glory! And then he remembered with what ecstasy he had walked down the shop, when the crowd without were anxiously inquiring the fate of Johnson of Manchester. That had been a great triumph; but to what had such triumphs led him?

The men and women had gone away to their breakfast, and he was standing there alone, leaning against one of the counters; he heard a slight noise behind him, and, turning round, saw Mr. Brown, who had crept down from his own room without assistance. It was the first time since his illness that he had left the floor on which he lived, and it had been intended that he should never go into the shop again. "Oh, Mr. Brown, is this prudent?" said he, going up to him that he might give him the assistance of his arm.

"I wished to see it all once more, George."

"There it is, then. There isn't much to see."

"But a deal to feel; isn't there, George?—a deal to feel! It did look very pretty that day we opened it,—very pretty. The colours seem to have got dirty now."

"Bright colours will become dull and dirty, Mr. Brown. It's the way of the world. The brighter they are in their brightness, the more dull will they look when the tinsel and gloss are gone."

"But we should have painted it again this spring, if we'd stopped here."

"There are things, Mr. Brown, which one cannot paint again."

"Iron and wood you can, or anything of the like of that."

"Yes, Mr. Brown; you may repaint iron and wood; but who can restore the faded colours to broken hopes and a bankrupt ambition? You see these arches here which with so light a span bear the burden of the house above them: so was the span of my heart on that opening day. No weight of labour then seemed to be too much for me. The arches remain and will remain; but as for the human heart —"

"Don't, George,—don't. It will kill me if I see you down in the mouth."

"These will be repainted," continued Robinson, "and other breasts will glow beneath them with hopes as high as those we felt when you and the others stood here to welcome the public. But what artist can ever repaint our aspirations? The soiled columns of these windows will be

regilded, and all here will be bright and young again; but for man, when he loses his glory, there is no regilding. Come, Mr. Brown, we will go upstairs. They will be here soon, and this is no place now for you." Then he took him by the hand and led him tenderly upstairs.

There is something inexpressibly melancholy in the idea of bankruptcy in trade;—unless, indeed, when it may have been produced by absolute fraud, and in such a form as to allow of the bankrupts going forth with their pockets full. But in an ordinary way, I know nothing more sad than the fate of men who have embarked all in a trade venture and have failed. It may be, and probably is, the fact, that in almost all such cases the failure is the fault of the bankrupts; but the fault is so generally hidden from their own eyes, that they cannot see the justice of their punishment; and is often so occult in its causes that that justice cannot be discerned by any without deep scrutiny. They who have struggled and lost all feel only that they have worked hard, and worked in vain; that they have thrown away their money and their energy; and that there is an end, now and for ever, to those sweet hopes of independence with which they embarked their small boats upon the wide ocean of commerce. The fate of such men is very sad. Of course we hear of bankrupts who come forth again with renewed glories, and who shine all the brighter in consequence of their temporary obscurity. These are the men who can manage to have themselves repainted and regilded; but their number is not great. One hears of such because they are in their way memorable, and one does not hear of the poor wretches who sink down out of the world—back behind counters, and to menial work in warehouses. Of ordinary bankrupts one hears nothing. They are generally men who, having saved a little with long patience, embark it all and lose it with rapid impotence. They come forward once in their lives with their little ventures, and then retire never more to be seen or noticed. Of all the shops that are opened year after year in London, not above a half remain in existence for a period of twelve months; and not a half ever afford a livelihood to those who open them. Is not that a matter which ought to fill one with melancholy? On the establishment of every new shop there are the same high hopes,—those very hopes with which Brown, Jones, and Robinson commenced their career. It is not that all expect to shine forth upon the world as merchant princes, but all do expect to live upon the fruit of their labour and to put by that which will make their old age respectable. Alas! alas! Of those who thus hope how much the larger proportion are doomed to disappointment. The little lots of goods that are bought and brought together with so much pride turn themselves into dust and rubbish. The gloss and gilding wears away, as they wear away also from the heart of the adventurer, and then the small aspirant sinks back into the mass of nothings from whom he had thought to rise. When one thinks of it, it is very sad; but the sadness is not confined to commerce. It is the same at the bar, with the army, and in the Church. We see only the few who rise above the

waves, and know nothing of the many who are drowned beneath the waters.

Perhaps something of all this was in the heart of our friend Robinson as he placed himself at his desk in his little room. Now, for this next day or two he would still be somebody in the career of Magenta House. His services were wanted; and therefore, though he was ruined, men smiled on him. But how would it be with him when that sale should be over, and when he would be called upon to leave the premises and walk forth into the street? He was aware now, though he had never so thought of himself before, that in the short days of his prosperity he had taken much upon himself, as the member of a prosperous firm. It had never then occurred to him that he had given himself airs because he was Robinson, of the house in Bishopsgate Street; but now he bethought himself that he had perhaps done so. How would men treat him when he should no longer be the same Robinson? How had he condescended to Poppins! how had he domineered at the "Goose and Gridiron!" how had he patronized those who served him in the shop! Men remember these things of themselves quite as quickly as others remember them. Robinson thought of all this now, and almost wished that those visits to Blackfriars Bridge had not been in vain.

But nevertheless it behoved him to work. He had promised that he would use his own peculiar skill for the benefit of the creditors, and therefore, shaking himself as it were out of his despondency, he buckled himself to his desk. "It is a grand opportunity," he said, as he thought of the task before him, "but my work will be no longer for myself and partners.

"The lofty rhyme I still must make,
Though other hands shall touch the money.
So do the bees for others' sake
Fill their waxen combs with honey."

Then, when he had thus solaced himself with verse, he sat down to his work.

There was a mine of wealth before him from which to choose. A tradesman in preparing the ordinary advertisements of his business is obliged to remember the morrow. He must not risk everything on one cast of the die. He must be in some degree modest and circumspect, lest he shut himself out from all possibility of rising to a higher note on any future opportunity. But in preparing for a final sacrifice the artist may give the reins to his imagination, and plunge at once into all the luxuries of the superlative. But to this pleasure there was one drawback. The thing had been done so often that superlatives had lost their value, and it had come to pass that the strongest language sounded impotently in the pallid ears of the public. What idea can, in its own nature, be more harrowing to the soul than that of a TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE? but what effect would arise now-a-days from advertising a sale under such a heading? Every little milliner about Tottenham Court Road has her

"Tremendous Sacrifice!" when she desires to rid her shelves of ends of ribbons and bits of soiled flowers. No; some other language than this ~~must~~ be devised. A phraseology not only startling but new must be invented in preparing the final sale of the house of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

He threw himself back in his chair, and sat for awhile silent, with his finger fixed upon his brow. The first words were everything, and what should be the first words? At last, in a moment, they came to him, and he wrote as follows:—

"RUIN! RUIN!! RUIN!!!

"WASTEFUL AND IMPETUOUS SALE!

"At Magenta House, 81, Bishopsgate Street, on March the 5th, and "three following days, the Stock in Trade of the bankrupts, Brown, Jones, "and Robinson, valued at 209,657*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.*, will be thrown broadcast "before the public at the frightful reduction of 75 per Cent. on the cost "price.

"To acquire the impetus and force necessary for the realization of so "vast a property, all goods are quoted for TRUE, HONEST, BONA-FIDE "SALE at One-Quarter the Cost Price.

"This is a Solemn Fact, and one which well merits the earnest attention "of every mother of a family in England. The goods are of the first class. "And as no attempt in trade has ever hitherto been made of equal magni- "tude to that of the bankrupts, it may with absolute truth be said that "no such opportunity as this has ever yet been afforded to the public of "supplying themselves with the richest articles of luxury at prices which "are all but nominal. How will any lady hereafter forgive herself, who "shall fail to profit by such an opportunity as this?"

Such was the heading of his bills, and he read and re-read the words, not without a glow of pleasure. One can be in love with ruin so long as the excitement lasts. "A Solemn Fact!" he repeated to himself; "or shall I say a Glorious Fact? Glorious would do well for the public view of the matter; but as it touches the firm, Solemn, perhaps, is more appropriate. Mother of a Family! Shall I say, also, of every Father? I should like to include all; but then the fathers never come, and it would sound loaded." Again he looked at the bill, again read it, and then proceeded to describe with great accuracy, on a fly-leaf, the dimensions of the paper to be used, the size of the different types, and the adaptation of various colours. "That will do," said he; "I think that will do."

But this which he had now done, though, perhaps, the most important part of his task, was by no means the most laborious. He had before him various catalogues of the goods, and it remained for him to affix the prices, to describe the qualities, and to put down the amount of each on hand. This was no light task, and he worked hard at it into the middle of the night. But long before that time came he had thrust away

from him the inefficient lists with which he had been supplied, and trusted himself wholly to his imagination. So may be seen the inspired school-master who has beneath his hands the wretched verses of a dull pupil. For awhile he attempts to reduce to reason and prosody the futile efforts of the scholar, but anon he lays aside in disgust the distasteful task, and turning his eyes upwards to the Muse who has ever been faithful, he dashes off a few genial lines of warm poetry. The happy juvenile, with wondering pen, copies the work, and the parent's heart rejoices over the prize which his child has won. So was it now with Robinson. What could he do with a poor gross of hose, numbered 7 to 10? or what with a score or two of middling kids? There were five dozen and nine left of the Katakairions. Was he to put down such numbers as those in his sacrificial catalogue? For awhile he kept these entries before him as a guide—as a guide which in some sort he might follow at a wide distance. But he found that it was impossible for him to be so guided, even at any distance, and at last he thrust the poor figures from him altogether and trampled them under his feet. "Tablecloths, seven dozen and a half, different sizes." That was the last item he read, and as he pushed it away, the following were the words which his fertile pen produced:—

"The renowned Flemish Treble Table Damasks, of argentine brightness and snow-like purity, with designs of absolute grandeur and artistic perfection of outline. To dine eight persons, worth 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, for 7*s.* 3*d.*; to dine twelve, worth 1*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*, for 10*s.* 11½*d.*; to dine sixteen, worth 3*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*, for 19*s.* 9½*d.*; and so on, at the same rate, to any size which the epicurean habits of this convivial age can possibly require."

Space will not permit us here to give the bill entire, but after this fashion was it framed. And then the final note was as follows:—

"N.B.—Many tons weight of First-Class Table Damasks and Sheetings, soiled but not otherwise impaired; also of Ribbons, Gloves, Hose, Shirts, Crinolines, Palotots, Mantles, Shawls, Prints, Towels, Blankets, Quilts, and Flouncings, will be sold on the first two days at BUYERS' OWN PRICES."

"There," said he, as he closed down his ink-bottle at three o'clock in the morning, "that, I suppose, is my last day's work in the house of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. I have worked, not for myself, but others, and I have worked honestly." Then he went home, and slept as though he had no trouble on his mind.

On the following morning he again was there, and Messrs. Giles, Burrows, and Sloman attended with him. Mr. Brown, also, and Mr. Jones were present. On this occasion the meeting was held in Mr. Brown's sitting-room, and they were all assembled in order that Robinson might read over the sale list as he had prepared it. Poor Mr. Brown sat in a corner of his old sofa, very silent. Now and again, as some long number or specially magniloquent phrase would strike his ear, he expressed his surprise by a sort of gasp; but throughout the whole morning he did not speak a word as to the business on hand. Jones for the first few minutes attempted to criticize; but the authority of

Mr. Sloman and the burly aspect of Mr. Giles the paper-dealer, were soon too much for his courage, and he also collapsed into silence. But the three gentlemen who were most concerned did not show all that silent acquiescence which George Robinson's painful exertions on their behalf so richly deserved.

"Impetuous!" said Mr. Sloman. "What does 'impetuous' mean? I never heard tell before of an impetuous sacrifice. Tremendous is the proper word, Mr. Robinson."

"Tremendous is not my word," answered Robinson; "and as to the meaning of impetuous——"

"It sounds well, I think," said Mr. Burrows; and then they went on.

"Broadcast—broadcast!" said Mr. Giles. "That means sowing, don't it?"

"Exactly," said Robinson. "Have not I sown, and are not you to reap? If you will allow me I will go on." He did go on, and by degrees got through the whole heading; but there was hardly a word which was not contested. It is all very well for a man to write, when ~~he~~ himself is the sole judge of what shall be written; but it is a terrible thing to have to draw up any document for the approval of others. One's choicest words are torn away, one's figures of speech are maltreated, one's stops are misunderstood, and one's very syntax is put to confusion; and then, at last, whole paragraphs are cashiered as unnecessary. First comes the torture and then the execution. "Come, Wilkins, you have the pen of a ready writer: prepare for us this document." In such words is the victim addressed by his colleagues. Unhappy Wilkins! he little dreams of the misery before him, as he proudly applies himself to his work.

But it is beautiful to hear and see, when two scribes have been appointed, how at first they praise each other's words, as did Trissotin and Vadius; how gradually each objects to this comma or to that epithet; how from moment to moment their courage will arise,—till at last every word that the other has written is foul nonsense and flat blasphemy;—till Vadius at last will defy his friend in prose and verse, in Greek and Latin.

Robinson on this occasion had no rival, but not the less were his torments very great. "Argentine brightness!" said Mr. Giles. "What's 'argentine?' I don't like 'argentine.' You'd better put that out, Mr. Robinson."

"It's the most effective word in the whole notice," said Robinson, and then he passed on.

"Tons weight of towelling!" said Mr. Sloman. "That's coming it a little too strong, Mr. Robinson."

This was the end of the catalogue. "Gentlemen," said Robinson, rising from his chair, "what little I have been able to do for you in this matter I have done willingly. There is the notice of your sale, drawn out in such language as seems suitable to me. If it answers your

purpose, I pray that you will use it. If you can frame one that will do so better, I beg that no regard for my feelings may stand in your way. My only request to you is this,—that if ~~my~~ words be used, they may not be changed or garbled." Then, bowing to them all, he left the room.

They knew the genius of the man, and the notice afterwards appeared exactly in the form in which Robinson had framed it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FAREWELL.

For the four appointed days the sale was continued, and it was wondrous to see with what animation the things went off. It seemed as though ladies were desirous of having a souvenir from Magenta House, and that goods could be sold at a higher price under the name of a sacrifice than they would fetch in the ordinary way of trade. "If only we could have done as well," Robinson said to his partner Jones, wishing that, if possible, there might be good-humour between them in these last days.

"We did do quite as well, and better," said Jones, "only the money was thrown away in them horrid advertisements." After that, George Robinson made no further effort to maintain friendly relations with Mr. Jones.

"George," said Mr. Brown, "I hope they'll allow me something. They ought; oughtn't they? There wouldn't have been nothing, only for my four thousand pounds." Robinson did not take the trouble to explain to him that had he kept his four thousand pounds out of the way, the creditors would not now have any lost money to lament. Robinson was careful to raise no hopes by his answer; but, nevertheless, he resolved that when the sale was over, he would do his best.

On the fifth day, when the shop had been well nigh cleared of all the goods, the premises themselves were sold. Brown, Jones, and Robinson had taken them on a term of years, and the lease with all the improvements was put up to auction. When we say that the price which the property fetched exceeded the whole sum spent for external and internal decorations, including the Magenta paint and the plate-glass, we feel that the highest possible testimony is given to the taste and talent displayed by the firm.

It was immediately after this that application was made to the creditors on behalf of Mr. Brown.

"He brought four thousand pounds into the business," said Robinson, "and now he hasn't a penny of his own."

"And we have none of us got a penny," whined out Mr. Jones, who was standing by.

"Mr. Jones and I are young, and can earn our bread," said Robinson; "but that old man must go into the workhouse, if you do not feel it possible to do something for him."

"And so must my poor babies," said Jones. "As to work, I ain't fit for it."

But he was soon interrupted, and made to understand that he might think himself lucky if he were not made to disgorge that which he already possessed. As to Mr. Brown, the creditors with much generosity agreed that an annuity of 20*s.* a week should be purchased for him out of the proceeds of the sale. "I ain't long for this world, George," he said, when he was told; "and they ought to get it cheap. Put 'em up to that, George; do now." Twenty shillings a week was not much for all his wants; but, nevertheless, he might be more comfortable with that than he had been for many a year, if only his daughter would be kind to him. Alas, alas! was it within the nature of things that his daughters should be kind?

It was on this occasion, when the charitable intention of the creditors was communicated to Mr. Brown by Robinson, that that conversation took place to which allusion has been made in the opening chapter of these memoirs. Of course, it was necessary that each member of the firm should provide in some way for his future necessities. Mr. Jones had signified his intention of opening a small hairdresser's shop in Gray's Inn Lane. "I was brought up to it once," he said, "and it don't require much ready money." Both Mr. Brown and Robinson knew that he was in possession of money, but it was not now worth their while to say more about this. The fox had made good his prey, and who could say where it was hidden.

"And what will you do, George?" asked Mr. Brown.

Then it was that Robinson communicated to them the fact that application had been made to him by the editor of this Magazine for a written account of the doings of the firm. "I think it may be of advantage to commerce in general," the Editor had said with his customary dignity of expression and propriety of demeanour. "I quite agree with you," Robinson had replied, "if only the commercial world of Great Britain can be induced to read the lesson." The Editor seemed to think that the commercial world of Great Britain did read the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, and an arrangement was quickly made between them. Those who have perused the chapter in question will remember how Robinson yielded when the senior partner pleaded that as they had been partners so long, they should still be partners to the end; and how he had yielded again when it was suggested to him that he should receive some assistance in the literary portion of the work. That assistance has been given, and George Robinson hopes that it may have been of advantage.

"I suppose we shall see each other sometimes, George," Maryanne said to him, when she came down to his little room to bid him farewell.

"I hope we shall, Maryanne."

"I don't suppose we shall ever dance together again at the Hall of Harmony."

"No, Maryanne, never. That phase of life is for me over. Neither

with you nor with any other fair girl shall I again wanton away the flying hours. Life is too precious for that; and the work which falls upon a man's shoulders is too exacting. The Hall of Harmony is for children, Maryanne;—for grown children, perhaps, but still for children."

"You used to like it, George."

"I did; and could again. So could I again stop with longing mouth at the window of that pastrycook, whose tarts in early life attracted all my desires. I could again be a boy in everything, did I not recognize the stern necessity which calls me to be a man. I could ~~dream~~ wish you still, whirling swiftly round the room to the sweet sound of the music, stretching the hours of delight out to the very dawn, were it not for Adam's doom. In the sweat of my brow must I eat my bread. There is a time for all things, Maryanne; but with me the time for such pastimes as those is gone."

"You'll keep company with some other young woman before long, George, and then you'll be less gloomy."

"Never! That phase of life is also over. Why should I? To what purpose?"

"To be married, of course."

"Yes; and become a woman's slave, like poor Poppins; or else have my heart torn again with racking jealousy, as it was with you. No, Maryanne! Let those plodding creatures link themselves with women whose bodies require comforting but whose minds never soar. The world must be populated, and therefore let the Briskets marry."

"I suppose you've heard of him, George?"

"Not a word."

"La, now! I declare you've no curiosity to inquire about any one. If I was dead and buried to-morrow, I believe you'd never ask a word about me."

"I would go to your grave, Maryanne, and sit there in silence."

"Would you, now? I hope you won't, all the same. But about Brisket. You remember when that row was, and you were so nigh choking him?"

"Do I remember? Ay, Maryanne; when shall I forget it? It was the last hour of my madness."

"I never admired you so much as I did then, George. But never mind. That's all done and over now—ain't it?"

"All done and over," said Robinson, mournfully repeating her words.

"Of course it is. But about Brisket. Immediately after that, the very next day, he went out to Gogham,—where he was always going, you know, with that cart of his, to buy sheep. Sheep, indeed!"

"And wasn't it for sheep?"

"No, George. Brisket was the sheep, and there was there a little she-wolf that has got him at last into her claws. Brisket is married, George."

"What! another Poppins? Ha! ha! ha! We shall not want for children."

"He has seen his way at last. She was a drover's daughter; and now he's married her and brought her home."

"A drover's daughter!"

"Well, he says a grazier's; but it's all the same. He never would have done for me, George; never. And I'll tell you more; I don't think I ever saw the man as would. I should have taken either of you,—I was so knocked about among 'em. But I should have made you miserable, whichever it was. It's a consolation to me when I think of that."

And it was a consolation also to him. He had loved her,—had loved her very dearly. He had been almost mad for love of her. But yet he had always known, that had he won her she would have made him miserable. There was consolation in that when he thought of his loss. Then, at last, he wished her good-by. "And now farewell, Maryanne. Be gentle with that old man."

"George," she said, "as long as he wants me, I'll stick to him. He's never been a good father to me; but if he wants me, I'll stick to him. As to being gentle, it's not in me. I wasn't brought up gentle, and you can't teach an old dog new tricks." Those were the last words she spoke to him, and they had, at any rate, the merit of truth.

And then, before he walked out for the last time from the portals of Magenta House, he bade adieu to his old partner Mr. Brown. "God bless you, George!" said the old man; "God bless you!"

"Mr. Brown," said he, "I cannot part from you without acknowledging that the loss of all your money sits very heavy on my heart."

"Never think of it, George."

"But I shall think of it. You were an old man, Mr. Brown, and the money was enough for you; or, if you did go into trade again, the old way would have suited you best."

"Well, George, now you mention it, I think it would."

"It was the same mistake, Mr. Brown, that we have so often heard of,—putting old wine into a new bottle. The bottle is broken and the wine is spilt. For myself, I've learned a lesson, and I am a wiser man; but I'm sorry for you, Mr. Brown."

"I shall never say a word to blame you, George."

"As to my principles,—that system of commerce which I have advocated,—as to that, I am still without a doubt. I am certain of the correctness of my views. Look at Barlywig and his colossal fortune, and 40,000*l.* a year spent in advertising."

"But then you should have your 40,000*l.* a year."

"By no means! But the subject is a long one, Mr. Brown, and cannot now be discussed with advantage. This, however, I do feel,—that I should not have embarked your little all in such an enterprise. It was enough for you; but to me, with my views, it was nothing,—less than nothing. I will begin again with unimpeded wings, and you shall hear of

my success. But for your sake, Mr. Brown, I regret what is past." Then he pressed the old man's hand and went forth from Magenta House. From that day to this present one he has never again entered the door.

"And so Brisket is married. Brisket is right. Brisket is a happy man," he said to himself, as he walked slowly down the passage by St. Botolph's Church. "Brisket is certainly right; I will go and see Brisket." So he did; and continuing his way along the back of the Bank and the narrow street which used to be called *Lad Lane*,—I wish they would not alter the names of the streets; was it not enough that the "Swan with Two Necks" should be pulled down, foreshadowing, perhaps, in its ruin the fate of another bird with two necks, from which this one took its emblematic character?—and so making his way out into Aldersgate Street. He had never before visited the Lares of Brisket, for Brisket had been his enemy. But Brisket was his enemy no longer, and he walked into the shop with a light foot and a pleasant smile. There, standing at some little distance behind the block, looking with large, wondering eyes at the carcasses of the sheep which hung around her, stood a wee little woman, very pretty, with red cheeks, and red lips, and short, thick, clustering curls. This was the daughter of the grazier from Gogham. "The shopman will be back in a minute," said she. "I ought to be able to do it myself, but I'm rather astray about the things yet awhile." Then George Robinson told her who he was.

She knew his name well, and gave him her little plump hand in token of greeting. "Laws a mercy! are you George Robinson? I've heard such a deal about you. He's inside, just tidying himself a bit for dinner. Who do you think there is here, Bill?" and she opened the door leading to the back premises. "Here's George Robinson, that you're always so full of." Then he followed her out into a little yard, where he found Brisket in the neighbourhood of a pump, smelling strongly of yellow soap, with his sleeves tucked up, and hard at work with a rough towel.

"Robinson, my boy," cried he, "I'm glad to see you; and so is Mrs. B. Ain't you, Em'ly?" Whereupon Em'ly said that she was delighted to see Mr. Robinson. "And you're just in time for as tidy a bit of roast veal as you won't see again in a hurry,—fed down at Gogham by Em'ly's mother. I killed it myself, with my own hands. Didn't I, Em'ly?"

Robinson stopped and partook of the viands which were so strongly recommended to him; and then, after dinner, he and Brisket and the bride became very intimate and confidential over a glass of hot brandy-and-water.

"I don't do this kind of thing, only when I've got a friend," said Brisket, tapping the tumbler with his spoon. "But I really am glad to see you. I've took a fancy to you now, ever since you went so nigh throttling me. By Jove! though, I began to think it was all up with me,—only for Sarah Jane."

"But he didn't!" said Emily, looking first at her great husband and then at Robinson's slender proportions.

"Didn't he though? But he just did. And what do you think, Emily? He wanted me once to sit with him on a barrel of gunpowder."

"A barrel of gunpowder!"

"And smoke our pipes there,—quite comfortable. And then he wanted me to go and fling ourselves into the river. That was uncommon civil, wasn't it? And then he well nigh choked me."

"It was all about that young woman," said Emily, with a toss of her head. "And from all I can hear tell, she wasn't worth fighting for. As for you, Bill, I wonder at you; so I do."

"I thought I saw my way," said Brisket.

"It's well for you that you've got somebody near you that will see better now. And as for you, Mr. Robinson; I hope you won't be long in the dumps, neither." Whereupon he explained to her that he was by no means in the dumps. He had failed in trade, no doubt, but he was now engaged upon a literary work, as to which considerable expectation had been raised, and he fully hoped to provide for his humble wants in this way till he should be able to settle himself again to some new commercial enterprise.

"It isn't that as she means," said Brisket. "She means about taking a wife. That's all the women ever thinks of."

"What I was saying is, that as you and Bill were both after her, and as you are both broke with her, and seeing that Bill's provided himself like——"

"And a charming provision he has made," said Robinson.

"I did see my way," said Brisket, with much self-content.

"So you ought to look elsewhere as well as he," continued Emily. "According to all accounts, you've neither of you lost so very much in not getting Maryanne Brown."

"Maryanne Brown is a handsome young woman," said Robinson.

"Why, she's as red as red," said Mrs. Brisket; "quite carroty, they tell me. And as for handsome, Mr. Robinson;—handsome is as handsome does; that's what I say. If I had two sweethearts going about talking of gunpowder, and throwing themselves into rivers along of me, I'd—I'd—I'd never forgive myself. So, Mr. Robinson, I hope you'll suit yourself soon. Bill, don't you take any more of that brandy. Don't now, when I tell you not."

Then Robinson rose and took his leave, promising to make future visits to Aldersgate Street. And as Brisket squeezed his hand at parting, all the circumstances of that marriage were explained in a very few words. "She had three hundred, down, you know;—really down. So I said done and done, when I found the money wasn't there with Maryanne; and I think that I've seen my way."

Robinson congratulated him, and assured him that he thought he had seen it very clearly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GEORGE ROBINSON'S DREAM.

GEORGE ROBINSON, though his present wants were provided for by his pen, was by no means disposed to sink into a literary hack. It was by commerce that he desired to shine. It was to trade—trade, in the highest sense of the word—that his ambition led him. Down at the Crystal Palace he had stood by the hour together before the statue of the great Cheetham—ominous name!—of him who three centuries ago had made money by dealing in Manchester goods. Why should not he also have his statue? But then how was he to begin? He had begun, and failed. With hopeful words he had declared to Mr. Brown that not on that account was he daunted; but still there was before him the burden of another commencement. Many of us know what it is to have high hopes, and yet to feel from time to time a terrible despondency when the labours come by which those hopes should be realized. Robinson had complained that he was impeded in his flight by Brown and Jones. Those impediments had dropped from him now; and yet he knew not how to proceed upon his course.

He walked forth one evening, after his daily task, pondering these things as he went. He made his solitary way along the Kingsland Road, through Tottenham, and on to Edmonton, thinking deeply of his future career. What had John Gilpin done that had made him a citizen of renown? Had he advertised? Or had he contented himself simply with standing behind his counter till customers should come to him? In John Gilpin's time the science of advertisement was not born;—or, if born, was in its earliest infancy. And yet he had achieved renown. And Cheetham—but probably Cheetham had commenced with a capital.

Thus he walked on till he found himself among the fields—those first fields which greet the eyes of a Londoner, in which wheat is not grown, but cabbages and carrots for the London market; and here, seating himself upon a gate, he gave his mind up to a close study of the subject. First he took from his pocket a short list which he always carried, and once more read over the names and figures which it bore.

“Barlywig, £40,000 per annum.”

How did Barlywig begin such an outlay as that? He knew that Barlywig had, as a boy, walked up to town with twopence in his pocket, and in his early days had swept out the shop of a shoemaker. The giants of trade all have done that. Then he went on with the list:—

Holloway	.	.	.	£30,000 per annum.
Moses	.	.	.	10,000 ”
Macassar Oil	.	.	.	10,000 ”
Dr. De Jongh	.	.	.	10,000 ”

What a glorious fraternity ! There were many others that followed with figures almost equally stupendous. Revalenta Arabica ! Bedsteads ! Paletots ! Food for Cattle ! But then how did these great men begin ? He himself had begun with some money in his hand, and had failed. As to them, he believed that they had all begun with twopence. As for genius and special talent, it was admitted on all sides that he possessed it. Of that he could feel no doubt, as other men were willing to employ him.

"Shall I never enjoy the fruits of my own labour ?" said he to himself. "Must I still be as the bee, whose honey is robbed from him as soon as made ?

'The lofty rhyme I still must build,
Though other hands shall touch the money.'

Will this be my fate for ever ?—

'The patient oxen till the furrows,
But never eat the generous corn.'

Shall the corn itself never be my own ?"

And as he sat there the words of Poppins came upon his memory. "You advertising chaps never do anything. All that printing never makes the world any richer." At the moment he had laughed down Poppins with absolute scorn ; but now, at this solitary moment, he began to reflect whether there might be any wisdom in his young friend's words. "The question has been argued," he continued in his soliloquy, "by the greatest philosopher of the age. A man goes into hats, and in order to force a sale, he builds a large cart in the shape of a hat, paints it blue, and has it drawn through the streets. He still finds that his sale is not rapid ; and with a view of increasing it, what shall he do ? Shall he make his felt hats better, or shall he make his wooden hat bigger ? Poppins and the philosopher say that the former plan will make the world the richer, but they do not say that it will sell the greater number of hats. Am I to look after the world ? Am I not to look to myself ? Is not the world a collection of individuals, all of whom are doing so ? Has anything been done for the world by the Quixotic aspirations of general philanthropy, at all equal to that which individual enterprise has achieved ? Poppins and the philosopher would spend their energies on a good hat. But why ? Not that they love the head that is to wear it. The sale would still be their object. They would sell hats, not that the heads of men may be well covered, but that they themselves might live and become rich. To force a sale must be the first duty of a man in trade, and a man's first duty should be all in all to him.

"If the hats sold from the different marts be not good enough, with whom does the fault rest ? Is it not with the customers who purchase them ? Am I to protect the man who demands from me a cheap hat ? Am I to say, 'Sir, here is a cheap hat. It is made of brown paper, and the gum will run from it in the first shower. It will come to pieces when

worn, and disgrace you among your female acquaintances by becoming dinged and bulged?' Should I do him good? He would buy his cheap hat elsewhere, and tell pleasant stories of the madman he had met. The world of purchasers will have cheap articles, and the world of commerce must supply them. The world of purchasers will have their ears tickled, and the world of commerce must tickle them. Of what use is all this about adulteration? If Mrs. Jones will buy her sausages at a lower price per pound than pork fetches in the market, has she a right to complain when some curious doctor makes her understand that her viands have not been supplied exclusively from the pig? She insists on milk at three halfpence a quart; but the cow will not produce it. The cow cannot produce it at that price, unless she be aided by the pump; and therefore the pump aids her. If there be dishonesty in this, it is with the purchaser, not with the vendor,—with the public, not with the tradesman.*

But still as he sat upon the gate, thus arguing with himself, a dream came over him, a mist of thought as it were, whispering to him strangely that even yet he might be wrong. He endeavoured to throw it off, shaking himself as it were, and striving to fix his mind firmly upon his old principles. But it was of no avail. He knew he was awake; but yet he dreamed; and his dream was to him as a terrible nightmare.

What if he were wrong! What if those two philosophers had on their side some truth! He would fain be honest if he knew the way. What if those names upon his list were the names of false gods, whose worship would lead him to a hell of swindlers instead of the bright heaven of commercial nobility! "Barlywig is in parliament," he said to himself, over and over again, in loud tones, striving to answer the spirit of his dream. "In parliament! He sits upon committees; men jostle to speak to him; and he talks loud among the big ones of the earth. He spends forty thousand a year in his advertisements, and grows incredibly rich by the expenditure. Men and women flock in crowds to his shops. He lives at Albert Gate in a house big enough for a royal duke, and is the lord of ten thousand acres in Yorkshire. Barlywig cannot have been wrong, let that philosopher philosophize as he will!" But still the dream was there, crushing him like a nightmare.

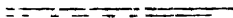
"Why don't you produce something, so as to make the world richer?" Poppins had said. He knew well what Poppins had meant by making the world richer. If a man invent a Katakairion shirt, he does make the world richer; if it be a good one, he makes it much richer. But the man who simply says that he has done so adds nothing to the world's wealth. His answer had been that it was his work to sell the shirts, and that of the purchaser to buy them. Let each look to his own work. If he could be successful in his selling, then he would have a right to be proud of his success. The world would be best served by close attention on the part of each to his own business. Such had been the arguments with which he had silenced his friend and contented himself, while the excitement of the shop in Bishopsgate Street was continued; but now, as he

sat there upon the gate, this dream came upon him, and he began to doubt. Could it be that a man had a double duty, each separate from the other;—a duty domestic and private, requiring his devotion and loyalty to his wife, his children, his partners, and himself; and another duty, widely extended in all its bearings and due to the world in which he lived? Could Poppins have seen this, while he was blind? Was a man bound to produce true shirts for the world's benefit, even though he should make no money by so doing;—either true shirts or none at all?

The evening light fell upon him as he still sat there on the gate, and he became very melancholy. "If I have been wrong," he said to himself, "I must give up the fight. I cannot begin again now and learn new precepts. After all that I have done with that old man's money, I cannot now own that I have been wrong, and commence again on a theory taught to me by Poppins. If this be so, then farewell to Commerce!" And as he said so, he dropped from his seat, and, leaning over the rail, hid his face within his hands.

As he stood there, suddenly a sound struck his ears, and he knew that the bells of Edmonton were ringing. The church was distant, but nevertheless the tones came sharp upon him with their clear music. They rang on quickly, loudly, and with articulate voice. Surely there were words within those sounds. What was it they were saying to him? He listened for a few seconds, for a minute or two, for five minutes; and then his ear and senses had recognized the language—"Turn again, Robinson, member of parliament." He heard it so distinctly that his ear would not for a moment abandon the promise. The words could not be mistaken. "Turn again, Robinson, member of parliament."

Then he did turn, and walked back to London with a trusting heart.



A Vision of Animal Existences.

ONE sultry day, last summer, a little wearied with the world of men, I strolled, for a change, to the world of brutes assembled in the Zoological Gardens. It was early and very hot; the human company was of the thinnest. Heat implies drought; and drought implies ~~temperance~~ in the refreshment-room. The sole visitor present was a middle-aged lady, of thoughtful aspect, in a dark-blue dress and sober bonnet. ~~Author's~~ by profession was written on her countenance. Her yellow parasol lay folded on a table beside her, and she beguiled the oppressive noontide hour by perusing a thick volume, which I recognized. On a stool in front of her sat a curly-pated urchin, six or seven years of age, in a crimson tunic, who amused himself with a box of toy animals; but instead of setting them out in orderly procession, as well-regulated children do, his pleasure lay in knocking them together, to try which was the strongest, and then throwing the fragments away, only keeping such of the wooden effigies as were able to resist the shock.

Tired of watching this mischievous imp, I pulled a newspaper out of my pocket, and began to read:—

"We are informed that the gardens of the Paris Society of Acclimatization in the Bois de Boulogne are becoming more and more attractive. They are in no way intended to supersede the collections of animals at the Jardin des Plantes, but are founded on quite a different principle—namely, the gradual adaptation of foreign living creatures to European climates, their application to purposes of utility, and the creation of new and valuable races. The silkworms of the oak and the castor-oil plant are already in the way of being naturalized. It is expected that ostriches and emeus will be bred so rapidly, that their savoury flesh may be sold in our poultry markets, while the more docile individuals will be employed as beasts of burden. Numerous species, especially of the larger birds and beasts, will be saved from extinction by taking refuge in the ark of domesticity. Indeed, there is no limit to the results which may be anticipated from experiments conducted by enlightened savans."

"And so," I pondered to myself, "collections of wild animals, which began in pride, have ended in prophecy. At first, they were the spoils of victory, the trophies of conquest, the evidence that an exploring expedition had penetrated some of the regions known on the map as *Terra Incognita*. Wild birds and beasts were also part of the tribute offered by minor princes to the mightier neighbouring potentate whose favour they had reasons for cultivating; they were the homage paid by aspiring warriors to the sovereign people. In the latter case, a grand public

slaughter was the fate that awaited the unfortunate captives. Sanguinary spectacles were all *the multitude* cared for then.

"But," I mused, sententiously, "the mighty monarch or the feudal lord, the *sole proprietor of a rara avis*, found greater gratification in keeping it. The caged eagle screamed from the castle on the cliff, the tiger growled from his den in Indian courts, the clumsy bear sulked in his pit at the city gate, and, till lately, lions were imprisoned in the Tower of London. They were signs hung out to indicate 'Here dwelleth a great king: here a mighty people have planted their foot. As it has been with the wild beasts of the forest, so shall it be with every other opponent. *Noli me tangere*. Touch me not. Take a lesson, and retire!' Sometimes, tributary animals have been accompanied by human curiosities, whimsically associated with the objects in their charge: the dwarf conducted the elephant, the giant led the fragile-limbed gazelle. Nay, we must confess our own gratification at seeing giraffes and hippopotamuses fed and cared for by native attendants, Arab chargers presented through the hands of Arab grooms, hooded snakes in London juggled with by their biped fellow-countrymen, and yaks in Paris tended by Chinese herdsmen. A proper study for mankind is man. But it was not yet study; it was hardly curiosity and the love of the new and the marvellous: gratified vanity was the predominant feeling. Menageries were chiefly made for the purpose of saying, 'This is mine!' Classification was slow to begin; at first it was only a rough assortment of the natural objects collected and observed: bats and flies were enrolled together with birds as *Volatilia*, because all were flying things; lizards were quadrupeds; seals were fish, whales likewise, without a shadow of doubt. But even after a stock-taking of the animal kingdom had been made, Natural History was long regarded as a harmless means of amusement and self-glorification. Buffon's great aim was less to solve difficult problems, than to display the beauties of his style: he ranked himself as one of the five greatest writers whom the world had ever produced, and evidently thought very little of the other four. He was a careless observer, that is, he scarcely observed at all, or he would not have recorded that 'bulls and cows shed their horns every three years;' and of comparative anatomy he was ignorant.

"The glimpse into past epochs of the world, which was opened to us by Cuvier and the geologists, has now set us straining our eyes into the future. Not content with examining what we have been and what we are, we are endeavouring to make out what we shall be. The blue-robed lady's green-covered book teaches that the world of plants and animals is a world of incessant change; that, in coming ages, every living thing will be only a metamorphosed shadow of its present self; and now," I concluded, scowling at my newspaper, and speaking audibly in my excitement, "we have a knot of French professors and English imitators clubbing to make an acclimatization garden; presuming to take the reins out of Nature's hands, and to mould at its will the wonders of creation!"

"Wonders, if you like," interrupted the woman in blue; "but I advise you, sir, not to use the word *creation*."

I stared; she met my gaze with as cold and unmoved a look as might gleam from the enamelled eyes of a marble bust; which, indeed, her face resembled, from its severe regularity of feature, though I had not observed this before. She had taken off her bonnet, and her hair was confined under a bright blue classical Phrygian cap. What I had supposed to be a parasol was a deadly instrument, of massive gold, paradoxically called a life preserver.

"You will excuse the interruption of a stranger," she continued, rising from her seat. "And yet I cannot be quite a stranger to you; for not to know me, would argue yourself unknown. Here is my card, inscribed with my name and official title."

"NATURAL SELECTION! ORIGINATOR OF SPECIES!!" I read the words with incredulous astonishment. Was the woman mad? "Yours is a bold assumption, madam!" I said.

"And here is *my* card, too," interposed the boy. "I am STRUGGLE-FOR-LIFE, sir, at your service. Did you never hear of Struggle-for-Life since your residence in town?"

As he looked me in the face, I saw that his eyes were luminous, like a cat's in the dark; his canine teeth were short strong tusks; his fingernails were retractile talons; his tunic was of the colour of arterial blood.

"Yes, sir," said the lady, of whom I began to stand in awe; "I assume to be the Originator of Species. No doubt, *you* prefer what you call 'creation'; that is, you prefer miracle to law. But I must tell you, sir, at once, that creation, in your sense of the word, has not existed since the calling into being of the one primordial form which the Creator originally endowed with life."

"Indeed!"

"Allow me to ask you, sir, do you believe that all extinct and fossil species have been extinguished by terrestrial catastrophes, and that all succeeding and existing species have been called into being by successive miraculous acts of creation? Do you really believe that at innumerable periods in the earth's history certain elemental atoms have been commanded suddenly to flash into living tissues?"

"So I have been taught, and such have hitherto been my convictions."

"I know it; that article of faith has been so assiduously impressed upon your mind, that you are no more startled at a miraculous act of creation than you are at an ordinary birth. Do you believe that——"

"Allow me to observe, madam, that you will do well to leave the particulars of the first appearance of species on earth in what I must consider a reverent silence."

"Nay, worthy sir, not so, if you please. The quaint old Norwich philosopher, Sir Thomas Browne, met the difficulty more boldly, stating, 'Some divines count Adam thirty years old at his creation, because they suppose him created in the perfect age and stature of man.' The learned

knight also decidedly opines, 'Another mistake there may be in the picture of our first parents, who, after the manner of their posterity, are both delineated with a navel; which, notwithstanding, cannot be allowed.'

"I am surprised that a lady of your respectability should allude to such a feature as the umbilical scar."

"In the pursuit of science we may venture to allude to anything. Will you take a turn in the gardens with us?"

"With pleasure," I replied, in spite of the heat, not caring to remain longer alone in such company.

"Let us go and look at the lions. Can you tell me, sir, why that lion lashes his tail?"

"Probably because he is angry; or, which is much the same, because he is hungry."

"That is no answer. Do you know what a tail is?"

I was more puzzled than ever. I had seen enough of dogs and cats, besides rats and mice, in the course of my life, to think I knew what a tail was. "A tail——"

"Is a sure indication," interrupted my guide, "of an animal's having an aquatic origin. That lion is lineally descended from some unknown ancestor who lived entirely in the water. The swimming-bladder of the fish is the first sketch of the apparatus which was gradually perfected into lungs. There are fish with gills which breathe the air dissolved in the water at the same time that they also breathe free air in their swim-bladders. Believe me, sir, all vertebrate animals having true lungs have descended, by ordinary generation, from an ancient prototype furnished with a swimming-bladder. As successive generations of aquatic animals became first amphibious and then terrestrial, in most vertebrate animals the ancestral tail remained while other organs were changed or added."

"You take away my breath. Your assertions stop the action of my—modified swim-bladder! But even supposing such a metamorphosis possible, what an immense number of generations, and what an inconceivable lapse of time, it would take!"

"Millions of years—hundreds of millions—thousands of millions, if you like."

"But the world was created only five thousand eight hundred and sixty-five years ago."

"At three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, according to certain learned doctors," added the lady, scornfully. "Such chronologies are calculated on questionable data. Read Sir Charles Lyell, and make your mind easy that the world is considerably older than that. But to resume the question of tails: In aquatic animals, all sudden movement is caused and accompanied by agitation of the tail. In land animals, we see the remains of an instinctive motion hereditarily transmitted from their remotest forefathers; that is all. You must admit that, if there were any 'design' in the matter, there would be a contradiction in the rattlesnake's having

poison-fangs for its own defence and for the destruction of its prey, and at the same time a rattle in its tail for its own injury: namely, to warn its prey to escape. It is just as likely that the purpose of the cat's curling her tail, when about to spring, is to warn the mouse or the bird which constitutes her food."

"I think I begin to see your drift. If an animal's form vary ever so little, and that little turn out to its own advantage, you perpetuate the peculiarity by hereditary transmission, and so, in the long run, you make what we call species."

"Exactly. The chief part (whether important or unimportant) of the organization of every creature is simply due to inheritance. You would say, truly enough, that the spots on a leopard's skin are unimportant to its welfare. Why, then, cannot a leopard change his spots?"

"He can," I exclaimed, triumphantly. "Look at that black leopard lying at full length: he is not spotted!"

"I beg your pardon, sir. Step this way, to catch the light obliquely glancing on his coat. Don't you see the spots distinctly now? He cannot change them, because all spotted feline beasts of prey are descended from a remote spotted ancestor. But to trace the line of descent in such cases, you must not confine yourself to the full-grown or adult animal: you must study the young. Thus, the spotted feathers on the young blackbird show that it belongs to the group of thrushes which are spotted. Descent, sir, is the hidden bond of connection which naturalists have been seeking under the term 'natural system.'"

Overcoming a disposition to yawn, I proposed to have done with spots, and to take up stripes.

"Agreed," said the lady. "We will step to the equine department."

"If you can find up a finely-striped saddle-horse, Mr. Barnum will make you a liberal offer for it."

"Mr. Barnum has exhibited more unnatural curiosities than that. The quagga and the zebra are decidedly striped members of the horse family. The ass not rarely has distinct transverse bars on its legs, which are plainest in the foal; the stripe on each shoulder is sometimes double. In English horses, transverse bars on the legs are not rare in duns, in which also a faint shoulder-stripe may sometimes be seen. In India, the Kattywar breed of horses is so generally striped, that a horse without stripes is not considered purely bred. The stripes are plainest in the foal, and sometimes quite disappear in old horses. In certain parts of the Disunited States, about nine mules out of ten have striped legs."

"Allowing these to be facts, what conclusion do you draw from them?"

"Take this spy-glass. It is a telescope through which you can look back into time for thousands and thousands of generations ago. Gaze, and you will see an animal striped like a zebra (though otherwise very differently constructed), which is the common parent of the domestic horse, the ass, the hemionus, the quagga, and the zebra."

"I behold it plainly. Let me take one more peep in another direction," I said, shifting at the same time the focus of the glass. The field of view was instantly filled with a mighty lizard, who slowly walked over a heated plain, surrounded by such countless prey that he gorged himself almost without turning aside. "And of what is *he* the parent?" I asked.

"We are at the Reptile House," she said, authoritatively, throwing open the doors; "behold his progeny, the snakes! Here you may learn the meaning of rudimentary organs, superfluities, and parts without use or office. Keeper, hand me that Python serpent, and also that boa."

The man obeyed, bringing the mighty reptiles, which lay docile and motionless in his arms.

"Of what use to the snakes," she asked, "are these little feet on each side of their voluminous bodies? You may see the same abortive limbs, equally superfluous, in the common English slow-worm. These little limbs, you will say, might perhaps grow bigger, and gather strength. Keeper, raise the skin on the sides of that anguis and that amphibæna, and show the gentleman the rudiments of feet beneath it. Of what use to the creature are those?"

"Of not much, I must confess."

"Of none. Still, they are of use *to you*, as an assistance in the task of classification. They show you that all these snakes are the crawling posterity of some very ancient four-footed reptile. How they lost the use of their limbs is not difficult for you to conceive. Superabundant food, swarming so close at hand that no pursuit or exertion was required to procure it, would induce a bloated overgrowth of body, whilst the limbs would dwindle away through disuse. Figure to yourself generations of greedy reptiles grovelling continually on their bellies, until they lost the power of walking, exactly like glutted hogs in their sty—and the lizard is converted into the snake: on its belly it continues to go all the days of its life."

"But what an enormous transmutation of habits, aspect, and organization!" I interposed.

"Not more enormous than the conversion of the swim-bladder into lungs. Not more enormous than the change of the gills of aquatic worms into the wings of insects; for know that organs which at a very remote period served for respiration, have been actually converted into organs of flight. The wing of the pigeon is inflated with air; the moth, bursting from its chrysalis, inflates its then diminutive wings with air; the wings of bees are not merely to fly with, but to breathe with, and even to smell with. Such changes are hereditarily transmitted. Naturalists have long puzzled their brains to make out the intention and purpose of the very long claw which grows on the hind-toe of the common skylark. There is no purpose in this long hind claw; it merely betrays the distant relationship of the lark, who delights in corn-fields, to sundry long-clawed birds who delight to walk on the floating leaves of aquatic plants."

"You give me, then, genealogy, descent, as the clue to the proper classification of all the living things we see around us?"

"I do. Nature—the grand totality of organized beings—is a genealogical tree, each of whose branches has produced, produces, and will produce, different leaves and fruit. The tips of its twigs alone are clearly visible to the human race, although you catch glimpses of a few dry sticks and stag-headed branchlets (fossils) a little way down; but the stem of the tree is surrounded with rolling mists, and its roots are buried in troubled waters. We are the gardeners who train its growth."

"See, now, *how* we work!" she continued, with less calmness than was habitual to her. She walked through a herd of antelopes; every individual that was not agile to escape the lion, swift to travel to fresh pastures when the old ones were exhausted, robust to endure the perpendicular rays of the sun, and the scorching wind of the desert—she touched with her golden weapon, and it fell dead! All that she left surviving were the very few most agile, swiftest, and robustest antelopes, to represent that numerous herd.

"It is my turn now!" shouted the red-tunicked boy. He went into the midst of a pack of wolves, snatched from them every morsel of food, and left them to starve. As the pangs of hunger became sharper and sharper, the ravenous brutes set to devouring each other, the vigorous destroying the old, the healthy tearing the feeble limb from limb, till none were left but a single pair, male and female, the gauntest, savagest, and most powerful of all that savage group. "Now," said the diabolical child, turning them loose to pillage and slaughter, where they could, "go and propagate your kind. Bring forth other wolves as admirably wolfish as yourselves!"

"Your mode of proceeding is effectual, certainly," said I to my female conductor; "but you must allow me to observe that you and your son are cruel and relentless agents."

"NATURE is relentless and inflexible," she said, returning towards the refreshment-room. "SHE will not change her laws to humour the preconceived ideas, the caprices, the blunders, and the follies of men. If a ship's crew choose to sail in a leaky vessel, they run the risk of foundering; and while the pitiless waters are closing over them, the sun will shine as genially as when a royal babe comes into the world. If the whole human race were to take their stand on the sea-shore at low water, and obstinately defy the laws of nature, the rising tide would relentlessly swallow the whole human race."

"I must, however, observe," I urged, "that the future which you promise is not cheering. Strength is to prevail throughout. By 'more or less perfect animals' you understand 'more or less overbearing and dominant;' and what you state of the world of brutes is applicable by implication to the world of men. The Latin sense of *virtus*, 'valour,' is the only saving virtue you acknowledge; the milder qualities of humility, forbearance, modesty, self-denial, are so many causes for the suppression

and extinction of the being endowed with them. The weak have only to lie down and die, writhing and struggling as little as possible, while the strong trample on their prostrate bodies. We know and see that this is the way of the world in human society, as well as with brute animals; but it is a poor consolation for those who feel themselves to be born weak, and incapable of contending successfully with robuster, perhaps more brutal, natures, to be told that for them there is no hope, and little sympathy—that their feeble constitution is equivalent to a deadly sin, since it condemns them and their whole race to extermination."

"That may be true, but so it is; and what is, is:—that is all I can say," she replied, with cold indifference, and resuming her former seat. "It is so: but I cannot help that. I cannot help that!" she repeated, more sharply, addressing herself to young Struggle-for-Life. "If you will break your toys you must take the consequence, and content yourself with so many the less."

I remarked that the lady's Phrygian cap was again hidden beneath her sober bonnet, and the perusal of the thick volume once more resumed. Had I been dreaming?

"A thousand thanks, madam, for your learned lecture," I said, aloud; but not yet quite awake. "As you have done me the favour to give me your card, allow me to offer mine."

"My lecture, sir! My card!" she exclaimed; adding, after an inspection of that which I presented, "Certainly, if you desire it. Charles, give me the card-case."

The boy's crooked talons were gone, his hazel eyes laughed merrily, and his tusks were diminished to ordinary eye-teeth. The name on the card I received was not altogether unknown to fame, and I bowed respectful recognition.

"Before I take my leave, madam, will you allow me to ask your sincere opinion of the work you have been reading during my ill-mannered slumber?"

"You flatter me greatly. I am far from competent to offer any conclusive criticism on so difficult a topic as that discussed by Mr. Darwin: I believe that no living person is. An infallible judgment can only be given by an Intelligence that is capable of tracing the workings of nature throughout all past time as clearly as, or more clearly than, we are able to observe her operations during our own short span of life. Still, the book has given me more comprehensive views than I had before. But I have no fixed creed in Natural Philosophy; I accept provisionally everything worthy of credit that is presented to my understanding, until something more credible still turns up. Here we are offered a rational and a logical explanation of many things which hitherto have been explained very unsatisfactorily, or not at all. It is conscientiously reasoned and has been patiently written. If it be not the truth, I cannot help respecting it as a sincere effort after truth."

Covent Garden Market.



THE two great national theatres on one side, a churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other, a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote and history, a colonnade often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral aisle, a rich cluster of brown old taverns—one of them filled with the counterfeit presentment of many actors long since silent—who bowl or smile once more from the canvas upon the grandsons of their dead admirers: a something in the air which breathes of old books, old pictures, old painters, and old authors; a place beyond all other places one would choose

In which to hear the chimes at midnight; a crystal palace—the representative of the present—which peeps in timidly from a corner upon many things of the past; a withered bank that has been sucked dry by a felonious clerk; a squat building, with a hundred columns and chapel-looking fronts, which always stands knee-deep in baskets, flowers, and scattered vegetables; a common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly fruits of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares; a population that never seems to sleep, and that does all in its power to prevent others sleeping; a place where the very latest suppers and the earliest breakfasts jostle each other on the footways;—such is Covent Garden Market with some of its surrounding features:

In speaking of many open town neighbourhoods like this, it is the fashion to call them the lungs of London. Covent Garden, however, is something more than this; it is one of the most pleasant, most necessary, and most important feeders of the metropolitan stomach. We cannot do without the greasy shambles of Newgate Street, the sloppy square of Billingsgate, and the fluffy recesses of Leadenhall; but Covent Garden is the only food market in London which has ever been chosen as a favourite lounging-place. Some of that old-fashioned popularity still clings to it which it had when it was a grand square, or piazza, two centuries ago,



The Producer



A Wholesale Distributor.

long after the time when it was a monastic garden attached to the Convent of Westminster. A few squatting hucksters, who were driven by local changes from the sides into the centre, first gave a trading stamp to the place, and this character it has never lost. It is the oldest and largest existing vegetable market in London; founded by that rule of touch which can alone create a great market, and without which joint-stock corporations and Acts of Parliament, when they build such places, only pave the way for bankruptcy and shame.



The Retail Distributors.

If any student of life wishes to learn a substantial lesson in the law of supply and demand, he had better rise before daybreak on any Saturday morning, and spend a few early hours in Covent Garden Market. In summer or winter, spring or autumn, there is always plenty to be seen; but as he belongs to a class who are supposed to be in bed, and whose presence is resented like that of a master in the kitchen, he had better keep his eyes wide open and stand out of the way.

He will see a toiling, pushing crowd, at least fourteen hundred strong, consisting of about five hundred unlicensed porters, basket-women, carters, and hangers-on; five hundred more of the regular ticket porters, holding badges issued by Mr. Gardiner, the Duke of Bedford's market manager, and three or four hundred market-gardeners and salesmen. He will see a mountain range of cabbages, dug into by active labourers, and toppled over on to the pavement; columns of baskets, piled one upon another, moving rapidly on men's heads through the swaying mass; long files and solid squares of carts and waggons, without horses—the tired animals being housed in adjoining stables; knots of men eagerly settling prices under the broad shaded gas lamps; and dense forests of baskets and packing-cases, full of apples and potatoes, which it seems impossible to pierce. At every point he will meet with confusion and excitement; will hear the rumbling murmur of a thousand shouting voices; and will see few men who are not perspiring like a Turkish bather. His attention will most probably be arrested by some burly agriculturist, mopping his scanty hair with a fiery-coloured pocket-handkerchief—a model of the producer—a tiller of the fruitful earth—who stands in smiling happiness amongst the riches which he has succeeded in bringing to the market.

The growth of London has pushed this market-gardener gradually into the country; and now, instead of sending up his produce by his own waggons, he trusts it to the railway, and is often thrown into a market-fever by a late delivery. To compensate him, however, for the altered state of the times, he often sells his crops like a merchant upon 'Change, without the trouble of bringing more than a few hand-samples in his pockets. He is nearly seventy years of age, but looks scarcely fifty, and can remember the time when there were ten thousand acres of ground within four miles of Charing Cross under cultivation for vegetables, besides about three thousand acres planted with fruit to supply the London consumption. He has lived to see the Darent and Bernersheye gardens curtailed; the Hoxton and Highbury gardens covered with houses; the Essex plantations pushed back; and the Clapton and Kensington nurseries—the home of vegetables for years—dug up and sown with International Exhibition temples, and other gardens that will never grow a pea or send a single cauliflower to market. He has lived to see Guernsey and Jersey; Cornwall, the Scilly Islands, and even France and Portugal, with many other more distant places, competing with the remote outskirts of London bricks and mortar, and has been staggered by seeing the market supplied with choice early pease from such an unexpected quarter as French Algeria.

Our visitor may next turn his eyes in another direction, and see a representative of the new order of things—in the person of a ducal-looking wholesale distributor, an enterprising salesman.

It seems as if this ornament of the market, in introducing the auction style of business in conducting his sales, has caught something of the spirit which animated a late neighbour, the celebrated Mr. George Robins.

He never attempts to rival that florid style of eloquence which flourished so successfully for many years under the now dismal colonnade; he never ventures to allude to the clatter of the nightingales, and the dreadful litter of the rose-leaves on the acres of vegetation which he disposes of in the course of the year; but this ~~may only be~~ for want of encouragement amongst his rather uncultivated audience.

Immediately facing him, in the surrounding crowd, is a group of retail distributors: the laughing first-class greengrocer, from a back street in Mayfair, who comes down to the market in a sporting dog-cart; the second-class greengrocer, from Kensington or Holloway; and the third-class distributors, who are known as costermongers.

The second-class distributor is trying the higgling of the market, and is offering all the money in his pocket for a basket of apples; while the two costermongers are engaged in working out an intricate calculation about a compound bid by a peculiar process known as pantomime arithmetic. These last two men are still the representatives of a class who number between three thousand and four thousand; who borrow their market money, their barrows, and their baskets from small capitalists at enormous interest and rents, and yet who contrive to buy one-tenth of the whole produce which comes to this important market. The quantities of such produce sold here annually in favourable seasons may be now stated at between eight and nine hundred thousand pottles of strawberries, forty-seven or forty-eight millions of cabbages, two millions and a half of cauliflowers, between three and four hundred thousand bushels of pease, nearly a million of lettuces, and six hundred thousand bushels of onions. The annual amount of money paid for vegetables and fruit in this market is now nearly four millions sterling, notwithstanding the produce intercepted on its road; for Covent Garden still largely supplies Spitalfields, Farringdon, the Borough, and a host of inferior markets. Its expenses for sweeping away rubbish alone amount to 600*l.* a year. The costermongers, of course, only buy the inferior vegetables and fruits—the third class and damaged qualities; and when they cannot find to advantage in this produce, they trot off to Billingsgate, for a late speculation in fish.

The working distributor—the market porter—is a labourer whose services, either with or without a badge, are in constant requisition. He fetches and carries: he tugs sacks of potatoes from groaning waggons, and carries them into the body of the market to their appointed salesman; and, when sold, he carries them away again to carts more or less rickety, for the purchasing greengrocers. Unlike many intellectual impostors who strut about for years without being found out, he really gets his living by the hardest head-work. He believes that he can walk under anything which can be lifted on his head and shouldered, and has no fear of slipping on a piece of cabbage-leaf or orange-peel, and being crushed under his load. Some years ago when the Kentish planters used to send their produce by water to the Strand wharves, he used to toil up the steep river-side incline from the "Fox-under-the-Hill," with some-



The Market Porter—A Working Distributor



[324]

The Basket Woman—Another Working Distributor

thing like two hundredweight upon his back, and trot down again with the money he received to spend it in drink. The humane clerk of the market, however, long before the Kentish planters forsook the barges for the luggage-trains, put a stop to this heavy horse-like work, though he had no power to improve the habits of the men. Most of them are Irishmen, some few are Jews, and many are costermongers who have failed in their little speculations. They are handy labourers at moving anything in the shape of furniture, and will crawl up a staircase with a



The Consumer.

heavy piano on their backs like some strange elastic reptile whom nothing can squeeze flat. They have a strong taste for sporting in its lowest forms; are often the owners of square-headed bull-terriers, and are sometimes backed for small prize-fights and small running-matches. The day when "Jones of Covent Garden" has to fight or run "Jones of Billingsgate" is one on which the market labour is a little more roughly performed than usual.

The female counterpart to this Atlas-of-all-work is another working distributor—the old basket-woman.

She carries lighter weights on her battered bonnet than the market-porters, and protects her head with a stuffed circular pad, which looks like a dirty chaplet. She is thin and weather-beaten, is cheerful at her work, and looks forward, perhaps, to keep a small apple-stall when she grows too stiff for labour. Sometimes she starts in what she considers the full vigour of her career (about the age of sixty) as the owner of an early breakfast-stall, where she serves out thick coffee and dark bread-and-butter to cabmen, carters, and porters. At these stalls the coffee has one merit—it is always scalding hot; and in the intervals of blowing it cool, the talk (in cold weather) always turns upon chilblains. All these night-workers lead a hard life, always dreaming of better days, and their cheerfulness and patience form one of those holy miracles which we see but cannot explain.

When our visitor has tired himself out amongst the labourers (for it is very fatiguing for idle people to look at work), he may wish for a change; and we may recommend a stroll, much later in the day, amongst the flowers, fruits, and society of the middle avenue. Here he will find himself in a land where the seasons seem to be without force; where strawberries as large as pincushions are companions of the brownest nuts, and where yellow oranges, in baskets like Panama hats, are nestling by the side of rosy cherries. The whole world is ransacked to furnish this museum of luxuries, and even China contributes her dried fruits under the name of sychees. The snow may lie thickly outside, but the flowers always blossom within, and the “litter of rose-leaves” (to use Mr. Robins’ immortal phrase again) is ceaseless in the little bowers where the nose-gays are prepared for weddings. Wonderful stories are told of troops of girls who earn an easy living in putting together these love-offerings; and of little fragrant shops, half full of flower-pots and pineapples, where enormous fortunes are made, and where a hundred nimble-fingered persons are employed shelling peas during the height of the season.

When our lounge has tried in vain to outstare the dark-eyed Jewesses who watch him from behind a breastwork of seed-bags and account-books in little inner counting-houses; when he has mourned with those who buy chaplets at the herbalist’s, and smiled with those who purchase wedding presents at the florist’s; when he is weary of watching the carriages which draw up at the end of the avenue—some of them filled with children who look like chirping canaries in a cage—he may possibly catch a glimpse of himself in a mirror, as he is cheapening a basket of peaches, and may recognize a picture of that all-devouring, never-to-be-satisfied monster whose demand is the creator of all this ever-flowing supply.

Gentlemen.

MR. ROEBUCK lately delivered a lecture* at Salisbury, which was an amplification of the following question:—"Why," asked the lecturer, "should there be any difference between the mental and moral and physical condition of one party (? part) of society as compared with another?" This comprehensive demand appears to have been narrowed in the course of the lecture into the simpler one—Why should not ordinary labouring men, living on the wages of their daily labour, be gentlemen as well as the rich? The question is well worth considering."

In justice to Mr. Roebuck, whose answer to his own question was not altogether satisfactory, the inquiry should begin with some account of his lecture. The subject was the trite one of "Popular Education," and the lecturer handled it as follows. He first drew a contrast between the political and military greatness of the nation and the unsatisfactory state, as he considered it, of a great part of the population. Admitting fully, and as the result of much thought and inquiry, the absolute necessity of great distinctions in society, without which, he said, no society could profitably exist, he went on to ask, why refinement and courtesy should be confined to the rich, and why those who are gentlefolks and those who are not should be distinguished not merely by social position, but by "distinctions like differences of race." "Go," he said, "into a gentleman's house—I use the phrase without intending to arrogate to that class anything, or to give offence to anybody—will you not find there consideration for every person's convenience? Will you not find the husband courteous to his wife, the wife kind to her children, and the father the real father of his children? He consults their convenience; he wishes to educate them; he does his best to advance them in the world; and his pleasures are the pleasures of civilized society. And now, go into the house of a labouring man, and what do you find there? Look at the man's manners to his family. I am speaking, gentlemen, of that which I have known. I am thinking of my constituents in the North, and of what I have seen in the South." Mr. Roebuck went on to draw a most repulsive picture of the scenes which pass in such houses. The agricultural labourer, he said, "finds his wife a slattern, is driven out of doors by the noise and screaming of his children, and the uncomfortableness of his house, and he goes to the 'Green Bough' next door, and drinks himself to the state of a brute,—though brutes, by-the-by, don't get drunk." The highly-paid North-country mechanic is even worse. Though his earnings are equal in amount to the pay of officers in the army, and far greater than the stipends of curates, he is little better than a beast. "He gets up in the morning, and goes to work. He comes

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home, and the first thing he usually does is to swear at his wife. Perhaps he beats his children, and then he caresses his dog. His whole life is passed in mere sensual enjoyment; getting drunk is his chief business in life; and when he has got drunk, his next business is to get sober."

The labourer and mechanic are unfavourably contrasted with the mercantile clerk, whose occupation is far less instructive in itself. He, we are told, "comes home and finds his wife ready dressed to receive him; has a comfortable dinner with his children; and his pleasures are the pleasures of an educated man. He reads his book, he occupies the mind of his family, and when he goes to bed he thanks God for the good God has rendered him." It is not merely the mercantile clerk who rises up in judgment against the labourers and mechanics. An even more mortifying contrast is drawn between those unhappy persons and the corresponding classes in foreign countries. At the French Exhibition the servants who brought the prize beasts were rewarded. "The gay and gallant Spaniard came up—a magnificent man, beautifully dressed—and he received his prizes with a bow and in a manner that would have done honour to a nobleman." He completely threw into the shade the "slouching man, with arms down, and a pair of gaiters on," who represented the English peasantry. The labourers are as ignorant as they are stupid. Mr. Roebuck mentioned "a labouring man whom I rather liked; a shrewd, clever fellow"—a Hampshire man, who had never heard of the Duke of Wellington. In a word, "the labouring man of this country is a mere brute animal, as compared with what he might be." That is Mr. Roebuck's final and compendious view of the subject. The remedy of this state of things he finds in education. Education will raise the lower classes to the same social level as the higher, though it will not efface distinctions of rank; nor need any one fear that it will make men effeminate, for the gentry, as India, China, and the military and naval history of the country testify, are the bravest and hardest part of the bravest and hardest army and navy in the world.

Of these, and many other sentiments of the kind hardly less pungently expressed, Mr. Roebuck, the representative of the most democratic constituency in England, delivered himself to a crowded meeting at Salisbury, which received his address with much applause, and which must have been attended by many members of the class which he addressed in such unmistakeably plain language. His speech undoubtedly proved, that whatever faults may belong to the bulk of the population of this country, they have, at least, the merit of exemplary good nature. There is, probably, no other part of the world in which a crowded audience would pass a couple of hours in listening to, and applauding, the most stinging oburgation of themselves and their neighbours, which the most caustic speaker of the day could invent. Certainly there is no other free country in which the representative of a town proverbially turbulent and democratic, would put in all the papers an announcement that his constituents were very little better than beasts, squandering their wages in brutal debauchery,

and as much inferior to the upper classes of society as if they belonged to a different race. A man who should read such a lecture to the rowdies of New York would infallibly ruin his political prospects for life, if he did not interrupt his lecture to ride on a rail to the usual place of tarring and feathering.

Part of this result, no doubt, is due to the good-nature and tolerance which are happily characteristic of our population, but much must also be ascribed to the character of Mr. Roebuck himself. People will bear anything from a man who honestly tries to improve, and really cares for them; and through all Mr. Roebuck's hard language there runs a genuine tone of interest and pride in his nation which would excuse any amount of good advice. In the full swing of his denunciation of the English labourer, as compared with the Spaniard, he stops to point out that the faults which he describes are superficial. "Put a musket into that man's hand, take him to drill and send him to India, and you will hear of his glory throughout Europe." It is a pleasant thing to see how the different classes of the nation trust and honour each other at bottom, in the midst of the sharp things that they sometimes say of each other.

The substance of Mr. Roebuck's speech deserves careful examination, for, instructive as it is, it contains a considerable number of inconsistencies, and shows that its accomplished author had not taken the trouble, before he made it, to set clearly before his own mind the propositions which he meant to prove. For example, he attributes most of the stupidity and brutality which he laments to want of education, to the fact that labourers have no taste for reading, and that they do not appreciate the pleasures of the educated. Does he suppose that the Spanish peasantry, with whom he contrasts them so unfavourably, are great scholars? Are the Americans, amongst whom not merely the power of reading, but the taste for it is universal, remarkable for their gentlemanlike demeanour? Do not the Sheffield mechanics, of whom he draws so dark a picture, pass nearly as much time in reading newspapers as in dog-fighting and drinking? The Hampshire labourer, who never heard of the Duke of Wellington, was, says Mr. Roebuck shrewd and clever, and, as Mr. Roebuck liked him, he was probably civil and sober as well. To support the theory for the sake of which he was quoted he ought to have been a brutal savage, fresh from beating his wife. The gentry, says Mr. Roebuck, are, as a rule, kind husbands and good fathers. Surely he does not seriously mean to say that there are no kind husbands and good fathers amongst the poor, or that some of the worst and most malignant forms of vice are in any degree inconsistent with mental refinement and intellectual cultivation. No doubt the broad assertion that it would be an unspeakable blessing for the nation if the lower classes could acquire some of the qualities which are at present the exclusive characteristics of their social superiors is perfectly true, but it is quite another question what those special qualities are, in which of them the poor are really deficient, and how their deficiencies are to be supplied. Each of these questions deserves more explicit consideration than it usually receives.

The characteristic moral distinctions by which society is as it were divided into two halves, are summed up in the one word "Gentleman." The division between those who are, and those who are not, entitled to this appellation, is as real and important as it is indefinite. It may, therefore, be worth while, in the first place, to examine the proper meaning of the word. The original meaning of the word gentleman, which it has never entirely lost, was nearly, if not quite, the same as that of its French equivalent *gentilhomme*. It denoted the fact that the person to whom it was applied was a member of one of a certain set of families, or the holder of a certain definite official or professional rank. As these families and officials were supposed to be distinguished from the rest of the world by the degree in which they possessed particular qualities, physical, moral, and intellectual, the word came by degrees to denote the combination of the two sets of distinctions; and as people came to perceive that the moral and intellectual qualities were far the most important and distinctive, they learned to attribute to the word a moral rather than a personal meaning. Hence, in the present day, the word implies the combination of a certain degree of social rank with a certain amount of the qualities which the possession of such rank ought to imply; but there is a constantly increasing disposition to insist more upon the moral and less upon the social element of the word, and it is not impossible that in course of time its use may come to be altogether dissociated from any merely conventional distinction. Leaving, then, on one side that part of the meaning of the word which relates to external social rank, these questions suggest themselves:—What are the personal qualities denoted or connoted by the word? How far, in point of fact, are the poor deficient in the possession of those qualities? To what is that deficiency to be ascribed? And how far can it be remedied?

A fashion has prevailed of describing every sort of sin or vice as being ungentlemanlike, and as deserving, on that ground, to be avoided. It is said, for example, that it is ungentlemanlike to swear; that no man deserves to be called a gentleman who would be guilty of the selfishness and treachery of seduction; and some popular writers have delighted in contrasting the claims of such a man (for example) as George IV. to be considered the first gentleman of Europe, with the innumerable acts of perfidy, debauchery, falsehood, and meanness which stained his whole career, personal and political. No doubt the result of this fashion has been to enable lay preachers, who had a natural reluctance to enter upon the deeper foundations on which morality rests, to preach very effective sermons. But to use words usefully is one thing; to use them correctly is quite another; and many reasons make the latter a hardly less important habit than the former.

Like many other words, the word gentleman, considered merely in its personal sense, is used upon a tacit assumption which must become express if its full meaning is to be understood. This tacit assumption is that the persons to whom the word applies form a body associated together for the

sake of the pleasure which is to be derived from each other's society, and not for those more serious purposes which great associations of men, such as states, churches, armies, legislative and political bodies, and the like, are intended to promote. A man whose personal qualities fit him to take his place in such a society may properly, or at least intelligibly, be described as a gentleman, whatever else he may either have or want. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to give a complete list of the qualities which such a position implies, but they may be ranged under three great heads: some of them are artistic, some moral, and some intellectual: and of these the artistic qualities are the most definite, the most easily ascertained, and the most universally required. Thus it is equally inconsistent with the character of a gentleman to blow one's nose with one's fingers, to tell gross lies, or to be unable to read; but of the three offences the first is most obviously and most fundamentally irreconcilable with the character in question. Indeed the two others are ungentlemanlike principally, if not entirely, because of their inartistic nature. The reason why a lie is ungentlemanlike is because lying is not merely a vice, but an ugly and displeasing vice. Lies which are not ugly and displeasing, exaggerations for example, or inaccuracies, are not ungentlemanlike. Breaches of morality quite as decided and to the full as injurious to society, are not in the least inconsistent with the character of a gentleman. A man, for example, might be a perfect gentleman who was utterly dead to all sense of religious duty, or entirely devoid of charity towards his neighbour. Indeed the graver kinds of crime are not of necessity ungentlemanlike. Perhaps picking pockets, or obtaining money by false pretences, might be so described; but if a man from jealousy committed murder or arson it would be an abuse of language to give such a name to his conduct. No doubt the moral quality of an action is one of the elements which contributes to its beauty, or at least to our opinion of its beauty, for admiration is to a great extent the creature of association, so that we learn to admire and consider as beautiful those acts which we associate with beneficial results. Still it is by reason of their beauty, whether derived from their moral excellence or not, that we call certain dispositions gentlemanlike, and others not; nor is it to every kind of beauty that we ascribe that name, but only to those descriptions of beauty which are sufficiently striking and obvious to command the attention and sympathy of persons who associate together for the purpose of enjoying each other's society, whilst they are engaged in that enjoyment. Hence it follows that when we speak of a gentleman we do not mean either a good man, or a wise man, but a man socially pleasant, and we consider his goodness and wisdom, his moral and intellectual qualities as relevant to his claims to be considered a gentleman only in so far as they contribute to his social pleasantness.

This may appear to some persons to give a lower notion of what is meant by a gentleman than is conveyed by that vague mode of speaking upon the subject, which aims at denouncing all faults and vices whatever as being offences against good manners. In fact, however, it is always

important to use language correctly; and the exaggerations referred to have a strong tendency to conceal the fact that the object of preserving the beauty, dignity, and pleasantness of life has a value of its own altogether independent of the general utility of the qualities by which those objects are brought about. It may seem at first sight a small thing to consider moral virtues with reference to the amount of social pleasure which they confer, but, in reality, it is by no means a small thing. On the contrary, the production of this pleasure is a matter of vast importance, for it colours the whole of life, and goes far to determine the temper in which we regard its various events. The use of the various sentiments and duties to which the word "gentlemanlike" points in public and private life, is closely analogous to the use of female beauty, accomplishments, and good manners in domestic life. The degree of conscious affection which prevails in any household is regulated, to a very great degree, by the amount of these elements which it contains; and, in the same way, our patriotism, and all the different sentiments and habits which flow from that source, greatly depend on the degree in which the national affairs are so managed as to impress and captivate the imagination. Nor is this in the least unreasonable. It is part of the constitution of human nature, of which the imagination is one of the most important parts. Loyalty to the Queen, a passionate ardour for the national glory, and a determination to uphold the honour of England at any price and any risk, are no more amiable self-deceptions than it is an amiable self-deception to love a woman because she is beautiful, amiable, and accomplished, or to feel keen delight in magnificent scenery. The satisfactions derived from such sources are quite as real as the pleasures derived from a good income, and far greater than the pleasures derived from the difference between a large income and a comparatively small one. It might be rash to marry a woman for her beauty and accomplishments, if she and her intended husband were both entirely without means; but a man would indeed be a wretched cur who preferred an ugly and vulgar woman with 30,000*l.*, to an accomplished and beautiful woman who had but 5,000*l.*, supposing his own prospects to be reasonably good. No doubt there are scores of men in our great manufacturing towns who, having pushed their way to great wealth and influence by mere force of character, would willingly buy the refinement of mind and manner which early education would have given them at the price of half their fortunes, and they would make an excellent bargain if they could do so.

The importance of the feelings and manners of gentlemen are most distinctly shown when they are exhibited on a great scale. The real abomination of the civil war in America—hateful as it is in every way—is its emphatically blackguardly character. Happily perhaps for their reputation, the Confederate States are scaled up from the rest of the world, but the Northerners act on every occasion and in every relation of life as if they had fallen under the dominion of the very scum of the earth—as if they had committed the government to the rogues, the peas to the

blackguards, and the army to the cowards who must always be found in a great nation. Every one who knows America is well aware that it contains men as brave, as honourable, and as worthy in all respects of the title of gentlemen as are to be found in any part of the world, and possibly their numerical proportion to the whole population is not smaller than in other countries; but it is difficult to describe the infamy with which the conduct of their public men and public writers is loading their character in the opinion of all Europe. The ~~timid~~ ^{timid} ~~frivolous~~ ^{frivolous} which was equally incapable of apologizing for an insult frankly; and of justifying it boldly; the wretched "ovations" which celebrated an ignominious rout; and the blackguard attempts to deter us from enforcing our rights by threatening to steal our money, were greater national evils than a score of defeats in fair fighting and a heavy national debt. These and other things of the same kind are so many blows to the self-respect of every man in the nation. They make men of honour hang their heads and withdraw from public life; they put public affairs into the hands of Nym the pickpocket, Bardolph, who is or ought to be hanged for robbing a church, and ancient Pistol, who eats his leek and swears that he will be most horribly revenged. No defeat, no humiliation, no public calamity can be compared with this, for such results tend to degrade a nation from being the object of the best and strongest of human feelings into a theatre for the gratification of its vilest and most contemptible propensities.

Such being the nature and importance of a gentlemanlike temper, how far is it true that the bulk of the English people are, as Mr. Roebuck says, destitute of it—and that to such an extent, that between those who are gentlemen and those who are not there is as much difference as between the members of different races. Is it true, in fact, that the poor are miserable savages, "little better than brute animals in comparison with what they ought to be?" Mr. Roebuck's assertions were, no doubt, kindly meant. He cannot be accused of being indifferent to his country. With all his asperity and with all his crotchets, no one who has watched his career will deny that, whoever may be a brute animal, he, at all events, is as true a gentleman as ever lived, and one as keenly alive to the honour and interests of his country as any man whom it contains. The fact that such a man, with no influence and no party to back him, should for many years have been member for Sheffield, is strong evidence that the Northern mechanics do not all pass the whole of their lives in getting drunk and getting sober. Whatever their faults may be, they know a man when they see him, and prefer being represented by a gentleman and man of honour, even if he is crotchety and sometimes rates them soundly, to being flattered by a wretched stump-orator, whose only gift is a power of pouring out in a fluent way torrents of water-gruel oratory dashed with bad brandy.

In this particular case, however, he has allowed indignation to write verses which nature would not have denied and would have written much

better by herself. He has done great injustice to the bulk of his fellow-countrymen, and though his advice in the main was good, it confounded together several things which ought to be kept distinct. In order to answer the two questions—why the labouring poor should not all be gentlemen? and how far they fall short of the standard to which they ought to attain?—it is necessary to keep in mind the distinction already suggested as to the three heads under which the character of a gentleman may be considered—namely, the artistic, the moral, and the intellectual aspects of that character. First, as to the intellectual aspect. It is a mere dream to suppose that so long as the differences of rank, which Mr. Roebuck rightly considers essential to society, continue to exist, there will not be an immense and indelible intellectual difference between the upper and the lower classes of society. It is just as absurd to suppose that the average labourer or mechanic will ever be intellectually equal to the average gentleman, as to suppose that the average gentleman will ever have the muscles of a man who works with his hands ten hours a day. The brain of a barrister in full practice will be as much more fully developed than the brain of a blacksmith, as the arm of the blacksmith will be better developed than the arm of the barrister. This distinction is by no means confined to the more intellectual professions, such as politics, the bar, or medicine. It extends to most of the social positions which, in common language, are described as conferring the rank of a gentleman, as compared with those which do not confer it. Whatever may be the faults of the comfortable classes in our community, no reasonable person will accuse them, as a body, of want of energy. There is hardly to be found amongst us such a thing as a really idle class. A country gentleman, for example, hunts and shoots, goes to magistrates' meetings, and to the quarter sessions, and finds an immense variety of occupations in the management of his estate and affairs. He is almost sure to be something of a lawyer, something of a farmer, and, in these days, very probably he is something of a soldier as well. At all events, as the head of a family, he has, like the Centurion, servants under him, and says "to one man come, and he cometh, and to another go, and he goeth." To this it must be added, that he has generally been educated up to the age of twenty-two or twenty-three at school or college. That such a person should not be intellectually superior to a man of the same natural gifts, who was taken from a school where he just learned to read and write, and to do elementary sums, at eleven or twelve years of age, and who since that time has passed his life in shoemaking or carpentering, is absurd; and unless Mr. Roebuck, or anyone else who is dissatisfied with the condition of the labouring classes, is prepared to suggest means by which they can all pass a third of their lives in preparing for the work of the other two-thirds, and by which they may be supplied with an entirely different set of employments for those remaining two-thirds from that which they have at present, he will never be able to efface or materially to diminish the difference which now exists.

It must be observed that this distinction, which arises from the very nature of things, runs through the whole subject. The different elements of our nature are only ideally, and not actually, distinct. We can form separate conceptions in our own minds of the intellect, the moral character, and the artistic perceptions,—just as we speak of the arms, the legs, the heart, and the lungs; but, in fact, the three mental divisions all run into each other, just as the heart is directly connected with the lungs, and the arm is attached to the shoulder so that if it were cut off it would, as the greatest of ancient philosophers declared, be no longer an arm except in name. A man whose intellect is highly cultivated will, by that circumstance alone, be enabled to see more clearly the moral relations and significance of different actions, and to appreciate more fully the artistic merits of particular courses of conduct, than one who does not enjoy similar advantages. Hence the intellectual superiority which the higher ranks of society must always enjoy over the lower, will involve a corresponding superiority in reference to moral and artistic matters. A gentleman, as such, will probably have more delicate moral perceptions and better taste than the members of other classes, for this simple reason, that the superior cultivation of his understanding will have increased the strength and delicacy of all his perceptions, moral, intellectual, or artistic.

For these reasons there must always be an intellectual distinction between the higher and lower classes, corresponding to that distinction between the classes themselves which Mr. Roebuck admits to be indispensable to the general welfare of society. It may, however, happen in any particular society, that the difference is greater than it should be; and no doubt, if Mr. Roebuck were right in saying that in this country it is as great as the difference between two races, he would have proved a very bad state of things; but he is not correct in his facts, and there is every reason to hope that, ten years hence, his description will be utterly unlike anything which will then exist. The whole subject was examined with most minute and elaborate care by the Education Commissioners, and the result of their report seems to be, that the substantial part of education—the power of reading, writing, and ciphering, in a substantial manner—is already possessed and used by a considerable part of the labouring population—in fact, by the large majority of people under forty years of age; and that if, for ten years more, matters go on as they have for the last twenty years, that part of the population to which Mr. Roebuck referred—the independent poor—will be able, with hardly an exception, to read and write without any disagreeable effort, and to cipher in a serviceable manner. Practical people cannot expect much more than that. The human brain has but a limited amount of energy; and if a man has to dig, or hammer, and saw, or stitch leather for ten hours a day, he will never—unless he is a very remarkable man—pass much time in reading, or read with much system. If he is a remarkable man, he will soon rise above the necessity of carpentering or shoemaking.

The answer to the first part of Mr. Roebuck's question, why there

should be any difference other than that of social rank between those who are and those who are not gentlemen, is that the difference of social rank which he recognizes as necessary, and the difference in circumstances on which it rests, involve a corresponding intellectual difference, and that this intellectual difference is not at present in this country much greater, and will probably before long cease to be at all greater, than from the nature of the case it always must be.

The next question refers to the artistic difference between those who are gentlemen and those who are not. Mr. Roebuck did not divide the subject in this way, but he appears to have been more struck with this than with any other part of the contrast on which he dwelt so vigorously. As compared with the mercantile clerk, or with the Spanish peasant, the English labourer, it appears, is a kind of brute. Questions of this kind are emphatically and of necessity matters of taste, and it is hard to get beyond contrary affirmations on the opposite sides of the question; but there are many persons whose impressions of their countrymen altogether differ from Mr. Roebuck's, and who would give totally different evidence as to the artistic differences between the gentleman and the working man, and as to the relative merits of labourers and mercantile clerks in point of manners. As has been already observed, the intellectual difference between the two classes involves a corresponding difference in point not merely of intellect, but of manners and morals also. How far that difference is exceeded in this particular case is the only question at issue. It is one which it is impossible to answer because of its indefinite nature; but though no precise answer can be given, it is easy to exaggerate both the amount and the importance of the difference, and Mr. Roebuck appears to have done both.

It may appear paradoxical, but it is strictly true, that the manners of an English gentleman have much more in common with the manners of a labourer than with the manners of a mercantile clerk or a small shop-keeper. It is true that a gentleman's accent differs from a labourer's; he holds himself differently, and his features express altogether a different class of emotions and recollections, but the manner of the two men has a radical similarity which ought not to be overlooked by any one who wishes to understand English society. The great characteristic of the manners of a gentleman, as we conceive them in England, is plain, downright, frank simplicity. It is meant to be, and to a great extent it is, the outward and visible sign of the two great cognate virtues—truth and courage. It is the manner of men who expect each other to say, in the plainest way, just what they mean, and to stand to what they say, with but little regard either for the opinions or for the approbation of others, though with full respect to their feelings.

This sturdy mixture of frankness when they do speak, with a perfect willingness to hold their tongues when they have nothing to say, is the great distinguishing feature of educated Englishmen, and is the one which always strikes foreigners with surprise. It is their incapacity to appreciate

the qualities which it covers, which makes their criticisms on us so wildly remote from the truth as they often are. This manner prevails much more amongst the labouring than amongst the shopkeeping classes. Their language proves it conclusively. A gentleman and a labouring man would tell the same story in nearly the same words, differently pronounced, of course, and arranged in the one case grammatically, and in the other not. In either case the words themselves would be plain, ~~raw~~, and smacking of the soil from which they grow. The language of the commercial clerk, and the manner in which he brings it out, are both framed on quite a different model. He thinks about himself, and constantly tries to talk fine. He calls a school an academy, speaks of proceeding when he means going, and talks, in short, much in the style in which the members of his own class write police reports and accounts of appalling catastrophes for the newspapers. The manners of a sailor, a non-commissioned officer in the army, a gamekeeper, or of the better kind of labourers—men whose masters trust them, and who are well-conducted and sober (as hundreds of thousands are)—are much better in themselves, and are capable of a far higher polish, than the manners of a bagman or a small shopkeeper.

Whether or not the manners of a respectable English labourer are better than those of a Spanish or French peasant, is a question of taste. They are formed on a totally different model, and differ much in the same particulars in which the manners of a Spanish or French and English gentleman would differ. Every nation has its ideal; and the ideal after which a French gentleman, for example, aspires, though it has many good points, has some which are far from being good. The constant demand which the manners of French gentlemen make for sympathy and admiration is very well for those who like it, but it is not everybody who does. It is hardly possible to find pleasanter, more honourable, or more instructive companions than well-educated and well-bred Frenchmen; but to an English associate, they constantly suggest the wish that they were a little more indifferent to what other people are likely to think and say about them;—in other words, that they had thicker skins and plainer manners. It is this thickness of skin and plainness of manner, carried a little to excess, which give their peculiar appearance to English labourers and mechanics, and delude people into describing them in such language as that of Mr. Roebuck. This is the real explanation of the stories which cause so much patriotic regret to that eloquent lecturer. One cannot help liking him for the mixture of patriotic pique and pride with which he contrasts the courtly Spaniard at the Paris Exhibition with the slouching Englishman, adding a pretty clear intimation of his private opinion that if the two men were each put behind a musket and a bayonet, the balance might be the other way; but, in truth, his pride is better founded than his censure. Probably the Spaniard believed that the eyes of the whole universe were fixed on himself and his bull—that he individually was an honour to his province, and that in the whole city of Paris there was not such another man or

bull to be found. The Englishman, on the contrary, probably thought very little of the whole affair; and, considering it perfectly natural that the French should give him a prize, was almost, if not altogether indifferent as to whether they gave it or not. Of course the two sentiments would be embodied in a corresponding manner; but most Englishmen would have considerable sympathy with a man who would not let himself be put out of the way because a set of foreigners admired his master's cattle. It is another illustration of the very same sentiment which, in all probability, led the squire to whom the bull belonged to walk about the Boulevards in a shooting jacket and wide-awake. Why, he would ask, should he not dress as he liked in a town where nobody knew him, or was likely to notice him? Mr. Roebuck himself would hardly contend that the Spaniard was better educated than the Englishman. In all probability, he could not spell his own name, and had never learnt his letters, whilst the Englishman must have been quite an exception if he was not perfectly able to read his newspaper and his Bible, and to write a letter to his wife or daughter.

The other awful example is of just the same kind. Mr. Roebuck walked into his garden with *The Times* in his hand, and told his humble friend that the Duke of Wellington was dead. "I'm sorry for he, sir—who was he?" was the answer; at which Mr. Roebuck testifies his virtuous indignation. Considering that the present Emperor of the French owed many of the votes which ratified his title to the fact that the enlightened and well-behaved peasantry firmly believed that he was the hero of Austerlitz and Jena just returned from St. Helena, Mr. Roebuck's friend was not in a state of unexampled ignorance. He had, however, one merit, which is more common here than elsewhere. He owned his ignorance like an honest man, and did not affect to talk about what he did not understand. This is an invaluable characteristic, and one which deserves the highest praise in days when everybody is exposed to eminent risk of being pretentious and conceited, and when many people, especially in the rank just above labouring men, fall into that snare to a woeful extent. Thousands of mercantile clerks and small shopkeepers would have known very little more about the Duke of Wellington than the Hampshire labourer, but not one in a hundred would have been above the meanness of pretending to know all about him. Considered merely as a matter of manners, no gentleman could have spoken more appropriately, or in better language, than the man in question—if he had only substituted "him" for "he." The sentiment is, "You tell me that a great man, a duke, is dead, and you tell me this as a piece of bad news which affects the nation at large. I am very sorry to hear it. Pray, tell me something about this great man, for I don't know who he was." This sentiment, expressed as it was in the simplest and fewest possible words, was essentially courteous and proper. It admitted Mr. Roebuck's superior information and knowledge. It gave him credit for putting the proper interpretation on an interesting event, and it expressed a wish for further

instruction. Could Mr. Roebuck himself have done or said more? The mere fact of being ignorant about the Duke of Wellington is one which goes for nothing at all. A man's education must be measured by what he does, and not by what he does not know. If it were not so, there would not be in the world such a thing as a well-instructed man. Not long ago, a barrister, who was not unknown in his own or in other lines of life, was asked if he knew where Nootka Sound was. He said: "I have not the least idea; I have hitherto done ~~very~~ well without knowing; but if I cared to know, I would find out ~~all~~ about it in ten minutes." Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, defined the *pastern* as the knee of a horse, and on being asked how he came to do so, answered, "Ignorance, madam—pure ignorance." Any extent of ignorance of specific facts is perfectly consistent with the manner and sentiments of a gentleman. The only ignorance inconsistent with it is ignorance of the principal means of acquiring knowledge in use amongst the society to which the person in question belongs at the time. Thus the North American Indians have, in many respects, the manners of gentlemen; but an Indian ignorant of the arts of war and hunting would never have acquired the manner of the warriors and huntsmen of his tribe. The French are the most ignorant nation in Europe, though their manners have some excellent points; but a Frenchman who was isolated from the social influences which affect his countrymen so deeply, would no doubt be as rough and brutal as the mountain shepherds whose ferocious appearance so much scandalized the old Marquis de Mirabeau. So an Englishman may be very ignorant; but if he has had to do with kind and considerate employers, and knows how to read and write, he will probably be simple, modest, plain-spoken, and respectful, but otherwise not.

It is always desirable in speculations on the state of a country to have a clear notion of what is wanted; and in reference to the question, what degree of artistic cultivation ought to be expected of English labouring people, it is by no means difficult to give an answer, which is not the less plain because it is not expressed in precise language. There are in the country many thousand men, little, if at all, removed from the class in question, whose manners are quite as good, and approach quite as nearly to the manners of gentlemen, as can or ought to be expected of persons in that class of life. If our labourers and mechanics in general were as well behaved as steady policemen, sober non-commissioned officers, or respectable railway porters, they would behave as well as there is any reason to suppose men who work with their hands all day long and are supported by the wages of their labour ever will behave. It would be a very bad exchange if they took to behaving like Frenchmen or Spaniards, or to giving to their language that detestable affectation of literary style which turns a good house into an eligible residence, and makes a man contemplate the erection of such a residence instead of intending to build it.

Thus, the second part of Mr. Roebuck's question, why the labouring poor should be inferior to the gentry as to refinement of manner, may be

answered by saying that there must always be a difference of degree, for the reasons already assigned; but that the difference is not nearly so great as he supposes, and that it is not at all impossible, nor even improbable, that the continued sympathy between class and class, and the spread of education, may soon diminish that difference to its normal and proper magnitude.

The last and most important point to be considered relates to the moral differences between the upper and lower classes. According to Mr. Roebuck, the difference amounts to this, that the one are high-minded, affectionate, and self-controlled, and the others brutes, whose lives are passed partly in drunkenness, partly in domestic tyranny. Such a mode of disposing of the matter is bad on the face of it. It is far too summary and simple to be true. The question in fact, is extremely complex, nor does any one possess the knowledge necessary to solve it completely. Some general observations, however, may be made respecting it.

In the first place, it is most important to notice the deep sympathy and, indeed, identity of moral character which runs through all classes of the nation, and ought to be specially and fully recognized. The resemblances between all classes of Englishmen are generic. The differences are specific. From the Queen, whose exhortation to her children on the death of their father to support her in the discharge of her public duties drew tears from many eyes not easily moistened, down to the sturdy private soldier, who told his captors that they might knock out his brains if they pleased, but that nothing on earth should make him do homage to a Chinaman, and was as good as his word, there are links of sentiment and principle too close to be ever dissevered. No English gentleman would be worthy of the name, who did not consider the adjective as infinitely more valuable and characteristic than the substantive. Indeed his distinction from his neighbours consists only in the fact that circumstances enable him to put a special degree of lustre and polish on qualities which belong to millions of his countrymen, just as much as to himself. It is this which justifies Mr. Roebuck, in his assertion that there is no reason to fear that the lower classes will be made effeminate if they are to resemble their social superiors. The material is the same throughout; and the gentry, when they live up to their opportunities, are only picked and polished specimens of the material of which the nation at large is composed.

The fact that there is no essential difference between the characters of the different sections of society, or, at any rate, no difference which is in favour of the higher classes, is nowhere more apparent than in respect of those qualities in which the spirit of gentlemen is supposed to display itself most fully—the qualities of generosity, self-sacrifice, and patriotism. There is probably no class of men in the world who possess these qualities, in a higher degree, than the bulk of the independent English poor. They are often described as dull and apathetic; but any one who will look at broad, notorious facts, may see that this is utterly false. They are, as a

rule, men of strong characters, and therefore of strong passions, and if their spirit is roused upon any point whatever, they become, in a settled, stubborn way of their own, utterly indifferent to danger, to interest, or to present or future comfort. The strikes which have of late produced so much distress, and been so deeply and perhaps justly blamed, have proved this beyond a doubt. It may be quite true that the workmen were utterly wrong, and perfectly absurd; but however this may be, it is certain that, having taken their view, they trusted and stood by each other and their leaders, with the same perfect confidence and dogged resolution that drove the Russians down the hill of Inkermann and the French from the ridge of Albuera. Whenever, and in whatever form, the demand is made, the same qualities are always forthcoming in any required quantity. There is no point of generosity or self-devotion which will not be reached by the commonest class of Englishmen, if they are put upon their honour, and treated with confidence and sympathy. It was a work of great difficulty and delicacy to form the Naval Reserve. There were all sorts of prejudices and difficulties to overcome; but when the men had fully studied the subject, had made their bargain, and accepted their retaining fees, they came forward as one man to discharge their part of the contract on the first rumour that their services might be required; and it may be said, in passing, that no gentlemen in Europe could have offered their services with better grace, or expressed their offer in terms simpler, and more to the purpose. The same spirit shows itself on every occasion. The soldiers who fell in to meet inevitable death on the deck of the *Birkenhead*, as quietly as they would have fallen in on parade, and who did die accordingly with impassive calmness, showed a degree of heroism which would have immortalized the proudest aristocracy in the world. It is to be hoped that gentlemen would have done as well. The best gentlemen in the world could have done no better.

Nor is it on those great occasions only that such characteristics are displayed. No more touching proof of courtesy was ever given than was shown by the wounded men in the Crimca, who avoided every rough or impatient expression in the presence of the ladies who came from England to nurse them. This was but one instance in a thousand of the extreme delicacy of feeling which poor people constantly possess. No one can have been in the habit of seeing them without learning that their feelings are much stronger in proportion to their understandings than is the case with gentlefolks; that they accordingly express them with far less reserve, and that they are therefore both more aware of the nature of each other's feelings, and in some respects more on their guard against wounding them, than richer people.

With all these facts in view, it seems hard to join in Mr. Roebuck's opinion that the labouring man is "a mere brute animal," in comparison with what he should be. These vehement expressions rest almost entirely upon the manners of Mr. Roebuck's constituents at Sheffield, and if he had confined himself to saying that Sheffield is a very

rough place, and that the Sheffield grinders are more given to liquor, to cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bad language, and wife-beating, than most of her Majesty's subjects, he would probably have been corroborated by much independent evidence. This, however, arises to a great extent from peculiar circumstances. Mr. Roebuck himself truly says that many of his constituents earn immense wages by manual labour, and spend what they earn in chronic drunkenness and low debauchery. This is very true, and the same remark applies to many other parts of the manufacturing districts. The inference from this is, that it is a bad thing to set a beggar on horseback. If men are brought up to live on 10s. or 14s. a week, and suddenly rise to 4l. or 5l., they are subjected to just the same sort of temptation as a young man in another class who passes from a stingy allowance at school or college, to the uncontrolled possession of a large fortune. Sailors with prize-money, and Australian diggers, broke out into just the same sort of riot and folly. The rapid growth of our manufactures has been to several of our large towns just what the gold discoveries were to California and Australia. Society has been disorganized and disarranged, and of course individual character suffers from it. Let any one think of the villages, or towns, or streets, which he knows himself, and he will see how unjust it is to describe the poor of this country as a horde of drunken savages.

Looking at the matter apart from well-meant oratorical exaggerations, the answer to the whole of Mr. Roebuck's question will appear to be this—that there always will and must be a difference between the intellectual moral, and artistic condition of the rich and poor, corresponding to the difference between them in social rank—that he has greatly exaggerated the degree in which that difference actually prevails at present in this country, and that there is reason to hope that it is in a way to be reduced to its natural and normal magnitude.

Life and Labour in the Coal-Fields.

THE universal sympathy excited by the recent calamity at the Hartley Colliery, in Northumberland, gives a special interest to colliery labour and the life of the pitmen. Without entering upon a discussion of the causes of the calamity, or the possible preventives of similar accidents in future, we will proceed at once to describe the country and metropolis of coal, and the scenes of industry above and below ground.

The great northern coal-field lying around the rivers Tyne and Wear, and materially aided in its development by those rivers, is the best known and the most deeply and extensively wrought coal-field in the world at this time. Lying under Northumberland and Durham, it has an area of about four hundred and sixty square miles of known coal formation. Probably there are an additional two hundred and twenty-five square miles, under newer geological formations than that in which the great bulk of all coal is situated. The rate at which this great deposit of fuel has been, and is now being drawn upon, is indeed astonishing. No less than sixteen millions of tons were extracted in 1859, and it is not improbable that the annual yield of the entire field will in a few years amount to twenty millions of tons. Should only the present rate of mining continue, the whole attainable coal might be exhausted in less than five hundred years from this time. One colliery engineer has made a careful calculation, by which the power of exhaustion is limited to three hundred and sixty-five years: as many years, therefore, in the future as there are days in one year may possibly be the term of the enormous coal produce of the North. Meanwhile it has supplied half the world with coal for open grates; and "Wallsend" has become a household word.

No one, perhaps, would dream of making an excursion for pleasure to this great district of subterranean darkness and superficial blackness; yet few places in our country, and certainly not in any other, are so full of real interest. To wander amongst one hundred and eighty-three collieries aggregated in two counties; to witness the extraordinary mechanisms and erections for the extraction of coal and its delivery to collier vessels; to note the hundreds of tall chimneys, the streaming black barriers of smoke fuming away in the breeze, and the perplexed network of colliery railways and tramways, which run along and across in such confusion to the eye of the visitor that hourly collisions of coal trains seem inevitable; to stand at a pit's mouth and watch the ceaseless arrival of coaly cargoes and their despatch to the screens; to listen to the fearful clattering of all these coals against the strong, sounding wires, or rather bars, of the large screens themselves; and to take note of the rough and begrimed human beings who throng all around and seem to belie the appellation of "white men"

—all this affords a source of interest and excitement which cannot be adequately conceived until it is experienced. If the reader will in imagination accompany the writer, we will at once proceed to the locality, and take train for Newcastle-on-Tyne, the true metropolis of coal.

Though once a peaceful and contracted town, it nevertheless owes its origin to war, its establishment to piety, and its remarkable increase to the spirit of trading enterprise. On coal and iron it is founded, commercially as well as topographically: on coal, and by coal it stands, and it has extended superficially much in the proportion in which the coal pits have extended subterraneously; as miners have excavated the “stones of darkness”* beneath, so builders have piled up the stones of architecture above. And fair and enduring stones these latter are; for few provincial towns can boast streets so noble and houses so durable and imposing as Newcastle in its newer parts. The old lanes and alleys leading down to the quay side are indeed as tortuous, as foul and forbidding as the side passages of an old coalpit; but it has doubled its population within some forty years, and its famous river, the coaly Tyne, which is only surpassed by the Thames in impurity, is daily burdened with colliers and other vessels attracted from all parts of the world to discharge their merchandise upon its quays. By the exchanges consequent upon these adventures, numerous trades have been called into operation and continued activity; these in their turn give employment to industrious thousands, who, spreading over the entire vicinity, form thriving communities. North and South Shields have sprung up at the mouth of the Tyne, and many intermediate villages have in like manner arisen within the memory of men now alive. Stand upon any eminence, and as you gaze around (that is, as far as the clouds of smoke will permit), you must acknowledge that coal is the origin and coal the result of all the wealth and industry in and around this carbonaceous metropolis.

Approaching Newcastle from the Durham side, the dingy town of Gateshead stands before us on one side of the Tyne, dense with houses which swarm with population, and clouded with the soot and smoke of many a manufactory. On the other side of the Tyne, which we reach by the High Level Bridge—an imposing structure—rises Newcastle on its half hidden hills; and deep down between the two towns rolls the broad black river, with its ships and coal-boats, its “keels and keelmen.” Higher up, and away from those waters, are seen ranges of dim and dirty-looking buildings one above the other; and yonder in the midst of these, in strange contrast with them, a stately fabric of Grecian architecture rises proudly on an eminence. Passing over the bridge which links Gateshead with Newcastle, we enter the latter by one of its least promising approaches. If we keep to the banks of the Tyne, we are in a labyrinth of lanes and “stairs,” as the old narrow streets are named, amidst a crowd of unwashed and clamorous natives; but if we ascend to Grey Street, a

* Job, xxviii. 3.

splendid curvilinear range of buildings opens upon us for a length of four hundred yards. The West Hill consists of three ranges of buildings in the Corinthian style, with needful adaptations; the third compartment including a large central Exchange, conspicuous in situation, magnificent in design, and rich in ornament.

Its chief interest to us at present arises from the assemblage of coal-agents and mine-managers and owners under its roof. At the period when the *vend*, a kind of coal-owners' monopoly, was in full force in this locality, it was no uncommon sight to see all the coal-lords and coal-commoners assembled on a particular day at this centre, all got up in their best. Such a time was particularly favourable for scanning the exterior of these lords of the neighbouring soil, or rather what lies under the soil; for hereabouts the owners of the one may be very different persons from the owners of the other. Here are congregated the agents and managers, or, as they are locally termed, the *viewers*, of most of the principal Newcastle and Durham pits, discussing the probabilities of a rise of sixpence or a shilling per ton in coal. There is one sprucely got-up viewer, jauntily swinging a riding-whip, and rather aspiring to the exterior of a jockey than a gentleman, whom we have seen in very different attire and under very different circumstances—more than a thousand feet under ground; his blue-spotted handkerchief, gaudy waistcoat, trebly-crossed gold guard-chain, fashionable hat, and glossy cloth coat, replace the old black leather cap, turned-up corduroy trousers, short jacket, flannel vest, clay candle-stick, and tough ash walking-stick, which marked this jaunty gentleman in the darkness of the pit. Then he was a viewer, a first workman amongst working pitmen; now he is not a whit behind the best of gentlemen in his own esteem, and desirous of chatting with you about the Italian opera or the Prince of Wales, rather than anything that concerns the Tyne and the mine. Yonder, amongst that knot of older, stouter, and sturdier men, is one of the most eminent viewers in this district. Portly in person, ruddy to look upon, and affable to converse with, he is deferentially regarded by all under-viewers and inferior officers of mines; yet he himself was once a "pit-lad," and has risen up to his present eminence as a mining engineer; he was a working man in the pits with George Stephenson, although he held at that time a position superior to him. Everybody knows George Stephenson's history, but very few know this eminent viewer's less eventful yet hardly less fortunate course; though he can make his voice heard very effectively when any member of the Government wants to know anything about collieries: for he speaks as one having authority, and the thing he commands is done, while the thing he wishes not to be done, somehow never is done. That short, rather stout, but benevolent-looking man hard by yonder pillar, discoursing with that tall man in a pilot-coat, is now a partner in one of the principal iron-works near the Tyne, and has risen to his present position from the lowest grade of pit life—that of a trapper-boy, earning sixpence a day. He will describe to you, after dinner, all the phases and

misfortunes of a pit-lad's life some fifty years ago, bringing tears into your eyes as he depicts in homely yet striking language the hardships which he himself has suffered in boyhood and youth, while sitting in the deep darkness to open a door for ten and twelve hours a day, or dragging a full coal-basket, like an unfortunate donkey, harnessed with ropes and cut by cords. While amongst the viewers, we will make an appointment for a visit to one of the principal pits, and introduce the reader personally to this great authority: in the politest terms that the north affords, we are invited to accompany him to his residence, Hillingdon Hall, and in a few hours we start in the viewer's carriage.

The larger collieries in the vicinity of the three navigable rivers—the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees—which so fortunately intersect this coal-field, have railways or tramways of their own running in the most direct line they can obtain down to the nearest navigable river's bank; and for this reason the whole number of collieries in this entire field are classed according to the name of the river by which they ship their produce: the oldest are those bordering upon the Tyne, the youngest those shipping by the Tees. Upon the railways stretching from the collieries to the river, the coal waggons are careering in trains proportioned to the producing power of the pit from whose mouth they start: on level ground they are impelled by a small locomotive, on declining ground by their own gravity, and on ascending ground they are drawn up by engines stationed at the summit of the ascent. The "way-lines," or rents of the ground occupied by these lines of tramway or railway, form a heavy item of expense; and collieries lying at a distance from the river pay from 400*l.* to 500*l.* per annum merely for the right of running their trains through private property. A map of these lines, and of the collieries which ship by the river, displays a singular network of interlacing railways, all tending to the Tyne. Descending from the carriage, and following one of these lines, we find that it leads us close to the banks of the blackened waters; and here, on a "ballast-heap," we may take our stand aside, while we watch the course of coal embarkation.

At the end of the railway stands a huge shed-like erection covering a platform of wood, resembling the end of a timber viaduct. Upon this platform, or "staith," the fast-running coal waggons are suddenly brought to a stand; their number is checked by a clerk, and they are placed, one at a time, upon an open square frame in the middle of the platform, which frame, upon the withdrawal of a bolt, is lowered from the staith by curious machinery, until it becomes suspended over the hatchway of the vessel below. A man descends with the waggon, but outside of it, unfastens a latch at its bottom, which, turning upon a hinge like a trap-door, permits the whole of the laden coal to descend, but little broken, into the hold of the ship. Counterpoising weights, which cause the waggon to ascend, are attached to the machinery; a wide-sweeping metallic arm plays the part of the human limb on a large scale, and up come empty waggon and blackened man, the latter careering

through a considerable arc of a circle. Daily and hourly is this process going forward, so that the man must sweep through many miles of circle in the course of a year.

Yonder on the left, across the half green and half black grass, is a gloomy engine-house and a tall chimney; that is the colliery station, and the nearer we approach it the more audible are the whistlings, groanings, crackings, and clashings that issue from certain pullies or "gins," waggons and "breaks," boys and men, engaged in transporting the up-sent coal. The engine-beam protruding from the upper part of the engine-house, alternately elevating and depressing itself in measured motion, has attached to it the rod and bucket of a pump, which, at the depth of perhaps a thousand feet, is lifting water from the pit, and enabling the men to labour in dry galleries, which otherwise would speedily be flooded; for through sandstone rifts, wet sands, and sloping shales, slowly percolate thousands of gallons of water. One hour's failure of the great pumping engine might endanger the whole mine, as the floods might, in that brief space of time, fill all the floors and passages, and rise half-way up the shaft: two or three hours might bring the waters to the very top of the shaft across the level of the common ground, and two or three months of unfailling pumping would not empty the mine again: indeed it might be completely and for ever "drowned out."

Dressing ourselves in rough pilot-jackets, vests, and trowsers, a round, hard, leather cap, a stout stick, a pound of pit candles, and a clay candle-stick, complete our preparations: the most effectual disguise would be a pitman's habiliments. The obliging under-viewer awaits us at the door: he knows more than we shall learn, and is capable of instructing us in everything that concerns this pit; for he perambulates it twice a week, and knows its passages as well as we know the streets around Belgravia or Cornhill. The surrounding scene at the pit's mouth is certainly uninviting to any but the truly inquisitive. Long rows of blackened sheds appear in the lingering dusk; and groups of yawning pitmen assemble upon the brink of the shaft, arrayed like ourselves, pale in visage, somewhat short in stature, half bowed in the legs, gently rounded in the back; half-suspicious and half-sagacious in their glances, they eye us askance, joking with the overman, and complaining to the wasteman of "bad air" down the pit: they are awaiting their turn to descend. Gradually life and bustle begin to be observable: the engine for winding up the first load begins to steam, and the "banksman"—a constant attendant at the pit's mouth—prepares for all comers. Two huge arms rise inclining over the shaft, supporting a couple of large pulleys, over which roll the double pit rope of plaited wire, flat, tough, and entirely metallic: a pair of such ropes may cost 500*l*. Hemp will hang a man; but wire will alone, after a twelvemonth's wear-and-tear, preserve him from breaking his neck in a great coal shaft. The descent and ascent of these shafts have of late years lost half of their interest, because they have lost all their romance. Now, a vertical pair of "guides" supplies an upright railway for iron

cages, which are not unlike third-class railway carriages on English lines. Into these cages the men creep, and the coal waggons are wheeled. You cannot fall out, nor can the cages fall down; only a carelessly protruded arm or finger may be lopped off. When we were boys, pitmen either descended in swinging, banging, and bounding baskets (*corves*), or, with true professional dignity, scorned baskets and oscillation in wicker-work, and inserting one leg in a loop at the end of the rope, and winding their arms round it, "rode down," defiant of danger and a thousand feet of darkness!

Embarking with the first passengers, we creep into the iron compartment, and crouch in the cage, taking special care to draw in elbows, hands, and fingers. The word is given and down we go. Four minutes are enough to land us at the bottom, one minute to disembark us, and five to adapt our eyes to the darkness and equip us for the interior. Timidly, yet trustfully, we walk along the mainway of the mine—the Cheapside or the Regent Street of this underground town; and half-an-hour of such progress familiarizes us with the darkness, and prepares us to submit to all the necessary inconveniences. Not a few lads and boys have passed us, the latter as charioteers of the trains of coal waggons. Bigger boys now appear in corners and side passages; and into one of these side passages we now diverge, for the main line would lead us a mile or two onward in the same order of blank excavation. The side passages, however, take us to the working places, the coal-getting localities, the scenes of suffering, and the sources of pay and wages. The entire mine is excavated upon the panel-work plan: a few leading streets are intersected by dozens of cross streets, less in height, breadth, and length, and themselves intersected again by longitudinal passages parallel to the leading paths of the pit. The solid pillars left standing by this mode of excavation serve to uphold the roof, and form a reserve of coal. But they themselves may ultimately be, and often are, trenched upon; and when entirely exhausted, the wooden props which help to support the roofs are knocked out and drawn away, by daring and agile "deputies" or "wastemen;" then down come the unsupported shales and cones with a tremendous clash, and roof is confounded with floor.

We must stoop to conquer in all these subordinate excavations, and stoop the lower as we advance the farther; for stooping is the law of progress here—as, alas, too frequently elsewhere: men of little bodies and short legs are most at home here, hence come that dorsal curve and bow of the legs which distinguish the hereditary pitman. My own mode of travelling here, as I am an inch and a half over the minimum height for the Guards, is recumbent upon a *rolley* or low waggon-stand; and thus one can be propelled into the narrowest and shallowest passage of any pit. The only contingent peril lies in a sudden fall of stone from the roof; to which, indeed, one is continually exposed. Penetrating farther into these holes and corners of the vast excavation, we ever and anon come upon the bigger lads at their several occupations; the *putters*, or, more plainly,

pushers; *marrows* and *half marrows*, and little *foals*. All of these are engaged in propelling or dragging the laden baskets of coal, which must first be brought under a crane before they can be hoisted on to a *rolley* for the horses. This is the hardest and most distressing labour of the pit for these boys; who do work which ponies cannot do, because they can creep, and drag, and push where the ~~smallest~~ of the equine race cannot set a hoof. Half the harrowing tales of hardships which have shocked the readers of sundry parliamentary ~~blue-books~~ are associated with this kind of labour. The poor "foals" are, to our thinking, the worst off, being harnessed to the coal basket, and driven by "putters" who have little feeling, little mercy, and less concern about their juniors. We have examined and conversed with some hundreds of these lads, and while we admit that they would have been worse off thirty or forty years ago, we contend that they might be better off in this present year of grace: indeed, in the recesses of this carbonaceous Pandemonium we have been solemnly charged by not a few men and boys to reveal to the public the alleged horrors and severities, which the sufferers declare "Lord Palmerston ought to come and see for himself, and tell the parliament house of it too."

The real getters of the coal are the so-called *hewers*—the strong and able men of the mine; and their work is the most peculiar we have ever witnessed. In a small corner-like recess, full of floating coal-dust, foul and noisome with bad air and miscellaneous refuse and garbage, glimmer three or four candles, stuck in clay which adheres to wall and roof; or there may be only a couple of Davy lamps, each of which may be truly styled *lucus a non lucendo*. Close and deliberate scrutiny will discover one hewer nearly naked, lying upon his back, elevating his small sharp pickaxe a little above his nose, and picking into the coal-seam with might and main; another is squatting down and using his pick like a common labourer; a third is cutting a small channel in the seam, and preparing to drive in wedges. By one or other kind of application the coal is broken down; but if too hardly imbedded, gunpowder is employed, and the mineral blasted; the dull, muffled, roof-shaking boom that follows each blast startling the ear of the novice, who commonly concludes that the whole mine has exploded and that his last minute is near at hand. We may visit recess after recess of this kind in the same extensive mine, and yet fail in any one day to see the half. There is an old pit on the other side of the Tyne—(where, by-the-by, George Stephenson worked)—which includes no less than some seventy miles of excavation, if all the passages were put together. The mine we are now in may have twenty miles of excavation. People have been lost in the catacombs at Rome; and they might just as easily be lost nearer, in a coal mine. A story is told of a constable who came to a pit village in search of an inveterate debtor. He was told the debtor was "down pit," and, nothing daunted, he demanded to be let down in search of him. Down he did go; but up he never came; and his man he never found.

At the busiest hours of the day here are in all some four hundred living human beings in the different parts of the vast mine we are visiting. You would not think so, as you meet them only in threes or fours or fives; but they all know their places, and some are a mile, it may be, from our present position. The whole mine is mapped out upon carefully constructed plans, and no map of any town or city is more accurate than that of this pit, which you may inspect in the colliery office. The viewer can at any time learn from his under-viewer what is going forward in any working place, and have it pointed out to him upon the map. There are men who perambulate every gallery; men who take charge of particular portions, and men who have worked so long and walked so repeatedly through these tunnels, that they can at any time chalk or charcoal out a colliery chorography, and (so they affirm) find any part of the pit blind-fold. There is only one time in the twenty-four hours when we can see all these people together and in working trim, and that is the hour of "loosening" or stopping work. At that hour let us take our stand at the bottom of the shaft. The long-wished-for minute arrives, and is signalled, not by clock or bell, but by one long, shrill, resonant cry, coming from the top of the shaft and the banksman's lips. "Loose; l-o-o-s-e; l-o-o-s-e—" is the one word thrice repeated, but drawled and drawn out into vocal lengths of some seconds' duration. The cry is taken up by men below, and rings from mouth to mouth and gallery to gallery, until the remotest corners of the pit are echoing with the welcome sound. Down fall picks from the hands of hewers, and implements of all kinds are left by human beings of all ages. Every five or ten minutes shows us gang after gang winding their dim and perilous way to the base of the shaft; to that little circle of light which, like a fairy ring, lies brightly upon the black coal floor. On it stands the empty cage; into that get the men and boys as they arrive, and up they go, black and weary. We have stood in such a spot as this and seen pitmen, jaded as they were, thrust one leg into the loop of the rope, catch up a boy in one arm, and place another on the knee of the looped leg, and thus ride up to the daylight; the boys being *sound asleep* when they have reached the surface. Even now the old pitmen say, "None of your new-fangled ingins for we old una." No doubt "safety cages" are the most desirable fitting in a shaft, and hitherto, they have been thought to be absolutely safe; but the Hartley calamity has made apparent an unexpected liability—namely, that of some heavy body falling down the shaft upon the cage, and thereby at once crushing any persons in it.

Ascending with the last freight of human moles, what a congregation of dusky workpeople do we find at the pit's mouth! Here are a dozen middle-aged *hewers* awaiting our arrival, peering at us with glimmering eyes, deep-set in begrimed visages; and twenty or thirty stout lads—the *fretters*—showing white teeth in darkest lips, as they broadly grin at our awkwardness in landing. Behind them are groups of little boys, some of whom have been lugging coal-baskets for eight or nine hours, and

others, as *trappers*, who have sat for twelve hours behind wooden doors erected in the mainways of the mine for ventilating purposes, pulling a string to open the door when any coal-waggons come up for passage: weary work. We enter the nearest house, put off our pitmen's dresses, resume our own customary habiliments, and make the best of our way to the neighbouring pit village.

Files of pitmen and groups of pit-lads are now dotting all the roads converging towards the village. Yonder come two more upright and rather better dressed men, who seem to be a grade above the commonalty; these are the subordinate officers of the pit: they have rather better wages, and the best of the cottages; where they reside the set of houses is nicknamed "Quality Row." Going with them to their cottages, we see them enter and close the door; and although we shall accept their invitations to drop in for a "bit of talk" at tea-time, we leave them now to their retirement and ablutions: the latter being a most indispensable performance, and one that claims precedence of every other domestic duty. Meanwhile let us walk across and down the side lane till we come upon the lads and boys. A rough, roystering, laughing, chattering, song-singing company they are, even though their subterranean fatigues might have subdued all their superfluous vigour: when free, they will be funny and frolicsome; playing leap-frog, or hop, step, and jump, and it is as well to keep out of their way when they are bowling huge stones before them. There are a couple of them turning aside to settle by might of fists some underground quarrel: arms so brawny, and fists so knotty, are seldom observable in town artisans; and a blow from one of those burly lads is no trifle. The fight is done, the ring is re-opened into rank and file, and on they proceed into the village, down "Quality Row," along "Shiney Row," and finally disappear one by one in cottage doors. What ablutions and detergent scrubbings will go on there for the next half-hour!

There lived at Wallsend an eminent mining agent, now deceased, who has entertained me whole days, while driving in his gig from colliery to colliery, with tales of early times amongst the pit people, and with descriptions of scenes he had witnessed and participated in when the hewers and others were a race marked by notorious peculiarities of costume. The young pitman, in those gay and gleesome days, would wear his hair at the temples in curls, turning the hair round a thin piece of lead wrapped in paper, and at the back of the head hung pig-tails; the leads being taken out only at the end of every week. On Sundays and holidays the gay pit youth would sport a very showy waistcoat, ornamented with striking flowery figures, and called his "posy vest;" his nether bulk was arrayed in breeches of smart cut, of plush or velvet, fastened at the knees with ribbons of various gaudy colours, stockings with "clocks" or side-ornaments, and laced boots or stout shoes with pointed toes; on his head was a round hat, adorned on holidays with flaunting ribbons. Thus attired, the young "buck" would

perambulate the pit-village, the admired of all those pitmen's daughters who had hearts to lose and husbands to gain. What a contrast this to the black coats and plain habiliments of the present day ! The sports and pastimes of that time were very different from those of the present day in the same localities. "Cuddy (donkey) races" were the favourite sport of the more adventurous old pit people; others betook themselves to quoits and bowls—the latter game being played with huge stone balls on the roads: increased zest was imparted to the game if any stray traveller happened to be driving along the road, as immediately the heaviest balls were poised, and hurled with all the bowlers' force in the direction of the traveller. Bowling was a favourite pastime all around the collieries, and even near the towns. Gateshead Fell was a famous resort for bowlers, and one man was known to spend the whole of his spare time in this diversion. One of his children dying, he went to procure a coffin for it, and while he was returning home with the coffin, along the Fell, he saw some of his companions engaged in his favourite sport, when down went the child's coffin, and away strode the bereaved father, who, taking up a bowl, entered so eagerly into the game that he forgot his grief, the coffin, and the child !

Pit villages, like that in which we now find ourselves, vary much in their character for cleanliness and neatness in proportion to their age: the majority of the older pit villages being very unsightly and unsavoury. If unluckily detained in one on a wet day you will see a stream of Acherontic blackness pouring down the lanes and along the backs of the houses, and the effluvia arising from the rubbish heaps is disgusting. Little gardens, or fields, divided into culturative patches, lie all around; but the plants appear to maintain a mere reminiscence of green under a prevailing shroud of coaly blackness. The interiors of the cottages, however, present a much more agreeable appearance: indeed, the contrast between prevalent neatness within and disorder without is very striking. In nearly all the cottages, and especially in all those tenanted by respectable families, the furniture is of a superior order: the bedstead is pretty sure to be a mahogany four-poster, with imposing pillars, clean white furniture, and a quilted coverlet; it is placed in the best room as an ornamental piece of furniture, and beside it will frequently stand a mahogany chest of drawers, well polished, and filled with linen and clothes. An old-fashioned eight-day clock, in a good case, usually flanks the four-poster. In the best ordered pit dwellings I have often seen also good chairs, china, bright brass candlesticks, and chimney ornaments; every one of these items being kept scrupulously clean: for cleanliness is the pride of the pitman's wife. Herself probably the daughter of a pitman, she cherishes all the old associations of a similar home, and what constituted her mother's pride stimulates hers: things must indeed be in a bad state when the four-poster, the eight-day clock, the little ornaments of the chimney-piece, and the chest of drawers, are poor or neglected.

Pitmen have been charged with not a few vices and faults, but there is an increasing body of them opposed to all profligacy and intemperance. The affecting scrawl found in the Hartley pit indicates the feeling of not a few of the men in the better collieries. They become religious, and they exhort, preach and teach after their own fashion; and if that be not the fashion of others, it is nevertheless to be respected and honoured. Men who may at any hour be buried alive in a dark pit which shall prove their tomb, may well think of that other world into which two hundred of them entered recently without warning. There is one virtue for which the pitmen of the North of England are distinguished, viz. their deep sympathy for their brothers in misfortune, and their courageous conduct in aiding to rescue them, if rescue be possible, in any case of a colliery calamity. In the recent accident at Hartley, the men of all orders manifested a courage and a perseverance in seeking to reach the buried victims of misfortune which has elicited universal admiration. Nor is this a solitary instance of the kind: I have known others as striking. There are, indeed, few thoroughbred pitmen who would not in any similar catastrophe risk life and limb in encountering the dreaded dangers of an exploded mine or a ruinous shaft, if by so doing they had any hope of delivering an imperilled fellow-labourer. This courageous sympathy extends also to other mining districts, and one or two signal examples of it have been witnessed in Cornwall. If all such instances were collected and published, they would illustrate to an extraordinary degree the annals of heroism in humble life, and show that the human heart can feel as warmly a thousand feet underground as in the most refined and cultivated circle of society.

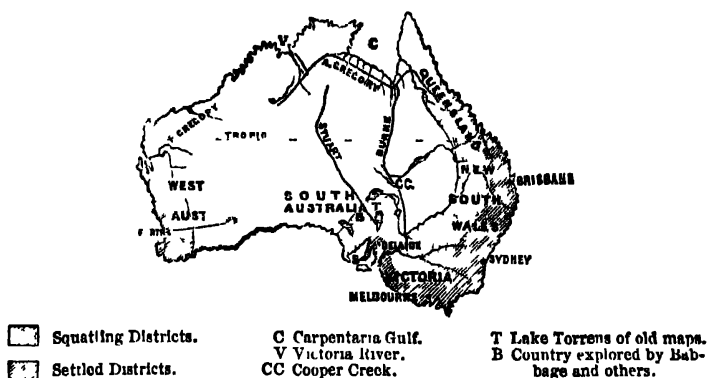
Recent Discoveries in Australia.

Six years ago we knew nothing of the far interior of Australia, beyond what we had learned from Captain Sturt, who reached in 1844 a point half-way between Spencer's Gulf and the Gulf of Carpentaria. His discoveries considerably misled our speculations, for they lay in a belt of the most barren description, which geographers were too ready to accept as a fair representative of the country to the right and left of it. Sturt's sufferings in endeavouring to cross the far-famed stony desert, were fearful. There is perhaps no traveller who has shown more vividly than he, the horrors of the desert, or a more determined courage in facing them. Hence his reports, more than those of any one else, have given a bad repute to the interior of Australia.

During the gold fever, discovery on a large scale was idle; numerous small additions were made to our geographical knowledge, but their effect on the map of Australia might be compared to the crystallized border that grows gradually within a chemist's evaporating bath. It timidly pushes out tiny spiculæ here and there, always towards the middle, each new crystal becoming established for ever and serving as a foundation for further growth. So the process extends itself, until the time is ripe, and then long spikes dart right across from side to side, and all the interstices rapidly close up. One, we may almost say two, of these long spikes have now darted across Australia. Two lines of route have virtually joined north to south and established themselves henceforth on our maps. They were made almost simultaneously. The first was that of A. Gregory, from the north, whose route was overlapped and almost reached by McDouall Stuart, in his great journey from the south; the second was wholly successful in traversing the continent, and was that of Burke. Nor are A. Gregory, Stuart, and Burke the only prominent discoverers of the last six years. A great deal has been also done in Western Australia by F. Gregory. In fact the Gregorys are a wonderful family of four brothers, who have left their marks as explorers on every side of Australia. But West Australian discovery is more like the crystallized border, of which we have been speaking, progressing at a rapid pace, than the far-darting spikes, which so captivate our imagination. We must, however, give one word of recognition to a dashing exploit just made by a party of young men, the Messrs. Dempster and others, whose route will be seen on the south-west of the diagram, p. 355. Another strange district yet remains to be alluded to; it is marked B, and is the site of that half imaginary feature of all but the most modern maps, called Lake Torrens. A host of people have travelled there, from whom we will hereafter select Mr. Babbage, and sheep stations are now spread over a territory

whence Eyre was repulsed by drought, and whose chief feature is that mountain, which, despairing of the land, he named Mount Hopeless. It should have been Mount Hopeful.

The result of the manifold explorations of late years can be discussed in two ways only. One is to pore over a map on a very large scale, where the routes of all the explorers are inserted, with their daily notes of the country they traversed, written at the side; thin spider lines crowded with minute detail, separated from one another by vast blank areas, which show the scantiness and broken character of our knowledge: the other is to generalize, but to do so in so rude and broad a manner, that a miniature map like that which is given here, can easily show all



we have to say. If we attempted a greater refinement of generalization, we should be aiming at more than we have facts to warrant. Proceeding on these premises, we may say that we have obtained a fair knowledge of the eastern half of the continent, and that it is generally habitable, not by any means over its entire area, but sporadically, in the same way that Arabia is inhabited by the Arabs. Of the western half of the continent we know much less; but our knowledge, so far as it goes, is equally favourable. The south-eastern corner is the most favoured of all. The Lake Torrens district is altogether peculiar: it is an alternation of brackish lagoons with saline desert and good pastoral country.

Aridity during summer is the great drawback to Australia. Enough rain falls on the average of the year to support a fair vegetation, but the features of the country are not decided enough to drain the water into channels, or to form perennial springs. The water either lies in shallow lagoons, each representing the drainage of a trifling area, or in miserable creeks; and by far the greater part of it evaporates during the heats. There is no grandeur in the framework of Australia; it is a vast extension of a series of little features; such as scrub and grass, lagoon and creek, sandy and muddy plains. It supports very little life; few creatures exist that do not migrate. The marsupials pack their broods in their pouches, and travel for their lives; the waterfowl disappear when the

waters are low. The physical character of Australia makes it easy to understand how intelligent explorers like Sturt, Eyre, Kennedy, and many others, brought disheartening accounts which our modern knowledge contradicts: it is worth while to examine the causes of such mistakes. First, then, it appears hopeless to ascertain the habitable qualities of any district in Australia by seeing it only once. The arid plains, dancing with mirage, swept with dust-storms, void of life, and bare of all but some miserable shrub, seem the abomination of desolation, while the same plains, after a month's soaking showers, are wholly altered. Lagoons form, tall grass springs up abundantly, waterfowl make their appearance, and the traveller is charmed with the goodly land he has the fortune to discover. Not only do the seasons differ one from another, but the total rainfall of different years is probably a fluctuating quantity, and again, the showers fall unequally over the country. Another fertile source of misconception of the qualities of a district arises from the unequal character of adjacent belts. A mere accident may lead a traveller along a line where hardly a day shall pass without his finding water, or he may fall upon an arid strip and nearly perish of thirst. It is wholly beyond belief that a cursory traveller should discover all the watering-places in his neighbourhood; the records of McDouall Stuart's journeys give remarkable examples to the contrary. An unexpected fact still remains—it is, that wherever a sheep-station is by any means established, the country becomes rapidly improved by its influence. It is a subject for Darwinian speculation. The grazing is said to improve the grasses, and to introduce or foster new species. The mere cropping does something; the manuring and the stamping of the sheep's feet have an effect. Then the occupier of the station makes the most of the watering capabilities of the place: he dams up a creek, or deepens a water-hole. Perhaps the grasses and bushes around it flourish permanently through its moisture; the roots of the vegetation will then form a natural matting that checks evaporation, while the long fibres of the roots encourage rain-water to enter deeply into the soil. In this fashion, causes may be reacted on by their effects, until originally trifling influences produce considerable improvement.

A very curious feature exists throughout the Lake Torrens district (B of the diagram) which would have vastly altered Eyre's opinion of that country if he had been aware of it. In numerous places over an otherwise waterless area, mounds are seen of various heights, up to 100 feet or more. On their top is a crop of verdure, not necessarily visible from the plain, and a diminutive streamlet may be discovered trickling or oozing over one part of its edge. On climbing one of these hillocks its top is found to be a basin brimful of water, a most extraordinary prize to a thirsty traveller. It must seem like a magical creation of some good fairy in his behalf. Obviously the hillocks are of travertin, or some such mineral deposit, which has settled from the spring from the time when it first broke through the ground, and has thus in long years been moulded into

a case that encloses the water and reaches the highest level to which it can rise. Where springs of this description are frequent, one would think an artesian well might be sunk anywhere with success.

We will now follow up these introductory remarks by a short narrative of the most prominent of the recent expeditions. Let us first make it clearly understood that the difficulty of Australian travel does not lie so much in the trouble of obtaining water as in the necessity of carrying food. A traveller in that land cannot shoot his dinner. The Australian wilds do not supply subsistence to a white resident, much less to a white traveller. A native who is gathering roots or seeds all through the day, having leisure, and knowing where to look for them, and who also has a stomach capable of digesting those things, is master of his situation. A white man is fully as dependent on the load of flour and dried meat carried by his horses, as are the crew of a vessel on the stores they have shipped. Judicious arrangement in commissariat matters is the first essential of successful Australian travel.

The first of the great modern Australian journeys, in order of time, was that of A. Gregory, in the north. It was felt scandalous that we should remain in wilful ignorance of our own territory, and abandon British settlements to increase on the spot where hazard had planted them, instead of finding out the best places in the land and colonizing in an intelligent way. For instance, the Victoria River, on the north-west coast, urgently demanded examination; it had been ascended for nearly 200 miles by the officers of the *Beagle*, and its promises were great. Again, the middle of Australia was generally supposed to be a dried-up basin: but how much land was there north of that basin, sloping towards the coast? Did rain fall abundantly on that more favoured belt? was it backed by mountain ranges of importance, which cut off moisture from passing southwards, by condensing it on their flanks and turning it back into the Northern Sea? The determination of these points was the object of the Government's North Australian expedition of 1856, under the command of A. Gregory.

We will dismiss the latter part of his travels with a few words, for although they were the most protracted, yet they were barren of favourable results. He found the water parting of the country to be low, and little distant from the coast; consequently his route lay along a line drawn closely parallel to that travelled over by Leichhardt, some years previously. Gregory has satisfactorily proved that no broad belt of humid, tropical land exists in Australia. The former part of his route led more directly towards the interior, and to a certain degree tapped the continent. He traced the Victoria to its source, then crossed the water parting, and went down a creek that ran south-east, till it lost itself in dry salt lakes. His route lay through the usual type of Australian country, such as we have described it; that is to say, a constant alternation of pastoral land and worthless land. If all the good parts were summed up, the total would be immense; the sum of the bad parts would be vastly greater. It was a

country that might starve the cattle of an explorer, but it could sustain millions of sheep after its choicer patches had been discovered and stocked.

We will now go south, to the discoveries made in the Lake Torrens district: there are crowds of travellers who have assisted in them. Step by step it was found that Eyre's ill report, though most conscientiously made, was not justified by closer examination. The imaginary Lake Torrens was cut up into numerous separate lagoons, and its formidable horseshoe barrier has disappeared from our maps.

The Governor of South Australia takes a legitimate rank among the explorers of his colony; for though a heavy weight to bestride a grass-fed hack, he made a dashing ride to view the latest discoveries of others and to make new ones himself. However, the greatest South Australian effort was the equipment of Mr. Babbage. That gentleman was a truly zealous and scientific man, and did good work as a traveller; but his principle of carrying on explorations proved erroneous, and he was recalled. He wished to vanquish the desert by slow approaches, making sure of each step before taking another, and thoroughly surveying the neighbourhood of every successive dépôt. His plan was far too cumbrous and complex to succeed. While he was laboriously and accurately examining the land, there was time for one or two men to scour far ahead and sufficiently open out the country to make it immediately available to sheep-farmers. Such was the plan of McDouall Stuart. Starting in search of pasture, in a single short season, he rode in a great sweep far beyond and right round Mr. Babbage, and his successful return excited a furor of applause in Adelaide. No desert had been seen to stop his onward progress. He returned simply because he had been unprovisioned for a longer journey. In 1860, Mr. Stuart started again with only two companions, endeavouring to penetrate right through the continent. His dash and sustained energy were marvellous. To his right lay the Lake Torrens district, which he avoided, keeping along the higher ground, which possibly forms a north and south water parting between two great Australian basins. He met no serious obstacle: it was the old story so often told, of a few hours' scrub, then a few hours' grass, and so on; ringing the limited changes of Australian scenery in every possible combination.

He passed what he considers to be the centre of the continent, where fortunately there is a mountain—Mount Centre—(we sadly want some marked features in Australia to feed our imagination)—and a little afterwards became entangled in breadths of dense scrub. Here, he found a numerous tribe of natives, who attacked and repulsed him. Again, in 1861, he follows his old route, starting early and travelling, though laboriously, even through the driest season of the year, in order to be early at his goal. This time he extends his route until it far overlaps Gregory's on the Victoria, as may be seen in the diagram. His efforts to break through the 100 miles of impracticable country that hemmed him in were repeated on nearly a dozen occasions, until he was utterly beaten, and

compelled to retire. Either he was checked by scrub "like a wall," or by dry plains fissured with deep cracks and overgrown with grass, forming natural pitfalls in which a horse might break his leg. Yet he would be the last person to say that plenty of excellent roads might not be found, and we trust he may yet find one: for so small is the distance between success and failure that we read how frequently he stumbles on a great lake or set of springs hidden in the bushes, when the ~~midity~~ ^{aridity} of the country is driving him to distress. The reader lays down Stuart's narrative, conscious of the blindness with which every traveller is compelled to feel his way, and aware how largely the best among them must be indebted to hazard in bringing their journeys to a fortunate issue.

We now conclude with the last, the greatest, and the most tragical of all Australian explorations—that of Burke. It is remarkable in many ways, and in none more so than in its means of transport. Leichhardt and Sturt of olden times, and Babbage of more recent ones, travelled with wheeled vehicles. A. Gregory led a large and rigorously disciplined body of horsemen in his principal journey. Stuart slipped through the land on horseback, almost alone; but Burke, for the first time in Australian history, was to lead a party of camels, imported from Asia for that especial purpose. His expedition was planned on an unusual scale. It was first set on foot by the patriotic offer of 1,000*l.* from a wealthy individual, in the event of other sums being subscribed, and was afterwards liberally supported by the government of Victoria, and organized by the Royal Society of Melbourne. It enlisted the sympathies of all classes, in the same way that the sympathies of England were enlisted in behalf of Franklin during the flourishing days of polar exploration. Neighbouring colonies had long sent their pioneers into the field, but this was the first great expedition from the rich colony of Victoria.

The camels were bought in India, and in June, 1860, upwards of thirty of these quaint, slow-paced associates of Old World history stalked out of their vessel into the land of the kangaroo, to lend their much-desired aid to a dashing enterprise of one of the newest colonies of the modern Anglo-Saxon race. There, let us hope their breed may be established, and do future good service in a land and climate sufficiently resembling their native Arabia to make their usefulness probable.

Burke's plan was to reach the boundaries of civilization upon the Darling, and thence to strike northward across comparatively unknown country, to Cooper's Creek, marked C. C. on the map. Cooper's Creek is an historical name in the annals of Australian discovery. It was a famous halting-place in Sturt's expedition, and had been ever since the most distant of the known watering-places where cattle could subsist all the year round. Burke was there to establish his *dépôt*, and thence he was to make tentative efforts with a light party to reach the Northern Sea; travelling as long as the provisions he could carry would allow, and always falling back on the *dépôt* when they were on the point of being exhausted. The establishment at Cooper's Creek was to be the rock of his safety; its

failure, as will be seen in the sequel, proved the cause of his disastrous end.

When Burke arrived at the Darling with his cumbrous *impedimenta*, he was too late. Summer was advancing with rapid strides, sure before many weeks were over, to lick up the puddles and sheets of shallow water due to the last rains, and to convert the now green plains into an arid, desolate waste. Of immediate danger there was none, but by the time he could hope to reach Cooper's Creek and enter the dreaded stony desert, the sun would be nearly vertical. Government expeditions are generally behindhand, not from any want of zeal in the officials who direct them, but from the slow way in which business necessarily filters through a series of authorities. Burke's was no exception; he had chafed at the delays in Melbourne, and he now found himself on the Darling, at the commencement of his actual journey, with a cumbrous slow-moving retinue, disunited associates, and already tired cattle, while the fatal words *too late* stared at him in phantom letters, in the far distance.

Burke did what those who judge by the issue are pleased to blame as ill-advised. He left the mass of the party behind, and took an excellent bush-man, Mr. Wright, who knew the way, to guide him and seven companions on the road to Cooper's Creek. As soon as he had satisfied himself that the road was perfectly practicable by riding over the half of it, and also being thoroughly confirmed in his high opinion of Mr. Wright's ability, Burke incorporated his guide into the expeditionary party, made him its third officer, and sent him back to bring the heavy detachment in easy stages from the Darling to Cooper's Creek, while he himself rode on with the rest. There can have been no fair cause for anxiety in Burke's mind when he did so. There were no wayside difficulties to check the advance of those behind; water and grass were in such unusual abundance, that as he rode on, at the rapid pace of twenty miles a day—very rapid for bush travelling—his camels and horses actually throve on the road. He reached Cooper's Creek with perfect ease, having also accomplished some lateral expeditions of importance, according to the instructions with which he was furnished in Melbourne. Thus far all was excellent. He stayed two days at Cooper's Creek, wrote a long account of what he had seen and done, enclosing a report from Wills on the geography of the district; and then, subdividing his party, he left four men, well provisioned, on the Creek, with orders to remain there, in company with the daily expected detachment under Mr. Wright, as long as their food permitted, and went straight a-head to Carpentaria. He was accompanied by Mr. Wills, the second officer of the expedition, and two men. They had six camels and a horse, and carried as large a store of provisions as they were able.

It was now December 14, 1860 (we must recollect the December of the Antipodes is their summer). Burke, and his three companions were off to Carpentaria; four men were established on Cooper's Creek; and Wright, with the heavy stores and larger portion of the expedition, was sup-

posed to have long since left the Darling, and to be approaching the depôt in easy stages. But unfortunately they were doing no such thing. A stupid mischance had occurred, which threw everything out of gear, cost in the end the lives of many zealous men, and raised a storm of troubles, which even now has not subsided. It was simply this,—Long after Burke had left the Darling, a messenger came with news from Melbourne that McDouall Stuart had almost crossed the continent. This was important intelligence for Burke to receive, because if he failed to find a road in the direction he was about to explore, he might with advantage turn to the left, and striking upon Stuart's track, continue it on to the sea. Accordingly, away started two volunteers in a most unfortunate chase after him; the others awaited the issue, encamped upon the Darling. Days and weeks passed by, and the men never returned; the camp grew alarmed, scouts scoured the country, and the end was, that the two blunderers failed in their object, lost their way, and nearly killed themselves and their horses; and more, the rest had also exhausted themselves and their cattle in looking after them. Burke was well on his way to Carpentaria, confident that his depôt on Cooper's Creek was securely established, when Wright's party was still on the Darling, knocked up by an ill-judged escapade. Burke's party had travelled far beyond those plains where summer drought is overpowering, when the heavy detachment, under the leadership of Wright, entered upon their now fearful route. They traversed the first section of the road to Cooper's Creek, where all had been so green and luxuriant three months before, with difficulty and anxiety, but it was on February 12th that the full horror of Australian aridity came upon them. They were then virtually cut off from Cooper's Creek, at a time when poor Burke and Wills and the rest had actually reached and turned back from the sea at Carpentaria, and weak with scantily eked out food, were often thinking, as we may well believe, of the good cheer and joyous welcome they hoped to find awaiting them at Cooper's Creek—their well-stored depôt in the desert oasis.

Let us, before the interest of the impending catastrophe leads us aside, take a rapid glance at what the travellers saw and wrote down in their note-books, which they buried when they were dying, and which have since been recovered and preserved. From the Darling to Cooper's Creek, the country was at first excellent both for food and travel; it then became stony, but by no means impracticable; and Burke indicates a still better route than that which he followed. Cooper's Creek itself is as permanent a watering station as it had been reported, but a disagreeable place to stay at, owing to the quantities of mosquitoes, and a perfect plague of marsupial rats. Proceeding northwards (not N.W., as Sturt went,) the country is good for a few days, but remarkable for stony ridges running across the plain. These expand and form the stony desert of Sturt. The party travelled across the desert, without the slightest difficulty as to water or grass: indeed they found a large shallow lagoon in the midst of it. Still proceeding, they crossed into the tropics, and the character of the country

rapidly changed. The vegetation was richer and ranker, and the water-courses were exceedingly abundant. In their entire journey from Cooper's Creek to Carpentaria, and back to the stony desert, they appear on no single day to have failed in reaching water. In fact, their results quite overturn the usual accounts of Central Australia. When they approached the sea, they had to wade marshes, and push through brushwood, leaving their camels behind them with the two men. The natives were far too numerous to warrant the division of their party for long together, and in consequence, they never succeeded in getting a fair view of the open sea though they passed some days within influence of the tides. The estuary which they reached was that of the Flinder's River. Their route has made us acquainted with no striking geographical features, such as mountains, or rivers, or deserts; its interest lies in its vast span, and in its probable influence on future colonization. Natives were frequently met, and were peaceable, and even courteous to them, pointing out the best ways unasked.

They turn back from the sea about February 10th, and henceforth toil and insufficient food, added to indisposition produced by the hot humid air of the coast, makes havoc upon them and their cattle. They arrive on April 21st at Cooper's Creek, with two worn-out camels and the horse, themselves barely able to walk, and one of their small party dead. Where they expected greetings, there is absolute silence; not a soul to be seen; they reach the encampment: it is deserted; a mark on a tree directs them to dig; they do so, and learn their awful situation. That very morning the men they had left behind had quitted the creek; themselves ill and disheartened, but their cattle in good travelling condition. No one had ever come to them from the Darling. The natives had been troublesome; their rations were running low; they felt their position untenable, so they buried what trifling food they could spare, and departed south. Burke was utterly unable to overtake them. He, his two companions, and his cattle, had done as long a day's work as their strength would admit. The trifling interval which separated them from their retreating friends—it was only fourteen miles—was an impassable gulf. They were utterly cut off from present help. In this terrible position they did what they could; they dug up the food and the letter buried in the bottle by its side, and determined to travel down the creek to try and reach the settled districts about B in the map. Finally, they buried an account of their own proceedings in the same bottle which they had dug up, replaced the earth as they had found it, and by some fatal oversight made no alteration in the simple indication of **DIC** which the retreating party had cut in the tree by its side. They re-made the cache too carefully, and went their way. A few days of slow travel made it obvious that the strength of the whole party, men and animals, was failing them. They could not reach the settled districts; nay, the animals died, and they had to walk, carrying what they could. The last resource was to try to live like the natives, who subsist mainly on the seeds of a fern called

nardoo, which they pound and cook. The travellers endeavoured to associate with the natives, to learn how to find this nardoo, and to obtain support from them, but with little success. At length King discovered the plant in abundant patches, and they collected the seeds and lived upon them. But food may have nutritious qualities, and yet be of so indigestible a character that the stomach cannot extract its nutriment. The natives are reared upon food of coarse descriptions, which are stubborn in the laboratory of European stomachs, and much more so in those of men like our travellers who were ill and worn out. So they gathered the nardoo, and pounded it, a wearisome and exhausting task, with such savage means as were at hand, and they grew weaker day by day. At length Wills begged the others to leave him, and push on, and try to get assistance from the natives. They did so, and Wills remained alone. Writing his diary to the last, and looking death steadily in the face, he describes his daily weakening without complaint. He does not suffer from hunger, but finds starving on nardoo an easy death. He compares himself to Dickens's character of Mr. Macawber, "waiting for something to turn up," writes some practical and noteworthy suggestions about the sort of food with which Australian expeditions should be provided;—more of the saccharine or heat-giving elements, and not meat and flour alone, as heretofore. He writes with humour and good sense to the bottom of the very last page in his note-book, and then this brave man, way-worn and hunger-worn, to whose notes we mainly owe our knowledge of what the expedition achieved, whom we would have so gladly greeted on his return, appears to have laid himself down, and died quietly, on June 28th.

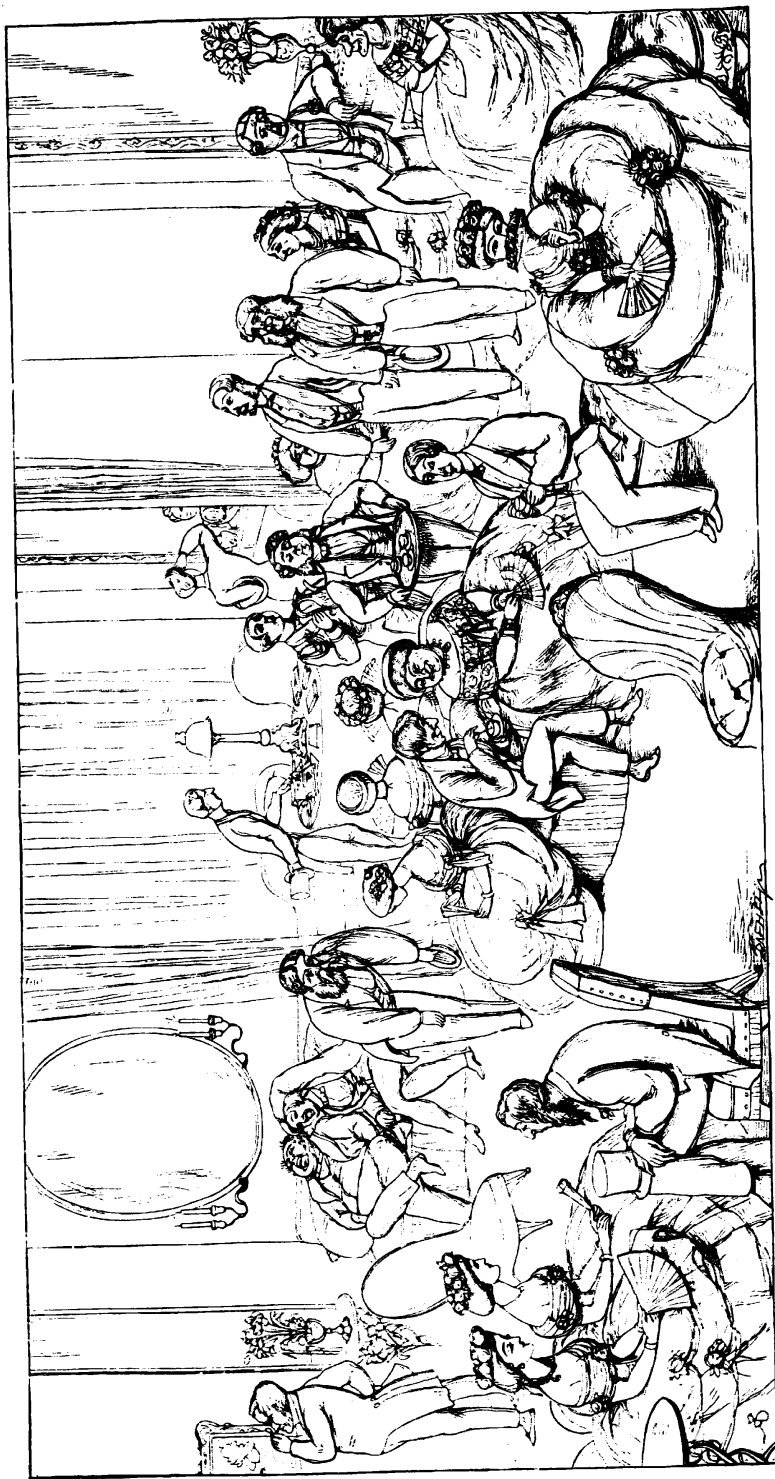
Burke and King struggled on, growing weaker daily; and then Burke's time came, and with resignation and without pain, the gallant leader of the first party who ever crossed Australia, passed away. All honour to his memory. King, now lonely and forlorn, wanders back to Wills' hut; and then the savages take strange compassion on him, and he wanders and lives with them, until aid from the South comes to him, on September 15th, in the form of a fresh and well equipped party of rescue under Mr. Howitt. We cannot here relate the long story of sufferings and deaths which befel both the heavy detachment from the Darling and the retreating party from Cooper's Creek. They met on the way, exhausted and broken down. At length the leaders of the two parties, who were almost the only men among them fit for the undertaking, rode on to Cooper's Creek for the chance of finding Burke's party returned, and reached it early in May. They had indeed returned, and were at that moment no great distance off; but the cache was apparently in the same state in which they had left it, the inscription on the tree was unaltered; and again, though assistance was so near, it never reached the heroes of our story.

As in the annals of arctic voyages, one missing party sets a train of others in motion, each of which in its turn may do the same, and heaps a growing burden of embarrassment on the nation who sends them: so this

party of Burke, whose failure in each of its three detachments was solely due to two messengers losing their way, has caused two missions to be sent by sea to Carpentaria and another overland to the same destination from Queensland. In addition to these Mr. Howitt was also equipped, who succeeded, as we have seen, in his search, and is now under instructions to proceed on new explorations.

The camels did their duty well across the desert country of which Cooper's Creek is the northern metropolis: plenty of them are reported to remain alive and in good health. But the sphere of their usefulness is limited; in the more northern parts of the continent, horses are clearly the most useful animals for an exploring party.

There is thus a great movement of discovery in various parts of Eastern Australia. The sheep-farmers on their side are not idle, for parties have pushed westwards from Queensland in search of good grazing-land, until they reached to within two hundred miles of the line traversed by Burke. The chief inquiry now is whether the country bordering the northern shores of Australia will be a profitable site for English colonists. The fear is, lest it be too hot and humid for a pastoral country, and not humid enough for a valuable tropical settlement. The question is still unsolved, whether sheep of any breed productive of wool can thrive continuously far within the tropics. Experience both of Queensland and of South Africa is more negative than positive; it simply shows that no sub-tropical latitude has yet been reached, where wool is an impossibility. Again, as for sheep, so for men: it is still an open question how far to the northward the Anglo-Saxon race can thrive in the peculiar climate of Australia. There are abundant data for argument; but the history of our settlements is too limited and the world is too small for instances to be adduced which are truly apposite. If our race and our sheep succeed in Australia as well as the Dutch Boers have succeeded in Southern Africa, we shall have little cause to complain.



After Dinner.

After Dinner.



ERHAPS the dinner may have been delightful; the guests just the right number; the talk lively and witty to any extent; the cook a good one; the plates hot; the champagne cold. But that is all passed. In the course of nature and time the company, first the ladies, and after an interval, the gentlemen, are translated into the drawing-room; and this picture represents a general view of the scene as it appears at the period when the few friends who have been invited to look in in the evening have begun to arrive. It often happens that they don't mix well with the remains of the late dinner-party. So it is, whatever may be the reason. Perhaps

they may be acquainted, perhaps they may not; perhaps they may know one another very slightly. The host or hostess, it is supposed, entertains the idea that the fresh arrivals, coming at the critical time of night, when the spirits of the fatigued dinner guests have begun to flag, will by an infusion of fresh materials, cause the smouldering embers to blaze up again. This is a delusion. The company that has arrived in the later part of the evening does not somehow amalgamate. They, it may be supposed, have also dined, and are consequently subject to the same influences as the earlier occupants of the drawing-room; but then they have been refreshed and enlivened by a drive since that important function, and so set up again for the evening. But it is far different with the dinner-party. They have not had occasion to rouse themselves by any physical exertion; they have already pretty nearly said all they have got to say; the topics of the day have been exhausted; and so have they themselves. Thus one portion of the party is becoming drowsy just as the other arrives; one is ready for talk, the other for sleep. With the best intentions in the world, conversation cannot be carried on long or pleasantly, if one of the two contracting parties confines itself to monosyllables, and yawns; and a person, otherwise charming, accomplished, and amiable, may cease to interest, if he or she has only a half conscious and wholly abstracted expression of half

closed eye to give in return for your pointed remarks or brilliant epigrams.

It may be said that the only way to obviate this difficulty is, that either one half of society should be deprived of dinners, or the other half prevented going to tea afterwards. Far be it from the writer of these few lines to presume to suggest to "society" what course society should pursue. All that he pretends to do, is humbly to point out an evil which causes annually a large amount of human suffering; which makes gentlemen sometimes look very foolish, and ladies often appear intensely bored; which has, before now, induced a man to commence looking at the pictures on the wall, with an air as if he were really interested in what he was about; which has led more than once, in the case of a young man deficient in resources, to a gentleman's looking at himself in the looking-glass for something to do; and which has even, there is too much reason to believe, been the means of driving a man of high personal character and blameless life, after wandering about the outskirts of a room in a hopeless and unhappy state for a long time, to begin, in his despair, to turn over the leaves of a book on the table—which book has eventually been discovered to be upside down.

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

THE morning sun rose clear and lovely on the old red rocks of Sorrento, and danced in a thousand golden scales and ripples on the wide Mediterranean. The shadows of the gorge were pierced by long golden shafts of light, here falling on some moist bed of crimson cyclamen, there shining through a waving tuft of gladiolus, or making the abundant yellow fringes of the broom more vivid in their brightness. The velvet-mossy old bridge, in the far shadows at the bottom, was lit up by a chance beam, and seemed as if it might be something belonging to fairy-land. There had been a bustle and stir betimes in the little dove-cot, for to-morrow the inmates were to leave it for a long, adventurous journey.

To old Elsie, the journey back to Rome, the city of her former days of prosperity, the place which had witnessed her ambitious hopes, her disgrace and downfall, was full of painful ideas. There arose to her memory, like a picture, those princely halls, with their slippery, cold mosaic floors, their long galleries of statues and paintings, their enchanting gardens, musical with the voice of mossy fountains, fragrant with the breath of roses and jessamines, where the mother of Agnes had spent the hours of her youth and beauty. She compared, mentally, the shaded and secluded life which Agnes had led with the specious and fatal brilliancy which had been the lot of her mother,—her simple peasant garb with those remembered visions of jewellery and silk and embroideries with which the partial patronage of the Duchess or the ephemeral passion of her son had decked out the poor Isella; and then came swelling at her heart a tumultuous thought, one which she had repressed and kept down for years with all the force of pride and hatred. Agnes, peasant-girl though she seemed, had yet the blood of that proud old family in her veins; for the marriage had been a true one: she herself had witnessed it.

In the last few weeks, Agnes seemed to herself to have become wholly another being. Silently, insensibly, her feet had crossed the enchanted river that divides childhood from womanhood, and all the sweet ignorant joys of that first early paradise lay behind her. Up to this time her life had seemed to her a charming dream, full of blessed visions and images: legends of saints, and hymns, and prayers had blended with flower-gatherings in the gorge, and light daily toils. Now, a new, strange life had been born within her,—a life full of passions, contradictions, and conflicts. A love had sprung up in her heart, strange and wonderful, for one who till within these few weeks had been entirely unknown to her, and

yet whom a few short interviews, a few looks, a few words, had made to seem nearer and dearer than the old, tried friends of her childhood. In vain she confessed it as a sin,—in vain she strove against it; it came back to her in every hymn, in every prayer. Then she would press the sharp cross to her breast, till a thousand stings of pain would send the blood in momentary rushes to her pale cheek, and cause her delicate lips to contract with an expression of stern endurance, and pray that by any penance and anguish she might secure his salvation. To save one such glorious soul, she said to herself, was work enough for one little life: she was willing to spend it all in endurance, unseen by him, unknown to him, so that at last he should be received into that Paradise which her ardent imagination conceived so vividly. Surely, there she should meet him, radiant as the angel of her dream; and then she would tell him that it was all for his sake that she had refused to listen to him here. And these sinful longings to see him once more, these involuntary reachings of her soul after an earthly companionship, she should find strength to overcome in this pilgrimage. She should go to Rome,—the very city where the blessed Paul poured out his blood for the Lord Jesus,—where Peter fed the flock, till his time, too, came to follow his Lord in the way of the cross. She should even come near to her blessed Redeemer; she should go up, on her knees, those very steps to Pilate's hall where He stood bleeding, crowned with thorns,—His blood, perhaps, dropping on the very stones. Ah, could any mortal love distract her there? Should she not there find her soul made free of every earthly thrall to love her Lord alone,—as she had loved Him in the artless and ignorant days of her childhood,—but better. a thousand times?

"Good morning to you, pretty dove!" said a voice from without the garden-wall; and Agnes, roused from her reverie, saw old Jocunda. "I came down to help you off," she said, as she came into the little garden. "Why, my dear little saint! you are looking white as a sheet, and with those tears! What's it all for, child?"

"Ah, Jocunda! grandmamma is angry with me, and will not let me go once more to the Convent and see my dear Mother Theresa.

"Well, don't cry, pretty one! Your grandmamma is worked with hard thoughts. But I'll speak to her; I know her ways; she shall let you go; I'll bring her round."

"So-ho, sister!" said the old soul, hobbling to the door, and looking in at Elsie, who was sitting flat on the stone floor of her cottage, sorting a quantity of flax that lay around her. The severe Roman profile was thrown out by the deep shadows of the interior,—and the piercing black eyes, the silver-white hair, and the strong, compressed lines of the mouth, as she worked, and struggled with the ghosts of her former life, made her look like no unapt personification of one of the Fates reviewing her flax before she commenced the spinning of some new web of destiny.

"Good morning to you, sister!" said Jocunda. "I heard you were off to-morrow, and I came to see what I could do to help you."

"There's nothing to be done for me, but to kill me," said Elsie.
 "I am weary of living."

"Oh, never say that! Shake the dice again, my old man used say,—
 God rest his soul! Please Saint Agnes, you'll have a brave pilgrimage."

"Saint Agnes be hanged!" said Elsie, gruffly. "I'm out with her.
 It was she put all these notions into my girl's head. I've done with her:
 I told her so this morning. The candles I've burned and the prayers
 I've gone through with, that she might prosper me in this one thing! and
 it's all gone against me. She shall never see another penny of mine,—
 that's flat!"

Such vituperation of saints and sacred images may be heard to this day
 in Italy, and is a common feature of idol-worship in all lands.

"Oh, hush, now!" said Jocunda. "Don't make her angry just as
 you are going to Rome, where she has the most power? All sorts of ill
 luck will befall you. Make up with her before you start, or you may get the
 fever in the marshes and die, and then who will take care of poor Agnes?"

"Let Saint Agnes look to that; the girl loves her better than she does
 me," said Elsie. "If she cared anything about me, she'd marry and
 settle down, as I want her to."

"Oh, there you are wrong," said Jocunda. "Marrying is like your
 dinner: one is not always in stomach for it, and one's meat is another's
 poison. Now who knows but this pilgrimage may be the very thing to
 bring the girl round? I've seen people cured of too much religion by
 going to Rome. You know things a'n't there as our little saint fancies.
 Take it cheerfully, and you'll see the girl will come back tired of tramping,
 and willing to settle down in a good home with a likely husband. I have a
 brother in Naples who is turning a pretty penny in the fisheries; his wife
 is a wholesome Christian woman, and if the little one be tired by the time
 you get there, you might do worse than stop two or three days with them.
 Come, you let her just run up to the Convent to bid good-by to the
 Mother Theresa and the sisters."

"I don't care where she goes," muttered Elsie, ungraciously.

"There, now!" said Jocunda, coming out,—
 "Agnes, your grand-
 mother bids you go to the Convent to say good-by to the sisters; so run
 along, there's a little dear. The Mother Theresa talks of nothing else but
 you since she heard that you meditated this; and she has broken in two
 her own piece of the True Cross which she's carried in the gold and pearl
 reliquary that the queen sent her, and means to give it to you. One
 doesn't halve such gifts, without one's whole heart goes with them."

"Dear mother!" said Agnes, her eyes filling with tears. "I will
 take her some flowers and oranges for the last time. Do you know,
 Jocunda, I feel that I never shall come back here to this dear little home
 where I have been so happy?"

"Oh, dear child, never give in to such fancies, but pluck up heart.
 You will be sure to have luck, wherever you go,—especially since the
 mother will give you that holy relic. I myself had a piece of Saint John

Baptist's thumb-nail sewed up in a leather bag, which I wore day and night all the years I was tramping up and down with my old man; but when he died, I had it buried with him to ease his soul.

Agnes hastily arranged a little basket of fruit and flowers, and took her way down through the gorge, under the Roman bridge, through an orange-orchard, and finally came out upon the sea-shore, and so along the sands below the cliffs on which the old town of Sorrento is situated. On her arrival in the Convent court, the peaceful and dreamy stillness contrasted strangely with the gorgeous brightness of the day outside. The splendid sunshine, the sparkling sea, the songs of the boatmen, the brisk passage of gliding sails, the bright hues of the flowers that garlanded the rocks, all seemed as if the earth had been arrayed for some gala-day; but the moment she had passed the portal, the silent, mossy court, with its pale marble nymph, its lull of falling water, its turf snow-dropt with daisies and fragrant with blue and white violets, and the surrounding cloistered walks, with their pictured figures of pious history, all came with a sad and soothing influence on her nerves. The nuns, who had heard the news of the projected pilgrimage, and regarded it as the commencement of that saintly career which they had always predicted for her, crowded around her, kissing her hands and her robe, and entreating her prayers at different shrines of especial sanctity which she might visit. The Mother Theresa took her to her cell, and there hung round her neck, by a golden chain, the relic which she designed for her.

"But how pale you are, my sweet child!" she said. "What has happened to alter you so much? Your cheeks look so thin, and there are deep, dark circles round your eyes."

"Ah, my mother, it is because of my sins. I have been false to my Lord, and let the love of an earthly creature into my heart."

"What can you mean?" asked the mother.

"Alas, dear mother, the cavalier who sent that ring!" replied Agnes, covering her face with her hands.

Now the Mother Theresa had never left the walls of that convent since she was ten years old,—had seen no men except her father and uncle, who once or twice made her a short call, and an old hunchback who took care of their garden. All that portion of her womanly nature which might have throbbed lay in a dead calm. Still there was a faint flutter of curiosity, as she pressed Agnes to tell her story, which she did with many pauses and sobs and blushes.

"And is he so very handsome, my little heart?" she said, after listening. "I never saw a young man, really," said the Mother Theresa. "Perhaps he looks like our picture of Saint Sebastian;—I have often thought that I might be in danger of loving a young man that looked like him."

"Oh, he is more beautiful than that picture or any picture!" said Agnes, fervently; "and, mother, though he is excommunicated, I can't help feeling that he is as good as he is beautiful. It is to pray for his

soul I am going on this pilgrimage. Father Francesco says, if I will tear away and overcome this love, my prayers will have power to save his soul. Promise me, dear mother, that you and all the sisters will help me with your prayers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MOUNTAIN FORTRESS.

WHOEVER has traversed the road from Sorrento to Naples, that wonderful path along the high, rocky shores of the Mediterranean, must remember it only as a bright dream of enchantment. On one side lies the sea, slimmering in bands of blue, purple, and green to the swaying of gentle winds, exhibiting those magical shiftings and changes of colour peculiar to these waves. Near the land its waters are of pale, transparent emerald, while farther out they deepen into blue, and thence into a violet purple, which again, towards the horizon-line, fades into misty pearl-colour. The shores rise above the sea in wild, bold precipices, grottoed into fantastic caverns by the action of the waves, and presenting every moment some new variety of outline. As the path of the traveller winds round promontories whose mountain-heights are capped by white villages and silvery with olive-groves, he catches the enchanting sea-view, now at this point, and now at another, with Naples glimmering through the mists in the distance, and the purple sides of Vesuvius ever changing with streaks and veins of cloud-shadows, while silver vapours crown the summit. Above the road the steep hills seem piled up to the sky,—every spot terraced, and cultivated with some form of vegetable wealth, and the untamable rocks garlanded over with golden broom, crimson gillyflowers, and a thousand other bright adornments. The road lies through villages whose gardens and orange-orchards fill the air with sweet scents, and whose rose hedges sometimes pour a perfect cascade of bloom and fragrance over the walls.

Our travellers started in the dewy freshness of one of those gorgeous days which seem to cast an illuminating charm over everything. Even old Elsie's stern features relaxed somewhat under the balmy influences of sun and sky, and Agnes's young, pale face was lit up with a brighter colour than for many a day before. Their pilgrimage through this beautiful country had few incidents. They walked in the earlier and latter parts of the day, reposing a few hours at noon near some fountain or shrine by the wayside,—often experiencing the kindly veneration of the simple peasantry, who cheerfully offered them refreshments, and begged their prayers at the holy places whither they were going. In a few days they reached Naples, where they made a little stop with the hospitable family to whom Jocunda had recommended them. From Naples their path lay through the Pontine Marshes; and though the malaria makes this region a world of fear, yet it is no less one of strange, soft, enchanting beauty. A wide, sea-like expanse, clothed with an

abundance of soft, rich grass, painted with golden bands and streaks of bright yellow flowers, stretches away to a purple curtain of mountains, whose romantic outline rises constantly in a thousand new forms of beauty. The upland at the foot of these mountains is beautifully diversified with tufts of trees, and the contrast of the purple softness of the distant hills with the dazzling gold and emerald of the wide meadows-tracts they inclose is a striking feature in the landscape. Drove of silver-haired oxen, with their great, dreamy, dark eyes and polished black horns, were tranquilly feeding knee-deep in the lush, juicy grass, and herds of buffalos, uncouth, but harmless, might be seen pasturing or reposing in the distance. On either side of the way were waving tracts of yellow fleur-de-lis, and beds of arum, with its arrowy leaves and white blossoms. It was a wild luxuriance of growth, a dreamy stillness of solitude, so lovely that one could scarce remember that it was deadly. Elsie was so impressed with the fear of the malaria, that she trafficked with an honest peasant who had been hired to take back to Rome the horses which had been used to convey part of the suite of a nobleman travelling to Naples, to give them a quicker passage across than they could have made on foot. It is true that this was quite contrary to the wishes of Agnes, who felt that the journey ought to be performed in the most toilsome and self-renouncing way, and that they should trust solely to prayer and spiritual protection to ward off the pestilential exhalations. "There's no use talking, child," said Elsie. "I'm older than you, and have seen more of real men and women; and whatever they did in old times, I know that now-a-days the saints don't help those that don't take care of themselves: we must get out of those marshes as quick as possible, or we shall get into Paradise quicker than we want to."

After many days of journeying, the travellers, somewhat weary and foot-sore, found themselves in a sombre and lonely dell of the mountains, about an hour before the going down of the sun. The slanting yellow beams turned to silvery brightness the ashy foliage of the gnarled old olives, which, gaunt and weird, clung with their great, knotty, straggling roots to the rocky mountain-sides. Before them, the path, stony, steep, and winding, was rising upward and still upward, and no shelter for the night appeared, except in a distant mountain town, which, perched airily as an eagle's nest on its hazy height, reflected from the dome of its church and its half-ruined old feudal tower the golden light of sunset. A drowsy-toned bell rang out the Ave Maria, and Agnes, sinking on her knees, repeated her evening prayer, covering her face with her hands. Old Elsie kneeled too; but, as she was praying, she cast an eye up the steep mountain-path and calculated the distance of the little airy village. Just at that moment she saw two or three horsemen, who appeared to be stealthily observing them, and now rode up.

"Good evening, mother!" said one of them, speaking from under the shadow of a deeply slouched hat. "Good evening, pretty maid!" he said, riding still nearer.

"Go your ways, in the name of God," said Elsie. "We are pilgrims, going to Rome; and whoever hinders us will have the saints to deal with."

"Who talks of hindering you, mother?" responded the other. "On the contrary, we come for the express purpose of helping you along. That town is a good seven miles off, and the sun will be down soon! So mount up behind me; and here is a horse for the little one."

The horseman at this moment disclosed to view a palfrey with a lady's saddle, richly caparisoned, as if for a person of condition. With a sudden movement, two of the men dismounted, and the one who had acted as spokesman, approaching Agnes, said, in a tone somewhat imperative,— "Come, young lady, it is our master's will that your poor little feet should have some rest." And before Agnes could remonstrate, he raised her into the saddle, and then turning to Elsie, said,—

"You, good mother, must e'en be content with a seat behind me."

"Who are you? How dare you?" cried Elsie, indignantly.

"Good mother," said the man, "get up without more words. I swear by the Holy Virgin no harm shall be done you."

Elsie looked, and seeing Agnes already some distance before her, without more ado, she placed her foot on the toe of his riding-boot, and mounted to the crupper behind him.

Notwithstanding the surprise and alarm of this most unexpected adventure, Agnes, who had been on the very point of exhaustion from fatigue, could not but feel the sensation of relief and repose which the seat in an easy saddle gave her. The mountain air, as they arose, breathed fresh and cold on her brow, and a prospect of such wondrous beauty unrolled beneath her feet that her alarm soon became lost in admiration. The mountains that rose everywhere around them seemed to float in a transparent sea of luminous vapour, with olive-orchards and well-tilled fields lying in far dreamy distances below, while on the horizon silver gleams of the Mediterranean opened to the view. They pursued their way in silence, rising higher and higher out of the shadows of the deep valleys below; the man who conducted them observing a strict reserve, but seeming to have a care for their welfare. The twilight yet burned red in the sky, and painted with solemn lights the mossy walls of the little old town, as they plunged under a sombre antique gateway, and entered on a street as damp and dark as a cellar, which went up almost perpendicularly between tall black stone walls that seemed to have neither windows nor doors. Agnes could only remember clambering upward, turning short corners, clattering down steep stone steps, under low archways, along narrow, ill-smelling passages, where the light that seemed so clear without the town was almost extinguished in utter night. At last they entered the damp court of a huge, irregular pile of stone buildings. Here the men suddenly drew up, and Agnes's conductor, dismounting, came and took her silently from her saddle, saying briefly, "Come this way." Elsie sprang from her seat in a moment, and placed herself at the side of her child.

"No, good mother," said the man with whom she had ridden, seizing her powerfully by the shoulders, and turning her round.

"What do you mean?" cried Elsie, fiercely. "Are you going to keep me from my own child?"

"Patience!" replied the man; "no harm shall come to you."

Agnes looked back at her grandmother, saying—

"Fear not, dear grandmamma; the blessed angels will watch over us."

As she spoke, she followed her conductor through long, damp, mouldering passages and up flights of stone steps, and again through other long passages smelling of mould and damp, till at last he opened the door of an apartment from which streamed a light so dazzling to the eyes of Agnes that at first she could form no distinct conception as to where she was. As soon as her eyesight cleared, she found herself in an apartment which to her simplicity seemed furnished with unheard-of-luxury. The walls were richly frescoed and gilded, and from a chandelier of Venetian glass the light fell upon a foot-cloth of brilliant tapestry which covered the marble floor. Gilded chairs and couches, covered with the softest Genoese velvet, invited to repose; while tables inlaid with choice mosaics stood here and there, sustaining rare vases, musical instruments, and many of the light, fanciful ornaments with which, in those days, the halls of women of condition were graced. At one end of the apartment was an alcove, where the rich velvet curtains were looped away with heavy cords and tassels of gold, displaying a smaller room, where was a bed with hangings of crimson satin embroidered with gold.

Agnes stood petrified with amazement, and put her hand to her head, as if to assure herself by the sense of touch that she was not dreaming, and then, with an impulse of curious wonder, began examining the apartment. The rich furniture and the many adornments, though only such as were common in the daily life of the great at that period, had for her simple eyes all the marvellousness of the most incredible illusion: she touched the velvet couches almost with fear, and passed from object to object in a sort of maze. When she arrived at the alcove, she thought she heard a slight rustling within, and then a smothered laugh: her heart beat quick as she stopped to listen. There was a tittering sound, and a movement as if some one were shaking the curtain, and at last *Giulietta* stood in the doorway. For a moment Agnes stood looking at her in utter bewilderment. Yes, surely it was *Giulietta*, dressed out in all the bravery of splendid apparel, her black hair shining and lustrous, great solid earrings of gold shaking in her ears, and a row of gold coins around her neck. She broke into a loud laugh at the sight of Agnes's astonished face.

"So, here you are!" she said. "Well, now, didn't I tell you so? You see he was in love with you, just as I said; and if you wouldn't come to him of your own accord, he must fly off with you."

"Oh, *Giulietta*!" cried Agnes, catching her hands, "what does all this mean? and where have they carried poor grandmamma?"

"Oh, never worry about her! She is at supper with my mother; and a jolly time they will have of it, gossiping together."

"Your mother here, too?"

"Yes, simple, to be sure! I found it so much easier living here than in the old town, that I sent for her, that she might have peace in her old age. But how do you like your room? Were you not astonished to see it so brave? If you are not pleased, you will be ungrateful, that's all."

"Giulietta," said Agnes, "can't you bring *grandmamma* to me?"

"No, my little princess, I can't. Do you know you are my mistress now? Well, you are; but there's one that's master of us both, and he says none must speak with you till he has seen you."

Agnes sat down on one of the velvet couches, and leaned her head on her hand.

"Come, now, let me bring you some supper," said Giulietta.

And she left the room, locking the door after her. In a few moments she returned, bearing a rich silver tray, on which was a covered dish that steamed a refreshing odour, together with a roll of white bread, and a small glass *flacon* containing a little choice wine. By much entreaty and coaxing, Agnes was induced to partake of the bread, enough to revive her somewhat after the toils of the day; and then, a little reassured by the familiar presence of Giulietta, she began to undress, her former companion officiously assisting her.

"There, now, you are tired, my lady princess," she said. "I'll unlace your bodice. One of these days your gowns will be all of silk, and stiff with gold and pearls."

"No, Giulietta," said Agnes, "I don't need help."

"Ta, ta, ta!—you must learn to be waited on," said Giulietta, persisting. "But, Holy Virgin! what is the matter here? Oh, Agnes, what are you doing to yourself?"

"It's a penance, Giulietta," said Agnes, her face flushing.

"Yes, indeed. Father Francesco ought to be ashamed of himself."

"He does it to save my soul, Giulietta. The cross of our Lord with-out will heal a deadly wound within."

In her heart, Giulietta had somewhat of secret reverence for such austerities; so she made the sign of the cross, and looked grave for several minutes.

"Poor little dove!" she said at last; "if your sins must needs be expiated so, what will become of me? Agnes, you will be a saint some day, like your namesake at the Convent, I truly do believe."

"Oh, Giulietta! don't talk so! I am the chief of sinners."

"That's what the saints all say," said Giulietta. "But, my dear, when he comes, he will forbid this; he will not suffer his little wife——"

"Giulietta, don't speak so! I cannot hear it! I must not be his wife—I am vowed to be the spouse of the Lord!"

"And yet you love our handsome prince," said Giulietta; "and there is the great sin you are breaking your little heart about. Well, now, it's

all of that dry, sour old Father Francesco; old Father Girolamo was worth a dozen of him. If you would just see our good Father Stefano, now, he would set your mind at ease about your vows in a twinkling."

Agnes, confused and agitated, turned away, and, as if seeking refuge, laid her down in the bed, looking timidly up at the unwonted splendour; and then, hiding her face in the pillow, began repeating a prayer. Giulietta sat by her a moment, till she felt, from the relaxing of the little hand, that the reaction of fatigue and intense excitement was beginning to take place. Nature would assert her rights, and the heavy curtain of sleep fell on the weary little head; so quietly extinguishing the lights, Giulietta left the room, locking the door.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CRISIS.

AGNES was so exhausted with bodily fatigue and mental agitation that she slept soundly till awakened by the beams of the morning sun. Her first glance up at the gold-embroidered curtains of her bed occasioned a bewildered surprise; she raised herself, and looked around, slowly recovering her consciousness and the memory of the strange event which had placed her where she was. She rose hastily, and went to the window to look out. This window was in a kind of circular tower projecting from the side of the building, such as one often sees in old Norman architecture; it overhung not only a wall of dizzy height, but a precipice with a sheer descent of some thousand feet; and far below, spread out like a map in the distance, lay a prospect of enchanting richness. The eye might wander over orchards of silvery olives, plantations with their rows of mulberry-trees supporting the vines, now in the first tender spring, green, scarlet fields of clover, and patches where the young corn was just showing its waving blades above the brown soil. Here and there rose tufts of stone-pines, with their dark umbrella-tops towering above all other foliage, while far off in the blue distance a silvery belt of glittering brightness showed where the sea closed in the horizon-line. So high was the perch, so distant and dreamy the prospect, that Agnes felt a sensation of giddiness, as if she were suspended over it in the air, and turned away from the window, to look again at what seemed to her the surprising and unheard-of splendours of the apartment. There lay her simple peasant garb, on the rich velvet couch,—a strange sight in the midst of so much luxury. Having dressed herself, she sat down, and, covering her face with her hands, tried to reflect calmly on the position in which she was placed. With the education she had received, she could look on this strange interruption of her pilgrimage only as a special assault upon her faith, instigated by those evil spirits that are ever setting themselves in conflict with the just. Such trials had befallen saints of whom she had read: they had been assailed by visions of worldly ease and luxury suddenly pre-

sented before them, for which they were tempted to deny their faith and sell their souls. Was it not, perhaps, as a punishment for having admitted the love of an excommunicated heretic into her heart, that this sore trial had been permitted to come upon her? And if she should fail? She shuddered, when she recalled the severe and terrible manner in which Father Francesco had warned her against yielding to the solicitations of an earthly love. To her it seemed as if that holy man must have been inspired with a prophetic foresight of her present position, and warned her against it. Those awful words came burning into her mind as when they seemed to issue like the voice of a spirit from the depths of the confessional:—"If ever you should yield to his love, and turn back from this heavenly marriage to follow him, you will accomplish his damnation and your own." Agnes trembled in an agony of real belief, and with terror of the world to come: her blood curdled, her nerves froze, and she threw herself on her knees and prayed fervently. She rose from prayer with a profound reliance on that aid which comes from God alone, and was standing at her window, deep in thought, when Giulietta entered,—fresh and blooming,—bearing the breakfast-tray.

"Come, my little princess, here I am," she said, "with your breakfast! How do you find yourself, this morning?"

"Giulietta, have you seen poor grandmamma?" asked Agnes.

"Poor grandmamma!" said Giulietta, mimicking the sad tone in which Agnes spoke,—*"to be sure I have. I left her making a hearty breakfast; so fall to, and do the same: you don't know who may come to see you this morning."*

"Giulietta, is he here?"

"He!" exclaimed Giulietta, laughing. "Do hear the little bird! It begins to chirp already! No, he is not; but Pietro says he will come soon."

"Pietro is your husband?" said Agnes, inquiringly.

"Yes, to be sure," said Giulietta. "But eat your breakfast, little one, while I go and see to Pietro and the men."

And she bustled out of the room, locking the door behind her.

Agnes took a little bread and water,—resolved to fast and pray, as the only defence against the danger in which she stood. After breakfasting, she retired into the inner room, and, opening the window, sat down and looked out on the prospect, and then, in a low voice, began singing a hymn of Savonarola's, which had been taught her by her uncle.

While Agnes was singing, the door of the outer room was slowly opened, and Agostino Sarelli entered so softly that Agnes did not hear his approach, and he stood listening to her singing. He had come from Florence, burning with indignation against the Pope and the whole hierarchy then ruling in Rome; but conversation with Father Antonio and the scenes he had witnessed at San Marco had converted the blind sense of personal wrong into a fixed principle of moral indignation and opposition. He no longer found himself checked by the pleading of his early religious recollections; for now he had a leader who realized in his

own person all his conceptions of those primitive apostles and holy bishops who first fed the flock of the Lord in Italy. He had urged his uncle in Milan to make interest for the cause of Savonarola with the King of France; and his uncle, with that crafty diplomacy which in those days formed the staple of what was called statesmanship, had seemed to listen favourably to his views. And now the time was come, Agostino thought, to break the spell under which Agnes was held,—to show her the true character of the men whom she was beholding through a mist of veneration arising entirely from the dewy freshness of ignorant innocence. Hers was a soul too good and pure, he said, to be kept in chains of slavish ignorance any longer. When she ceased singing, he spoke from the outer apartment,—“Agnes !” The name was uttered in the softest tone, but it sent the blood to her heart; everything seemed to swim before her, and grow dark for a moment; but by a strong effort she lifted her heart in prayer, and, rising, came towards him.

Agostino had figured her to himself in all that soft and sacred innocence and freshness of bloom in which he had left her, a fair angel child; but the figure that stood there in the curtained arch, with its solemn, calm, transparent paleness of face, its large, intense dark eyes, now vivid with some mysterious and concentrated resolve, struck a strange chill over him. For a few moments there fell a pause between them.

“Agnes ! Agnes ! is it you ?” at last said the knight, in a low, hesitating tone. “Oh, my love, what has changed you so ? Speak ! Are you angry with me ? Are you angry that I brought you here ?”

“My lord, I am not angry,” replied Agnes, speaking in a sad tone; “but you have committed a great sin in turning aside those vowed to a holy pilgrimage, and you tempt me to sin by this conversation, which ought not to be between us.”

“Why not ?” asked Agostino. “You would not see me at Sorrento. I sought to warn you of the dangers of this pilgrimage,—to tell you that Rome is not what you think it is,—that it is not the seat of Christ, but a foul cage of unclean birds, a den of wickedness.”

“My lord,” said Agnes, speaking with a touch of something even commanding in her tone, “you ought not to try to ruin my soul by blaspheming holy things.” And then she added, in a tone of indescribable sadness, “Alas, that so noble and beautiful a soul should be in rebellion against the only true church ! Ah, seek not to deceive me !”

“By the Holy Mother, Agnes, I do not seek to deceive you ! I speak on my honour as a knight and gentleman. I love you truly and honourably, and seek you as my wife. Would I lie to you ?”

“My lord, you have spoken words which it is a sin for me to hear, a peril to your soul to say ; but if you had not, you must not seek me as a wife. It is a sin even to think of it. Holy vows are upon me.”

“Impossible, Agnes ! You have not taken the veil ?”

“No, my lord, I have not. I have only promised and vowed in my heart to do so when the Lord shall open the way.”

"But such vows, dear Agnes, may be loosed by the priest. Now hear me. I believe as your uncle believes,—your good, pious uncle. I believe as Jerome Savonarola believes. He it is, that holy prophet, who has proclaimed this Pope—a vile usurper."

"My lord! my lord! I must not hear more! I must not,—I cannot—I will not!" exclaimed Agnes, becoming violently agitated.

"Oh, Agnes, what has turned your heart against me? I thought you promised to love me a little?" He sought to come towards her, and she sprang forward and threw herself at his feet.

"Oh, my lord, for mercy's sake let me go! Let us go on our way! We will pray for you always,—yes, always!" And she looked up at him in an agony of earnestness.

"Am I so hateful to you, then, Agnes?"

"Hateful! Oh, no, no! God knows you are—I—I—yes, I love you too well, and you have too much power over me; but oh! do not use it! If I hear you talk, I shall yield,—I surely shall, and we shall be lost, both of us! Oh, my God! I shall be the means of your damnation! Have pity on me! have pity on yourself!"

In the agony of her feelings her voice became almost a shriek, and her wild, affrighted face had a deadly pallor. Agostino was alarmed, and hastened to soothe her.

"Agnes, dear Agnes, I submit; only be calm. I promise anything,—"

"Will you let me go? and my poor grandmamma?"

"Yes."

"And you will not talk with me any more?"

"Not if you do not wish it. And now," he said, "that I have submitted to all these hard conditions, will you suffer me to raise you?"

He took her hands and lifted her up; they were cold, and she was trembling: she tried to withdraw them, and he let them go.

"Farewell, Agnes!" he said. "I am going."

She pressed the sharp cross to her bosom, but made no answer.

"I yield to your will," he continued. "Immediately when I leave you, your grandmother will come to you, and the attendants who brought you here will conduct you to the high-road. For me, since it is your will, I part here. Farewell, Agnes!"

He held out his hand, but she stood as before, pale and silent, with her hands clasped on her breast; he kneeled and kissed her hand, pressed it to his forehead, then rose and left the room.

For a moment after the departure of the cavalier, Agnes felt a bitter pang,—the pain which one feels on first realizing that a dear friend is lost for ever; and then, rousing herself with a start and a sigh, she hurried into the inner room and threw herself on her knees, giving thanks that the dreadful trial was past, and that she had not been left to fail. In a few moments she heard the voice of her grandmother in the outer apartment, and the old wrinkled creature clasped her grandchild in her arms, and wept with a passionate abandonment of fondness, calling

her by every tender and endearing name which mothers give to their infants.

"After all," said Elsie, "these are not such bad people: I have been right well entertained among them. And as to their captain,—would you believe it?—he is the same handsome gentleman who once gave you a ring; and such a religious man, that no sooner did he find that we were pilgrims on a holy errand than he gave orders to have us set free with all honour, and a band of the best of them to escort us through the mountains. The people of the town are all moved to do us reverence, and coming with garlands and flowers to wish us well and ask our prayers. So let us set forth immediately."

Agnes followed her grandmother through the long passages and down the dark mouldy stair-way to the courtyard, where two horses were standing caparisoned for them. A troop of men in high peaked hats, cloaked and plumed, were preparing also to mount, while a throng of women and children stood pressing around. When Agnes appeared, enthusiastic cries were heard: "*Viva Gesù!*" "*Viva Maria!*" "*Viva! viva Gesù! nostro Rè!*" and showers of myrtle-branches and garlands fell around. "Pray for us!" "Pray for us, holy pilgrims!" was uttered eagerly by one and another. Mothers held up their children; and beggars and cripples, aged and sick,—never absent in an Italian town,—joined with loud cries in the general enthusiasm. Agnes stood amid it all, pale and serene, with that elevated expression of heavenly calm on her features which is often the clear shining of the soul after the wrench and torture of some great interior conflict. She felt that the last earthly chain was broken, and that now she belonged to Heaven alone. She scarcely saw or heard what was around her, wrapt in the calm of inward prayer.

"Look at her! she is beautiful as the Madonna!" said one and another. "She is divine as Santa Catterina!" said others. "She might have been the wife of our chief, who is a nobleman of the oldest blood, but she chose to be the bride of the Lord," said others: for Giulietta, with a woman's love of romancing, had not failed to make the most among her companions of the love-adventures of Agnes.

Agnes meanwhile was seated on her palfrey, and the whole train passed out of the courtyard into the dim, narrow street,—men, women, and children following. On reaching the public square, they halted a moment by the side of the antique fountain to water their horses. The groups that surrounded it at this time were such as a painter would have delighted to copy. The women and girls of this obscure mountain town had all that peculiar beauty of form and attitude which appears in the studies of the antique; and as they poised on their heads their copper water-jars of the old Etruscan form, they seemed as if they might be statues of golden bronze, had not the warm tints of their complexion, the brilliancy of their large eyes, and the bright, picturesque colours of their attire, given the richness of painting to their classic outlines. Then, too, the men, with their finely-moulded limbs, their figures so straight and

strong and elastic, their graceful attitudes, and their well-fitting, showy costumes, formed a no less imposing feature in the scene. Among them all sat Agnes waiting on her palfrey, seeming scarcely conscious of the enthusiasm which surrounded her. Some admiring friend had placed in her hand a large bough of blossoming hawthorn, which she held unconsciously, as, with a sort of childlike simplicity, she turned from right to left, to make reply to the request for prayers, or to return thanks for the offered benediction of some one in the crowd. When all the preparations were at last finished, the procession of mounted horsemen, with a confused gathering of the population, passed down the streets to the gates of the city, and as they passed they sang the words of the Crusaders' Hymn, which had fluttered back into the traditionary memory of Europe from the knights going to redeem the Holy Sepulchre. They were singing the second verse, as, emerging from the dark old gateway of the town, all the distant landscape of silvery olive-orchards, crimson clover-fields, blossoming almond-trees, fig-trees, and grape-vines, just in the tender green of spring, burst upon their view. Agnes felt a kind of inspiration. From the high mountain elevation she could discern the far-off brightness of the sea,—all between one vision of beauty,—and the religious enthusiasm which possessed all around her had in her eye all the value of the most solid and reasonable faith.

In all this scene Agostino Sarelli took no part. He had simply given orders for the safe conduct of Agnes, and then retired to his own room. From a window, however, he watched the procession as it passed through the gates of the city, and his resolution was immediately taken to proceed at once by a secret path to the place where the pilgrims should emerge upon the high road. He had been induced to allow the departure of Agnes, from seeing the utter hopelessness, by any argument or persuasion, of removing a barrier that was interwoven with her being. He saw that the very consciousness of her own love to him made her shrink in terror from his entreaties.

"There is ~~no~~ remedy," he said, "but to let her go to Rome, and see with her own eyes how utterly false and vain are the ideas which she draws from the purity of her own believing soul. But this gentle dove must not be left unprotected. I will watch over her."

CHAPTER XXVI.

ROME.

A VISION rises upon us from the land of shadows. We see a wide plain miles and miles in extent, rolling in soft billows of green, and girded on all sides by blue mountains, whose silver crests, gleaming in the setting sunlight, tell that the winter yet lingers on their tops, though spring has decked all the plain. So silent, so lonely, so fair is this waving expanse,

with its guardian mountains, it might be some wild solitude, an American prairie or Asiatic steppe, but that in the midst thereof, on some billows of rolling land, we discern a city, sombre, quaint, and old—a city of dreams and mysteries—a city of the living and the dead. And this is Rome—weird, wonderful, ancient, mighty Rome—mighty once by physical force and grandeur, mightier now in physical decadence and weakness by the spell of a potent moral enchantment. As the sun is moving westward, the whole air around becomes flooded with a luminousness which seems to transfuse itself with pervading presence through every part of the city, and make all its ruinous and mossy age bright and living. The air shivers with the silver vibrations of hundreds of bells, and the evening glory goes up and down, soft-footed and angelic, transfiguring all things. The broken columns of the Forum seem to swim in golden mist, and luminous floods fill the Coliseum as it stands with its thousand arches looking out into the city like so many sightless eye-holes in the skull of the past. The tender light pours up streets dank and ill-paved—into noisome and cavernous dens called houses, where the peasantry of to-day vegetate in contented subservience. It illuminates many a dingy courtyard, where the moss is green on the walls, and gurgling fountains fall into quaint old sculptured basins. It lights up the gorgeous palaces of Rome's modern princes, built with stones wrenched from ancient ruins. It streams through a wilderness of churches, each with its tolling prayer-bell, and steals through painted windows into the dazzling confusion of pictured and gilded glories that glitter and gleam from roof and wall within. It goes, too, across the Tiber, and up the filthy and noisome Ghetto, where, hemmed in by ghostly superstition, the sons of Israel are growing up without vital day, like wan white plants in cellars; and it touches with a solemn glory the black, mournful obelisks of the cypresses in the villas around. The castle of St. Angelo looks like a great translucent, luminous orb; the statues of saints and apostles on the top of St. John Lateran glow as if made of living fire, and seem to stretch out glorified hands of welcome to the pilgrims that are approaching the Holy City across the soft, palpitating sea of green that lies stretched like a misty veil around it.

At this golden twilight-hour, along the Appian Way come the pilgrims of our story, with prayers and tears of thankfulness. Agnes looks forward and sees the saintly forms on St. John Lateran standing in a cloud of golden light and stretching out protecting hands to bless her.

"See, see!" she exclaimed,—“yonder is our Father's house: the saints beckon us home! Glory be to God who hath brought us hither!”

Within the church the evening service is going on, and the soft glory streaming in reveals that dazzling confusion of riches and brightness which the sensuous and colour-loving Italian delights. Pictured angels smile down from the gold-fretted roofs and over the graceful arches; and the floor seems like a translucent sea of precious marbles and gems fused into solid brightness, reflecting in long gleams and streaks dim intimations of the sculptured and gilded glories above. Altar and shrine

are now veiled in that rich violet hue which the Church has chosen for its mourning colour; and violet vestments, taking the place of the gorgeous robes of the ecclesiastics, denote the approach of Holy Week. The long-drawn aisles are now full to overflowing with that weird chanting which one hears nowhere but in Rome at this solemn season: those voices, neither of men nor women, have a wild, morbid energy which, instead of soothing, seems to awaken strange yearning agonies, ghostly unquiet longings, and endless feverish, unrestful cravings. Such music brings no peace.

Yonder, on the glassy floor, at the foot of a crucifix, a poor mortal lies sobbing, and when the chanting ceases, he rises slowly and tottering, and we see in the wan face turning towards the dim light the well-remembered features of Father Francesco. Driven to despair by the wild, ungovernable force of his unfortunate passion, he had come to Rome to lay down the burden which he can no longer bear alone. He approaches a confessional where sits a cardinal; he kneels down with a despairing, confiding movement, and the churchman within inclining his ear to the grating, the confession begins. It would be worth our while to note the difference between the two faces, separated only by the thin grating of the confessional. On the inside, is a round, smoothly developed Italian head, with that rather tumid outline of features which one often sees in a Roman in middle life, when easy living and habits of sensual indulgence begin to broaden the clear-cut lines of youth. He performs the duties of his office with an unctuous grace, looking puzzled and half contemptuous at the revelations which come through the grating in hoarse whispers from those thin, trembling lips; for that penitent, who speaks with the sweat of anguish beaded on his brow, and a mortal pallor on his thin, worn cheeks, is putting questions which seem to the confessor the ravings of a lunatic; he utters some words of commonplace ghostly comfort, and gives a plenary absolution. The Capuchin monk rises up and stands wiping the sweat from his brow, the churchman leaves his box, and they meet face to face: each starts, recognizing the other.

"What! Lorenzo Sforza!" exclaimed the churchman.

"Not Lorenzo Sforza," returned the other, a hectic brilliancy flushing his pale cheek; "that name is buried in the tomb of his fathers: he you speak to knows it no more. The unworthy Brother Francesco, deserving nothing of God or man, is before you."

"Oh, come, come!" said the Cardinal, grasping his hand in spite of resistance; "that is all proper enough in its place; but we are friends, you know. It's lucky we have you here now; we want one of your family to send on a mission to Florence. Come with me."

"For God's sake, brother, tempt me not!" said Father Francesco, wrenching himself away; and drawing his cowl over his face, he glided out at the door. The churchman beckoned to a servant in violet livery, and said, "Follow yonder Capuchin, and bring me word where he abides."

Meanwhile Father Francesco wends his way to an ancient Capuchin convent, where he is sent for in haste to visit the bedside of the

Prior, who has long been sick and failing, and who gladly embraces this opportunity to make his last confession to a man of such reputed sanctity in his order as Father Francesco. For the acute Father Johannes, casting about for various means to empty the Superior's chair at Sorrento for his own benefit, and despairing of any occasion of slanderous accusation, had taken the other course of writing to Rome extravagant laudations of such feats of penance and saintship in his Superior as in the view of all the brothers required that such a light should no more be hidden in an obscure province, but be set on a Roman candlestick, where it might give light to the faithful in all parts of the world. Thus two currents of worldly intrigue were uniting to push an unworldly man to a higher dignity than he either sought or desired.

Singularly enough, one of the first items in the confession of the Capuchin Superior related to Agnes, and his story was in substance as follows: In his youth he had been induced by the persuasions of the young son of a great and powerful family to unite him in the holy sacrament of marriage with a *protégée* of his mother's; but the marriage being detected, it was disavowed by the young nobleman, and the girl and her mother chased out ignominiously, so that she died in great misery. For his complicity in this sin the conscience of the monk had often troubled him, and he had kept track of the child she left, thinking perhaps some day to make reparation by declaring the true marriage of her mother. He stated that the residence of this young girl had been at Sorrento, where she had been living quite retired under the charge of her old grandmother; and here the dying man made inquiry if Father Francesco was acquainted with any young person answering to the description which he gave. Father Francesco had no difficulty in recognizing the person, and assured the dying penitent that in all human probability she was at this moment in Rome. The monk then certified upon the holy cross to the true marriage of her mother, and besought Father Francesco to make the same known to one of her kindred whom he named. He further informed him, that this family, having fallen under the displeasure of the Pope and his son, Cæsar Borgia, had been banished from the city, and their property confiscated; so that there was none of them to be found thereabouts except an aged widowed sister of the young man; she, having married into a family in favour with the Pope, was allowed to retain her possessions, and now resided in a villa near Rome, where she lived retired, devoting her whole life to works of piety. The old Prior therefore conjured Father Francesco to lose no time in making this religious lady understand the existence of so near a kinswoman, and take her under her protection. Thus strangely did Father Francesco find himself again obliged to take up that enchanted thread which had led him into labyrinths so fatal to his peace.



MUGIORD'S FAVORITE.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1862.

Philip.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DESCRIBES A SITUATION INTERESTING BUT NOT UNEXPECTED.



NLY very wilful and silly children cry after the moon. Sensible people who have shed their sweet tooth can't be expected to be very much interested about honey. We may hope Mr. and Mrs. Philip Firmin enjoyed a pleasant wedding tour and that sort of thing: but as for chronicling its delights or adventures, Miss Sowerby and I vote that the task is altogether needless and immoral. Young people are already much too

sentimental, and inclined to idle, maudlin reading. Life is earnest, Miss Sowerby remarks (with a strong inclination to spell "earnest" with a large E). Life is labour. Life is duty. Life is rent. Life is taxes. Life brings its ills, bills, doctor's pills. Life is not a mere calendar of honey and moonshine. Very good. But without love, Miss Sowerby, life is just death, and I know, my dear, you would no more care to go on with it, than with a new chapter of—of our dear friend ——'s * new story.

Between ourselves, Philip's humour is not much more lightsome than that of the ingenious contemporary above named; but if it served to amuse Philip himself, why balk him of a little sport? Well, then:

* The Author of *Philip* is absent from town, and the name of his dear friend and ingenious contemporary is quite illegible in the MS.—PRINTER.

he wrote us a great ream of lumbering pleasantries, dated, Paris, Thursday. Geneva, Saturday. Summit of Mont Blanc, Monday. Timbuctoo, Wednesday. Peking, Friday—with facetious descriptions of those spots and cities. He said that in the last-named place, Charlotte's shoes being worn out, those which she purchased were rather tight for her, and the high heels annoyed her. He stated that the beef at Timbuctoo was not cooked enough for Charlotte's taste, and that the Emperor's attentions were becoming rather marked, and so forth; whereas poor little Char's simple postscripts mentioned no travelling at all; but averred that they were staying at Saint Germain, and as happy as the day was long. As happy as the day was long? As it was short, alas! Their little purse was very slenderly furnished; and in a very, very brief holiday, poor Philip's few napoleons had almost all rolled away. Luckily, it was pay-day when the young people came back to London. They were almost reduced to the Little Sister's wedding present: and surely they would rather work than purchase a few hours' more ease with that poor widow's mite.

Who talked and was afraid of poverty? Philip, with his two newspapers, averred that he had enough; more than enough; could save; could put by. It was at this time that Ridley, the Academician, painted that sweet picture, No. 1,976—of course you remember it—'Portrait of a Lady.' He became romantically attached to the second-floor lodger; would have no noisy parties in his rooms, or smoking, lest it should annoy her. Would Mrs. Firmin desire to give entertainments of her own? His studio and sitting-room were at her orders. He fetched and carried. He brought presents; and theatre-boxes; and would have cut off his head had she demanded, and laid it at the little bride's feet, so tenderly did he regard her. And she gave him back in return for all this romantic adoration a condescending shake of a soft little hand, and a kind look from a pair of soft eyes, with which the painter was fain to be content. Low of stature, and of misshapen form, J. J. thought himself naturally outcast from marriage and love, and looked in with longing eyes at the paradise which he was forbidden to enter. And Mr. Philip sat within this Palace of Delight; and lolled at his ease, and took his pleasure, and Charlotte ministered to him. And once in a way, my lord sent out a crumb of kindness, or a little cup of comfort, to the outcast at the gate, who blessed his benefactress, and my lord his benefactor, and was thankful. Charlotte had not twopence: but she had a little court. It was the fashion for Philip's friends to come and bow before her. Very fine gentlemen who had known him at college, and forgot him, or sooth to say, thought him rough and overbearing, now suddenly remembered him, and his young wife had quite fashionable assemblies at her five o'clock tea-table. All men liked her, and Miss Sowerby of course says Mrs. Firmin was a good-natured, quite harmless little woman, rather pretty, and—you know, my dear—such as men like. Look you, if I like cold veal, dear Sowerby, it is that my tastes are simple. A fine tough old dry camel, no

doubt, is a much nobler and more sagacious animal—and perhaps you think a double hump is quite a delicacy.

Yes : Mrs. Philip was a success. She had scarce any female friends as yet, being too poor to go into the world : but she had Mrs. Pendennis, and dear little Mrs. Brandon, and Mrs. Mugford, whose celebrated trap repeatedly brought delicacies for the bride from Hampstead, whose chaise was once or twice a week at Philip's door, and who was very much exercised and impressed by the fine company whom she met in Mrs. Firmin's apartments. "Lord Thingamby's card ! what next, Brandon, upon my word ? Lady Slowby at home ? well, I never, Mrs. B. !" In such artless phrases Mrs. Mugford would express her admiration and astonishment during the early time, and when Charlotte still retained the good lady's favour. "That a state of things far less agreeable ensued, I must own. But though there is ever so small a cloud in the sky even now, let us not heed it for a while, and bask and be content and happy in the sunshine. "Oh, Laura, I tremble when I think how happy I am" was our little bird's perpetual warble. "How did I live when I was at home with mamma ?" she would say. "Do you know that Philip never even scolds me ? If he were to say a rough word, I think I should die ; whereas mamma was barking, barking from morning till night, and I didn't care a pin." This is what comes of injudicious scolding, as of any other drug. The wholesome medicine loses its effect. The incurable patient calmly takes a dose that would frighten or kill a stranger. Poor Mrs. Baynes's crossed letters came still, and I am not prepared to pledge my word that Charlotte read them all. Mrs. B. offered to come and superintend and take care of dear Philip when an interesting event should take place. But Mrs. Brandon was already engaged for this important occasion, and Charlotte became so alarmed lest her mother should invade her, that Philip wrote curtly, and positively forbade Mrs. Baynes. You remember the picture 'A Cradle' by J. J. ? the two little rosy feet brought I don't know how many hundred guineas a piece to Mr. Ridley. The mother herself did not study babydom more fondly and devotedly than Ridley did in the ways, looks, features, anatomies, attitudes, baby-clothes, &c. of this first-born infant of Charlotte and Philip Firmin. My wife is very angry because I have forgotten whether the first of the young Firmin brood was a boy or a girl, and says I shall forget the names of my own children next. Well ? At this distance of time, I *think* it was a boy,—for their boy is very tall, you know—a great deal taller—— Not a boy ? Then, between ourselves, I have no doubt it was a—— "A goose," says the lady, which is not even reasonable.

This is certain, we all thought the young mother looked very pretty, with her pink cheeks and beaming eyes, as she bent over the little infant. J. J. says he thinks there is something *heavenly* in the looks of young mothers at that time. Nay, he goes so far as to declare that a tigress at the Zoological Gardens looks beautiful and gentle as she bends her black

nozzle over her cub. And if a tigress, why not Mrs. Philip? O ye powers of sentiment, in what a state J. J. was about this young woman! There is a brightness in a young mother's eye: there are pearl and rose tints on her cheek, which are sure to fascinate a painter. This artist used to hang about Mrs. Brandon's rooms, till it was droll to see him. I believe he took off his shoes in his own studio, so as not to disturb by his creaking the lady overhead. He purchased the most preposterous mug, and other presents for the infant. Philip went out to his club or his newspaper as he was ordered to do. But Mr. J. J. could not be got away from Thornhaugh Street, so that little Mrs. Brandon laughed at him:—absolutely laughed at him.

During all this while Philip and his wife continued in the very greatest favour with Mr. and Mrs. Mugford, and were invited by that worthy couple to go with their infant to Mugford's villa at Hampstead, where a change of air might do good to dear baby and dear mamma. Philip went to this village retreat. Streets and terraces now cover over the house and grounds which worthy Mugford inhabited, and which people say he used to call his Russian Irby. He had amassed in a small space a heap of country pleasures. He had a little garden; a little paddock; a little greenhouse; a little cucumber-frame; a little stable for his little trap; a little Guernsey cow; a little dairy; a little pigsty; and with this little treasure the good man was not a little content. He loved and praised everything that was his. No man admired his own port more than Mugford, or paid more compliments to his own butter and home-baked bread. He enjoyed his own happiness. He appreciated his own worth. He loved to talk of the days when he was a poor boy on London streets, and now—"now try that glass of port, my boy, and say whether the Lord Mayor has got any better," he would say, winking at his glass and his company. To be virtuous, to be lucky, and constantly to think and own that you are so—is not this true happiness? To sing hymns in praise of himself is a charming amusement—at least to the performer; and anybody who dined at Mugford's table was pretty sure to hear some of this music after dinner. I am sorry to say Philip did not care for this trumpet-blowing. He was frightfully bored at Haverstock Hill; and when bored, Mr. Philip is not altogether an agreeable companion. He will yawn in a man's face. He will contradict you freely. He will say the mutton is tough, or the wine not fit to drink; that such and such an orator is overrated, and such and such a politician is a fool. Mugford and his guest had battles after dinner, had actually high words. "What-ever is it, Mugford? and what were you two quarrelling about in the dining-room?" asks Mrs. Mugford. "Quarrelling? It's only the sub-editor snoring," said the gentleman with a flushed face. "My wine ain't good enough for him; and now my gentleman must put his boots upon a chair and go to sleep under my nose. He is a cool hand, and no mistake, Mrs. M." At this juncture poor little Char would gently glide down from a visit to her baby: and would play something on the piano, and

soothe the rising anger; and thus Philip would come in from a little walk in the shrubberies, where he had been blowing a little cloud. Ah! there was a little cloud rising indeed:—quite a little one—nay, not so little. When you consider that Philip's bread depended on the goodwill of these people, you will allow that his friends might be anxious regarding the future. A word from Mugford, and Philip and Charlotte and the child were adrift on the world. And these points Mr. Firmin would freely admit, while he stood discoursing of his own affairs (as he loved to do), his hands in his pockets, and his back warming at our fire.

"My dear fellow," says the candid bridegroom, "these things are constantly in my head. I used to talk about 'em to Char, but I don't now. They disturb her, the poor thing; and she clutches hold of the baby; and—and it tears my heart out to think that any grief should come to her. I try and do my best, my good people—but when I'm bored I can't help showing I'm bored, don't you see? I can't be a hypocrite. No, not for two hundred a year, or for twenty thousand. You can't make a silk purse out of this sow's ear of a Mugford. A very good man. I don't say no. A good father, a good husband, a generous host, and a most tremendous bore, and cad. Be agreeable to him? How can I be agreeable when I am being killed? He has a story about Leigh Hunt being put into Newgate, where Mugford, bringing him proofs, saw Lord Byron. I cannot keep awake during that story any longer: or, if awake, I grind my teeth, and swear inwardly, so that I know I'm dreadful to hear and see. Well, Mugford has yellow satin sofas in the 'drowning-room.' "

"Oh, Philip!" says a lady; and two or three circumjacent children set up an insane giggle, which is speedily and sternly silenced.

"I tell you she calls it 'drowning-room.' You know she does, as well as I do. She is a good woman: a kind woman: a hot-tempered woman. I hear her scolding the servants in the kitchen with immense vehemence, and at prodigious length. But how can Char frankly be the friend of a woman who calls a drawing-room a drowning-room? With our dear little friend in Thornhaugh Street, it is different. She makes no pretence even at equality. Here is a patron and patroness, don't you see? When Mugford walks me round his paddock and gardens, and says, 'Look year, Firmin;' or scratches one of his pigs on the back, and says, 'We'll 'ave a cut of this fellow on Saturday'"—(explosive attempts at insubordination and derision on the part of the children again are severely checked by the parental authorities)—" 'we'll 'ave a cut of this fellow on Saturday,' I felt inclined to throw him or myself into the trough over the palings. Do you know that that man put that hand into his pocket and offered me some filberts?"

Here I own the lady to whom Philip was addressing himself turned pale and shuddered.

"I can no more be that man's friend *que celui du domestique qui vient d'apporter le* what-d'you-call'em? *le coal-scuttle*"—(John entered the room with that useful article during Philip's oration—and

we allowed the elder children to laugh this time, for the fact is, none of us knew the French for coal-scuttle, and I will wager there is no such word in Chambaud). "This holding back is not arrogance," Philip went on. "This reticence is not want of humility. To serve that man honestly is one thing; to make friends with him, to laugh at his dull jokes, is to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, is subserviency and hypocrisy on my part. I ought to say to him, Mr. Mugford, I will give you my work for your wage; I will compile your paper, I will produce an agreeable miscellany containing proper proportions of news, politics, and scandal, put titles to your paragraphs, see the *Pull Mall Gazette* ship-shape through the press, and go home to my wife and dinner. You are my employer, but you are not my friend, and —— "bless my soul! there is five o'clock striking!" (The time-piece in our drawing-room gave that announcement as he was speaking). "We have what Mugford calls a white-choker dinner to-day, in honour of the pig!" And with this Philip plunges out of the house, and I hope reached Hampstead in time for the entertainment.

Philip's friends in Westminster felt no little doubt about his prospects, and the Little Sister shared their alarm. "They are not fit to be with those folks," Mrs. Brandon said, "though as for Mrs. Philip, dear thing, I am sure nobody can ever quarrel with *her*. With me it's different. I never had no education, you know—no more than the Mugfords, but I don't like to see my Philip sittin' down as if he was the guest and equal of that fellar." Nor indeed did it ever enter 'that fellow's' head that Mr. Robert Mugford could be Mr. Philip Firmin's equal. With our knowledge of the two men, then, we all dismally looked forward to a rupture between Firmin and his patron.

As for the New York journal, we were more easy in respect to Philip's success in that quarter. Several of his friends made a vow to help him. We clubbed club-stories; we begged from our polite friends anecdote (that would bear sea-transport) of the fashionable world. We happened to overhear the most remarkable conversations between the most influential public characters who had no secrets from us. We had astonishing intelligence at most European courts; exclusive reports of the Emperor of Russia's last joke—his last? his next, very likely. We knew the most secret designs of the Austrian Privy Council; the views which the Pope had in his eye: who **was** the latest favourite of the Grand Turk, and so on. The Upper Ten Thousand at New York were supplied with a quantity of information which I trust profited them. It was "Palmerston remarked yesterday at dinner," or, "The good old Duke said last night at Apsley House to the French Ambassador," and the rest. The letters were signed "Philaethies;" and, as nobody was wounded by the shafts of our long bow, I trust Mr. Philip and his friends may be pardoned for twanging it. By information procured from learned female personages, we even managed to give accounts, more or less correct, of the latest ladies' fashions. We were members of all the clubs; we were present at

the routs and assemblies of the political leaders of both sides. We had little doubt that Philaethes would be successful at New York, and looked forward to an increased payment for his labours. At the end of the first year of Philip Firmin's married life, we made a calculation by which it was clear that he had actually saved money. His expenses, to be sure, were increased. There was a baby in the nursery: but there was a little bag of sovereigns in the cupboard, and the thrifty young fellow hoped to add still more to his store.

We were relieved at finding that Firmin and his wife were not invited to repeat their visit to their employer's house at Hampstead. An occasional invitation to dinner was still sent to the young people; but Mugford, a haughty man in his way, with a proper spirit of his own, had the good sense to see that much intimacy could not arise between him and his sub-editor, and magnanimously declined to be angry at the young fellow's easy superciliousness. I think that indefatigable Little Sister was the peacemaker between the houses of Mugford and Firmin junior, and that she kept both Philip and his master on their good behaviour. At all events, and when a quarrel did arise between them, I grieve to have to own it was poor Philip who was in the wrong.

You know in the old, old days the young king and queen never gave any christening entertainment without neglecting to invite some old fairy, who was furious at the omission. I am sorry to say Charlotte's mother was so angry at not being appointed godmother to the new baby, that she omitted to make her little quarterly payment of 12*l.* 10*s.*; and has altogether discontinued that payment from that remote period up to the present time; so that Philip says his wife has brought him a fortune of 15*l.*, paid in four instalments. There was the first quarter paid when the old lady "would not be beholden to a man like him." Then there came a second quarter—and then——but I daresay I shall be able to tell when and how Philip's mamma-in-law paid the rest of her poor little daughter's fortune.

Well, Regent's Park is a fine healthy place for infantine diversion, and I don't think Philip at all demeaned himself in walking there with his wife, her little maid, and his baby on his arm. "He is as rude as a bear, and his manners are dreadful; but he has a good heart, that I will say for him," Mugford said to me. In his drive from London to Hampstead Mugford once or twice met the little family group, of which his sub-editor formed the principal figure; and for the sake of Philip's young wife and child Mr. M. pardoned the young man's vulgarity, and treated him with long-suffering.

Poor as he was, this was his happiest time, my friend is disposed to think. A young child, a young wife, whose whole life was a tender caress of love for child and husband, a young husband watching both:—I recal the group, as we used often to see it in those days, and see a something sacred in the homely figures. On the wife's bright face what a radiant happiness there is, and what a rapturous smile! Over the sleep-

ing infant and the happy mother the father looks with pride and thanks in his eyes. Happiness and gratitude fill his simple heart, and prayer involuntary to the Giver of good, that he may have strength to do his duty as father, husband; that he may be enabled to keep want and care from those dear innocent beings; that he may defend them, befriend them, leave them a good name. I am bound to say that Philip became thrifty and saving for the sake of Char and the child; that he came home early of nights; that he thought his child a wonder; that he never tired of speaking about that infant in our house, about its fatness, its strength, its weight, its wonderful early talents and humour. He felt himself a man now for the first time, he said. Life had been play and folly until now. And now especially he regretted that he had been idle, and had neglected his opportunities as a lad. Had he studied for the bar, he might have made that profession now profitable, and a source of honour and competence to his family. Our friend estimated his own powers very humbly: I am sure he was not the less amiable on account of that humility. O fortunate he, of whom Love is the teacher, the guide and master, the reformer and chastener! Where was our friend's former arrogance, self-confidence, and boisterous profusion? He was at the feet of his wife and child. He was quite humbled about himself; or gratified himself in fondling and caressing these. They taught him, he said; and, as he thought of them, his heart turned in awful thanks to the gracious Heaven which had given them to him. As the tiny infant hand closes round his fingers, I can see the father bending over mother and child, and interpret those maybe unspoken blessings which he asks and bestows. Happy wife, happy husband! However poor his little home may be, it holds treasures and wealth inestimable; whatever storms may threaten without, the home fireside is brightened with the welcome of the dearest eyes.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH I OWN THAT PHILIP TELLS AN UNTRUTH.



MARLOTTE (and the usual little procession of nurse, baby, &c.) once made their appearance at our house in Queen Square, where they were ever welcome by the lady of the mansion. The young woman was in a great state of elation, and when we came to hear the cause of her delight, her friends too opened the eyes of wonder. She actually announced that Dr. Firmin had sent over a bill of forty pounds (I may be incorrect as to the sum) from New York. It had arrived that morning, and she had seen the bill, and Philip

had told her that his father had sent it; and was it not a comfort to think that poor Doctor Firmin was endeavouring to repair some of the evil which he had done; and that he was repenting, and, perhaps, was going to become quite honest and good? This was indeed an astounding piece of intelligence: and the two women felt joy at the thought of that sinner repenting, and some one else was accused of cynicism, scepticism, and so forth, for doubting the correctness of the information. "You believe in no one, sir. You are always incredulous about good," &c. &c. &c., was the accusation brought against the reader's very humble servant. Well, about the contrition of this sinner, I confess I still continued to have doubts; and thought a present of forty pounds to a son, to whom he owed thousands, was no great proof of the doctor's amendment.

And oh! how vexed some people were, when the real story came out at last! Not for the money's sake—not because they were wrong in argument, and I turned out to be right. Oh, no! But because it was proved that this unhappy doctor had no present intention of repenting at all. This brand would not come out of the burning, whatever we might hope; and the doctor's supporters were obliged to admit as much when they came to know the real story. "Oh, Philip," cries Mrs. Laura, when next she saw Mr. Firmin. "How pleased I was to hear of that letter!"

"That letter?" asks the gentleman.

"That letter from your father at New York," says the lady.

"Oh," says the gentleman addressed, with a red face.

"What then? Is it not—is it not all true?" we ask.

"Poor Charlotte does not understand about business," says Philip; "I did not read the letter to her. Here it is." And he hands over the document to me, and I have the liberty to publish it.

"New York ———"

"AND so, my dear Philip, I may congratulate myself on having achieved *ancestral* honour, and may add grandfather to my titles? How quickly this one has come! I feel myself a young man still, *in spite of the blows of misfortune*—at least, I know I was a young man but yesterday, when I may say with our dear old poet, *Non sine gloria militavi*. Suppose I too were to tire of solitary widowhood and re-enter the married state? There are one or two ladies here who would still condescend to look not unfavourably on the *retired English gentleman*. Without vanity I may say it, a man of birth and position in England acquires a polish and refinement of manner which dollars cannot purchase, and many a *Wall Street* millionaire might envy!

"Your wife has been pronounced to be an angel by a *little correspondent* of mine, who gives me much fuller intelligence of my family than my son condescends to furnish. Mrs. Philip I hear is gentle; Mrs. Brandon says she is beautiful,—she is all good-humoured. I hope you have taught her to think not *very* badly of her husband's father? I was the dupe of villains who lured me into their schemes; who robbed me of a life's earnings; who induced me by their *false representations* to have such confidence in them, that I embarked all my own property, and yours, my poor boy, alas! in their undertakings. Your Charlotte will take the liberal, the wise, the *just* view of the case, and pity rather than blame my misfortune. Such is the view, I am happy to say, generally adopted in this city; where there are men of the world who know the vicissitudes of a mercantile career, and can make allowances for misfortune! What made Rome at first great and prosperous? Were its first colonists all wealthy patricians? Nothing can be more satisfactory than the disregard shown here to *mere pecuniary difficulty*. At the same time to be a gentleman is to possess no trifling privilege in this society, where the advantages of birth, respected name, and early education *always* tell in the possessor's favour. Many persons whom I visit here have certainly not these advantages—and in the highest society of the city I could point out individuals who have had pecuniary misfortunes like myself, who have gallantly renewed the combat after their fall, and are now *fully* restored to competence, to wealth, and the respect of the world! I was in a house in Fifth Avenue last night. Is Washington White shunned by his fellow-men because he has been a bankrupt three times? Anything more elegant or profuse than his entertainment I have not witnessed on this continent. His lady had diamonds which a duchess might envy. The most costly wines, the most magnificent supper, and myriads of canvas-backed ducks covered his board. Dear Charlotte, my friend Captain Colpoys brings you over three brace of these from your father-in-law,

who hopes they will furnish your little dinner-table ! We eat currant jelly with them here, but I like an old English lemon and *cayenne sauce* better.

By the way, dear Philip, I trust you will not be inconvenienced by a little financial operation, which necessity (alas !) has compelled me to perform. Knowing that your quarter with the *Upper Ten Thousand Gazette* was now due, I have made so bold as to request Colonel —— to pay it over to me. Promises to pay must be met here as with us—an obdurate holder of an unlucky acceptance of mine (I am happy to say there are very few such) would admit of *no delay*, and I have been compelled to appropriate my poor Philip's earnings. I have only put you off for ninety days : with your credit and wealthy friends you can *easily negotiate the bill enclosed*, and I promise you that when presented it shall be honoured by my Philip's ever affectionate father,
G. B. F."

"By the way, your Philalethes' letters are not *quite spicy* enough, my worthy friend the colonel says. They are *elegant and gay*, but the public here desires to have *more personal news* ; a little *scandal about Queen Elizabeth*, you understand ? Can't you attack somebody ? Look at the letters and articles published by my respected friend of the *New York Emerald* ! The readers here like a *high-spiced article* : and I recommend P. F. to put a little more pepper in his dishes. What a comfort to me it is to think that I have procured this place for you, and have been enabled to help my son and his young family !
G. B. F."

Enclosed in this letter was a slip of paper which poor Philip supposed to be a cheque when he first beheld it, but which turned out to be his papa's promissory note, payable at New York four months after date. And this document was to represent the money which the elder Firmin had received in his son's name ! Philip's eyes met his friend's when they talked about this matter. Firmin looked at most as much ashamed as if he himself had done the wrong.

"Does the loss of this money annoy you ? " asked Philip's friend.

"The manner of the loss does," said poor Philip. "I don't care about the money. But he should not have taken this. He should not have taken this. Think of poor Charlotte and the child being in want possibly ! Oh, friend, it's hard to bear, isn't it ? I'm an honest fellow, ain't I ? I think I am. I pray heaven I am. In any extremity of poverty could I have done this ? Well. It was my father who introduced me to these people. I suppose he thinks he has a right to my earnings : and if he is in want, you know, so he has."

"Had you not better write to the New York publishers and beg them henceforth to remit to you directly ? " asks Philip's friend.

"That would be to tell them that he has disposed of the money," groans Philip. "I can't tell them that my father is a ——"

"No ; but you can thank them for having handed over such a sum on your account to the doctor : and warn them that you will draw on them

from this country henceforth. They won't in this case pay the next quarter to the doctor."

"Suppose he is in want, ought I not to supply him?" Firmin said. "As long as there are four crusts in the house, the doctor ought to have one. Ought I to be angry with him for helping himself, old boy?" and he drinks a glass of wine, poor fellow, with a rueful smile. By the way, it is my duty to mention here, that the elder Firmin was in the habit of giving very elegant little dinner-parties at New York, where little dinner-parties are much more costly than in Europe—"in order," he said, "to establish and keep up his connection as a physician." As a *bon-vivant*, I am informed, the doctor began to be celebrated in his new dwelling-place, where his anecdotes of the British aristocracy were received with pleasure in certain circles.

But it would be as well henceforth that Philip should deal directly with his American correspondents, and not employ the services of so very expensive a broker. To this suggestion he could not but agree. Meanwhile,—and let this be a warning to men never to deceive their wives in any the slightest circumstances; to tell them *everything* they wish to know, to keep nothing hidden from those dear and excellent beings—you must know, ladies, that when Philip's famous ship of dollars arrived from America, Firmin had promised his wife that baby should have a dear delightful white cloak trimmed with the most lovely tape, on which poor Charlotte had often cast a longing eye as she passed by the milliner and curiosity shops in Hanway Yard, which, I own, she loved to frequent. Well: when Philip told her that his father had sent home forty pounds, or what not, thereby deceiving his fond wife, the little lady went away straight to her darling shop in the Yard—(Hanway Yard has become a street now, but ah! it is always delightful)—Charlotte, I say, went off, ran off to Hanway Yard, pavid with fear lest the darling cloak should be gone, found it—oh, joy!—still in Miss Isaacson's window; put it on baby straightway then and there; kissed the dear infant, and was delighted with the effect of the garment, which all the young ladies at Miss Isaacson's pronounced to be perfect; and took the cloak away on baby's shoulders, promising to send the money, five pounds, if you please, next day. And in this cloak baby and Charlotte went to meet papa when he came home; and I don't know which of them, mamma or baby, was the most pleased and absurd and happy baby of the two. On his way home from his newspaper, Mr. Philip had orders to pursue a certain line of streets, and when his accustomed hour for returning from his business drew nigh, Mrs. Char went down Thornhaugh Street, down Charlotte Street, down Rathbone Place, with Betsy the nursekin and baby in the new cloak. Behold, he comes at last—papa—striding down the street. He sees the figures: he sees the child, which laughs, and holds out its little pink hands, and crows a recognition. And "Look—look, papa, cries the happy mother. (Away! I cannot keep up the mystery about the baby any longer, and though I had forgotten for a moment the child's

sex, remembered it the instant after, and that it was a girl to be sure, and that its name was Laura Caroline). "Look, look, papa!" cries the happy mother. "She has got another little tooth since the morning, such a beautiful little tooth—and look here, sir, don't you observe anything?"

"Any what?" asks Philip.

"La! sir," says Betsy, giving Laura Caroline a great toss, so that her white cloak floats in the air.

"Isn't it a dear cloak?" cries mamma; "and doesn't baby look like an angel in it? I bought it at Miss Isaacson's to-day, as you got your money from New York; and oh, my dear, it only cost five guineas."

"Well, it's a week's work," sighs poor Philip; "and I think I need not grudge that to give Charlotte pleasure." And he feels his empty pockets rather ruefully.

"God bless you, Philip," says my wife, with her eyes full. "They came here this morning, Charlotte and the nurse and the baby in the new—the new——" Here the lady seized hold of Philip's hand, and fairly broke out into tears. Had she embraced Mr. Firmin before her husband's own eyes, I should not have been surprised. Indeed she confessed that she was on the point of giving way to this most sentimental outbreak.

And now, my brethren, see how one crime is the parent of many, and one act of duplicity leads to a whole career of deceit. In the first place, you see, Philip had deceived his wife—with the pious desire, it is true, of screening his father's little peculiarities—but, *ruat cælum*, we must tell no lies. No: and from this day forth I order John never to say Not at home to the greatest bore, dun, dawdle of my acquaintance. If Philip's father had not deceived him, Philip would not have deceived his wife; if he had not deceived his wife, she would not have given five guineas for that cloak for the baby. If she had not given five guineas for the cloak, my wife would never have entered into a secret correspondence with Mr. Firmin, which might but for my own sweetness of temper have bred jealousy, mistrust, and the most awful quarrels—nay, duels—between the heads of the two families. Fancy Philip's body lying stark upon Hampstead Heath with a bullet through it, despatched by the hand of his friend! Fancy a cab driving up to my own house, and from it—under the eyes of the children at the parlour-windows—their father's bleeding corpse ejected!—Enough of this dreadful pleasantry! Two days after the affair of the cloak, I found a letter in Philip's handwriting addressed to my wife, and thinking that the note had reference to a matter of dinner then pending between our families, I broke open the envelope and read as follows:—

"Thornhaugh Street, Thursday.

"MY DEAR, KIND GODMAMMA,—As soon as ever I can write and speak, I will thank you for being so kind to me. My mamma says she is very jealous, and as she bought my cloak she can't think of allowing you to

pay for it. But she desires me never to forget your kindness to us, and though I don't know anything about it now, she promises to tell me when I am old enough. Meanwhile I am your grateful and affectionate little goddaughter,
L. C. F."

Philip was persuaded by his friends at home to send out the request to his New York employers to pay his salary henceforth to himself; and I remember a dignified letter came from his parent, in which the matter was spoken of in sorrow rather than in anger; in which the doctor pointed out that this precautionary measure seemed to imply a doubt on Philip's side of his father's honour; and surely, surely, he was unhappy enough and unfortunate enough already without meriting this mistrust from his son. The duty of a son to honour his father and mother was feelingly pointed out, and the doctor meekly trusted that Philip's children would give *him* more confidence than he seemed to be inclined to award to his unfortunate father. Never mind. He should bear no malice. If Fortune ever smiled on him again, and something told him she would, he would show Philip that he could forgive; although he might not perhaps be able to forget that in his exile, his solitude, his declining years, his misfortune, his own child had mistrusted him. This, he said, was the most cruel blow of all for his susceptible heart to bear.

This letter of paternal remonstrance was enclosed in one from the doctor to his old friend the Little Sister, in which he vaunted a discovery which he and some other scientific gentlemen were engaged in perfecting—of a medicine which was to be extraordinarily efficacious in cases in which Mrs. Brandon herself was often specially and professionally engaged, and he felt sure that the sale of this medicine would go far to retrieve his shattered fortune. He pointed out the complaints in which this medicine was most efficacious. He would send some of it, and details regarding its use, to Mrs. Brandon, who might try its efficacy upon her patients. He was advancing slowly, but steadily, in his medical profession, he said; though, of course, he had to suffer from the jealousy of his professional brethren. Never mind. Better times, he was sure, were in store for all; when his son should see that a wretched matter of forty pounds more should not deter him from paying all just claims upon him. Amen! We all heartily wished for the day when Philip's father should be able to settle his little accounts. Meanwhile, the proprietors of the *Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand* were instructed to write directly to their London correspondent.

Although Mr. Firmin prided himself, as we have seen, upon his taste and dexterity as sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I must own that he was a very insubordinate officer, with whom his superiors often had cause to be angry. Certain people were praised in the *Gazette*—certain others were attacked. Very dull books were admired, and very lively works attacked. Some men were praised for everything they did; some others were satirized, no matter what their works were. "I find," poor Philip

used to say, with a groan, "that in matters of criticism especially, there are so often private reasons for the praise and the blame administered, that I am glad, for my part, my only duty is to see the paper through the press. For instance, there is Harrocks, the tragedian, of Drury Lane: every piece in which he appears is a masterpiece, and his performance the greatest triumph ever witnessed. Very good Harrocks and my excellent employer are good friends, and dine with each other; and it is natural that Mugford should like to have his friend praised, and to help him in every way. But Balderson, of Covent Garden, is also a very fine actor. Why can't our critic see his merit as well as Harrocks's? Poor Balderson is never allowed any merit at all. He is passed over with a sneer, or a curt word of cold commendation, while columns of flattery are not enough for his rival."

"Why, Mr. P., what a pity you must be, askin' your pardon," remarked Mugford, in reply to his sub-editor's simple remonstrance. "How can we praise Balderson when Harrocks is our friend? Me and Harrocks are thick. Our wives are close friends. If I was to let Balderson be praised, I should drive Harrocks mad. I *can't* praise Balderson, don't you see out of justice to Harrocks!"

Then there was a certain author whom Bickerton was for ever attacking. They had had a private quarrel, and Bickerton revenged himself in this way. In reply to Philip's outcries and remonstrances, Mr. Mugford only laughed. "The two men are enemies, and Bickerton hits him whenever he can. Why, that's only human nature, Mr. P.," says Philip's employer.

"Great heavens!" bawls out Firmin, "do you mean to say that the man is base enough to strike at his private enemies through the press?"

"Private enemies! private gammon, Mr. Firmin!" cries Philip's employer. "If I have enemies—and I have, there's no doubt about that—I serve them out whenever and wherever I can. And let me tell you I don't half relish having my conduct called base. It's only natural, and it's right. Perhaps you would like to praise your enemies, and abuse your friend? If that's your line, let me tell you you won't do in the newspaper business, and had better take to some other trade." And the employer parted from his subordinate in some heat.

Mugford, indeed, feelingly spoke to me about this insubordination of Philip. "What does the fellow mean by quarrelling with his bread and butter?" Mr. Mugford asked. "Speak to him, and show him what's what, Mr. P., or we shall come to a quarrel, mind you—and I don't want that, for the sake of his little wife, poor little delicate thing. Whatever is to happen to them, if we don't stand by them?"

What was to happen to them, indeed? Any one who knew Philip's temper, as we did, was aware how little advice or remonstrance were likely to affect that gentleman. "Good heavens!" he said to me, when I endeavoured to make him adopt a conciliatory tone towards his employer, "do you want to make me Mugford's galley-slave? I shall have him standing over me and swearing at me as he does at the printers. He

looks into my room at times when he is in a passion, and glares at me, as if he would like to seize me by the throat; and after a word or two he goes off, and I hear him curse the boys in the passage. One day it will be on me that he will turn, I feel sure of that. I tell you the slavery is beginning to be awful. I wake of a night and groan and chafe, and poor Char, too, wakes and asks, 'What is it, Philip?' I say it is rheumatism. Rheumatism!" Of course to Philip's malady his friends tried to apply the commonplace anodynes and consolations. He must be gentle in his bearing. He must remember that his employer had not been bred a gentleman, and that though rough and coarse in language, Mugford had a kind heart. "There is no need to tell me he is not a gentleman, I know that," says poor Phil. "He *is* kind to Char and the child, that is the truth, and so is his wife. I am a slave for all that. He is my driver. He feeds me. He hasn't beat me yet. When I was away at Paris I did not feel the chain so much. But it is scarcely tolerable now, when I have to see my gaoler four or five times a week. My poor little Char, why did I drag you into this slavery?"

"Because you wanted a consoler, I suppose," remarks one of Philip's comforters. "And do you suppose Charlotte would be happier if she were away from you? Though you live up two pair of stairs, is any home happier than yours, Philip? You often own as much, when you are in happier moods. Who has not his work to do, and his burden to bear? You say sometimes that you are imperious and hot-tempered. Perhaps your slavery, as you call it, may be good for you."

"I have doomed myself and her to it," says Philip, hanging down his head.

"Does she ever repine?" asks his adviser. "Does she not think herself the happiest little wife in the world? See here, Philip, here is a note from her yesterday in which she says as much. Do you want to know what the note is about, sir?" says the lady, with a smile. "Well, then, she wanted a receipt for that dish which you liked so much on Friday, and she and Mrs. Brandon will make it for you."

"And if it consisted of minced Charlotte," says Philip's other friend, "you know she would cheerfully chop herself up, and have herself served with a little cream-sauce and sippets of toast for your honour's dinner."

This was undoubtedly true. Did not Job's friends make many true remarks when they visited him in his affliction? Patient as he was, the patriarch groaned and lamented, and why should not poor Philip be allowed to grumble, who was not a model of patience at all? He was not broke in as yet. The mill-horse was restive and kicked at his work. He would chafe not seldom at the daily drudgery, and have his fits of revolt and despondency. Well? Have others not had to toil, to bow the proud head, and carry the daily burden? Don't you see Pegasus, who was going to win the plate, a weary, broken-knee'd, broken-down old cab hack shivering in the rank; or a sleek gelding, mayhap, pacing under a corpulent master in Rotten Row? Philip's crust began to be scanty, and was dipped

in bitter waters. I am not going to make a long story of this part of his career, or parade my friend as too hungry and poor. He is safe now, and out of all peril, heaven be thanked! but he had to pass through hard times, and to look out very wistfully lest the wolf should enter at the door. He never laid claim to be a man of genius, nor was he a successful quack who could pass as a man of genius. When there were French prisoners in England, we know how stout old officers who had plied their sabres against Mamelouks, or Russians, or Germans, were fain to carve little jimcracks in bone with their penknives, or make baskets and boxes of clipped straw, and piteously sell them to casual visitors to their prison. Philip was poverty's prisoner. He had to make such shifts, and do such work, as he could find in his captivity. I do not think men who have undergone the struggle and served the dire task-master, like to look back and recall the grim apprenticeship. When Philip says now, "What fools we were to marry, Char," she looks up radiantly, with love and happiness in her eyes—looks up to heaven, and is thankful; but grief and sadness come over her husband's face at the thought of those days of pain and gloom. She may soothe him, and he may be thankful too; but the wounds are still there which were dealt to him in the cruel battle with fortune. Men are ridden down in it. Men are poltroons and run. Men maraud, break ranks, are guilty of meanness, cowardice, shabby plunder. Men are raised to rank and honour, or drop and perish unnoticed on the field. Happy he who comes from it with his honour pure! Philip did not win crosses and epaulets. He is like you and me, my dear sir, not a heroic genius at all. And it is to be hoped that all three have behaved with an average pluck, and have been guilty of no meanness, or treachery, or desertion. Did you behave otherwise, what would wife and children say? As for Mrs. Philip, I tell you she thinks to this day that there is no man like her husband,—is ready to fall down and worship the boots in which he walks.

How do men live? How is rent paid? How does the dinner come day after day? As a rule there is dinner. You might live longer with less of it, but you can't go without it and live long. How did my neighbour 23 earn his carriage, and how did 24 pay for his house? As I am writing this sentence Mr. Cox, who collects the taxes in this quarter, walks in. How do you do, Mr. Cox? We are not in the least afraid of meeting one another. Time was—two, three years of time—when poor Philip was troubled at the sight of Cox; and this troublous time his biographer intends to pass over in a very few pages.

At the end of six months the Upper Ten Thousand of New York heard with modified wonder that the editor of that fashionable journal had made a retreat from the city, carrying with him the scanty contents of the till; so the contributions of Philalethes never brought our poor friend any dollars at all. But though one fish is caught and eaten, are there not plenty more left in the sea? At this very time when I was in a natural state of despondency about poor Philip's affairs, it struck Tregarvan, the

wealthy Cornish member of parliament, that the Government and the House of Commons slighted his speeches and his views on foreign politics; that the wife of the Foreign Secretary had been very inattentive to Lady Tregarvan; that the designs of a certain Great Power were most menacing and dangerous, and ought to be exposed and counteracted; and that the peerage which he had long desired ought to be bestowed on him. Sir John Tregarvan applied to certain literary and political gentlemen with whom he was acquainted. He would bring out the *European Review*. He would expose the designs of that Great Power which was menacing Europe. He would show up in his proper colours a Minister who was careless of the country's honour, and forgetful of his own: a Minister whose arrogance ought no longer to be tolerated by the country gentlemen of England. Sir John, a little man in brass buttons, and a tall head, who loves to hear his own voice, came and made a speech on the above topics to the writer of the present biography; that writer's lady was in his study as Sir John expounded his views at some length. She listened to him with the greatest attention and respect. She was shocked to hear of the ingratitude of Government; astounded and terrified by his exposition of the designs of—of that Great Power whose intrigues were so menacing to European tranquillity. She was most deeply interested in the idea of establishing the *Review*. He would, of course, be himself the editor; and—and— (here the woman looked across the table at her husband with a strange triumph in her eyes). She knew, they both knew, the very man *of all the world* who was most suited to act as sub-editor under Sir John—a gentleman, one of the truest that ever lived—a university man; a man remarkably versed in the European languages—that is, in French most certainly. And now the reader, I dare say, can guess who this individual was. “I knew it at once,” says the lady, after Sir John had taken his leave. “I told you that those dear children would not be forsaken.” And I would no more try and persuade her that the *European Review* was not ordained of all time to afford maintenance to Philip, than I would induce her to turn Mormon, and accept all the consequences to which ladies must submit when they make profession of that creed.

“You see, my love,” I say to the partner of my existence, “what other things must have been ordained of all time as well as Philip's appointment to be sub-editor of the *European Review*. It must have been decreed *ab initio* that Lady Plinlimmon should give evening parties, in order that she might offend Lady Tregarvan by not asking her to those parties. It must have been ordained by fate that Lady Tregarvan should be of a jealous disposition, so that she might hate Lady Plinlimmon, and was to work upon her husband, and inspire him with anger and revolt against his chief. It must have been ruled by destiny that Tregarvan should be rather a weak and wordy personage, fancying that he had a talent for literary composition. Else he would not have thought of setting up the *Review*. Else he would never have been angry with Lord Plin-

limmon for not inviting him to tea. Else he would not have engaged Philip as sub-editor. So, you see, in order to bring about this event, and put a couple of hundred a year into Philip Firmin's pocket, the Tregarvans have to be born from the earliest times: the Plinlimmons have to spring up in the remotest ages, and come down to the present day: Doctor Firmin has to be a rogue, and undergo his destiny of cheating his son of money:—all mankind up to the origin of **our race** are involved in your proposition, and we actually arrive at **Adam and Eve**, who are but fulfilling their destiny, which was to be the **ancestors of Philip Firmin.**"

"Even in our first parents there was doubt and scepticism and mis-giving," says the lady with strong emphasis on the words. "If you mean to say that there is no such thing as a Superior Power watching over us, and ordaining things for our good, you are an atheist—and such a thing as an atheist does not exist in the world, and I would not believe you if you said you were one twenty times over."

I mention these points by the way, and as samples of lady-like logic. I acknowledge that Philip himself, as he looks back at his past career, is very much moved. "I do not deny," he says, gravely, "that these things happened in the natural order. I say I am grateful for what happened; and look back at the past not without awe. In great grief and danger may be, I have had timely rescue. Under great suffering I have met with supreme consolation. When the trial has seemed almost too hard for me it has ended, and our darkness has been lightened. *Ut vivo et valeo—si valeo*, I know by Whose permission this is,—and would you forbid me to be thankful? to be thankful for my life; to be thankful for my children; to be thankful for the daily bread which has been granted to me, and the temptation from which I have been rescued? As I think of the past and its bitter trials, I bow my head in thanks and awe. I wanted succour, and I found it. I fell on evil times, and good friends pitied and helped me—good friends like yourself, your dear wife, many another I could name. In what moments of depression, old friend, have you not seen me, and cheered me? Do you know in the moments of our grief the inexpressible value of your sympathy? Your good Samaritan takes out only twopence maybe for the wayfarer whom he has rescued, but the little timely supply saves a life. You remember dear old Ned St. George—dead in the West Indies years ago? Before he got his place Ned was hanging on in London, so utterly poor and ruined, that he had not often a shilling to buy a dinner. He used often to come to us, and my wife and our children loved him; and I used to leave a heap of shillings on my study-table, so that he might take two or three as he wanted them. Of course you remember him. You were at the dinner which we gave him on his getting his place. I forget the cost of that dinner; but I remember my share amounted to the exact number of shillings which poor Ned had taken off my table. He gave me the money then and there at the tavern at Blackwall. He said it seemed providential. But for those shillings,

and the constant welcome at our poor little table, he said he thought he should have made away with his life. I am not bragging of the twopence which I gave, but thanking God for sending me there to give it. *Benedico benedictus*. I wonder sometimes am I the I of twenty years ago? before our heads were bald, friend; and when the little ones reached up to our knees? Before dinner you saw me in the library reading in that old *European Review* which your friend Tregarvan established. I came upon an article of my own, and a very dull one, on a subject which I knew nothing about. "Persian politics, and the intrigues at the Court of Teheran." It was done to order. Tregarvan had some special interest about Persia, or wanted to vex Sir Thomas Nobbles, who was Minister there. I breakfasted with Tregarvan in the Albany, the facts (we will call them facts) and papers were supplied to me, and I went home to point out the delinquencies of Sir Thomas, and the atrocious intrigues of the Russian Court. Well, sir, Nobbles, Tregarvan, Teheran, all disappeared as I looked at the text in the old volume of the *Review*. I saw a deal table in a little room, and a reading lamp, and a young fellow writing at it, with a sad heart, and a dreadful apprehension torturing him. One of our children was ill in the adjoining room, and I have before me the figure of my wife coming in from time to time to my room and saying, "She is asleep now, and the fever is much lower."

Here our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a tall young lady, who says, "Papa, the coffee is quite cold: and the carriage will be here very soon, and both mamma and my godmother say they are growing very angry. Do you know you have been talking here for two hours?"

Had two hours actually slipped away, as we sate prattling about old times? As I narrate them, I prefer to give Mr. Firmin's account of his adventures in his own words, where I can recul or irritate them. Both of us are graver and more reverend seigniors than we were at the time of which I am writing. Has not Firmin's girl grown up to be taller than her godmother? Veterans both, we love to prattle about the merry days when we were young—(the merry days? no, the past is never merry)—about the days when we were young; and do we grow young in talking of them, or only indulge in a senile cheerfulness and prolixity?

Tregarvan sleeps with his Cornish fathers: Europe for many years has gone on without her *Review*: but it is a certainty that the establishment of that occult organ of opinion tended very much to benefit Philip Firmin, and helped for a while to supply him and several innocent people dependent on him with their daily bread. Of course, as they were so poor, this worthy family increased and multiplied; and as they increased, and as they multiplied, my wife insists that I should point out how support was found for them. When there was a second child in Philip's nursery, he would have removed from his lodgings in Thornhaugh Street, but for the prayers and commands of the affectionate Little Sister, who

insisted that there was plenty of room in the house for everybody, and who said that if Philip went away she would cut off her little godchild with a shilling. And then indeed it was discovered for the first time, that this faithful and affectionate creature had endowed Philip with all her little property. These are the rays of sunshine in the dungeon. These are the drops of water in the desert. And with a full heart our friend acknowledges how comfort came to him in his hour of need.

Though Mr. Firmin has a very grateful heart, it has been admitted that he was a loud, disagreeable Firmin at times, impetuous in his talk, and violent in his behaviour: and we are now come to that period of his history, when he had a quarrel in which I am sorry to say Mr. Philip was in the wrong. Why do we consort with those whom we dislike? Why is it that men will try and associate between whom no love is? I think it was the ladies who tried to reconcile Philip and his master; who brought them together, and strove to make them friends; but the more they met the more they disliked each other; and now the Muse has to relate their final and irreconcilable rupture.

Of Mugford's wrath the direful tale relate, O Muse! and Philip's pitiable fate. I have shown how the men had long been inwardly envenomed one against another. "Because Firmin is as poor as a rat, that's no reason why he should adopt that hawhaw manner, and them high and mighty airs towards a man who gives him the bread he eats," Mugford argued not unjustly. "What do I care for his being a university man? I am as good as he is. I am better than his old scamp of a father, who was a college man too, and lived in fine company. I made my own way in the world, independent, and supported myself since I was fourteen years of age, and helped my mother and brothers too, and that's more than my sub-editor can say, who can't support himself yet. I could get fifty sub-editors as good as he is, by calling out of window into the street, I could. I say, hang Firmin! I'm a-losing all patience with him." On the other hand, Mr. Philip was in the habit of speaking his mind with equal candour. "What right has that person to call me Firmin?" he asked. "I am Firmin to my equals and friends. I am this man's labourer at four guineas a week. I give him his money's worth, and on every Saturday evening we are quits. Call me Philip indeed, and strike me in the side. I choke, sir, as I think of the confounded familiarity!" "Confound his impudence!" was the cry, and the not unjust cry of the labourer and his employer. The men should have been kept apart: and it was a most mistaken Christian charity and female conspiracy which brought them together. "Another invitation from Mugford. It was agreed that I was never to go again, and I won't go," said Philip to his meek wife. "Write and say we are engaged, Charlotte."

"It is for the 18th of next month, and this is the 23rd," said poor Charlotte. "We can't well say that we are engaged so far off."

"It is for one of his grand ceremony parties," urged the Little Sister. "You can't come to no quarrelling there. He has a good

heart. So have you. There's no good quarrelling with him. Oh, Philip, do forgive, and be friends!" Philip yielded to the remonstrances of the women, as we all do; and a letter was sent to Hampstead, announcing that Mr. and Mrs. P. F. would have the honour of, &c.

In his quality of newspaper proprietor, musical professors and opera singers paid much court to Mr. Mugford; and he liked to entertain them at his hospitable table; to brag about his wines, cookery, plate, garden, prosperity, and private virtue, during dinner, whilst the artists sate respectfully listening to him; and to go to sleep and snore, or wake up and join cheerfully in a chorus, when the professional people performed in the drawing-room. Now, there was a lady who was once known on the theatre by the name of Mrs. Ravenswing, and who had been forced on to the stage by the misconduct of her husband, a certain Walker, one of the greatest scamps who ever entered a gaol. On Walker's death, this lady married a Mr. Woolsey, a wealthy tailor, who retired from his business, as he caused his wife to withdraw from hers.

Now, more worthy and honourable people do not live than Woolsey and his wife, as those know who were acquainted with their history. Mrs. Woolsey is loud. Her *h's* are by no means where they should be; her knife at dinner is often where it should not be. She calls men aloud by their names, and without any prefix of courtesy. She is very fond of porter, and has no scruple in asking for it. She sits down to play the piano, and to sing with perfect good nature, and if you look at her hands as they wander over the keys—well, I don't wish to say anything unkind, but I am forced to own that those hands are not so white as the ivory which they thump. Woolsey sits in perfect rapture listening to his wife. Mugford presses her to take a glass of "somethink" afterwards; and the good-natured soul says she will take something 'ot. She sits and listens with infinite patience and good-humour whilst the little Mugfords go through their horrible little musical exercises; and these over, she is ready to go back to the piano again, and sing more songs, and drink more 'ot.

I do not say that this was an elegant woman, or a fitting companion for Mrs. Philip; but I know that Mrs. Woolsey was a good, clever, and kindly woman, and that Philip behaved nicely to her. He never meant to be rude to her, he said; but the truth is, he treated her, her husband, Mugford, and Mrs. Mugford, with a haughty ill-humour which utterly exasperated and perplexed them.

About this poor lady, who was modest and innocent as Susannah, Philip had heard some wicked elders at wicked clubs tell wicked stories in old times. There was that old Trail, for instance, what woman escaped from *his* sneers and slander? There were others who could be named, and whose testimony was equally untruthful. On an ordinary occasion Philip would never have cared or squabbled about a question of precedence, and would have taken any place assigned to him at any table. But when Mrs. Woolsey in crumpled satins and blowsy lace made her appearance, and was eagerly and respectfully saluted by

the host and hostess, Philip remembered those early stories about the poor lady: his eyes flashed wrath, and his breast beat with an indignation which almost choked him. Ask that woman to meet my wife? he thought to himself, and looked so ferocious and desperate that the timid little wife gazed with alarm at her Philip, and crept up to him and whispered, "What is it, dear?"

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mugford and Mrs. Woolsey were in full colloquy about the weather, the nursery, and so forth—and Woolsey and Mugford giving each other the hearty grasp of friendship. Philip, then, scowling at the newly arrived guests, turning his great hulking back upon the company and talking to his wife, presented a not agreeable figure to his entertainer.

"Hang the fellow's pride!" thought Mugford. "He chooses to turn his back upon my company, because Woolsey was a tradesman. An honest tailor is better than a bankrupt, swindling doctor, I should think. *Woolsey* need not be ashamed to show his face, I suppose. Why did you make me ask that fellow again, Mrs. M.? Don't you see, our society ain't good enough for him?"

Philip's conduct, then, so irritated Mugford, that when dinner was announced, he stepped forward and offered his arm to Mrs. Woolsey; having intended in the first instance to confer that honour upon Charlotte. "I'll show him," thought Mugford, "that an honest tradesman's lady who pays his way, and is not afraid of anybody, is better than my sub-editor's wife, the daughter of a bankrupt swell." Though the dinner was illuminated by Mugford's grandest plate, and accompanied by his very best wine, it was a gloomy and weary repast to several people present, and Philip and Charlotte, and I daresay Mugford, thought it never would be done. Mrs. Woolsey, to be sure, placidly ate her dinner, and drank her wine; whilst, remembering these wicked legends against her, Philip sat before the poor unconscious lady, silent, with glaring eyes, insolent and odious; so much so, that Mrs. Woolsey imparted to Mrs. Mugford her surmise that the tall gentleman must have got out of bed the wrong leg foremost.

Well, Mrs. Woolsey's carriage and Mr. Firmin's cab were announced at the same moment; and immediately Philip started up and beckoned his wife away. But Mrs. Woolsey's carriage and lamps of course had the precedence; and this lady Mr. Mugford accompanied to her carriage step.

He did not pay the same attention to Mrs. Firmin. Most likely he forgot. Possibly he did not think etiquette required he should show that sort of politeness to a sub-editor's wife: at any rate, he was not so rude as Philip himself had been during the evening, but he stood in the hall looking at his guests departing in their cab, when, in a sudden gust of passion, Philip stepped out of the carriage, and stalked up to his host, who stood there in his own hall confronting him, Philip declared, with a most impudent smile on his face.

"Come back to light a pipe I suppose? Nice thing for your wife, ain't it?" said Mugford, relishing his own joke.

"I am come back, sir," said Philip, glaring at Mugford, "to ask how you dared invite Mrs. Philip Firmin to meet that woman?"

Here, on his side, Mr. Mugford lost his temper, and from this moment *his* wrong begins. When he was in a passion, the language used by Mr. Mugford was not, it appears, choice. We have heard that when angry, he was in the habit of swearing freely at his subordinates. He broke out on this occasion also with many oaths. He told Philip that he would stand his impudence no longer; that he was as good as a swindling doctor's son; that though he hadn't been to college he could buy and pay them as had; and that if Philip liked to come into the back yard for ten minutes, he'd give him one—two, and show him whether he was a man or not. Poor Char, who, indeed, fancied that her husband had gone back to light his cigar, sat awhile unconscious in her cab, and supposed that the two gentlemen were engaged on newspaper business. When Mugford began to pull his coat off, she sat wondering, but not in the least understanding the meaning of the action. Philip had described his employer as walking about his office without a coat and using energetic language.

But when, attracted by the loudness of the talk, Mrs. Mugford came forth from her neighbouring drawing-room, accompanied by such of her children as had not yet gone to roost—when seeing Mugford pulling off his dress-coat, she began to scream—when, lifting his voice over hers, Mugford poured forth oaths, and frantically shook his fists at Philip, asking how that blackguard dared insult him in his own house, and proposing to knock his head off at that moment—then poor Char, in a wild alarm, sprang out of the cab, ran to her husband, whose whole frame was throbbing, whose nostrils were snorting with passion. Then Mrs. Mugford springing forward, placed her ample form before her husband's, and calling Philip a great cowardly beast, asked him if he was going to attack that little old man? Then Mugford dashing his coat down to the ground, called with fresh oaths to Philip to come on. And, in fine, there was a most unpleasant row, occasioned by Mr. Philip Firmin's hot temper.

The Brain and its Use.

WE cannot wonder at the interest with which the brain has been regarded ever since it was discovered that consciousness had its seat within it. What a strange thing it seems that feeling and thought should be traced up to a soft piece of marrow within the head, and there fixed. How provocative of curiosity, how stimulative to hope! If we could but penetrate deeply enough into this little bit of matter, open as it is to all our senses, with microscopes and chemical analysis to aid them, would not the whole secret of life stand before us? Should we not then know why we think, and how it is we feel, what consciousness depends on, and how the senses are made the ministers not of impressions only, but of knowledge? The whole mystery seems to be in our hands. 'Tis here, if only we could stay the fleeting breath, and grasp it as it flies.

So men have reasoned; as we should reason were we in their place. And so they have been deluded by a false hope into the attainment of solid benefits. They have dug into the field of the brain at every point in search of a treasure which was never there; but a rich harvest has repaid them. The fable of the old man and his sons is a picture of our relation to nature. We are ever allured to labour by promise of a hidden treasure, and over fruitful fields of unsuspected worth reward the wasted toil. The philosopher's stone entrapped men into chemistry; the hope of astrologic lore into the knowledge of the stars; the pursuit of the hidden secrets of the soul has richly cheated us into an acquaintance with the vital laws of consciousness; and so has revealed to us the method of fulfilling their demands.

Cells in the centre, and fibres running to and from them (as we have seen in a previous paper), constitute the spinal cord and its nerves; and we can understand tolerably well how these simple elements should suffice for the ends which the spinal cord and its nerves fulfil. Given the groups of muscles which move the various portions of the body, and let them be connected with central organs capable of receiving impressions, of multiplying and reflecting them in definite directions, and we can see how an exquisite mechanical arrangement of such elements should bring to pass the most delicate or complex movements. Cells to generate force, and fibres to bring and carry stimulus, are suitable enough to produce unconscious actions, however rational they may look, or fruitful in uses they may be. There is an adaptation between the means and the end. We may even explain a great part of instinct so. But what have cells and fibres to do with thought, with love, with moral choice and will? Yet beyond these there is nothing visible in the brain. In studying

the spinal cord, we have made acquaintance with all that the acutest anatomist can show us there.

Such identity of structure, such difference of use ! It is very perplexing. Yet we need not fall back on the idea urged by some, that since the brain is used for feeling and for thinking, therefore the spinal cord (which is just like it, only arranged inside out) must be so too ; and that, in fact, our backs contrive and will, though we know nothing of it. Disappointing as it is to find only these inexplicable cells where we might have hoped for so much more, we may, perhaps, find a better consolation than that theory affords. May we venture to suggest a larger notion ? Since, in this instance of the brain, it is undeniable that material actions depend on mind, may we not accept this as the rule of all material actions ? What is once, surely may be always. The brain then would not differ from other material existences in being connected with feeling and with thought, but would be distinguished merely by being connected with thought and feeling that are *ours*. It reveals to us, so, the law of all matter—to be ruled and moved by mind : but the brain alone is thus ruled and moved directly by *our* mind. Of the mind that rules and uses the rest of nature we are not conscious ; it is not “we,” but it is not therefore non-existent. The brain seems to us, then, so strange an exception in nature, because only at this one point do we rightly perceive it as an instrument of consciousness. The apparent exception comes, not from peculiarity in this case, but from our not perceiving what is in the rest. One point in favour of this theory would be, that it supposes nothing but what we are obliged on any theory to admit. And this at least we know, that persistent effort, long-continued study, or persevering will, modify the brain of man, and will even in time perceptibly alter its form. The brain at least is moved by mind.

Cells and fibres ! Surely no one would have believed how much could be done with them. Being the simplest means of effecting the offices needed from the little nervous system of the lowest creatures, they are still used when there are added on to these the lofty functions of human life. For it is part of nature’s grand economy ever to employ existing resources ; to construct the higher from the lower, and on the pattern which that lower affords. The advance of the nervous organization, therefore, being upwards from the merely unconscious system, which is termed “reflex,” the superadded parts are based on the model of that ; and the reflected actions of the spinal cord thus become the key to the structure and functions of the brain. In its germ—in an image, perhaps, we should say—the consciousness, the life of man are contained in his spinal cord. The history of the whole may be read there, reduced to its simplest form.

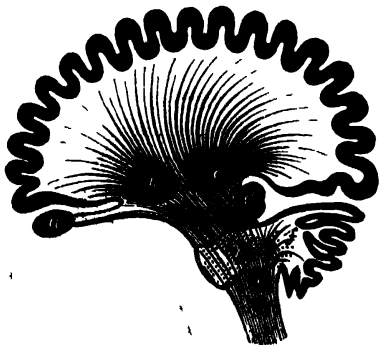
It is certain that we have not been able to find the mind in the brain ; but it is hardly too much to say that we can find the brain in the mind : that is, in our mode of feeling and thinking, of consciously acting, suffering, and enjoying, we may find reflected the constitution of the brain, and the relations of its parts. Thus, it is by outward impressions that our

mental activity is called forth; we think and will because we perceive and feel. And when perception and feeling have moved us to reflection and excited us to act, we carry out our determinations by a simple effort, unconscious of the varied machinery we have to put in motion to perform even the smallest act. Clearly there is a "reflex function" here; a stimulus transmitted, a reception at a centre or station—the central station of all—and a transmission again of a stimulus to the active organs, or muscles. Consciousness is in the centre, and reflects, and Will takes the place of mere physical impulse; but the plan and arrangement are the same as in the spinal cord.

Now, for this mode of operation, what order of parts should there be? We can pretty well tell it beforehand. There is wanted first, a centre (consisting of cells, of course), in which impressions from all the nerves should be received, and grouped, ready for transmission to the "reflecting" organ;* then there must be a centre—another mass of cells—for the purpose of receiving and subjecting to the process of reflection, in its double sense, these impressions; and finally another centre to receive the single impulse of the will, and transmit it with order and precision to the muscles suited to carry out its commands. And all these parts must be fully united, by conducting lines of fibres, with each other and with the spinal cord.

This is the structure of the brain; speaking generally, of course, and disregarding some subordinate parts. In the main it consists of these three centres, with their connecting fibres. See figure 1, in which they are exhibited, for simplicity's sake, with a somewhat exaggerated distinctness, the dark portions representing the groups of cells. It will be seen that the gray or cellular matter is arranged in two main lines;—one covering the surface in a continuous layer, the other placed in a series of groups at the base. The gray matter which is at the surface is the portion of the brain concerned in thought; the masses at the base are the centres of sensation and motion. The higher portion of the brain is termed the hemispheres, from its shape, and it is the special organ of the mind. It consists of cells on the surface and fibres within, being opposite in this to the spinal cord, in which the fibres are outside. In the figure, *a* is the centre for smell, and sends off nerves to the nose; *b* is, probably, the

Fig. 1.

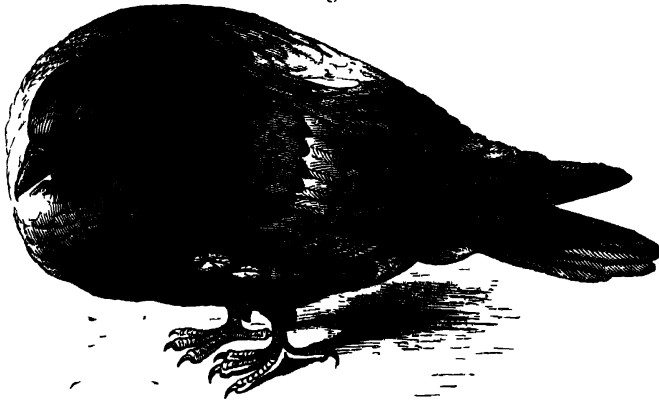


* Is it not curious that the word "reflect" should possess the twofold meaning which it has—assigned to it, moreover, long before the construction of the brain was understood?

centre for motion, and *c* that for feeling. These two centres are connected by fibres with those parts of the spinal cord from which the nerves of motion and of feeling arise; that is with the front and the back part of it respectively; *e* represents the spinal cord, and *f* the "little brain," which is situated behind the brain properly so called (or cerebrum), and is covered in by it.

Of this little brain or *cerebellum*, as it is called (that being the diminutive of cerebrum), what is the office? This is rather a doubtful point as yet, but the results of experiments indicate that it serves the purpose of associating the various muscles, and enabling the animal to execute the complicated movements which involve their united action. Figs. 2 and 3

Fig 2.



Pigeon from which the large brain has been removed

Fig. 3.



Pigeon from which the little brain has been removed.

show the contrast presented by a pigeon from which the hemispheres of the true brain have been removed, and one which has suffered the loss

of the little brain. In the former case the bird is deprived of anything like the power of thought; it stands plunged in a state of profound stupor, and is almost entirely inattentive to surrounding objects. Occasionally it opens its eyes with a vacant stare, stretches its neck, perhaps shakes its bill once or twice, or smoothes down the feathers upon its shoulders, and then relapses into its former apathy. At the same time it seems to perceive impressions on its senses or skin, and responds to them by slight movements. It may even follow a light with its eyes (see fig. 2). The bird from which the little brain has been removed, on the other hand, is in a constant state of agitation. It is easily terrified, and endeavours frequently, and with violent struggles, to escape the notice of those who are watching it, but its movements are sprawling and unnatural, and are evidently no longer under the control of the will. It is incapable of assuming or retaining any natural position; but its legs and wings are almost constantly agitated with irregular and ineffectual struggles (see fig. 3). The little brain, therefore, seems to act something like the part of a regulating wheel to an engine, in respect to the larger brain behind which it lies concealed. But it has doubtless other functions also; one of which is very likely to be that of maintaining the nervous activity while the brain proper is asleep. The cells on its surface are arranged in layers, closely packed, so that on section it gives an appearance somewhat like a tree. Hence it was called the "*Arbor Vitæ*," or Tree of Life (see fig. 4), in the early days of anatomy; and the name seems to recall to us the vague sense of wonder with which these structures could not fail to impress their first discoverers.

The effect of removing the hemispheres of the brain, as described above, proves them to be the organs of thought; but similar evidence is furnished by other facts. Intelligence is exhibited in the animal world, in close correspondence with the degree of development of these organs. As the animal rises in the scale so do the upper parts of the brain make their appearance. In fishes they are exceedingly small. The brain-case of the shark will scarcely admit the finger. As we advance among the quadrupeds they become larger, and their surface is gathered up into convolutions so as to afford room for a greater extent of gray matter. In man the hemispheres of the brain constitute nine-tenths of its entire mass; and the convolutions attain a size vastly larger than in any other creature. Taking in both the great and the little brain, they have been calculated to afford a surface, in a full sized adult, of 670 square inches. The convolutions follow a definite order in their development; they are always alike in animals of the same class, and correspond strictly on the two sides of the head.

The brain may be regarded as an expansion and unfolding of the spinal cord, which running up into the head, spreads out into bands of radiating fibres on each side. The form thus resulting may be compared, roughly, to that of the root and first pair of leaves put forth by a growing seed. The fibres on each side curve round in a beautifully spiral manner

externally, so as to return upon themselves, and they are thus hidden from view by the gray matter which covers their surface.

FIG. 4.



Brain seen from below. *a* and *b* centres of motion and sensation, *c* little brain, *d* crossing of the fibres passing from the brain to the spinal cord; *e* nerve of smell; *f* nerve of sight.

In fig. 4, the lower part of the hemispheres being represented as cut away, the bands of fibres are exhibited in their course. Upon them are situated two swellings on each side, consisting of the groups of cells which, as we have seen (fig. 1), constitute the centres for feeling and for motion.

The fibres, thus diverging from each other, leave in the middle line a narrow interspace; and arching upwards and downwards, they leave also a central

cavity upon each side. These spaces, being divided by bands of fibres here and there, have received the fanciful name of the "ventricles" (or little stomachs) of the brain; and five of them are enumerated. They answer the purpose of permitting the free passage of blood to and from the interior of the brain, and are filled with the same fluid that bathes its exterior. For the whole of the central nervous system, brain and spinal cord alike, reposes on a water bed; it is surrounded by a membrane folded on itself (like a double night-cap when placed on the head), and filled with a thin layer of fluid, closely resembling water. This fluid separates the brain from its bony case, guards it from shocks, and gives it, both externally and in the ventricles within, the most delicate and exact support in all its motions.

Beneath this double membrane a fine tissue, carrying a close mesh of blood-vessels, immediately overlies the surface of the brain, and dipping down between the convolutions bathes them with a copious supply of blood; and around the whole there is wrapped a tough membrane which lines the bones, separates the various portions of the brain by strong partitions, sends off sheaths around the nerves, and furnishes channels for the returning blood.

The brain, then, is a double organ, consisting of two distinct halves precisely corresponding to each other. In fact, though they are contained within one cavity, we have as truly two brains as we have two eyes or two hands. On their superior aspect these two brains are separated by a deep interval in which we can lay the hand. They are united, however, in man and the higher animals, by large and numerous bands of fibres passing from one to the other.

The doubleness of the brain has given rise to some curious speculations. Dr. Wigan argues that the mind is double also, explaining on this principle some forms of mental disease. And though we may not accept this idea, we certainly seem to find in our experience many traces of the influence of our double brain. How often, for example, we are conscious of carrying on a train of thought, and at the same time calmly criticizing ourselves in doing it. In day-dreaming, do we not think in two ways at once; indulging unbounded fancies on the one hand (or brain) and holding on to the cold reality by the other? If the latter also were to slip its grasp, how far should we be from temporary madness? In disease, these characteristics of thought become still more marked: delirium often begins with the feeling of being two persons, or in two conditions, at once; or illusions are at the same time felt as realities and yet known to be false. Can we help referring these conditions to a disharmony between the brains? Or those strange experiences called "double consciousness," in which a person passes alternately from one condition of thought, apprehension, memory, into another entirely different, forgetting wholly in the one state what has happened during the other—do we not naturally ascribe them to an alternate activity and torpor of the two "organs of the mind?" We may not be quite right in these ideas, but we can hardly avoid entertaining them. And even in healthful, vigorous thought, is not the action of both brains to be traced? May not *attention* be the bringing both of them to bear on one subject, as *looking* is directing both eyes to a common point? Do we not almost feel, when intent upon a thought, as if we grasped it with one part of our mind and worked upon it with another, holding it steady, as it were, while we bring our force to bear upon it?

But besides any uses of this kind, the doubleness of the brain also serves the purpose of providing a surplusage or excess of power, beyond that which is habitually in demand. We possess a reservoir of nervous faculty not drawn upon in ordinary life, so that great losses may be sustained by the brain without giving rise to any apparent symptoms. Large portions of one hemisphere have been destroyed by disease or injury, and yet the mental powers have seemed entirely unimpaired; just as a person may be almost blind on one side for a long while without discovering his loss. Of this the most striking instance on record is, perhaps, the following, which, incredible as it may seem, is reported on good authority. A pointed iron bar, three and a half feet long and one inch and a quarter in diameter, was driven by the premature blasting

of rock completely through the side of the head of a man who was present. It entered below the temple, and made its exit at the top of the forehead, just about the middle line. The man was at first stunned, and lay in a delirious, semi-stupefied state for about three weeks. At the end of sixteen months, however, he was in perfect health, with the wounds healed and with the mental and bodily functions unimpaired, except that the sight was lost in the eye of the injured side.* Those curious cases, too, in which one side of the body suffers some peculiar affection exactly limited to the middle line, are attributable to a diverse action of the two hemispheres of the brain. Some persons perspire only on one side, and they are apt to be thrown into this partial perspiration by any nervous agitation. Sir Henry Holland mentions the case of a horse which had this peculiarity, and became giddy when heated. Many affections of the skin, also, which are greatly under the influence of the nervous system, are precisely limited in the same way.

The brain, however, consists of two brains united into one, only because the body also is, in strictness, two bodies united into one. Each half of the body is presided over by its own half of the brain; but not by that which is nearest to it. The fibres, descending from the brain to the limbs, cross each other, and go to the opposite side. (See fig. 4.) The execution of Solomon's judgment was physically, as well as morally, impossible. To divide, is virtually to decapitate, the living frame. Each mangled portion would contain not its own brain, but its fellow's. So it is that when paralysis ensues from disease in one hemisphere of the brain, the opposite side of the body is deprived of its powers. This, however, does not hold of the face; from the same cause the face may be rendered motionless on one side, and the limbs on the other.

But, indeed, the brain might have been made to startle us with unforeseen results. Who, for instance, would have supposed that the seat of sensibility should be itself entirely insensitive? Yet this is the fact. While all parts of the spinal cord, and all the nerves, are sensitive to any irritant, to a touch, a prick, or an electric shock, any one of these exciting intense pain or producing convulsive movements, the chief part of the brain is insensible to them all. It may be cut, contused, burnt, electrified, done anything to, with no result save that loss of its powers, which follows destruction of its substance. And this character of indifference to direct stimulation seems to extend (according to the careful experiments of Flourens) just to those parts of the brain which are concerned in the mental processes. Where consciousness is connected with the function, there sensibility to physical stimulus is lost. There is thus a sort of oppositeness between those portions of the nervous system which conduct impressions to the central organ, and those whose office it is to present these impressions to the mind. Each is susceptible of its appropriate stimulus, and of that alone. The brain responds directly to the mental

* *Treatise on Human Physiology*, by JOHN C. DALTON, jun.

forces of thought and will, but to physical stimuli only when conveyed to it through the appointed nervous channel. The spinal cord and nerves are directly amenable to physical stimuli, but obey the mental power only when conveyed to them through the brain. Each portion is thus the converse of the other. If we imagine the nervous system spread out before us, it would be sensitive to irritation in all parts except its centre, while in that centre alone would be found the power of awakening consciousness. The brain sits there like a monarch, inaccessible except through his ministers.

Perhaps there is something similar to this in our mental constitution. We know well how little we can do by direct effort in the way of remembrance or of thinking. Thought, as well as sensation, has its appointed channels, and cannot be commanded. We cannot compel an idea to arise; we can only facilitate its up-springing by opening our minds to that class of subjects which shall most readily suggest it to us. The mind has its own system of nerves, to the impulses of which alone it will respond; these ramify over the entire body of our knowledge, and find their expression in the laws of the "association of ideas."

But one of the most curious points connected with the action of the brain, is the part it seems to play in what may be termed "unconscious thinking." Sir William Hamilton has pointed out that our perceptions are often made up of a number of impressions, each of which is itself unperceived. When the roaring of the sea is heard at a distance, the total sound is an aggregate of a multitude of smaller sounds, those of the separate waves, themselves too weak to reach the ear. In a somewhat similar way, intellectual results are arrived at by a course of thoughts (if we must call them so), each step in which seems too slight or too evanescent to be itself perceived. Dr. Laycock has especially pursued this subject, and has shown how constant and how important a part of our experience it is which assumes this form. Every one knows how often a new light arises on matters which have perplexed us, without any effort or even consciousness of our own about them, as if our ideas re-arranged themselves while we slept, or attended to other things; and the highest flights of genius, the inspirations alike of the poet and the man of science, are the forms of thought which seem most emphatically to partake of this character. Of these achievements, often, nothing can be said, even by their authors, but that "they come to them." Now, in such cases there seems good reason to believe that physiological laws express themselves. Changes proceeding in the brain, in harmony with nature, afford results which partake of nature's perfection; the more perfect because free from the bias or constraint imposed by deliberate effort. The fantastic dreams which ensue from the perverted action of the brain under stimulant or narcotic poisoning, present a parallel but contrasted case. Sometimes in disease very singular results are manifested from this cause.

In some of the odd freaks, again, known as absence of mind, we see another illustration of unconscious action in the brain. There are two

kinds of such absence: sometimes an intense activity of certain powers throws the other faculties into undue abeyance. Sir Isaac Newton forgot to eat; and Socrates is said to have stood motionless for a whole day and night. But sometimes the activity of these other faculties is in excess, and the absorbed attention seems to give an unrestrained liberty to processes which should be held in check. Thus an unfortunately absent man may, quite unknowingly, take up money not his own, if it lies before him, and transfer it to his own pocket; the stimulus of sight and habit not being balanced by the reflecting powers. The possibility of this occurrence, which is quite beyond doubt as a matter of fact, might well be allowed to plead on the side of mercy in some cases of apparent theft. Like this, too, are the instances in which dying men have enacted over again the parts which they have been accustomed to play in life—the merchant counting up his books, the judge charging the jury.

But, in truth, the more closely we scrutinize our mental powers, and note the laws they follow, the more we are struck with the narrow limits within which our own action is restricted. To a vast extent we are quite passive, and rather suffer our thoughts than think them. We may even be said rather to suffer than to do a large proportion of our own actions. Much of our life passes before us like a panorama, in which we are indeed the most interested of spectators, but can hardly be accounted the actors. Nay, we find that to a very great extent our effort is habitually required, and exerted, to control actions that would otherwise take place; to command quiescence rather than movement. The body is quick to respond to innumerable stimuli, operating upon it at all times and in every variety of mode; its pent-up force is ever ready to break forth, and does break forth, save as a regulating power is exerted upon it, either through the will or the operation of the superior parts of the nervous system. We may take winking as an instance. What an effort it demands to prevent our eyes from closing, when any object threatens to come into contact with them. It seems, indeed, impossible to avoid the action beyond a certain nearness of approach, even when there is the most perfect confidence that no contact will ensue, and there is, therefore, no struggle of the will.

It is in facts of this kind that the nature of the brain, and the part it plays in our experience, are perhaps best to be seen. We may call it an instrument, but we must remember that it is itself an active one. Nay, for this very reason it is suitable to be an instrument for us. Itself a part of nature, with nature's laws expressing themselves within it in constantly recurring activities, it lays for our consciousness exactly the basis that we need. We are thus brought, by its means, into relation with the material world in its highest and intensest form, and read off, as it were, in the form of thoughts, the culminating processes of Life—itsself the crown and flower of all the physical developments of force. The brain presents Nature to our conscious part, and presents it worthily.

Again, the brain, united by means of the nerves with every portion of

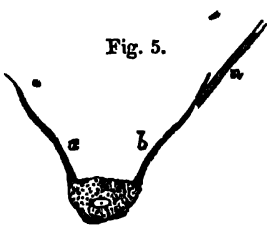
our bodily frames, and thus transmitting to every portion in its turn the stimulus which results from the actions that take place within it, renders the whole body the representative and exponent of the soul. Expressed to consciousness, on the one hand, in the form of emotion or of thought, these same actions in the brain, upon the other, penetrate, and mould by a subtle alchemy, the most interior recesses of the body, and their effects proclaim themselves on lip or cheek, in eye or hand. Thus the subordination of the body to the mind is effected perfectly, and without care on our part ; as, indeed, no care of ours could ever avail to maintain it through all the innumerable variations of the mental states. And here the significance of the various "centres," or groups of cells, which we have seen to enter into the formation of the brain again becomes apparent. Besides the actions which take place unconsciously within us, even those of which we are distinctly conscious are of different kinds. Some are immediately dependent upon sensations. The act of sneezing, for example, is one which no effort of the will can exactly reproduce ; it follows directly upon a peculiar feeling, and demands for its production that the feeling should be of a certain intensity. Tears and laughter, when caused by physical sensations—by tickling or by pain—come under the same category. There is thus a whole class of actions which depend upon sensation, and these have their own demonstrable centre in the brain. At least, there is sufficient evidence to make it exceedingly probable that one of the swellings which are formed upon the fibres coming up from the spinal cord and expanding outwards to the hemispheres, is this centre (see figs. 1 and 4). Impressions on the nerves may reach this spot, and be at once reflected—that is, may excite a change in the cells collected there, and put into activity the nerves proceeding to certain groups of muscles, or to certain glands. When this is the case, we have an action dependent on, or at least connected with, sensation, and not involving any of the higher faculties, as thought or will.

In the tendency of the brain to give rise to actions of this class, lies a chief source of the power of habit, and the fatal bondage under which the victim of habitual vice is laid, and so often struggles in vain. The chain between sensation and its consequent acts grows stronger with practice, and acquires ever new directions. It is thus that irresistible influence of the desire for drink, which is now recognized as nothing less than a distinct form of insanity by the best pathologists, becomes established ; the taste or even the sight becomes all-powerful, and brings on the accustomed act while the will is almost asleep.

And very far short of this utter wreck and ruin of the man, the predominance of the inferior portion of the brain may still be exhibited in the undue influence of sense, in various ways. There is ever a tendency in us to suffer the immediate link of sensuous feeling with thought or action to anticipate or set aside the verdict of the nobler powers ; and this tendency is no less visible in the intellectual than in the moral life of man, and vitiates belief no less than deeds. The demand upon our manhood ever is to

counteract this facile connection between sensation and its natural consequences. The struggle which constitutes our life is thus forewritten in our brains.

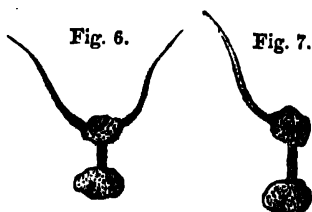
The last and highest "centre" in the brain is the gray matter spread upon its surface, and embracing in its many folds the substance of the hemispheres. Here we approach the very throne of thought, but we recognize essentially the same relations that we have met with before. The final secret of our will is not to be read even here. The highest portions of the nervous system consent to be governed by the same laws which regulate the operation of the inferior parts; like them receiving and reacting on impressions. The thoughts that pass through our minds give rise to actions that may be quite involuntary, and indicate merely the reflecting of a stimulus from the hemispheres of the brain; just as in other cases it is reflected from the centre of feeling at its base, or from the spinal cord. Certain exaggerated actions of this kind have furnished ground for much wonderment and some imposture, and have been set forth, under the name of "electro-biology," and so on, as the basis of new sciences; yet they present nothing of the marvellous to any one who has mastered the physiological significance of the hearty laugh which a good and timely joke never fails to elicit from a well-constituted mind. Ideas, simply as ideas, or through the influence of emotions excited by them, produce actions in the body, if not prevented either by the presence of other ideas or by an active will. No one who has uttered an involuntary exclamation of joy, or lifted his hands in surprise, or been nauseated by an idea suddenly suggested, can doubt the fact. Nor is it difficult to understand. Those nervous cells, apart from which ideas never come to us, were spread over the fibres of the brain in order that it might be so. When, therefore, a ring suspended from the fingers strikes the hour against a glass, or hats and tables are endowed with abnormal energy by the laying on of hands; or when a patient, first reduced to a passive and absorbed condition, acts out the part suggested to him;—we simply have exhibited to us, isolated, and as it were dissected out, certain elements which are essential to our nature, and without which, in their due balance and proportion, man would lose some of his most characteristic attributes.



The plan on which the nervous system is constructed is well illustrated by the subjoined diagrams, which we copy from Dr. Draper. Fig. 5 exhibits the simple nervous circle: a fibre to receive an impression, a cell at the centre, and another fibre passing off from it to convey the stimulus to a muscle. The next step is the addition to these simple elements of another centre (a cell or number of cells), connected with the former, to which a portion of the stimulus is conveyed, and in which a certain amount of force may

be stored up for future use, and serve to modify the influence of future impressions. Thus we understand how variable results may be produced by the same stimuli (fig. 6). In fig. 7, the fibre conveying the stimulus away from the centre is suppressed, so that the total effect of the impression received is stored up. The first of these forms (fig. 5) represents the structure of the spinal cord; the second and third (figs. 6 and 7) represent the cord combined with the "centre of sensation," in the base of the brain. Fig. 8 shows the addition of yet a third centre—that of thought. Here the intermediate centre is shown double; one portion being assigned for the reception of impressions (centre of sensation), the other for the transmission of stimuli to the muscles (centre of motion). Under these simple forms all the modes of action of the nervous system may be classed:—*a* represents the intellectual brain; *b*, the sensational brain, and probable seat of instinct; and *c*, the spinal cord (or "automatic brain"). These three conjoined, and mutually modified in their action by each other, exhibit the sum total of the nervous life. Of course, upon the "intellectual brain" the mind or spirit operates. At least in our present ignorance we must so speak. On physiological grounds, some power which operates on the nervous system from above may be reasonably postulated; but whether (if we knew how to look for it) a truer notion might not be obtained, which might enable us to avoid the hopeless chasm that seems to separate "mind and matter," we need not here anticipate. We must also leave on one side the question of phrenology or the supposed division of the intellectual brain into distinct organs.

In endeavouring to trace the mutual influence of the brain and the other organs of the body, our great guide is found in the principle of the constancy of force. If we remember that an action once commenced, in the material world, does not cease, but goes on indefinitely producing equivalent effects, and that this law holds good as much in the living body as in the rest of nature, the foundation of this mutual interaction, difficult though it may be to trace in all its details, becomes perfectly simple. The nervous system, indeed, may be regarded as a structure adapted for turning this law of nature to account, and for employing on useful purposes the indestructible force that is ever circulating through the body. The nerves afford to it channels of least resistance, and conduct it where it will produce results that are needful for the animal, or at least—when no derangement is present—harmless. Thus the muscles carry off, and return into the world without, the force arising from the brain-changes which our conscious life involves. They are at once instruments



of motion and safety-valves; sometimes one of these offices predominating, sometimes the other. Laughing is an evident instance of the latter use; walking may be either. Conversely, the nervous system takes up, and is thrown into action by, the force resulting from the innumerable changes which take place in the other organs.

If the influence which the brain thus exerts be prevented from travelling in one direction, it takes another. But it never fails. Thus it is that controlled emotion, or passion which finds no outward vent, is so powerful, and often so disastrous, in its effects upon the health. The will has a certain power to direct the action through one or another set of nerves, but some equivalent action it cannot avert. Manifest or hidden, every mental state will have its full proportionate effect.

The power of the brain over the vital condition of the body is exerted through a particular set of nerves, which have been called the "sympathetic system." These are somewhat smaller and simpler than the nerves of sensation and of motion, with which, however, they are intimately connected. They are distributed to the organs on which life depends, (the lungs, heart, stomach, &c.), and to the blood-vessels all over the body. Blushing is effected through their agency, and through them, too, the pallor which accompanies fear or anger. And in these instances we have revealed to us the main secret of the control exerted by the brain over all the vital processes. The condition of the blood-vessels everywhere, and especially in the most vital organs, is regulated from moment to moment by its changing moods. Even the vessels from which it draws its own supply are subject to the same influence, and it immediately controls the nutrition, not only of its servitors, but of its own substance.

Thus the condition of the brain is necessarily the key to that of the whole body; both directly, by its power over the heart and the breathing, and still more profoundly by its indirect control over the supply of blood, its influence is universally paramount. There is no mystery in the effects produced on health by excess of mental labour, or by long-continued care, nor in the bodily torpor which attends a merely inactive mind. "Nervousness" naturally results from an over-taxed brain: it is an expression of its deranged circulation and imperfect nutrition. The wonder surely is, not that it occurs so often, but that amid the rude shocks to which our life is subject it is not more frequently experienced. The self-regulating power which preserves the balance true, amid such variety of circumstance, might well excite our surprise. It is like that adapting power, possessed in its greatest degree by man alone of all the higher animals, by which all climates can be borne and all diets assimilated. And if we could see aright, doubtless we should find that man exceeds other creatures as much in his power to bear safely mental changes as those of external circumstance. We might thus explain the frequent instances narrated of the death of animals separated from their fellows or their masters. Their lower nature may be more difficult to rouse, but their brain succumbs more readily.

The intimate relations which must exist between the brain and the health of the whole body, appear still more manifest, if we take into account the relative amount of the activity that is concentrated within this single organ. In no other is the poise of the forces apparently so delicate or so easily disturbed, and in none, accordingly, is there anything like the same amount of change. Of the beautiful contrivances by which the supply of blood is regulated, and a channel furnished to guard against disturbing circumstances, we have not had time to speak; but the mere quantity of blood sent to the brain speaks volumes. It has been variously estimated at from a fourth to a fifth of the whole blood in the body; and the same tale of immense activity is told, not only by the phosphorus which exists in large measure in the nervous substance, and especially in the cells, but by the vast amount of waste of which evidence is given after mental labour. According to the best comparisons that have been made, the total bodily waste from this cause vastly exceeds in amount that which attends an equal period of hard muscular exertion. From this it is easy to understand the ill effects of too protracted or exhausting mental toil. But another lesson is equally taught by the same facts—a lesson of an opposite kind, indeed, yet resting on the same physiological basis, and warranted by an experience not less conclusive. If exhaustive labour of the brain overstrains the vessels, and consumes the vital energy at a greater rate than it can be replaced, the absence of its due use is no less certainly hurtful on the other side. The energies of every vital function receive a considerable and essential portion of their stimulus from the activity which the brain is adapted to carry on. The torpid, unhealthy frame, and languid circulation of the idiot, are but an exaggerated instance of the unnatural torpor to which he condemns himself who wastes his life in indolence, or consumes it in dissipation. To him Nature, indeed, has been kinder, but he does but abuse her bounty to be a worse enemy to himself.

If we would have our bodies healthy, our brains must be used, and used in orderly and vigorous ways, that the life-giving streams of force may flow down from them into the expectant organs, which can minister but as they are ministered unto. We admire the vigorous animal life of the Greeks, and with justice we recognize, and partly seek to imitate, the various gymnastic and other means which they employed to secure it. But probably we should make a fatal error if we omitted from our calculation the hearty and generous earnestness with which the highest subjects of art, speculation, and politics were pursued by them. Surely in their case the beautiful and energetic mental life was expressed in the athletic and graceful frame. And were it a mere extravagance to ask whether some part of the lassitude and weariness of life, of which we hear so much in our day, might be due to lack of mental occupation on worthy subjects, exciting and repaying a generous enthusiasm, as well as to an over-exercise on lower ones?—whether an engrossment on matters which have not substance enough to justify or satisfy the mental grasp, be not at the root

of some part of the maladies which affect our mental convalescence? Any one who tries it soon finds out how wearying, how disproportionately exhausting, is an overdose of "light literature," compared with an equal amount of time spent on real work. Of this we may be sure, that the due exercise of brain—of thought—is one of the essential elements of human life. The perfect health of a man is not the same as that of an ox or a horse. The preponderating capacity of his nervous part demands a corresponding life.

But the very same causes which make the normal exercise of the brain especially needful, render its excess especially baneful. The signs of this excess—or excess combined with misdirection—meet us on all hands; in weariness, despondency, disgust, or causeless anger; in racking neuralgic pains, or gradual decay of vital power, or in the insidious threatenings of serious disease. How could these results be guarded against, we ask? The answer can be but one. Health can no more be obtained without its price than anything else. Nature has for ever forbidden it. The flame of life can neither be fed nor renewed with stolen fire. The one condition of rescue from the effects of overwork is rest and change; fresh air and the soothing influence of natural scenery if they can be obtained; and he is a false promiser who offers any other.

We are apt to grumble at the condition, and say it cannot be fulfilled. There are some cases in which it cannot: some heroic lives (the happiest they of all) which must be laid—either by the force of internal impulse, or the claims of inexorable duty—a sacrifice upon that altar which the human race feeds ever with new victims. And of these, not a few names are fresh in the memories, and should be warm in the hearts of men: Lord Herbert, Mr. Wilson, Augustus Welby Pugin, rise to our thoughts at once. But if we look with a more heedful eye, it may be that this demand for moderation in mental toil will appear as beautiful as it is inevitable; as good and full of benefits for man, as it is demonstrably involved in the nature of his frame. True, the command to rest imposes limits, often painfully felt, on human activity. But let us suppose that these limits had been wanting, or indefinitely removed—were not human life blasted in its fairest parts? If unbounded work could have been done by man, would not his moral nature have been utterly dwarfed and crushed? Disease and death—good angels in disguise—step in to interpose between us and fatal ills. Our life is selfish and cruel enough; but what would it have become if a common weakness had not bound men together? Even now we hear, not without indignation, of houses in which, though one week's holiday is granted in the year, it is withheld if through sickness the stipulated seven days have been consumed; so that the men who need it most pass years in such employ, and get no holiday.

For the sake of the moral lessons it teaches man, we may welcome the demand to limit labour, even when it presses most vexatiously upon us. But there is another lesson, also, which it might help us to learn. Incessant work and worry kill the man through his brain. The brain,

then, is not constructed for a world that demands incessant work and worry; it rejects that view of it, and of our life, with an emphatic negative. The world for which it was designed was one on which thought might rest in peace, and exertion be restrained within reasonable bounds. It was a world about which we need not fret ourselves, and our interests in which we might hold lightly. Is there not the glimmer of a revelation here? In the very nature He has given us, does not our Maker vouch that *this* world is such an one, if we did but know it truly? Our life is a riddle, doubtless; but we may know what sort of a solution it *shall* have.

A few points respecting the brain, and the use of it, we have thus picked out; leaving the tale, perforce, much less than half told. With a few words more we must conclude. The relations which the brain bears to nature afford us the most instructive guidance as to the means which are adapted to maintain its health. The very life of it is in change. We have seen that its activity is always elicited by *excitors*—that is, by changes in the circumstances under which it is placed. It is perpetually being raised up to a certain pitch or level, and then perpetually readjusting itself to new conditions. Monotony is stagnation, and to it stagnation is decay. It is by variety that its powers are developed and maintained. Thus, for example, it is neither in an exclusively rustic life, nor in one passed wholly in a city, that the most perfect energy of brain or mind can be expected; but rather in alternations between the two. Each condition then prepares for the highest operation of the other. The organization rapidly adjusts itself to conditions which are permanent; and in the purer air the entire level of the life is carried to a different pitch rather than special energy developed. The invention of towns were a pure gain to humanity, if due admixture of the country life can be secured. And to obtain this advantage for our labouring populations is one of the great tasks of our age. Our physiology teaches us that the vice and misery of our great towns can never be combated successfully in the strongholds which they have made their own, and fortified for ages: the courts and alleys where the poisonous atmosphere combines with all hateful sights and sounds at once to deaden and to irritate the nervous sensibility. From the continued breathing of a vitiated atmosphere inevitably arises either apathy or a craving for intoxicating drinks; in all probability, each in turn. The dark blood, accumulating in the vessels, at first acts as an irritant, and then reduces the organs to a state of lowered activity; both conditions alike exciting the taste for poisonous doses of alcohol. To deliver the brains of the industrious poor from these oppressive demons of bad air and hateful sights, were a task worthy of the highest ambition. Nor is it foreign to our theme. For of all work for the idle, or change for those who have been overborne by their own pressing cares, what but a genuine interest in the pains and aspirations of those who need our aid comes nearest to the true "Use of the brain?"

Fire-damp and its Victims.

ON the 19th of last month, an explosion at the Cethin Colliery in South Wales added forty-eight victims to the long list of those killed in coal-mines by fire-damp; and a year ago, more than a hundred lives were destroyed by the same terrific agency at Risca, in the same principality. A clergyman from Cethin writes that he has known three hundred lives lost in fourteen years in his district, and a recent Parliamentary Return informs us that, in ten years, commencing with 1851, no less than *eight thousand four hundred and sixty-six lives have been lost in our coal-mines*. In a country containing the first scientific men of the age, deeply penetrated with benevolent feeling, and inhabited by a people who have done more for the sorrows and sufferings of humanity than any other people on the earth, there appears to be an annual death-list of from eight hundred to one thousand coal-miners of various ages. An awful sacrifice of life, that no amount of relief to survivors can atone for, and which points to some flagrant neglect of the precautions imperatively demanded in collieries.

When we analyse the origin and circumstances of the deaths, we find that many are due to secondary causes—or causes of secondary importance, as regards the numbers destroyed at one and the same time. Thus, falls of stone from the roofs of coal-mines frequently occasion injury and death, and fatal accidents in the shafts are also very numerous; so much so, that in 1859, there were deaths equivalent to one every other day in the shafts of mines. But the most extensively fatal calamities are those which arise from explosions of fire-damp, and from the consequent creation of choke-damp; the former burning, the latter suffocating its victims.

What is this terrible and unconquered foe—this fearful Fire-damp? Chemical books inform us of its chemical nature and relations, but we very soon exhaust the little any one can say about it. We learn that it is a hydro-carbon, known as light carburetted hydrogen gas; that it abounds in marshes and swamps, and is therefore familiarly named “marsh gas;” that it will burn like common street gas (which is heavy carburetted hydrogen), though it has little more than half the gravity of common air, and that it is highly explosive, but in different degrees, according to its predominance in the atmosphere. Thus, an atmospheric mixture containing one fourteenth part of fire-damp is simply dangerous, the danger increasing with the increase of gas from the coal, until the mixture reaches the maximum of danger: namely, when the proportions of fire-damp vary from one-ninth to one-eighth; that is, in other words, eight volumes of common air with one of fire-damp constitute a highly

explosive mining atmosphere, which a momentary contact with flame will kindle and explode. Sir Humphry Davy tried the inflammability of different proportions with a common candle, and the results were those just stated. The knowledge of these results bears directly upon the importance of sufficient ventilation; for if inadequate, it may be worse than none at all, since if the air sent into a pit is but just sufficient to dilute the fire-damp to the degree of greatest explosibility, so this imperfect ventilation may actually cause the very evil it is designed to prevent, as it may constitute an explosive compound, where without it there would have been none.

Beyond this point, and mere chemical technicalities, all the books in chemistry we have seen are unsatisfactory. In relation to the state of this gas in coal-pits, its original sources, its mode of exudation, the causes of the great variations in its quantity, the unaccountable or unaccounted-for circumstances of explosions, the reasons for its sudden and enormous effusion, and then its immediate subsequent quiescence: on these and other collateral topics, chemical treatises are more or less silent. Nor does their silence much discredit the authors or compilers, since a man must necessarily have observed and studied in and around gaseous coal-pits before he can acquire any satisfactory information on so obscure a subject.

Let us endeavour to make the reader acquainted with some of the more generally intelligible results of what local observation and reflection upon ascertained facts has brought out within recent years.

There can be no doubt that the gases evolved from coal are the consequence of the continued decomposition of its substance, or of the vegetable matter which originally gave rise to its formation. Gas is stored up in small cells and larger cavities of the coal-seam, and finds its way out at every port and crevice. In some seams—and those generally the best for burning, and therefore the most marketable coal—it abounds beyond all ordinary belief, and proves its presence by hissing out with the noise of a simmering tea-kettle: we have listened to this low yet distinctly audible hissing twelve hundred feet underground. In one mine the viewer—the late Mr. T. J. Taylor—(from whom we have learnt more respecting this gas than from any other man) ordered for our special gratification a general “firing” of the gas in the main passage near the bottom of the shaft; when instantly upon the lifting of a candle to the roof, a bright blue lambent flame played in one sheeted length down the whole passage: and it would have played on to this day, in all probability, had it not been extinguished by flapping against the roof with bags and jackets. At the bottom of the shaft itself an entire circle of ever-burning gas-lights displayed the force and the abundance of the gas conducted in private pipes from the interior of the pit.

But any visitor to Newcastle may see something of the supply of this gas, by repairing to Wallsend at night, without descending the mine. Standing near the old colliery, he will perceive a tall slender pipe whence issues a perpetual flame of several feet in length, which streams

about with the wind, illuminating the adjacent fields, and casting a broad glare over the blackness around. There is something terribly significant in that unceasing flame, for it is the perpetual combustion of a huge reservoir of fire-damp below—a barred-up district of about fifty acres of a valuable but very fiery seam of coal. For twenty or thirty years has this jet of fire-damp been flaming night and day, and though its size and brilliancy have much diminished of late years, it still burns, and may burn on for twenty or thirty years more. It was computed at first that eleven hogsheads of gas came forth from the mine every minute to feed this flame: that is, the almost incredible quantity of fifteen thousand eight hundred and forty hogsheads of gas in twenty-four hours; but varying the expression to cubic feet, and taking the mean of several observations, the average discharge has been estimated at sixty-six cubic feet of gas each minute, and the mean quantity annually evolved at thirty-four and a half millions of cubic feet, which is equal to the solid contents of a bed of coal five feet thick and one hundred and sixty acres in extent. Such is the issue of one year's consumption, and the issue of the first twenty years would in all be very nearly seven hundred millions of cubic feet of gas!

A few years ago, the viewer of the mine had occasion to uncloset and enter this subterranean gasometer, for the purpose of forming a road near it for mining business. Upon his entrance, an immense discharge of gas greeted him; this was met with a strong pressure of fresh air, the two atmospheres buffeting with each other in aerial conflict, until the gas gave way, and the pure air made its entrance good, together with the viewer. At length he completed the desired road, and built up a strong brick wall as a barrier to the extension of the fire-damp; then he retreated, and returning to the surface, relit the slender tube, which again emitted eight or nine feet of streaming flame by night and by day. Other fiery pipes might be erected and kindled in other fiery coal-fields. Near the scene of the Cethin explosion, at Aberdare, in Glamorganshire, a manager of a coal-pit collected and carried off fire-damp from a subterranean reservoir through a series of pipes to the surface; and when the uppermost pipe was lit, at a height of five feet from the ground, a flame of three yards in length burst forth.

These instances enable us to estimate the abundance of fire-damp; and others will qualify us to judge of its force. While the hewers were at work at Walker's colliery on the Tyne, in 1846, a large mass of coal, eight feet long on one side and four feet on another, with a height of six feet, and of eleven tons weight, was forced violently from its natural bed and followed by a copious discharge of fire-damp. Two men labouring in an adjacent passage of the pit with safety-lamps, saw one of their lamps extinguished, and the other nearly covered with small fragments of coal; fortunately they were able to communicate with the other miners, who extinguished their lamps and hastened to the bottom of the shaft, when they speedily signalled and were drawn up. This escape of gas rendered

foul forty-one thousand cubic feet of the air-ways in the mine, and placed that range of space in such an explosive state, that a momentary contact of flame would have blown up the whole mine. Another gaseous discharge occurred in the same pit, and not far from the same place, while the miners were cautiously advancing with experimental bore-holes, exploring for gas. Above one of these bore-holes a violent hissing was suddenly heard, like the blowing-off of steam, and immediately an outburst of fire-damp filled the air-ways for a length of six hundred and forty-one yards, rendering explosive an area of eighty-six thousand cubic feet. At four hundred yards from the point of efflux, one of the officers of the mine encountered the foul air; seeing the flame of his Davy-lamp enlarge, he drew down the wick, but trembled to see the flame still enlarging until it filled the cylinder and made its wires red hot: the flame fortunately soon went out, and the holder of the lamp speedily followed its example. At six hundred and forty-one yards from the point of efflux, four men and boys met the rushing gas; they saw the lamps fill with flame, and had the presence of mind (and the opportunity) to immerse them in water. After the lapse of fifteen minutes there was no further appearance of gas, except near the point of original issue, and any one then traversing the mine would have pronounced it perfectly safe.

A singular measure of the force of this subtle element was found at Pelton Colliery, in the great Northern coal-field, in 1845. During the formation of several exploratory borings, several "feeders" of fire-damp were met with and easily dispersed by ventilation, thus rendering them innocuous. On the 22nd of April, however, whilst one of the men was fixing a wooden prop, he observed an unusual movement of the floor of the pit, and immediately afterwards an immense discharge of *water* occurred, to such an amount that in a very short time it was flowing along the passage at a rate of not less than six hundred gallons every minute. The most remarkable circumstance, however, is that this water was accompanied with *gas*: at first, indeed, only to a small amount, so as merely to induce the man to retreat; but in a few days' time the water *decreased* to about half its previous discharge, while the gas *increased* until it began to roar (as the miners said) and to cause a great commotion: the water bubbled like a boiling cauldron with the force of the escaping gas. Having occasion to blast some adjacent stone, the men laid down and lighted a fuse, at which the gas unfortunately ignited; it burnt most furiously *upon the surface of the water*, sometimes darting forth tongues of flame until the passage was one fiery mass, and then slowly subsiding and withdrawing under the brow of the stone, until it was nearly out of sight. Suddenly it would flash forth again with a roaring noise, and as the water dashed occasionally against the roof, it was expected that it would extinguish the flame; but to the surprise and alarm of the miners, the ignited gas soon advanced in one solid flame full forty yards beyond the brow of the stone behind which it had formerly withdrawn. A council was held on the spot, and it was decided to attempt the extinction of the fire by the

concussion of exploded gunpowder, and a favourable opportunity was seized to lay a train of twelve pounds of powder with a sufficient length of fuse for safety. When it was fired, the concussion certainly produced the desired effect. This, though apparently a perilous mode of extinguishing a fire, has frequently been found effectual in coal-pits.

There has scarcely ever been a better opportunity for estimating the impulsive force of the gas than the one here recorded. About ten thousand cubic feet of air per minute was passing through the pit at this time, as a ventilating current; yet, during the outburst of the flame, this current was driven back as effectually as if a wall of masonry had been built across the passage, and for half a minute at a time the ventilating air would apparently stand still, baffled and beaten back, until the gas retreated to its lair. Still, although it retreated, it was not conquered; it had been extinguished, but not exhausted: it was merely gathering fresh power and impulse; and in the middle of May, when the water had decreased to one hundred and fifty gallons per minute, there recommenced what the viewer termed "an incessant fight with the gas," which continually increased up to the middle of July. Immense eruptions frequently occurred in the form of *blowers*; that is, of outbursts, as if from a blowing-hole. On one occasion the gas was ignited by way of experiment, in order to ascertain the force with which it was issuing; the result was that it came forth as if under a pressure of sixty-seven and a half pounds weight upon each square inch of surface. We know that the atmosphere presses upon all things at the earth's surface with a weight of fifteen pounds to the square inch, and most persons have seen its crushing effect exhibited by lecturers in experiments with the air-pump; such effects would require to be multiplied four and a half times in order to display the force of this gas: in philosophical phraseology, its force is that of four and a half atmospheres.

Several incidental occurrences further demonstrated the astonishing force of the fire-damp in this mine. The miners declare that some of its outbursts were terrific, and that the noise they caused in their passage through the water was like that of small artillery. Work was urgently necessary near the *blower*, but frequently every man in its neighbourhood found that the air became irrespirable, and was compelled to retreat. Officers of the mine belonging to what is termed the "safety staff" (that is, a body of subordinates having the safety of the pit under their special charge) perambulated this part at regular and short intervals; and shortly after one of them had departed, having inspected the passages and found them safe for workmen, a young pitman rushed out of this very district, panic-struck and unable to articulate a word. So soon as he recovered his power of utterance, he affirmed that no man could live in that place, and that he would return to it no more. Scarcely had he said thus much, when four men hastened out after him, and declared that they had with difficulty saved themselves, and that their lamps had gone out. The safety-staff man who had before examined the place now returned to it, stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth to preclude the entrance of gas.

He had not proceeded far, before he met with an unaccountable moving object, which he at first feared as a token of diabolical interference: a huge tub came rolling along in the darkness with a rumbling sound, and apparently of its own motion. On it rumbled over the rough stony floor, for a moment slowly, then more rapidly, always irregularly, and swaying a little from side to side; at last it thumped clattering against the wall. The poor safety-staff man was bewildered to such an extent that, what with his gagged mouth, the bad air, the thick darkness luridly illumined by his Davy-lamp, and the mysterious tub again showing signs of another rumbling revolution, he stood fixed to the spot with terror. In an other minute round rolled the tub again, and on it came directly to the feet of the trembling inspector! He could not stir, he could not utter a word, and was nearly overcome with terror, when he discerned a pair of human legs projecting from the tub, and a part of something like a human body within it! Up came the tub, and the inspector had just power enough left to give it a slight kick, when it paused, and slowly out of its interior rose up a human head, muffled up in a pitman's jacket, which being partly removed, the Davy-lamp disclosed the familiar features of one of the pitmen. "What, Geordie, lad," exclaimed the safety-staff man, "what'st thou a-doin', with this tub? I maist thought I had met the deevil." Geordie then explained that finding himself nearly disabled with the bad air and noxious gas which he had inhaled in the interior, and having little or no strength left, he seized the tub which was lying near him, threw himself on all fours, and putting his head into the tub, began to roll it along the passage, to serve as a partial guide to the mainway and a kind of head-protector from the gas. By keeping his head near the ground he inhaled less gas than he would have done while erect, and by muffling his head in his jacket, and availing himself of the tub besides, he had contrived to advance zigzag so far: in fact, he owed his life to his ready ingenuity. Had he not met with and used the tub, he would by that time have required a coffin!

Other instances of the eruptive impulse of this gas might be adduced. At Hebburn Colliery a boring was made for a depth of twenty-two feet in the direction of a thin seam of coal, whereupon a powerful discharge of gas ensued. The upper part of the bore-hole was then widened to admit a three-inch pipe, fitted with a safety-valve on the top, and capable of being loaded up to fifty-six pounds weight to the square inch. When the pipe had been wedged in, and all was completed, the gas was allowed to enter it, and presently the valve blew off at thirty pounds pressure to the square inch; it continued to blow off up to the limit of forty pounds pressure to the square inch, when the floor itself was forced upwards by the gaseous pressure, and an end was put to experiments. This, however, was a force (within its maximum) equivalent to nearly three atmospheres, or three times the pressure of common air.

At another colliery on the Tyne (now closed) a very favourable opportunity occurred of witnessing the elasticity of the gas in comparison and

by measure of a column of water. In consequence of an inundation which nearly filled up the mine, the pressure of a column of water and of a column of fire-damp were brought into direct competition. Finally, the gas escaped through the water, rushed with great velocity up the shaft, tearing away in its violent course a portion of the fixed woodwork of the mine, encountering and overcoming the resistance of a great body of water which had nearly filled the shaft, bubbling up through it all, and sending forth a most copious and persistent gaseous stream into the atmosphere. Its tension being measured by a column of water nineteen and a half fathoms in height, it was found to be very nearly equal to three and a half atmospheres : adding the resistance of the exterior atmosphere to this, we have four and a half atmospheres as the tension of the gas at the moment of issue. This, too, is not a momentary impulse, for the discharge was continued for several hours; and it was calculated that during the whole period of discharge (many days) nearly thirteen millions of cubic feet of fire-damp escaped from this one barred-up mine.

It is established by the above-cited cases, I think, that the natural condition of fire-damp in the coal is one of great elasticity. That elasticity can certainly be measured by four atmospheres ; and even this may not be its maximum. It certainly pressed, on three or four well-observed occasions, with a weight of sixty pounds per square inch of surface ; and it may exert a greater pressure, or it may exert a less, on other occasions. Thus, I think, it is fair to infer (with the late Mr. Taylor) that these eruptions are indications of its natural and normal state while imprisoned in the coal. If so, then, it is always urging its course through every minute cell of the mineral or stone, and along the lines of the cleavage of coal—more particularly in the direction of natural fractures and dislocations of the strata and the seams—in its efforts to escape. These efforts man is continually aiding by his mining excavations ; as the more coal he hews down, the more hindrances to escape he removes. Secretly, yet in the end too surely, the now liberated gas finds its way, and steals out into the passages of the pit, hissing here, and crumbling the coal there ; but only breaking the silence, where human feet do not tread, by slight crepitations of the mineral : stealthily making its escape, it hides its presence by involving itself in the common air, and diffusing itself with the sweeping current of ventilation.

There is, then, a continual natural drainage of gas, promoted by excavations, and adding fresh and frequent supplies to the pit ; and such drainage will always keep the working places foul, unless they are artificially purified. In those parts of a coal-pit where workings have been carried on and abandoned, the fire-damp will continue to come forth, and fill such places to overflowing ; in fact, cause them to become natural gasometers charged to repletion. In the open air-ways of the mine, however, no such accumulations will be permitted to take place ; currents of air will be constantly urged on to cleanse them and carry off the dangerous element. Still the efflux of fire-damp in fiery mines will always be

striving to overmaster the influx of atmospheric air; hence in such places there will be a constantly floating and fluctuating quantity of fire-damp: this, however, will differ from the great issues from *blowers* in this respect, that it has already expended much of its impulsive power in making its escape from the solid coal, and is in a feebler and more languid motion in the damp, hot, steaming galleries of the mine. It may be regarded as a gaseous mass which is more or less affected by the state of the external atmosphere; when that is heavy and dense, this mass of gas will be pressed upon with a proportionate weight; and when the outer atmosphere is lighter, the gas will proportionately expand and make entrances from its sources. To this extent, a fall in the barometer will give freedom to fire-damp, and a considerable fall should (and indeed in the Northern mines generally does) awaken the vigilance of the managers of ventilation.

Many pages of the Reports of Parliamentary Committees of older and more recent date bear evidence of the numerous inquiries which have been instituted into the causes and circumstances of explosions in coal-mines. Conflicting testimony has been given on nearly every occasion; and nothing is more confounding to the uninitiated reader of these ponderous Blue-books than the vagueness, the contradiction, and the final indecision of the whole inquiry. One of the most prominent general recommendations has been increased ventilation; and a good and necessary recommendation it is for many coal-mining districts, although least applicable to the best pits of the Tyne and the Wear. But no witness has ever (so far as I have read) taken up the subject of fire-damp as it is treated above, and carried out his thoughts in the direction of what is really attainable, and what may be unattainable by such ventilation as can be devised. The gist of the whole subject may be popularly put forward in a few sentences founded upon the foregoing facts and inferences.

The most regular, manageable, and commonly approved system of ventilation is that which is known as the Furnace system, and which is carried to its full power in the largest and best-conducted pits on the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees. Its details would be somewhat technical, but its motive principle is a large furnace situated near the bottom of one of two shafts, and which, when in full fiery action, rarefies the air of each shaft, producing a draught in it like that of a common chimney, and thereby causing a "pull" in the passages of the pit, while the pure air rushing down the other and unheated shaft, obeys and follows. Numerous mechanical arrangements are in use to compel the air current to visit every part of the pit, and these have been reduced to a complete and satisfactory system. By employing double furnaces, or three or four furnaces, and laying out the air-currents correspondingly, a double, or treble, or quadrupled amount of ventilation can be produced. Thus, in the great Hetton pits in Durham, whence the chief portion of our fancied "Wallsend coal" now comes, a very powerful and elaborate arrangement

of ventilating currents is formed, and one hundred thousand cubic feet of air can be sent down into the mine every minute: from records extending over some time, the actual quantity of air has varied from seventy thousand to eighty and ninety thousand cubic feet. This may be taken as the maximum of the furnace plan, and it is doubtful if any greater ventilation can be continually caused by it. From this maximum down to a moderate number of cubic feet, the ventilating currents of the Durham pits descend. At the maximum power, however, there is liability to waste, and there are difficulties incident to the plan.

Now it is quite possible to sweep out by such an amount of air the ordinary floating and fluctuating mass of diffused fire-damp to which I have just adverted; but a very different and difficult question follows upon this, viz., will such a sweeping of the mine suffice for absolute safety? It can only be advanced in reply that while the ventilation masters the exudations of gas the mine will be safe, and that when the reverse is the case the mine will be unsafe. The question is then reduced to a comparison of forces. On the one side we have gas with an elastic power of three or sometimes (if not always) four atmospheres. On the other side we have a ventilating power which cannot be brought into competition with the gas at its full tension. Without entering into calculations to demonstrate by how much the ventilating current is weaker than this gaseous tension, let it suffice to say that it will be found to be at its best many times weaker; while at its worst, or anything approaching to its worst, it is so much weaker, that the gas will, as it were, contend with and overpower the air-current, as a strong man would a languid invalid. I am afraid that no improvement of the Furnace system will ever reverse the conditions of the conflict. Mechanical ventilation will bring into action more power, but, as it is considered by the Northern viewers, not so manageable and orderly a power as the common furnace. We can have a coal-pit swept out by ventilating "fans" as with a broom, and there are those who strongly urge their adoption; yet they have not always proved successful, and, whether justly or not, they are not favourably regarded by the old and experienced viewers. One conclusion must be arrived at—and after the phenomena instanced cannot be resisted;—it is this, that no ventilation yet devised (or rather adopted) has succeeded in always counteracting and adequately diluting the *greater* issues of fire-damp. Explosions have happened of late years in what are considered well-ventilated mines, as indeed at Cethin recently; and rigid inquiry and close and long scrutiny frequently fail to detect their causes. I think, however, a sudden and violent discharge of *new* and *undiluted* gas may have been the true cause of apparently unaccountable calamities.

Is ventilation, then, of no use? Quite the reverse: it is of great use; and, if regarded as a *partial* preventive of explosions, cannot be too earnestly recommended; but if proposed as an effectual remedy, it must be urged that it has failed on many occasions, and that signally. Doubtless, if a good plan of ventilation were universally adopted, we should have fewer

explosions: if the Durham system were generally carried out, we should have far fewer explosions; but neither that, nor any other known system, has succeeded in preventing them altogether. Patent plans are numerous and various projects are vaunted, but the really experienced and practical viewers see their several defects and weak points at once, and decline to adopt them. This may arise from obstinacy, prejudice, and blindness, as the several inventors loudly proclaim; but the parties thus charged ask, who is likely to be best informed and most interested in these matters?

Is there no complete remedy, then? Can nothing more be done? One thing, and one thing most important can be done, and that is to enforce the extensive and general employment of safety-lamps. The men who have escaped, in many cases have escaped by the period of immunity afforded them by having safety-lamps: without these, they would have been suddenly left in utter darkness, or with unprotected candles they would have been (owing to certain explosion) in eternity. There is no good and sufficient excuse for not using safety-lamps in every fiery mine in the kingdom, and there does not appear to be any insuperable impediment to the rendering such use of them obligatory. Every excuse has been shown, or can be shown, to be unsound, and every objection ultimately untenable. The Davy-lamp gives, it is true, but little light, but reflectors will increase that light; there is some trouble in cleaning and caring for these lamps every day, but it is as nothing to the benefit conferred by them. There is some expense attending their purchase and employment, but it is trifling compared with the damage done by an explosion: the expense of lighting a mine where there are one hundred and eighty hewers, by means of the Davy-lamp in every part, has been estimated by a competent calculator to be less in the aggregate than by the customary mixed method of candles, oil-lamps, and Davy-lamps. It has also been shown, by calculation, that the cost of lighting a whole mine with Davy-lamps will not amount to quite one penny per ton of coal raised. With these facts before us, the saving of one penny per ton of coal is a most unjustifiable and base economy in comparison with the value of human life.

In connection with this topic arises another—the absolute safety of the Davy-lamp. This has been much discussed and disputed. The viewers of the Northern coal-mines in general, and as a body, are satisfied with the simple Davy-lamp. Those who are dissatisfied with it, have only to employ Stephenson's, or Mueseler's, or Mackworth's, or any one of the six or eight improved lamps which they may prefer: in one or other of these can be found a very near approach to absolute safety. The Davy is the cheapest, the lightest to carry, and the simplest; the others cost more, weigh heavier, and are more complex. Consider the case how we will, we must express a long-matured opinion that there will be no great and regular diminution of explosions, until safety-lamps are obligatory, and until inspectors are empowered to enforce this obligation by penalties, and bold enough to levy them in every case of non-compliance.

A word or two on the Government system of inspection of coal-mines. There are twelve inspectors, six of whom have a good deal of work, and three or four of whom have a great deal too much, and cannot efficiently perform it. There are nearly three thousand collieries to inspect in the United Kingdom, and these have all to be visited periodically; but when an inspector has (as in one district) more than three hundred collieries on his list, what can be expected of him? Another gentleman is apparently responsible for the supervision of more than four hundred collieries (in South Staffordshire), while, singularly enough, some gentlemen seem to be responsible for comparatively few. On the whole, however, weighing their difficulties against their opportunities and actual powers, it is undeniable that the inspectors, as a body, have done something; that they have failed to secure anything approaching to exemption from accident, is equally undeniable; and that they may be more effectively empowered to obtain compliance with their opinions, is well known. The system of inspection is but in its early stage, and therefore must not be judged too severely; the inspectors are not ubiquitous, and it will be evident, from what has been explained of fire-damp, that a pit may be safe one hour and explosive the next. Inspection, then, will not, simply as inspection, abolish accidents; but it may abolish evil and inefficient management, and may accomplish much and increasing good: especially if some palpable defects are remedied. Capital amounting to thirteen millions sterling is invested in the great Northern coal-field alone; and surely where so much money has been sunk, we may reasonably expect a little more to be invested in perfecting arrangements for the safety of the miners.

Fire-damp is as a thief in the night, rendering necessary all the cumbrous and costly apparatus of ventilation and inspection; but this thief has an accomplice who follows him whenever he has made good his entrance, and the accomplice is the most dangerous and murderous of the two; though the miners may escape the first, they rarely elude the second. This accomplice is commonly known as Choke-damp, or after-damp—and commonly fills the mine instantly after an explosion of fire-damp. The first damp burns, the after-damp stifles: a pitman may possibly escape the first with a singe or a scald, but the second stops his breath without disfiguring him, and he sinks down calmly and sleeps the sleep of death. With a melancholy curiosity, it has been observed that the victim of after-damp seems to pass away painlessly and almost unconsciously. The writer of this article has looked at the dead bodies of a little company of pitmen who were overcome with choke-damp, and never saw calmer expressions on any countenance. Probably most of the Hartley miners were thus suffocated; their attitudes when discovered indicating very plainly the mode of death. In the Northern district, one man who perished by after-damp some years ago was found with his arm uplifted and his pick in his hand, arrested doubtless in the very act of hewing. At Cethin, too, last month, one unhappy pitman was stifled

while in the very act of conveying a piece of his bread to his mouth ; and another while his hand was in a small box of provisions, and as if at the moment in which he had grasped a portion of bread to add to the cheese found between his lips. On the breast of a third man his little dog was found sitting, the poor animal having crawled to his beloved master in the moment of death, and yielded its life to the same subtle poison. Choke-damp appears to seize softly upon the springs of vital action, and to do its deadly mischief in a second or two. Some singular effects, however, suggest the idea that in many of the cases attributed to choke-damp, death may really be the effect of the sudden concussion produced by the first or second explosion of fire-damp.

If men can be dragged into the pure air before they inhale too much choke-damp, they may be revived ; therefore, the means and materials for reviving them should always be near at hand. It is the prospect of rescuing the half-suffocated men which prompts their fellow-labourers to descend and cautiously explore an exploded pit, and it is in such cases that the extraordinary and admirable heroism among the miners is evinced. I have known some few instances of this kind of impulse which exalt our common humanity. I know the names of these heroes of subterranean life, and the circumstances are indisputable. One man volunteered for a forlorn hope when a mine had exploded : the whole assemblage at the surface considered it certain death to descend, and he alone had the courage to make the attempt. He was lowered, and the general opinion was that he must be lost : for nearly twenty minutes his fate was doubtful : it would not have been doubtful, but that another followed him and brought him up to the free air in a state of unconsciousness. Happily he was restored : and that man afterwards descended and rescued three colliers. In another case, two men groped their way into a passage full of choke-damp, stuffing handkerchiefs into their mouths, and advancing crab-like so as to keep their faces nearest to the entrance, and they succeeded in dragging forth three or four men and lads who were on the very verge of suffocation.

Such instances of self-devotion are numerous in the annals of the pit ; and they at least deserve to be publicly recorded. The Civic crown of the Romans would have descended on not a few shaggy heads of pitmen ; and these noble impulses prompt us to cast over the vices and faults of the whole mass the mantle of that charity which covereth a multitude of sins.

A Fit of Jealousy.

WALKING up and down the platform of a small junction railway station in the North of England one autumnal evening, in the year of grace 18—, was a gentleman, bearded and moustached, in the days when beards and moustaches were more unusual distinctions than they are at present. He was a good-looking man, slightly built, and not above the average height, with a pale complexion, a pair of brilliant, restless blue-black eyes, and a large cigar set well between his teeth. There was an indolence and deliberation in his movements and speech, that contradicted the impression conveyed by eyes which never seemed still or sleepy; altogether he gave the idea of an energetic and irritable temperament, held well in hand by the owner, who might be a philosopher by force of will, but never by bent of nature.

To the left a short auxiliary train was waiting to convey passengers from the south directly into the more secluded districts, its contiguity betrayed by the puffing of the engine. A hard-headed, intelligent-looking station-master came at intervals from within, on the look-out for the expected train.

"Has anything happened to the express, station-master? it's twenty minutes late."

"I'm sure I don't know, sir; I dare say she's on her road, but I'll see." He retired, and after working the telegraph wires, returned. "No, sir, she's all right; the night's dark, and a bit soft and thick, but she'll be here in five minutes, or less."

"Did you ever see a railway accident, station-master?"

"I've seen a man killed on the trams; but I've never seen a regular smash, nor I don't want to, least of all on our line, and near my station: it might be as much as my place was worth."

"Worse luck for the poor fellows where it does happen."

"Yes, sir." A pause. "A chap that came this way did tell me that it was all as good as settled beforehand, and that there'd be so many accidents, and so many people killed by 'em every year, keep what look-out we might."

"And do you think that is so?"

"It may be, sir, and it may not. Providence, my wife says, is one thing, and luck's another. I expect things depend a good deal on the state of the tram lines, and the wages the men get; but if there are to be mishaps, we mostly try to keep them from our beat, and shove them on to others. If they must come, we must look to Providence and ourselves to see they don't come over nigh."

"Exactly; charity begins at home with you canny north-country fellows."

"It do sound selfish, sir; but I've a wife and four children, and I must live:—but the north train's due, sir."

Just then a whistle sounded, and then another in the opposite direction.

"They are both coming at once, I think." And so in effect they did, but the south one won by a minute. Only one passenger alighted; a tall and, so far as the undulating mass of rich drapery might leave one to a guess, a young, elegant, and wealthy woman. Her face was covered with a provokingly thick veil, which allowed nothing but fine eyes to be discovered. The gentleman—whose name we may as well mention was Morrice Gwynne—had his admiration, not to speak of his curiosity, excited. To have descended here argued that the unknown was about to proceed by this little side branch, out of the world; where she would possibly, nay, probably, die of *ennui*—since it is now set forth that not old age, but *ennui*, is the real disease of which women die. So while the station-master was busying himself in the due exercise of his functions, as regarded guards and luggage, Morrice closely watched the lady, and kept as near to her as he found practicable. Suddenly she walked to the station-master, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, in a tone that was melodious certainly, but amazingly sharp and clear, "Don't trouble yourself; I have no luggage." That voice Morrice recognized as being strangely familiar to his ears: but how came it to be owned by a mysterious woman, who descended at ten o'clock of the night without luggage, and was going nobody knew where? Just then the second whistle was repeated. The first-arrived train was set in motion.

"Cross directly, sir; here's the express for the south."

"But the lady?" said Morrice, incoherently.

"She's no luggage; and the train won't wait."

"Mercenary wretch; he values people according to their luggage," thought Gwynne, as, with one prolonged glance, which was, however, quite unequal to penetrating the veil, he leisurely crossed the line, and ensconced himself in a snug coupé, leaving his belongings, after the manner of first-class people, to be attended to by the servants of the company. Reference here is, of course, only made to first-class male passengers; the officials complain that the reverse system is practised in excess by the opposite sex.

"If that is not Adelaide Dalzell, I'll never trust my eyes and ears again," he exclaimed; and he endeavoured, by pushing himself half out of the window, to take more observations. By the dim lights of the station, he could just discern her taking her place in the branch train which was waiting. "I'm right," he soliloquized; "I'd lay a pony to a shilling: but what is she doing here? No luggage, no company—going into the wilderness!" And he threw himself back among the cushions, and being alone, and not having the fear of a certain clause before his eyes, he proceeded to light a full-sized and full-flavoured

Manilla cigar, which he preferred, rightly or wrongly, to Havannah tobacco: and here, I may remark, that the former kind is thought to dispose to somnolence; and sleepy cigars, like sleepy women, have a special attraction for some men of a very *vif* composition.

Meanwhile, the shorter train accomplished about fourteen miles in the leisurely manner which distinguishes all movements on branch lines, and came to a final halt. Mrs. Dalzell again alighted, and in the same tone and manner made known her requirements to the man in authority. "I wish to be driven to ——," naming a little hamlet about five miles distant. An emaciated mare was harnessed to an ancient, rickety-looking vehicle, of the kind once known as shandrydan. Into this she was assisted; a call for Job Mayfield was followed by the appearance of an old man, rheumatic indeed, and much perfumed with strong waters, but apparently equal to the occasion, for he took his place beside his passenger, and the oddly matched couple set forth into the darkness. There was very little conversation; not, however, owing to any fault of Job's.

"You'll be going to one foreign madam?" he inquired respectfully; but only received a brief monosyllable of assent by way of reply. Down hill and up hill they rocked and jolted; the mare always taking a preliminary rest at the foot of each ascent, and insisting on a similar indulgence at the summit.

"She do yeat over much for her work surely: she's full o'beans, full o'beans, that's where it is," said Job, audaciously; but his pleasantry brought forth no response, and thenceforward they progressed in silence.

Further colloquy, whether of the nature of insidious interrogation that should defy evasion, or of preposterous assertions which must invite contradiction, was simply impossible in the face of a resolute silence. If any such project was entertained by Job, the words which should have expressed it were frozen on his lips: and thus morally secured against outward disturbing influences, Mrs. Dalzell was at liberty to indulge in her own thoughts, pleasant or not, as the case might be.

* * * * *

Five miles farther, through the clouds of white mist which are rising fast—five miles more, through the golden light of the hunter's moon—five miles more, over moor and fell, into the heart of the wildest of our northern dales, there stands a little rustic cottage, where all the doors are latched, and everything is audible from one room to the other; where the roofs are all low, and the chimnies are all wide; where slate and coals are equally unknown, and the roof is of thatch, and the fire of turf. In one room, reading by the light of an oil-lamp, there sat an old lady of somewhat foreign aspect, with a clear olive complexion, quick black eyes, as yet undimmed by age, very distinctly marked dark brows, and that square, compact, resolute jaw, and thin red lip, possessed by so many of our fair countrywomen on the other side of the water. Time, dealing less leniently in other respects, had thickly sprinkled her hair with white; but little of it was visible: it was almost covered by a large cambric hand-

kerchief, hung with rich old lace, now discoloured by age, worn in the fashion of a cap, and tied securely beneath the chin. A bonbonnière full of sweetmeats and a cup of chocolate stood on a table beside her, and from time to time the old lady refreshed herself with these condiments.

How this rather singular and old-world looking personage came to be there can only be suggested, not accounted for, by stating who and what she was. Her maiden name was one once held in esteem by the French nation; and some fifty years ago her father had been a gay-hearted, open-handed French gentleman, in the days when a gay heart and an open hand were more the fashion than at the present moment. He married while still young, and according to arrangements made by the guardians on both sides, a very ardent-tempered Milesian, moderately provided with dower, and not without pretensions to beauty. Monsieur was in politics a sentimental republican, while madame was a divine-right royalist; his religion also was, strictly speaking, that of a Pagan, and not one of the most exalted of Pagans, while she was a very devoted Catholic; from which diversities had flowed some discord in the household and a little unhappiness: though of this last less than might have been reasonably predicted, owing, principally, to the easy temper of the gentleman. Their child (they had only one little girl) was brought up subject to these conflicting influences, and was old enough when her mother died not only to feel the effects, but to remember the mode in which they operated, and the kind of argument by which each was supported. After that event monsieur retained the education of his daughter entirely in his own hands, aided by such advantages as the frequent society of his intimates could give; if, indeed, this could be reckoned as an advantage. The men who had the *entrée* of his house comprised all sorts of patriots from all sorts of countries, many of them distinguished as much by pure and exalted sentiments as by an utter absence of common sense: at least one brace of priests whose words and deeds had not tended to make them in good odour with their spiritual authorities, or particularly anxious to invite inspection of their course of life; a selection of philosophers and professors of brilliant capabilities, but of eccentric habits of thought and faith; and two or three Jesuits, who, unless they were much belied, were worthy of being ranked among the most skilful of their order, in that they intrigued much, spoke little, and never committed themselves in writing. A few old ladies of the *ancien régime* in creed, manner, and morals, had been used to accord a frank welcome to monsieur, sinking the point of his objectionable politics in favour of his better birth, fine person, and unquestionable breeding, and they were good enough to extend that kindness to his daughter. The result of this strangely compounded education was to produce a character which, indeed, sin and originality had studded as profusely and effectively as poppies spot cornfields. After a life which, if variety of sojourn, scene, and society, and a wide experience in intrigue, anxiety, and pleasure could be the gauge of its length, father and daughter would have attained to twice their real age, the marriage of the latter was arranged and car-

ried into effect. It was little more than a nominal one, and was followed in three months by an amicable separation. Within five years the wife was a widow, and once more became the companion of her father through a lengthened course of wanderings; until death broke the tie between them: and the light-hearted French gentleman died almost as gaily and unconcernedly as he had lived. It never could be surmised what motive induced a Bohemian and cosmopolitan by inheritance, nature, and education, like Madame la Fargue, to select the hamlet of —, in the heart of one of the most secluded and romantic regions of Northern England as her final place of abode; but so it was. She made herself proprietor of a cottage and a few surrounding acres of land, consisting of garden, plantation, and a small meadow; and this little property was farmed on a scale limited to its proportions. The whole ménage was presided over by an ancient English serving-man and a middle-aged Frenchwoman. These two potentates declared war and proclaimed peace with each other, made treaties, broke them, and renewed feuds as other sovereigns do, and in that and all other respects acted much as they pleased. Madame adhered to her French habits, and, provided she had her chocolate in the morning, and her fruit and flowers at the second *déjeuner*, meddled little with their proceedings. She seldom went beyond the limits of her garden; on the rare occasions that she exceeded that boundary it was to pay ceremonial visits to the only other two proprietors of which the village could boast. At such times madame wore neither bonnet nor cap, but a head-dress similar in appearance to, though richer in texture than, the one which has been described; her face was duly protected against the sun's rays by a large red umbrella, and she was preceded either by her old man, or maid Babette: thus the performance of this duty was invested with a certain stateliness and grandeur in the eyes of the few rustics who beheld the procession. Madame had been brought up in the Catholic faith, and had at one period bid fair to have become an ardent devotee; but her father's precepts and example somewhat turned the edge of this sentiment, and little of it remained: so far as appearances went. "I *have* believed: let that be sufficient," she had replied, when reproached for attending neither church nor chapel; and she made that act of faith do duty for the rest of her life.

But if her practice was lax, her theory was strict; and in politics, major and minor, by which is to be understood those of the world and those of domestic life, she was an enlightened and philosophical despot. A rapid and insatiable reader, her studies were not, indeed, what might have been prescribed as conducive to a correct mode of thought; they were mostly classical, not, however, excluding the works of French authors of note, both ancient and modern. These branches of literature were often by no means fit for the perusal of *les jeunes filles*, as madame was candid enough to confess: nor of young boys either, she might have added with at least equal truth.

"*Ce ne me dérange pas les idées*," was her reply, when some remark

of the kind was made to her : "*qu'est ce que ça me fait ?*" and she read on, sipping her chocolate and laughing to herself. She gave alms, too, out of her little means to the poor, with a munificence and catholicity of spirit which won the hearts of these misguided beings, as yet without experience of tracts, missions, and clothing-clubs. But she never went to mass (performed, it is true, about eighteen miles away), neither did she ever appear at church ; seeing this, the clergyman essayed to convert her, but gave up the attempt almost immediately.

"If you are planning to convert me," said the sharp-witted old lady, as the first theological shot was fired, "I will send for my director, though he lives at an enormous distance, and it will cause much expense and trouble ; but he will certainly not fail to come." And this threat was sufficient. When in the world a creed dies, a philosophy rises on its ruins, and when a faith perishes it leaves a phantom shadow of its former self to haunt the grave.

So madame had her philosophy and her phantom, and by their aid and light she regulated her life and ways.

Twenty years had not dulled senses naturally acute. For an hour past the conveyance we have described had been on the road, and now began to send out of the distance sounds of its approach ; but long before it actually stopped before the house, madame was at the door, flanked by her two retainers. There was much exclamation and embracing.

"Dear aunt !"

"My niece, Adelaide, *ma belle des belles !*"

And the old lady saluted her rapidly on both cheeks, held her away to examine her the better, and repeated the former ceremony once, twice, thrice.

The agitation of arrival and welcome began to subside.

"I will command an omelette and some wine, my niece. Meanwhile to what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for your charming society ?"

But at this harmless question Mrs. Dalzell's violet-coloured eyes flashed fire, and then seemed much disposed to shower down the sort of rain which follows a summer storm.

"The idea had come to her," she said ; "a freak, a fancy. Marmaduke was in London, and did not busy himself about her." Here the well-cut nostril dilated, and the crimson lips quivered. "And—and we will talk about something else, dear aunt."

Here the supper arrived, of all moments the most opportune ; that being despatched, the conversation, at first lively, languished decidedly, and Adelaide, under pretence of resting, closed her eyes and began to analyse her own sensations. And what were they ? A mixture of surprise and disappointment. But why ? For this reason : she had, she knew, taken what is, for any woman, a very decisive and daring step. She had left her husband's house without his permission, or even his knowledge :—that was the truth of the matter ; and having cast the die, and testified, in so far as actions can testify, her readiness to abide the

result, she was surprised and a little disappointed to find that she felt much the same. She had vaguely expected, that in the very nature of the action, its accomplishment would have superinduced within her the emotions proper to saints, martyrs, and heroines; and none such had come: she seemed to herself neither better nor worse than the day before. This feeling we have almost all of us experienced. We marry a wife, or we bury one; we enter a profession, or come into a fortune, or we register some vow before God and man: these things are regarded by us as crises—turning-points of our life, and we make many plans hinging on the change which we suppose they will effect in us. But the sun shines on us next day, and we feel much as we did before: our sins and our sorrows are still on us; neither are our wishes or our dispositions miraculously altered, except in rare and exceptional cases. We have looked on these events as baptisms for good or evil, and regeneration has not come, nor have we heard the still, small voice of condemnation. It is only later that we begin to understand how consequences come slowly, but come surely; that the tree which we plant shall bear the fruit we must eat, and the children we beget must also abide with us. It is the same in the invisible world of thought. We entertain many a vindictive, or unscrupulous, or cowardly project, and fancy we are no worse, because we preserve a human aspect and love those who love us. If every time we lay down with wicked thoughts, we rose up with horns, hoof, and tail! Ah me! how long would the wife of our bosom be able to endure the sight of us?

While apparently employed in cutting open the leaves of a new book, the keen eyes of the elderly lady scrutinized rapidly and frequently the disturbed and beautiful face opposite to her. "Forced fruit always lacks flavour," said madame to herself; "in due time I will confess her." And the confession *was* made, and effectively made too; though there was about it a flavour of impenitence more apparent than real. But this is anticipating.

The glow of the fire, and the whistling and moaning of the shut-out wind, began to arouse vague sensations of regret and discomfort. Surrounding warmth and comfort gave edge to mental pain, and Adelaide began to have that sort of feeling which our brilliant neighbours call *pitié de soi-même*, and to think that it would be a relief to unburden her mind. For some time she successfully resisted this inward prompting, and pleading fatigue, said her adieu for the night, and vanished. But when she had shut herself off into her pleasant little room, with its latched door and white hangings and bachelor aspect, the sensation of miserable loneliness became unendurable. Marmaduke was already avenged, though he knew it not. She began what ladies call "doing their hair," by which is to be understood not that partial and fragmentary attention to the portion which is appropriated as covering to the intellectual regions, but letting down like a shower the entire length, weight, and glory of her hair; and arming herself with the requisite

implement, she commenced a vigorous discipline. But the white arms were unused to such manual labour; for the owner of them, belonging to the upper ten thousand, had of late led that life of ardent listlessness which has in all ages been the most fruitful soil for the operations of the enemy. Presently the arms relaxed, and Adelaide subsided into a wicker-chair, and gazed dreamily into the fire. *Vacuo pectore regnat amor*. While she sat thus wrapped in a white covering, flecked, barred, and nearly covered to her very knees with long hair black as wing of raven, the door opened gently, and madame entered.

"My niece, I have brought you some negus;" and she presented Adelaide with a glass of that beverage, made, as women say they prefer to have it made, very hot, very sweet, and very weak. Solitary confinement even for a few minutes has been known to have had a good effect on naughty children, and Adelaide seemed more moved by this little act of kindness than the greatness of the service required, for she sprang up and threw her arms round madame's neck, refusing to quit that position, as if it were a relief to do something, or be near some one.

"Dear aunt, I fear I must have appeared unaccountably rude and stupid in some of my replies to you to-night!"

"Never, Adelaide," returned the old lady, promptly; "when the heart is full, and the judgment perplexed, the senses are often dull, and the tongue slow; but old age can make allowances where youth might be at fault. Experience in suffering should teach the old somewhat, Adelaide."

It would be difficult to say what suffering of this special description had at any time befallen madame, but the sentiment was a consoling one. She sat down cosily in a vacant chair, and her niece rested at her feet with the comfortable sensation that madame knew her heart was full, and her mind perplexed. *Toute femme veut être devinée*: the confession was well begun. What a relief!

"Marmaduke does not, and will not, know that I am here, dear aunt."

Now Marmaduke was not so ignorant as she supposed. Nevertheless, in making this statement, Adelaide spoke the truth as far as she knew it: and we don't always do that even by accident.

"Ah, my niece, but he will know shortly."

"You will not betray me, aunt? I had thought I was safe with you."

"Assuredly, he will know only when you write to him—as you will in two or three days—to tell him that you are about to return, and that he is to come and bring you back."

"If you knew all!"

"I divine most, my child: you would not have left your husband without the most serious reason, and due consideration."

"I did consider" (she had considered for half-an-hour). "I had a serious reason: the strongest reason woman could have," said poor Adelaide, trying to fortify herself by thinking on her wrongs; which just then, being more troubled than she wished to admit, she was unable to advance in a sufficiently

imposing and formidable shape. Like a wise woman, madame had not arraigned her penitent as a criminal, nor laid a finger on her *amour propre*; she had assumed at once the iniquity of the other offender, and seemed to be rather asking for explanation of the offence, than justification for the severity of the punishment. The tears were welling in Adelaide's eyes, as her unsteady gaze into the fire and frequent gulps betrayed. "The wound is recent," thought madame; "we must probe it before it has time to close." "Give me the history of the three last days," she said; and Adelaide, grateful for the aid, responded, woman-like, to the spirit, rather than to the strict letter of the query.

"The day before yesterday, Marmaduke came home in a violent hurry, saying that he had to go down to his lawyers on business, about seven or eight miles out of town, and should stay the night there. He ordered his servant to pack his valise, lamenting all the time that he was obliged to leave me, and I—I believed him: he had never during the short space of our married life told me, so far as I know, the shadow of an untruth."

"It is without doubt an evil to possess a too excellent character. It goes for something perhaps in a servant; but in ordinary life we rejoice over the lost sheep and the prodigal son, while we are astonished and provoked at the failure of the good," observed madame, with a sarcasm which raised, as she intended to do, a reactionary sentiment in Adelaide's breast.

For the moment Mrs. Dalzell found herself almost wishing to take her husband's part. Women (let us gratefully confess it) will on occasions abuse the man they love best, but at the dimmest prospect of obtaining a convert from among their hearers, they shrink aghast at their success. She hurriedly resumed,—“I am not often alone, you know, so feeling time hang heavily, I drove to St. John's Wood to call on Mrs. Carruthers. Well, aunt, the cabman was either intoxicated, or he could not have known the neighbourhood, for he drove me from one place to the other in a very reckless way; when I remonstrated he became exceedingly insolent, and I felt quite alarmed.”

"It is not with you as with us, my niece. Your demoiselles are all courage, and your married women are all timidity. In England, when a young girl marries she loses her individuality; in France, on the contrary, it is not until then that we gain it. But continue. So you had fear: the cabman was not complaisant—mutinous, in fact? I, too, have had controversies with these people: they were frightful. What one gains in economy, one loses in time and pleasure.”

"At last, aunt, I ordered him to stop, saying that I should get out. This at first he refused to do; but as I persisted in it, he condescended to obey. I alighted, and asked him his fare, which, according to his account, was simply enormous. I took his ticket—I had often heard Marmaduke say that was the way to do—and placing a sovereign in the man's hand, I told him, that though that was less than the sum he demanded, it was, I knew, far more than he had any right to, and that he was to give me

the proper change. I had, I suppose, overrated the power of the ticket, for he only took the money, and drove off as quickly as possible, leaving me standing in the middle of the road, feeling rather foolish and very indignant."

"But you had the ticket, my child?"

"Yes; but I lost it somehow: and, in any case, I should not have appeared against the man in a police-court. There I was, utterly lost. I had not the slightest idea in what part of the neighbourhood I was, and felt much as I used to do when, as a child, with bandaged eyes, I was turned round and round for a dozen times at blind-man's buff. However, not wishing to attract observation, I walked on, trusting that I might, in one of those pretty shady walks, meet some nursemaid, of whom I might inquire my road. I encountered only one, accompanied by a soldier, of course, and a foolish fit of shyness prevented me accosting her. So I passed on, lost sight of them in a turn of the road, and not beholding any other living being far or near, I determined that I would enter one of the outer doors, and ask for the requisite directions at some of the villas. I dare-say, aunt, you will call me very *bête*; but I passed a dozen before I could summon up courage to make the essay. At last, perceiving one standing half open, I walked in, advanced along some grounds prettily laid out with clumps of shrubs, and trees, in the midst of which stood a white, low-built house, not much unlike those I have seen in pictures as belonging to Indian planters. It was surrounded by a wide verandah, supported by pillars, round which were twined roses, jessamine, and creepers of different kinds in great luxuriance. Playing with a little dog was a pretty child, apparently about three years old; one small dimpled arm was round the dog's neck, and in the other hand was a blue ribbon attached to the animal's collar. She looked up at me wonderingly as I came towards her; I stayed an instant to speak to the little one, and from the spot where I stood, sheltered behind a large group of rhododendrons, I could see a lady and gentleman with two other children. The lady had her face turned to me, and was young, and certainly very beautiful."

"Fair or dark, *ma belle*?"

"Oh, very dark; a foreigner, I should think," replied Adelaide, with that slight scorn which a fine-blooded Milesian brunette of the palest kind thinks herself fairly entitled to use, in alluding to a style of loveliness essentially opposite to her own. "She held an infant in her arms, and was playing and talking with it. I stood a moment, feeling the awkwardness of my position, and wishing it was well over, when this person exclaimed, 'Marmaduke'—I heard the name so distinctly—'Marmaduke, do take that away from George.' The gentleman she appealed to turned round, and caught up a little boy in his arms; in so doing the child's struggles struck his hat from his head, and this action showed me the features of my husband. 'George,' he said; and if any further link of evidence were wanted, if my doubting eyes asked for greater certainty, I had it in the well-known voice. He raised the child up, and laying the

little head on his shoulder, I could see that the boy was but the tiny resemblance of himself—the same long fair hair, large blue eyes, and laughing, tender lips. He lavished caresses on him, as I gazed and gazed until my eyeballs seemed turning into stone. I never knew how I left that place. I have a dim recollection of the little one, whom I had first seen, speaking to me as I passed out, and then finding myself walking in the road quite alone—alone in my misery. I continued to walk forward mechanically and quickly, I hardly knew in what direction, or for how long. It seems all a blank to me. Before anything definite occurred to my mind, it was quite dark, and the numerous lighted lamps gleaming among the trees convinced me that I must have been many hours on foot.”

“My poor child !”

“Perhaps it would have been more natural to keep in the gloom and shadow of those quiet roads, but suddenly the longing came on me to be among human beings and in crowded streets, so I listened for a few instants. I could hear behind me the distant roar and tumult of the city, so I turned on my steps, and, in what seemed to me a very short space of time, I found myself in Oxford-street. Jostled, frightened, and wretched, I took the first conveyance I met with, and arrived at home. I dined, and then desired my maid to pack a small travelling bag for my use. Marmaduke, I knew, would not arrive that night, and by the time he might be looked for next day, I had resolved to be far away. I would not condescend to reproach him with his treachery, or to hear subterfuges and untruth, perhaps insult and defiance, from lips that had been once so faithful and dear to me. But to this resolve I came, that the same roof could not in future shelter us both ; and this morning early I drove with my servant to the station. She took my ticket for me before I dismissed her ; so if Marmaduke thinks proper to examine her, he will at least learn that I have found a fitting shelter, and his own conscience will tell him why I could no longer stay with him. Have I not done right ?”

“*Mon enfant*, jealousy is cruel as the grave, but most cruel to those who give way to it : but I suppose you did this because at the moment you could do no other. I cannot, perhaps, judge you fittingly. In my young days, the husband or wife who betrayed that passion would have been thought to have committed a *bêtise*, a *maladresse*. I was not jealous of my husband, though the world said he gave me occasion ; but I never listened to the world, Adelaide : those who do, almost always end by hating or despising it ; and I could have arrived at that point by a shorter route, had I wished it. As to the passion of jealousy, no well-bred woman ever knows it ; or at least she never shows it. Besides, in this sort of thing, *noblesse oblige* : those whose heritage it is to control others must surely first control themselves. Jealousy is, in truth, a *bourgeois vice*.”

Adelaide made no reply in words ; her sole response was the half-bitter, half-melancholy smile which played for a moment round her mouth. She was thinking, perhaps, that there had been a good many ill-bred men and

women in the world—from kings and queens downwards—if this doctrine were true. If such was her idea, madame answered it.

"Yes, I know what you would say; the women you are thinking of made fools of themselves, one and all." Madame proceeded, in terms harsh and uncomplimentary, to allude to Juno and Proserpine; then descending from gods and goddesses to the times of Christian men and women, she spoke of the cruel and vindictive jealousy of certain queens, such as Joan of Spain and our Elizabeth.

"Well, aunt, I hardly see how this bears on what I have told you. These women had reason to be jealous, and well-bred or ill-bred, they were jealous."

"*Entée*," said madame. "Listen to me, Adelaide: there is yet another construction which this history will admit of. I will tell you an old, old tale." And being a little eager, she commenced her parable, half in French, and half in English, something to this effect:—

"Where the blue sea is most sunny and stirless, the heavens most cloudless, and the winds ever soft and balmy, there lived a prince and princess, who, after the manner of men and women, loved, and were given in marriage one to the other."

The mythological story of Cephalus, Procris and Aurora is probably too well known to the majority of readers to need details. But we have often thought the construction of the legend is full of significance and suggestion.

That Aurora wooed Cephalus in vain, was not, as we imagine, owing to that special and unreasoning fidelity, the secret of which lies unrevealed among Nature's secrets; because, when the disappointed goddess, animated by jealous cunning (*rancune de femme est de longue durée*), despatched her stubborn enslaver, changed in appearance, to test the faithfulness of his wife, he met with at least a partial and unwelcome success; and in like manner, and under similar circumstances, Procris obtained a moral advantage over Cephalus. The fact seems significant, that both husband and wife, when presenting themselves, metamorphosed into other forms, were able respectively to disturb each other's fidelity. Is it too much to suppose that by this was meant that, notwithstanding the perfection of the disguise, there must have been some subtle link of memory lightly troubled? some instinctive recognition of ownership secretly felt and yielded?

At this juncture, the one had no right to reproach the other, or, as our modern lawgivers translate the situation, they had both every right to reproach each other. However, so far as fable tells us, the double discovery was not followed by scenes of recrimination; but for mutual weakness betrayed, mutual forgiveness was accorded. This was so, perhaps, because no institution then existed analogous to the one over which Sir C. Cresswell presides, with more honour to himself than to the suitors who come before him.

That jealousy ultimately returned to trouble the breast of Procris

seems to indicate that in weaker natures all emotions, such as anger, love, fear, and jealousy, are more easily excited, allayed, expelled, and recalled than in stronger ones. Then, in the last final catastrophe, when the ill-fated wife lies in ambush, the very air seeming charged with words inarticulate, so far as the actual human sounds might be distinguished, and only comprehended and translated, or rather misunderstood by the extreme tension of a loving ear, the tale has a meaning for most of us. If betraying Dryades or tell-tale Zephyrs had mistaken the cry of Cephalus to Aura for an invocation to Aurora, has no parallel perversion of facts in our own memory, perhaps in our life, cast its shadow over us under circumstances gilded by no halo of romance, but equally untoward and costly in their sequence; causing mortification, wrath, and misery, followed by years of estrangement and loneliness—borne, indeed—*how*, it were kinder not to ask?

Whether madame illustrated her history by suggestions like these or no, the result was the same—*nil*; and for anything which her eloquence had effected, she might as well have been silent. Adelaide made no reply, and slept that night with resentment unappeased rankling in her heart.

As in some countries to sleep in the moonlight occasions blindness, so in all countries to sleep in anger causes moral blindness. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," is a precept of high wisdom as well as pure morality.

About three days from the date of the first scene recorded, Morrice Gywnne encountered Marmaduke Dalzell in one of the thoroughfares which are in London appropriated to men who have time on their hands and money in their pockets, though from the time of the year the loungers were few and far between.

"You in town, Dalzell, when you ought to be in the stubble?"

"Yes, for my sins," said Dalzell, who represented part of the collective wisdom of the nation. "And what brings you here?"

"The sins of other people," replied Morrice, "for I've come to take up a bill."

"That's all right," said Dalzell, apparently without giving the slightest thought to the tenor of his friend's remark.

"Nay, it's all wrong, my boy."

"Is it? well, you will dine with me at eight to-night."

"I shall hardly be able to get way by that time. I've my lawyer to see, and some of the children of Israel to communicate with."

"Say half-past, then?"

"But I don't want to disarrange—"

"You won't disarrange anybody. You must come, Morrice."

"So be it, then;" and the two men parted.

"I take it his wife is not there, since there's no one to disarrange,

and we change our dinner-hour at our good pleasure," thought Morrice, as he turned away

At the appointed hour he was received by his host alone. Dalzell was a tall, well-made, dashing-looking young fellow, with fair hair, large blue eyes, well-cut features, a warm and somewhat sunburnt complexion, and a very choleric disposition legibly depicted on his countenance. The conversation was sustained equably enough by Morrice, and in a more effervescent manner by Dalzell, whose hospitality and gaiety seemed of a rather gusty description. Morrice held the opinion that the primary duty of a friend was never to ask disagreeable questions, or make unpleasant observations; therefore he preserved a discreet silence as to Mrs. Dalzell's absence, and affected not to notice the forced gaiety of the husband.

"It's just the weather to be flushing the pheasants, Marmaduke, and to-morrow is the 1st. I'm sorry for you, cooped up here. How on earth do you amuse yourself in town?"

"Not so badly. I was with Hilton and a few others last night, and to-night, if I had not met you, I should have been with Eversley."

"Eversley alone?"

"No; there will be some of his set—Mesdames Ffine and Elise."

"Hope I've not kept you from a better engagement?" said Morrice, opening a case of cigars.

"No, indeed; I was not sorry to have the excuse; but if you'd like to come with me I'll take you: there's time yet, and they'll all be delighted to see you."

"And to-morrow night?" asked Morrice, significantly.

"To-morrow as yesterday, and much more abundantly."

"Eat, drink, for to-morrow we die?" No, thank you, Marmaduke, I won't trouble you. Mesdames Ffine and her friends are too expensive and rowdy for me."

"You are in a lively key to-night; what's the matter with you? have you been drinking bad wine?"

"You are not so far out there, do you know; I dined with old Alick Scott. He produced 'some curious vintage,' as he justly called it. A man who gives bad wine when he can only afford good beer is a fool, and a man who gives bad wine when he has, or ought to have, good, is a rascal, and deserves the halter," said Morrice, with an energy and seriousness befitting the sentiment. Then there was a pause. "Decidedly his wife is not here: I wish any one would bet me a thousand pounds that it was not her I saw the other night," was his silent ejaculation.

"If you'll come to-night you'll taste wine that is wine, I will guarantee," said Dalzell, recurring to the subject.

"I'm not a very good boy, Marmaduke, but it puzzles me to guess what a married man like yourself can have to do with Eversley's suppers, and with Elise and Ffine, and all the other exceptionable divinities of the ballet."

Dalzell stooped down as if his boot suddenly hurt him; and it was

not only the exertion necessary for this trivial action that drove the blood into his face with such a double dye in it, as he rose up and faced Morrice as best he might.

"I have no wife at present," he said, defiantly; "I'm living *en garçon*."

"More shame for you, Marmaduke," remarked Morrice, very quietly.

"It's not my fault. Mrs. Dalzell left me some days ago to pay a visit in—in the north. She does as she likes, and I do as I please."

"Hardly that, Duke. I take it what you are doing does not please you too well even now, and won't do as much as that for you afterwards. You know why she went and where she is, or you would not be sitting quietly here," said Morrice, earnestly, and with much good feeling.

Dalzell was only a young husband, and he started at these words as if he had been struck, throwing back his hair with a quick, impatient movement.

"I was going to say I neither knew nor cared; heaven forgive me! but no man can say that of his wife. Yes, I do know; it was jealousy and temper, and that only, that drove her away. She is too haughty and too truthful to conceal what she feels, and I will not submit to be watched and misjudged. Adelaide condemned me simply without hearing me; that is how it happened."

"I don't know how it happened, or indeed what happened, and I can't give any opinion when I am so entirely in the dark; but you should bear in mind that women are much more easily shocked than men."

"Help yourself, and pass the bottle, Morrice." This done, Dalzell drained a heavy bumper and resumed: "Here you have it, then: you remember my brother George?"

"Yes; 'henpy George' we used to call him, I think," said Morrice briefly.

"Since you remember his name you'll remember his failings, I dare say. The most mischievous and reckless fellow that ever an elder brother had on his hands; and one of the kindest-hearted, too. He was a great chum of Adelaide's, who used to declare he was the prince of brothers to her, and thought me rather harsh than otherwise to him. She little knew that I had already paid his debts three times, with every prospect, if life and patience were granted me, of repeating the whitewashing a score of times more. The beauty of it was, he never looked it: by virtue of a clear, rosy complexion and his imperturbable good humour, he actually got credit for the correct life which is popularly supposed to be the foundation of these good things. I vow that often when I have brought him home almost by main force, I, who paid for his follies, looked infinitely more disreputable and haggard than he who committed them."

"He was a dreadful impostor, I know."

"That is true; the last time I paid up (as I thought) all, I said, 'Now, old fellow, this won't do. I shall have to stop somewhere. As well now as afterwards.'"

"If you mean what you say, I am *in extremis*; and under those circumstances confession is good for the soul," he said coolly, and pro-

ceded to tell me of what he called "a reserve fund of entanglements" kept *in petto* in case he ever came into a fortune. One of these was more serious than the others. He had, it appears, some years since engaged the affections of a very beautiful creole girl, an only daughter, whose father had since died. She bore his name, but they had never been actually married: in short, it was a very disagreeable affair, and not at all the better that they seemed neither of them to attach the slightest importance to the matter—he, perhaps, because he was singularly deficient in the sense of right and wrong; and she, poor thing, had never, it may be, understood thoroughly her position. The first thing I did was to insist on their being married at once, and, that done, I agreed to make him a fair allowance sufficient to live with something more than comfort, and to educate one or two pretty children which had come to complicate matters. Before very many months were over I heard that Master George was going too fast again. You know he had a trick of this," and here Dalzell made a movement with his elbows as if he were throwing dice. "I saw I must bring this to an end, so I procured him a colonial appointment, and shipped him off within twenty-four hours after."

"Of course, you told your wife."

"No, I did not. She was so fond of George, I did not like to destroy her good opinion of him; and I know Adelaide, Morrice. All George's sins would have sunk into insignificance in comparison with the offence of his marriage with this young Indian, and the shame which preceded it. I never could have persuaded her to make the best of it, or to give her countenance to the poor girl whom the accident of my becoming acquainted with the affair probably alone saved from the worst of fates: and she is a good, loving little thing too, and makes George a better wife than he deserves."

"Now, I don't pretend to comprehend the incomprehensible, and therefore I don't profess to understand women; but I am of opinion that it is never wise to have a secret from a woman with whom you are intimate; and it is a fatal mistake to dream of keeping one from your wife. Women are the detective police of creation; their duty is to find us out, and their pleasure is to forgive us when found out. That's about it, Duke," said Morrice.

"Maybe, you are right; at any rate, the result proves that I was wrong. *Qui perd pèche*. George sailed about two months ago, and last Monday I meant to go down to old Burrows to arrange for selling the house, and for the voyage and outfit of George's wife and children. A pretty expensive little affair that house is, too; quite after their own fancy. I went in the first instance to take a letter which I had received from George to show to his wife; I dined there, and afterwards, while I was in the grounds with her, playing with the children, I thought I heard the gate open, and the nursemaid came forward, saying that a lady had asked for her mistress. But lo! the lady had vanished. I went to the gate and looked out in the road, holding the eldest boy in my arms, to see—the fast-receding figure of my wife. She must have traced me, caught a

distinct glimpse of me and my surroundings, and naturally put the worst construction on it."

"Are you quite sure it was your wife?"

"Perfectly: if I had needed confirmation, I found her glove laid on the grass, where she had probably dropt it while she stood and watched me," and he drew a small delicately hued glove from within the breast of his waistcoat.

"So this was the husband who neither knew nor cared," thought Morrice, as he bent forward, with a half smile on his lips, and reverentially examined the relic; and his secret amusement was not lessened when Dalzell snatched it away from the mouthful of smoke which Morrice expelled from his lips during the investigating process.

"You came home instantler, of course?"

"No, next morning; to find her gone—openly and defiantly, without one word of explanation or apology. She made no mystery of her destination. Her maid told me she had taken her ticket for —; which is the place where her aunt, Madame la Fargue, lives, and where Adelaide used to spend a good deal of her time before her marriage."

"Then it *was* her," said Morrice to himself; then aloud, "What sort of a person is this aunt?"

"A perfect pagan, as well as I remember, and very singular; but a very well-bred old lady notwithstanding. And there she may stay," pursued Marmaduke, irefully, staring hard into the fire, and grinding his short pipe between his teeth. "She has asked no explanation of me, and I will grant none to her."

"That's not the way a man should speak of his wife, Duke."

"I'm no hypocrite, Morrice."

"No; and you are not a brute, though you are trying to make yourself out one. Your course would have been to have returned home instantly and frankly avowed all. As you did not, I don't see that she could have done better than what she did. Scenes are not agreeable, and if she had received you with smiles, you would not have felt flattered, but only suspicious, both then and for all time to come."

"Men give up a good many things when they marry."

"And women give up a good many more."

"Yes; and require a good many more, too. You take cause against me, Morrice."

"Nay, my friend's cause is my own; but I hold that the cause of the wife is also the cause of the husband. Where there is no guilt to part them, man and wife are one."

"I've a right to be dissatisfied; and I *am* dissatisfied."

"I don't know that I should be, if I were in your shoes, Marmaduke. Just consider what is natural: it is very desirable people should act naturally under these circumstances. If a high-spirited girl, to whom, reasonably or unreasonably, you had, as a husband, given cause for jealousy, meets it with an easy calm or an ominous good-humour, there is

something unpleasant brewing for you not far off;—dislike, or worse still, indifference. These kind of women don't *act* coldness, except so badly that a child might detect the pretence. I do not say a constitutionally cold woman could not do it; she would really and easily forgive, because she would not feel the full sting of the offence. But it is a rare case, and you'd have to compound for this sublime goodness on such occasions by a general want of warmth at all other times. And one other sort of woman will do as much, whose love is of a diffusive and unconcentrated description, so that as they distribute their stakes, they never know the despair of losing all at one blow; but to be catholic in charity is often to be catholic in love. When your wife is angry with you—does you the honour of being jealous of you—rejoice and be glad *Forle è l'aceto di vin dolce*. When she is indifferent to you and your proceedings, weep and tear your hair: you will have to do it, and as well first as last. Anger let alone becomes indifference, and indifference let alone becomes ineffaceable. It is only when you can neither vex nor console, neither move to grief nor rouse to pleasure, that you need despair. I have spoken."

After this unusually long discourse, Morrice drained his glass and lit another cigar. The view he had just exposed was one not wholly displeasing to the husband's self-love. It is so easy to bend when we flatter ourselves we stand erect; it is so pleasant to forgive when we think we have not erred, to prescribe for the malady we have ourselves induced, above all, when the patient is fair and dear. As Morrice proceeded to urge the wisdom of an immediate journey for the purpose of bringing back the disaffected one, the forced gaiety and irritable demeanour of Dalzell gradually disappeared, and a more genial and happy expression stole over his features. He had none of that ill blood in his composition which any sort of humiliation turns into vindictiveness; but the absence of all shadow of it assuredly rendered him more generous, and inspired him with the desire to beg for forgiveness, even at the risk of lowering his flag to obtain it.

He stood up. "You're right, Morrice, and I've been a fool. I'll go down to-morrow."

"Very well," said Morrice, who, now that he had gained his point, displayed a provoking indolence. "I'll stay and finish my cigar. You'll be going early? I shall not be up."

"Yes; first thing," said Marmaduke, unfastening his collar and neck-cloth as he spoke.

"Very well. How about Eversley and Fifine?"

"Oh, they be——" and Dalzell had recourse to a violent expression, having reference to immediate suspension, as he closed the door and left his mentor for the night.

Two days had passed heavily away; and in the afternoon of the third, Adelaide was walking backwards and forwards wearily, alone, and without any definite object, on the moorland at some considerable distance from

the little hamlet. On one side of the heath there were signs of cultivation: small compact masses of black fir were so planted as to afford shelter when the keen north and east winds held their court; and around and beneath lay many a broad corn-field, newly shorn of its grain. On the summit above, hung a large isolated farmhouse, the out-buildings and contiguous land fairly bristling with stacks of provender. Beneath all this was the gorge, clothed and crowned from base to summit with oak, beech, lime, ash, fir, and chesnut, in every variety of foliage, and with every change of tint which autumn gives, or rather lends. Almost hidden by the trees, and only betraying its actual presence by the tinkling of the little ripples as they eddied on to the sea, was a small trout stream, babbling, as it ran, to the overhanging ferns and flowers, touching the adventures of a passage over the mountains, and the change of existence and absorption into the great ocean to which destiny hurried it. A bold and undulating range of hills rose on the left, flecked by patches of pale green, and winding sheep-tracks of a dull brown colour. A red fire glowed in one of the hollows, but the smoke hardly rose at all, but lay floating heavily on the stirless air. Beyond this, in the background, the blue of the distant mountains melted on the sky, and blended with the blackness of the woods; and, far off, it was not possible to guess that the richly-foliaged, velvet-like moor, half brown, half purple, to which the sun had lent gleam and shadow, and distance its softening influence, was, when seen near, nothing but the dying blacken and fading heather. The sky was cloudless and the air singularly still and fragrant. It was, in short, one of those days that belong to what has been called "the Indian summer," meaning that brief retrospective glimpse of warmth and beauty which often in our climate precedes the first onslaught of winter.

Of this kind, was the beauty which surrounded Adelaide, but it had singularly enough a very depressing effect on her; and as she sat down on a bit of grey rock, and looked on the world spread out before her, her eyes gradually filled with tears, the secret of which spontaneous melancholy was probably this. Sir E. B. Lytton has remarked in his *Cartons* that "it is the old man who plants young trees, who is most saddened by autumn, and feels most delight in the returning spring:" so it is the young man who is careless of the spring, and for whom the autumn has a special fascination. The first, because his already-faltering feet stand on the brink of the shoreless sea, and with the spring it may be the dim beauty of a new life dawns on his dying eyes; while the last can afford, perhaps, as yet to postpone death, at least, in thought. And springing from, and dependent on this law of antagonism, arises the fact that over the young when in grief, and so far deprived temporarily, at any rate, of that elastic joyousness which is their almost unalienable heritage, the sight of the dying-glories of the summer exercises the same saddening influence which is experienced by the aged under similar circumstances of scene and season.

With Mrs. Dalzell the tears, which first rose to her eyes like a warm

spring from the earth, presently welled over and descended in a shower. Women generally weep much more over what they reflect upon than over what they have actually seen or suffered: so with Adelaide, it was not for the shattered god, but the empty shrine; not the love she had lost, but the love she feared she could never regain, for which she wept; not the retrospect of the pain she had endured, but the long, shadowy vista of hopeless years—shadowy, indeed, at first, but gradually becoming more perfectly defined—years with no sun to warm them, nor hope to sustain, nor memory that would bring with it any sort of consolation. And the fast darkening day, the approaching winter—heralded by the multiplied signs of decay near and far—all seemed like an admonition of fate, or a requiem over departed happiness. She sat thus until night began to close in, and then returned to the house, feeling a sorrowful and much-injured woman indeed, but not, it is to be feared, a much wiser one; and, betaking herself to the stronghold of her own room, she there did her best to leave behind her the outward signs of her misery along with the traces of recent weeping, and descended to madame armed with a present provision of smiles of that forced and unnatural kind which are often sadder to behold even than tears.

Chocolate was served to the two ladies on silver and out of porcelain: for Babette was determined that things should be done in style; and though it could not be denied madame was a recluse, it should not be supposed she was relapsing into a savage state. On a bed of moss, coloured with more than usual richness and variety, were some plovers' eggs; further relieved by little branches loaded with the tiny purple blueberry, the bloom yet fresh on them. Out of compliment to Adelaide's partiality for the moors, which Babette understood to be desperate (else why wander perpetually to and fro thereon?), none but wild-flowers were suffered to appear; and of briar-roses, blue bells, and different sorts of heath, there was a profusion. After these things were properly discussed, madame proposed to read aloud; selecting one of Heine's works, *Germania*, wherewith to amuse herself, and, if possible, her niece also. At first, Adelaide secretly wished to decline this offer; but, discovering that the book was to be read in German, she assented, deceitfully planning for herself an entire abstraction of mind. So madame commenced her reading; and Adelaide maintained a position of attention without the slightest comprehension, or wish to comprehend, what it was all about.

Presently an altercation was heard, having place apparently on the threshold of the door; the contending voices (two in number) evidently belonged to aged people, and were pitched in the key which proclaims the explosion of a chronic irritation. Madame laid down her book, and Adelaide also did not disdain to listen. For some time the war raged in gusts; but gradually the battle approached nearer, the invader was inch by inch gaining on the disputed territory, and well-defined war-cries were distinctly heard.

"My missus is noan wanting the like o' thee, dame."

"Missus here, and missus there! Who set thee to judge thy missus?"

"Thou art a gammering old wife, and, nobbut for me, thou and thy gossip would have been i' churchyard afore her time."

"Thou art a slinging, feckless sluthergullion, James Peacock, and knowest as little o' thy missus as she does of thee, or thou wadn't be here now."

"Delve my brains out o' my hecad in thy clavers, dame; but see thou stay at that side o't door."

"And if thy breeans coom oot, it wa'ant tak twa hands to hantle 'em back to the addle hole they coom fra."

At this juncture madame, who had been listening with keen delectation to this passage of arms, rose up, and suddenly appeared on the stage; possibly to the relief alike of victor and vanquished.

There are, as is well known to philosophers, two principles in tolerably active operation in this world. One is that which causes the parting blow to be levelled at the flying, the defeated, or the fallen; this is common to human nature, and is summed up in the often-quoted *Væ victis*. The other is common in feminine nature, and is that which invariably animates one woman to trip up any other woman in the moment of victory, and its war-cry is *Væ victoribus!* Madame's conduct was regulated by these laws. "Get away with you, James," she said; "diminish and conceal yourself until I have need of you. It is an extraordinary thing that you never can let the women alone—I'm sure they have never troubled you in any way. And you, Dame Bridget, enter; and I pray of you to respect the ears of Madame Dalzell, my niece, more when you are in our apartments than has seemed good to you to do when without them;" and having delivered her right and left shot, and hit hard and home, madame was satisfied. James slunk away with the cowardice natural to his sex under circumstances of such extreme isolation as regarded male support and countenance; but the other was a woman, and therefore was hardly disconcerted even for the moment. She was aged, and exceedingly diminutive in person, and wore a hooded cloak, and an ancient-fashioned bonnet of black velvet—rusty and brown, it must be owned, in reference to colour and texture, but betokening claims to respect. Her eyes were bright and twinkling, set deep in the head; the nose hooked; and the complexion (if that term may be used in speaking of any one of seventy years and upwards) shrivelled, but clear, healthy, and coloured like a Christmas apple. Her manners were quaint in the extreme, and vivacious beyond her years. Madame set before her a small glass of strong cordial, and as the generous fluid warmed the old woman's blood, the heart was opened, and the tongue was loosed. For some time the conversation between her and madame, running chiefly on local subjects, and uttered, on one side, in a strong and rich provincial dialect, had no interest for Adelaide, and she listened little thereto. But presently some words caught her attention.

"We do not think much of love here, dame," said madame, "neither I or my niece do."

"Love for love—there's nought like it i' this world," responded Dame Bridget, with an afterthought of reverence.

"There is little love for love in this world," said Adelaide, in a low tone.

"There's love that's true, and there's love that's false, and there's love that whiles one and whiles the other," replied the old woman, in a cracked and quavering voice.

"And that's man's love, we all know, dame," said madame.

"I'll not say sae," said Dame Bridget, determinedly.

"Your husband, perhaps, gave you no cause to say so," said poor Adelaide, with a slight shade of bitterness.

The old woman looked at her scrutinizingly from head to foot, and marked the proud and troubled face, the drooping attitude, and the gold ring on the slender finger.

"That shows me you know little o' my life, my bonnie bairn. I've had my troubles—they were sore, and such as were hard to do in; but I wrought hard, and I did right, and there is naan can shame me or my bairns, noo."

"I've heard you say so, Dame Bridget," said madame, kindly; "but I have never heard all your history. You were married as a young girl—were you not?"

Among the poor there is often an absence of that reticence which is the growth of a more artificial state of society, and thus it came to pass that Dame Bridget responded, without reluctance: "Young! ay, ower young: about seventeen or eighteen, maybe. My Robert were a bonnie lad, without spot or blemish; but a vara deil among the women. We had been maybe nigh six years wed, and he had been at times a bit wild; but I shut my eyes, and stopped my ears, and said nought to any one. But, one day, up he comes to me, and he says, 'Bridget, my woman, I bid thee good-bye; I'm ganging to get other work.' I was too foundered to speak; and he kissed the bairns and took a bundle of clothes o'v his shoulder and went oot o't door. And the days and nights were lang to me when I had no word of him; and they coomed longer still when one telled me that should know that my husband were living wi' another woman miles away. The neighbours looked pity on me, and were vara kind to me and the little 'uns; but I held up my head and plained to naan, and I worked hard in the fields and in the house. No one did speak aught to me against Robert, save one woman, and I said to her, 'Haud thy tongue and say nought against my man: it is my wrong and not thine.' Sae months went ower, and times were bad and bread was dear, and still I had no word of him, and my heart failed me. So one night I had put my bairns hungry in their beds, and I sat crying over the fire; and then I went out up the lane into the field, for I couldn't get my breath nor bide i' the house. The moon was shining down on the

hedgerows and in the furrows, until everything glared white at me ; then I ran to and fro, a desperate woman, longing to lie in the churchyard and be at rest, for that there was no more good left on earth for me ; and always I could hear the bonnie weir dropping and dripping away on the gravel bed. Sae I ganged and stooped over the black pool where the water lies deep and swirls round sae quiet and black ; I thought if I were lying at the bottom, maybe I'd find rest ; and surely I had ta'en off my shawl : but I bethought myself of my fatherless bairns at home, and I gave a great scream, and so back into the lane, with my apron ower my head. Soon I heard tramp o' horse on the road, and our parson rode up. I would have passed by, but he stopped, looking curious at me. Says he, 'Bridget, my lass, is that you ? What are you doing out here, when the sun is down and the moon is up ?' Sae I threw back my apron and stood before him a wearyful and hopeless woman ; and I said 'Master, I have putten my bairns i' bed, and they cry for bread, and I've noan to give 'em, and my man has left me, and I'm alone in my trouble, —what mun I dee ?' And he said, 'Bridget, my woman, go to thy house, and thou must pray to thy God, and on the morrow come thy ways to the parsonage ; and whenever thou art sore in heart and light in purse, come thy ways to me ; and Bridget, mind thee, thou art young and comely, and there be many that will tempt thee to shame ; but keep thou straight, and wrong neither thy God, nor thy man, nor thy bairns. And as the master said, sae I did. And he stood my friend in weather fair and foul ; and I wrought hard, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but only to my God and my bairns. I gat them out into the world, and my hearthstone, so lone for many a year, was loner than ever now. Winter went and comed, and summer went and comed, but never comed my man.'

"He was a bad and cruel man. I never could have forgiven him," Adelaide exclaimed, impetuously.

"How dare you say that?" said the old woman, flashing with a sudden fire ; then in a softer tone, "Oh ! my bairn, life's too short to haud that word—*never*. Mine has been a poor mean life, you may think, young lady ; but if all your days you are clad in purple and fine linen, and sit in gowden chairs, ye'll still find, when you come to dee, there's no time to say ye'll never forgive. Ten years had passed by sin' I were left, when one coomed to me saying, 'Coom thy ways, for the toon is up, and thy man is in trouble : they want money of him for keep o' bairns that are noon o' thine, and he has noon to give, and they say he mun gang to jail.' Sae I clicket up my auld teapot, where I kept all I had, and teemed it on my red handkercher, a bonny heap o' sixpences and groats, and tied it up, and hauding it tight i' my hand, I ran doon, my knees shaking under me ; and there amang 'em all, and the constable by his side, stood my Robert. He had lost his bonnie looks and fine clothes, and his back was bent, and his head was doon ; in pairt that he was badly, and mair that he was shamefaced. They cleared the way, and I ganged up to him, and I said

‘Robert, my man, mun we coom together again? wilt thou coom home wi’ me?’ And he answered me noan; but, after a bit, he said, ‘Let me gang to’t jail; I mun drink as I have brewed. I’m a deein’ man, Bridget.’ Sae I said, ‘Nay, Robert; thou art worth two deead men yet. I am thy wife, in this church lawfully wed; and, afore these people, wilt thou, not coom? Never word o’ mine shall vex thee.’ Sae he answered, ‘Bridget, my woman, I’ll coom wi’ thee; and God gi’ me to mak thee a better husband than I did afore.’ For vara joy I could scarce speak, but I teemed out all my sixpences and pennies, and bid the constable tak ’em and let my man gang. I was like to drop when they telled me there was not enough. Then our parson stood forth and said, ‘I promise for this woman that she shall pay all that’s owing to the uttermost farthing, if time be given her.’ Then I took my Robert by the hand, and said to all them that stood round, ‘He’s my husband, and Le’s all the man I hae; and I’ll tak him home wi’ me, and touch him who dar.’” The poor old woman had risen from her chair in an excited manner, and her voice quavered painfully as she said the few last words. “And he bided wi’ me faithful and true till God took him frae me; and so it has coomed to pass that I am this day able to say that I have shamed neither my God, nor my husband, nor my bairns.”

Thus, unostentatiously, and almost unwittingly, had she carried out in her humble way the noblest maxim ever uttered in any language, *Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra.*

It would seem that this little history, which was not without a certain pathos, even when told in the genuine dialect of the Dales, was destined to effect more than the highly-wrought legend of the Pagan world; for Mrs. Dalzell retired to her room with an expression of infinite relief on her beautiful features. Instead of sitting up, indulging in moody reveries over the fire, she proceeded to cram her things into her valise, with an almost masculine indifference as to their appearance when they emerged from that receptacle, and then went to bed to sleep long and soundly. The next day, she said, “Dear aunt, I am going home.” To which madame replied, “You will do well, my child.”

So it happened, that Adelaide was waiting in the faint light of an autumnal evening, at the same station and hour as before, for the down train. The up train was in first, by perhaps half a minute, and the first gentleman who stepped on the platform was her husband, Marmaduke Dalzell. According to the custom of the English (and Marmaduke was thoroughly English, whatever his wife might be), there was no scene, no explanation even, for none was needed. One look was exchanged between them, which spoke of mutual forgiveness asked and obtained—of renewed trust and undiminished love. He hurriedly took a return ticket for town, and as he handed Adelaide into the carriage, he said, “It was a mistake, Adelaide.” “So it was of mine—ever to leave you at all, Marmaduke,” was her reply.

Inner Life of a Hospital.

THE external aspect of our metropolitan hospitals is familiarly known to all who are accustomed to traverse the streets of London. Their many windows, studded by day with white-capped heads, and shining by night with the pale reflection of the single dimly-burning lamp, their general air of subdued quiet, and their lynx-eyed porters at the gate, ever ready to pounce upon suspicious parcels carried by visitors, and scanning the passengers as if to detect disease lurking under a healthy mask, or deformity concealed by artificial means—serve to distinguish these buildings from prisons and asylums, to which some of them have no small resemblance. With the exception of certain newspaper reports, and a general idea of suffering, evil odours, and liability to contagion, the inner life of a hospital is totally unknown to ninety-nine out of every hundred who pass by its walls; and, as is usual in such cases, the popular idea of hospital life is widely different from the reality. Let us, therefore, follow the course of a day's labour in one of these institutions; and, as a type of the method in which the medical and surgical administration of a hospital is conducted, we will select the most ancient of these sanctuaries of suffering poverty.

Entering Smithfield about 9 or 10 A.M., and looking along the wide front of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a vast crowd is seen gathering round the portico close to Duke Street, where two pillars support a porchway, under which the expectant assemblage can shelter themselves until their admission. Here we find ourselves face to face with two glass doors, bearing conspicuous plates upon their fronts, one labelled ENTRANCE FOR MALES, and the other, ENTRANCE FOR FEMALES. Just within either door stands a trustworthy porter, whose business is to keep the applicants from entering at the wrong door, a blunder which they constantly attempt to perpetrate in spite of the large plate and many verbal warnings, and, after admitting the patients, to direct them to their proper places.

Passing through one of the doors, we enter a large and handsome room, nearly one hundred feet long and about thirty-five feet wide, warmed by open stoves, lofty and well ventilated—an absolute necessity under the circumstances—divided in the centre by a red curtain, and furnished with abundant benches, arranged in double sets on each side of the curtain. The left-hand division of the room is intended for women, and the right-hand division for men; and each room is further subdivided by the double sets of benches, one being for surgical and the other for medical cases.

As each patient passes through the door, the porter inquires, "What is the matter with you?" "Bad arm, sir." "Sit down there," says the

porter, pointing to one of the forms on the surgical side of the room. "What is the matter with you?" "Please, sir, I feel bad all over entirely; I don't ate my victuals, and I——" "Sit down there," says the porter, hastily cutting short a train of symptoms, and pointing to the medical benches. In a wonderfully short time the benches are filled, and the inspection of the patients commences.

The receiving-room, as this apartment is called, is attended by the apothecary, his assistant, four house-surgeons, and the *dressers*, who examine the patients in their proper turn, and make a further separation into three classes—the slight, the grave, and imminent. The slight cases that require but little assistance are technically termed "*casualties*," and attended at once; if necessary, a prescription is handed over to them, which they take to a large window opening out of the room, whereat are dispensed vast quantities of useful and harmless remedies, linseed meal bearing a very large proportion, and being generally carried away in handkerchiefs.

For the more delicate cases, especially those of a surgical nature, the patients are shown into separate rooms, where their ailments are examined and proper remedies applied. These slighter cases, or casualties, are of almost every imaginable description, and a vast number of them pass annually through the hospital. In many instances the single attendance is all that is needed; but should further care be required, the patient is told to return on a given day, and a notice to that effect is placed on a paper.

The graver of these cases now come under notice. They are classed together as Out-patients, and are marshalled into separate rooms; and as the patients enter the room, they each receive a ticket with a number, indicating the order in which they will be seen. Out of this room lead two small chambers, or waiting-rooms, one of which belongs to the surgeon of the day, and the other to the physician of the day; this duty being taken in turns by the medical and surgical staff of the hospital. All these gentlemen are men of great eminence, holding the first rank in their profession, so that the poorest man, woman, or child that seeks for help is given the benefit of the best advice in the kingdom, and the sick costermonger or ailing chimney-sweeper is enabled gratuitously to command services which many a wealthy man cannot purchase. The waiting-rooms of the surgeon and physician are placed in close proximity to each other, so that in any difficult case an immediate consultation can be effected. A paper is delivered to each patient, on which is written the name, age, and the needful prescription.

This prescription, technically termed a "*letter*," is then carried to another apartment, having, as before, one entrance for men and another for women, a wall separating them from each other. At the end of this room is a large window opening into the dispensary, and at this window the prescriptions are received, made up, and given out. In order to obviate the scrambling, jostling, and struggling that, according to British

custom, would inevitably take place without proper precautions, and which would be highly dangerous, not only on account of the patients themselves, but of the children which many of them carry, the only access to the window is by means of a passage through iron railings, defended by a turnstile, so that the patients are, perforce, obliged to form in line—a *queue*, as it would be termed in France—and can only pass singly to the window. On arrival, they deposit the “letter,” together with a bottle or jar, in case they require liquid medicine, and presently receive it back filled and ticketed. Legible labels, in very bold characters, are affixed to each jar or bottle, and, in order to prevent mistaken administration thereof, all medicines that are to be taken internally are distinguished by a white label, and all external applications by a gaudy yellow one.

Engaged in the task of dispensing the medicines are four qualified medical men, who are hard at work for five or six hours daily in mixing, labelling, and delivering the various remedies, and a large staff of experienced workmen is employed in preparing the drugs. Yet the multitudes that crowd daily to this room are so great that their wants could not be supplied in twice the time, were not the principal drugs kept in solution or other forms, which are suitable for rapid measurement and immediate combination.

Having seen our Out-patients safely through their daily progress at the hospital, we come to the cases of a severer nature. These, termed In-patients, are at once taken into the wards, whither let us follow them.

As soon as they enter the ward they are delivered over to the charge of the “sister,” or matron, as the office might be termed. In this hospital, however, the matron is the superior who, in conjunction with the steward, exercises a surveillance over the whole of the wards, and the head nurse of each ward retains the name of sister, which dates from time immemorial. To a novice the hospital nomenclature is often rather perplexing, and to the outer world appears almost as absurd and quite as unintelligible as the slang terms of a public school to all who have not been educated within its walls. For example, as soon as the sister enters upon her office, she loses the name by which she is known to her friends, and is henceforth called by that of her ward, the result being sometimes rather amusing. The inmates talk with easy composure of a male sister, meaning thereby the sister of a male ward; and though such names as Sister Abernethy, Sister Queen, Sister Elizabeth, and Sister Faith seem appropriate enough, yet a stranger cannot but feel slightly startled when he hears a summons for Sister John, Sister Henry, Sister Matthew.

The sister is the mainspring of each ward, and it is noteworthy that before she has taken office for many weeks, her individual character becomes so deeply stamped upon the entire ward, that a practised observer can deduce the character of the sister from the first glance round the little domain under her superintendence. Nothing seems to be so fatal to the prosperity of a ward as indecision in the sister, who stands in much the same relation to the patient as a schoolmaster to his pupils, and whose

measure is taken in by the patients with the instinctive accuracy of sickness. Strange to say, the inhabitants of a ward rather like the sister to be sharp, decided, and driving, one who knows her work, does it, and insists upon all under her charge doing the whole of their duty to the minute. None seem to be more successful, or to gain more respect and real affection from the patients, than the thorough-bred Anglo-Saxon woman—quick, keen-eyed, brisk of movement, incisive of speech, and a disciplinarian of military rigidity. Her ward and private room are generally bright with flowers sent by discharged patients in kindly remembrance of her services, or brought by their country friends, in flat, circular masses of leaf, bloom, and flower, like huge warming-pans of concentric colours, which to the rustic mind is the very acme of floral arrangement. All the green forms a backing, and radiates gloriously from the outer circle; all the red flowers form the next ring; then come the white flowers, then the purple, and the centre is generally florid with a full-blown sunflower.

Flowers, however, are the only gifts permitted to be offered by patients and their friends, or accepted by the sister or nurse, and even this relaxation of a necessarily stringent rule is mostly due to the fact that the flowers are distributed through the ward, and by their fresh brightness and delicious perfume, become the common property of patients, nurses, and sister, and aid in relieving the monotonous aspect which such an apartment invariably possesses. There is, perhaps, no rule so sternly enforced as that which prohibits fees or presents of any kind to be accepted by any person employed in attending on the patients. Of course there are instances now and then where money is offered and accepted; but if the delinquency be discovered, the offender is at once turned off without hope of pardon, and the patient is discharged if the state of health will allow of removal. The hospital is a free one in the widest sense of the term. No letters from governors are needed, no introduction, and no interest, and the only recommendation is the necessity of the case. All persons admitted into the wards are fed and supplied with every necessary and many luxuries without any charge whatever; in cases of extreme poverty they are also provided with decent clothing and pecuniary assistance when they are discharged, and there is also a fund which gives a small pension to a certain number of incurables.

Many vagabond impostors are accustomed to wait upon those kind-hearted people whose benevolence is right well known to exceed their knowledge or discretion, and to represent themselves as needing the aid of the hospital, but unable to avail themselves of the institution because they have not the required amount of clothing, and sufficient money to pay the nurses' fees, or to provide themselves with tea and sugar. Any philanthropic person who reads this paper, and is subject to such an application, is hereby warned that imposition is intended, and is strongly advised to hand over the applicant to the police on a charge of obtaining money on false pretences.

To return to the sister. She is the supreme sovereign of her domains, as is indeed necessary in such an institution, and before she has been very long in the situation becomes quite an accomplished physician or surgeon, according to the nature of her ward. One of her chief duties is to watch every patient, and note every new symptom, and if she sees any change that she deems important, to send immediately to the medical man in charge of the ward and report it to him. She also administers all medicines, and is responsible for the proper measurement of every remedy, as well as for its reception by the patient.

Generally, however, there is little need of urging medicine on the patients, no matter how distasteful it may be. The class of people who form the bulk of the hospital population have an almost Oriental veneration for "physic," or "stuff," and really seem to be gratified in exact proportion to its unpalatable flavour. Pills, as a rule, they despise; powders they detest, these articles not coming under the honoured appellatives of "physic" or "stuff;" but the treatment for which they have the greatest respect is a good draught, dark-coloured to look strong, plenty of it, and horridly nasty. They like to feel that justice is done to them, and that they are not put off with weak and tasteless remedies. As an example of this feeling may be cited the case of one of the large gaols, where the prisoners, though perfectly well, had got into an increasing habit of declaring themselves ill and wanting medicine. Finding that the number on the sick list was daily augmented, and knowing perfectly well that the men were in good health, but wished to shirk their daily tasks, the surgeon—at that time new to this line of business—attempted to disgust the feigned sufferers by mixing the most nauseous draughts that the druggist's shelves could supply. But, to his astonishment, the remedy had exactly the opposite effect. The men were charmed with the medicine—real good strong doctor's stuff, and no sham about it, which you could taste for a fortnight. At last the surgeon bethought himself of changing his tactics, and, instead of draughts, put the patients on a course of pills and powders. The effect was magical; the sick list was suddenly suspended; all the men in the sick room recovered, and no others came into it.

As a general rule, the best time to find a patient in the sweetest of tempers is to watch him take a very nasty draught, and then to go and talk to him while he is shaking his head and shuddering in the full enjoyment of its flavour. A fine large blister, too, is a thing to be proud of; it proves that the doctors are not neglectful of the case, and affords subject of conversation for several days. A patient of the regular sort always wants to show his blister, and is quite proud if you look at him while being leeched. It is probable that one cause of this remarkable idiosyncrasy may be found in the fact that the monotony of life in bed is relieved by active treatment, and that the greater number of patients are very illiterate, unable to divert themselves by reading, and cut off from the coarse amusements which they love best when in health.

Let us now visit a few of the wards, taking one or two of each kind. Of course, the male and female wards are quite distinct, except that children of both sexes are received in the female wards. The wards are again divided into medical and surgical, and the latter are again subdivided into accident, chronic, and operation wards, so that it is easy for one who knows the hospital to find the whereabouts of any patient whose name and ailment are given. The accident wards are placed on the ground-floor, in order to avoid the injury that might be done by carrying the sufferer up and down stairs. On entering one of these wards, we find ourselves in a very large room, divided along the middle by a partition wall so as to form two separate apartments. These are technically known by the names of front and back wards, because the windows of the front ward look into the large square of the hospital, and those of the back ward open into the space between the actual hospital and the buildings belonging to it. These form a double square, one within the other, and in the centre of the large square a plot of ground is laid out as a garden, with a fountain playing in its midst and gold fish swimming in the basin. This basin is often the medium for experiments on various aquatic animals, which immediately become objects of absorbing interest to the convalescent patients.

The partition does not extend quite to the end of the room, but leaves a passage between the front and back wards. A fireplace with various appliances is set in the midst of the partition, and a large supply of hot water is constantly maintained. This is an absolute necessity, as there are cases where an immediate warm bath affords the only hope of saving life; and on looking outside the wards we shall see on each landing a full-length bath on wheels covered with caoutchouc, which can be drawn into the ward, filled with warm water, and the patient placed therein in the space of five minutes; it is indeed got ready while he is being undressed. The use of the bath is one of the principal institutions of the hospital. All in-patients are obliged to subject themselves to the cleansing medium of a warm bath before they are placed in bed, none being exempt from this rule but those who are seriously injured or greatly weakened by illness. There are also two sets of warm, cold, and shower baths for the use of the out-patients, furnished with every requisite, and being served by persons appointed to this special office.

As a rule, each ward contains twenty full-sized beds for adults and two cots for children, half being in the front and the other half in the back ward. There is a wide space between every bed; and the room is so lofty, and the ventilation so good that the air is purer than in many a magnificently furnished drawing-room. At the end of the ward, and close by the door, is the sister's room, where she sits like a spider in her web, ready to pounce out at every strange step, and to arrest the progress of any one not entitled to admission. Altogether there are 650 beds in the hospital, 400 of which are devoted to surgery, and the rest to medicine.

We have just entered a surgical ward, where are the cases demanding the severest treatment, and in which the popular idea of such places supposes that dreadful sights and fearful sounds are seen and heard continually. Sounds certainly are heard, but they are generally sounds of merriment, the patients of a surgical ward being, as a general rule, remarkably lively. The greater number of them find themselves better off than they ever were in their lives; they get far better food than the ill-cooked meals to which they are accustomed; they mostly have rather more than they can manage to eat; they have no work to do, and are perfectly well in health. So their only object is to amuse themselves, and this task they undertake with right good will. The "scholar" of the ward is generally induced to read aloud out of some of the many books provided for the patients, among which our old friends, *Black Giles the Poacher*, *Tawny Rachel*, *Hester Wilmot*, *The Way to Plenty*, and others of that thoroughly genuine series, are deservedly the favourites. Puzzle-making now and then runs through the hospital like an epidemic, and for two or three months kettle-holders were manufactured in such profusion that the family of each patient might have been supplied, and each ward set up in those articles for the next few years. Water-colours are always in great favour, and the liberality with which Prussian blue, vermilion, and yellow ochre are lavished upon sailors, bandits, and Mr. Kean as Othello, is as amusing as the result is remarkable.

Now and then comes a patient of more sense than his fellows, who, feeling that he will be confined to the hospital for several months, sets boldly to work and tries heartily to improve his mind or learn some new art. Such patients are most grateful for a word or two of help, and it is very pleasant to find them asking the surgeon or the chaplain to lend them books of a higher class than those which are supplied to the wards. Latin and French grammars, books in those languages, and Euclid have repeatedly been lent, and have always been honourably delivered to the sister before the borrower has left the ward. A few years ago one patient amused himself with oil paint, and after decorating all the flower-pots and saucers in arabesque patterns, became ambitious and tried to copy landscapes. Being a persevering man, with some taste for colour and a good eye for form, he succeeded marvellously well, and actually sold his productions as fast as he could paint them.

There is a wonderful diversity in the patients, who, however, fall naturally into classes, and might be labelled and docketed like specimens in a museum. There is, for example, the take-it-easy patient, who never does anything in particular—never reads, never hurries himself, would as soon lose his leg as keep it, and would probably be quite as unconcerned if the question referred to his head; perfectly contented, not in the least haste to recover, and is, in fact, an illogical optimist of the first water. Then there is the confirmed grumbler, who is never pleased about anything, but always gets the best of everything; growls *sotto voce* at the doctors, yells lustily when touched, declines to answer inquiries after health, or only

after several solicitations; allows the solitary word "Wuss" to escape his lips, and then shuts his mouth tightly, and looks at the ceiling. (N.B.—He is really much better, and improves daily.) When he is allowed to dress, he monopolizes the best place by the fire and the pleasantest seat at the window, and there sits taciturnly morose until he gets his dinner, which he eats rapidly and abuses it the while. In fine, he is the wet blanket of the ward, and as soon as he is fairly out of it a burst of sunshine seems to irradiate its inmates. Two or three of these grumblers are generally found in a ward in the course of a year.

To counteract the effect of this unpleasant personage, there is usually the benevolent patient, who becomes the life of the ward, ready to help every one, and never thinking of himself. Lamé as he is himself, he hobbles along to assist his neighbour, who has risen for the first time, and is tremblingly endeavouring to move on unaccustomed crutches. He reads aloud for the benefit of the unlearned; he "chaffs" the grumbler, and neutralizes his complaining; he helps ignorant but industrious patients in their reading and writing; and, when he at last sits down, some small boy usually contrives to sidle on one knee, and the cat jumps on the other.

Cats, by the way, are among the great institutions of a hospital, and on a very small average, each ward has a cat and two-thirds. They always have their particular allies among the patients, sometimes choosing the roughest and burliest for their friends: and it has a most absurd effect to see the rough, shaggy face of a navvy, and the smooth, sleek head of the cat, amicably reposing on the same pillow; and the man's half apologetic but kindly grin is a sight really worth seeing.

Then there is the religious patient, a not unfrequent and invaluable inmate of a ward, effecting wonders by the mere force of example, unwilling to talk about himself, generally rather silent for a time, but always having something sensible to say when the crust of reserve is broken through. As a contrast, there now and then comes into the ward the controversial patient, mostly a bran new convert, always obtrusive and obnoxious, and who generally has to be silenced by the threat of expulsion. A controversial drayman seems rather an anomaly, but one of the wards was actually honoured by that example—let us hope an unique one—a drayman who had been converted to some new-fangled notions, who contrived a few days afterwards to let the wheel of his own dray run over his leg, and who was brought into the hospital with a zeal red hot as his face. Since drays were invented there never was such a drayman, and it is to be devoutly hoped that there never will be such another. He tried to convert the surgeon, the sister, the nurses, the patients, the chaplain, the dressers, and the beadles. He occupied the bed at the end of the ward, called technically the state bed, because it is exactly the same as all the others; and as soon as he saw any one enter the door, he would in a stentorian voice demand their opinion of certain points of doctrine. He had piles of the fattest books in the smallest type, and would insist on reading passages aloud, to the great disadvantage of his own health. He would not keep himself quiet, and there were serious

thoughts of transferring him to a separate room, where his leg might have a chance of mending, and where he might get up his arguments for proselytizing his fellow-draymen after his discharge.

There is always a tolerable sprinkling of foreigners, unable to speak English, and very ingenious in establishing a pantomimic language. They get on very well with their fellow-patients; but it is pleasant to see the sudden brightening of the face when addressed in their own language. Now and then a negro finds admission; quiet, mostly useful, with a subdued but contented look, and a pair of soft brown eyes like those of a spaniel, grateful for the least attention, and with a pleasant smile displaying a double row of white and regular teeth that would make a dentist's fortune. Irish patients are always plentiful, as they have a habit of partaking freely of the beverage of their country, ascending tall ladders with hods on their shoulders, traversing narrow planks at immense heights, and very naturally falling to the ground accompanied by their hods. They do not, however, seem to hurt themselves much; and horrifying as these accidents really are, some of them seem rather to belong to the mimic regions of pantomime than of dread reality, the results being equally harmless in either case.

After watching for some years the accidents that enter the walls of a hospital, three conclusions are arrived at: Firstly, that the apparent severity of an accident is by no means proportioned to its effects upon the sufferer; secondly, that accidents seldom occur singly; and thirdly, that certain accidents generally take place about the same time of the year. So that an experienced sister can mostly predicate the kind of work which will be given to her as soon as she sees the patient being brought towards her ward. The apparent impunity with which some men suffer the most fearful casualties is quite as remarkable as the fatal effects of a mere trivial injury on others. One man, for example, being in a room where some forty pounds of powder exploded, was blown through a wooden partition and landed on the grass, not very much the worse, except that he was rather stunned, very black, and could not for some time exactly comprehend what had occurred. Another fell off the top of a lofty house upon a heap of bricks, and was shot into a basket with such force that he had to be cut out with a knife. He left the ward in a few weeks, quite recovered. Another fell flat on the stone flooring of a new chapel, from a height of fifty feet, and was discharged in a week or two, without even a bone broken. Yet, though one man will sustain some such terrible accident without much danger, another will just step off the curbstone and be picked up with compound fracture of both legs. Indeed, curbstones and orange-peel are responsible for a wonderfully large percentage of accidents, and the police really ought to prevent orange-peel from being flung on the foot pavement.

Again, there seems to be an epidemic in accidents as in diseases. If one man is brought to the hospital in consequence of falling off a scaffold, four or five more are sure to enter from the same cause, though the

accidents may have occurred in different parts of London. And if an accident of some peculiar nature happen, a second is nearly sure to follow before long. For example, there was a stationer's apprentice brought in with a severe injury to the chest, caused by falling off the steps with a ream of brown paper in his hands, the corner of the package coming on his chest. He was hardly settled in bed when another stationer's apprentice was brought to the same ward, having met with exactly the same misfortune. There really seem to be some laws which govern accidental injuries as well as diseases, for at one time people get blown up by exploding boilers; at another time they get run over; at another they get crushed in machinery (boys are especially liable to this kind of injury); at another they break their knee-caps; and at another they fall downstairs.

None of these accidents have any bearing on the time of year, but there are others which can clearly be referred to causes connected with the weather or the temperature. Winter, of course, brings many inmates who have fallen on slides, or slipped off the icy curbstone. Fearful cuts are often occasioned by the sharp edges of ice, and in some instances are a severer character than those inflicted by broken glass. Bricklayers and masons mostly injure themselves in the summer and warm months; and the Irish hodmen are generally wonderful specimens of their race.

The connection between the time of year and the kind of accident is, however, most apparent in children. In the summer they are run over by waggons, or pushed down areas by their companions. Towards the end of autumn they set their pinafores on fire, and drink out of the spouts of teapots and boiling kettles; and about spring they generally begin to fall out of two-pair-back windows.

The children are, indeed, among the sights of a hospital. On first admission there is nothing but wailing and crying after mammy; but in a day or two they are perfectly reconciled, and become quite talkative. They are generally great pets among the other patients, being treated as living dolls, and gratified in every way, until they are as noisily sorrowful at being forced to leave the hospital as when they first entered its walls. On more than one occasion a child has made itself so ill by constant crying after its playmates that the mother has been forced to bring it back again. They have toys in profusion, dolls of course holding the pre-eminence, and it is a remarkable fact that the dolls have exactly the same complaint as their little owners. Mostly, the children are very well behaved, and when they are noisy it is on account of the exuberant spirits of childhood. Now and then there is a peevish, fretful child, who refuses to be pacified, and is a considerable nuisance to the other patients. But of all the unpleasant inhabitants of a ward, the very worst is an Irish child accompanied by its mother. The child would do well enough, but the mother is so very energetic in her grief that the little thing can get no rest. She rocks herself backward and forward; she bewails her sad lot in the most fluent manner and the loudest tones, breaking every now and

then into a prolonged howl; she claps her hands in cadence with her lamentations, and no sooner has the child fallen asleep than she wakes it with her demonstrative sorrow, and sets it crying afresh.

One of the chief benefits of this, as well as of other similar institutions, is the instantaneous readiness for any emergency at any hour. We will take an extreme case, and suppose that in the dead of night a poor man, endeavouring to escape through the window of a burning house, falls into the street, and in one moment lies stunned and bleeding on the ground, having evidently suffered injuries so severe that none but a medical man dares to meddle with him. A messenger is despatched to the nearest police station, and in a very short time a couple of stalwart men make their appearance, bearing a litter expressly constructed for such emergency. With their gentle but strong and practised hands they place the poor wounded form on the stretcher, and bear the sufferer to the hospital gates. Meanwhile, all is in commotion within the walls, but no one is at all flurried; messengers are sent to the various surgeons, and almost as soon as the poor man is fairly deposited within the reception-room, the surgeons are ready to examine his injuries.

We will suppose it to be an extreme case, where immediate operation affords the only hope of saving life. Notice is instantly given, and the sufferer is borne gently to the dread operation-room, once the theatre of agony almost too great for the human frame to endure, but now shorn of half its terrors by the blessed influence of chloroform. It is a quiet-looking room enough, with nothing in it to alarm any one. All the array of instruments needed are kept in an adjoining room, where they are marshalled in proper ranks, and preserved in the very perfection of working order. Woe be to the delinquent through whose neglect a screw refuses to turn rightly, a silken thread is allowed to be tangled, or an edge shows the least symptoms of dulness. A human life hangs upon every such apparent trifle, and each instrument, however simple it may be, is conserved and examined with a serious minuteness that would seem absurd to those who knew not the responsibility of the examiner.

In a wonderfully short time the operation is over, the wounded vessel that was draining the stream of life is secured, the sufferer is again placed on the stretcher, and conveyed to a bed which has been prepared in the meantime. Until he is out of danger he is never left for a moment, the surgeons relieving each other in a regular rotation, and keeping their anxious watch through day and night by his bedside. If the accident should happen to occur near the hospital, barely half an hour will intervene between the moment of its occurrence and the time when the sufferer is placed in bed.

If we now leave this kind of ward and enter one of those devoted to medical cases, we shall see very little difference. There is the same row of beds with their chequered curtains, and the suspended batons by which the patients are enabled to lift themselves in bed, and which are technically called pullies. Over the head of each patient there is the

same looking white board, on which is written the name of the patient, the ward, the physician, the malady, and the daily treatment and diet, so that the whole case is seen at a glance. The sister in her blue dress, and the nurses in sober brown, are working in the same quiet way; the convalescent patients are talking in little groups, or reading, or watching their farther advanced companions walking in the square below. The wards are always in the same state of order, and any one can enter a ward at any hour of day or night without giving notice, and will find everything going on in the same systematic fashion.

The general life of a patient is necessarily regulated with as much care as is exercised aboard of a man-of-war. After breakfast the sister reads a few short prayers, a copy of which is hung over each bed, so that the patient may follow if he chooses. The medical men then make their rounds, and after them comes the chaplain, who reads a selection from the prayer-book or sometimes gives a short address, and then speaks a word here and there to the patients. There are three chaplains attached to the hospital, and as on the average each reads prayers six or seven times daily, there are eighteen short services held in the wards every day. One is resident; and they make arrangements among themselves, so that if a patient should at any hour of the day or night desire to see the chaplain the wish is immediately gratified. Patients of any religion or sect can have their own minister, and even members of the Church of England who desire to see the clergyman to whom they have been accustomed, or to whom they take a fancy, have only to express the wish and a messenger is immediately despatched. There is necessarily the proviso that any such minister shall confine his attentions to the particular patient who sent for him, or otherwise the hospital would be inundated with conflicting missionaries, and each ward turned into a polemical battle-field.

Dinner-time is fixed at 12.30, and about twenty minutes before that time a long stream of nurses is seen converging towards some stone stairs leading to regions below. Here the vast amount of varied food is cooked for the patients by means equally simple and ingenious.

On entering the kitchen we do not find the air particularly hot, and except a moderate fire, at which nothing is being cooked, and a row of dressers adorned with shining pipes, handles, and chains, hardly a sign of cookery is visible. The dresser, however, contains several huge coppers, wherein all the beef-tea, broth, and similar articles of food are cooked. No fire is needed for them, as they are heated by steam supplied from a boiler outside the walls. The steam acts in two ways. To warm the mixture and keep it at the gently simmering temperature needful for the production of good broth, steam is admitted between the double jackets of which the boiler is made. To make it boil, when the temperature must be increased, steam is admitted from below, which passes through the liquid, parting with all its heat in so doing, and stirring up the contents of the vessel most effectually. Another large cauldron is heated by means of a gas-stove. We ask the cook where the meat is roasted, and he answers by opening

the door of a large iron-safe, let into the wall, where between twenty and thirty joints are seen sputtering at a wonderful rate. Two of these safes are placed side by side, and each can cook about thirty large joints. This structure is remarkably simple, the whole number of joints being roasted by a single row of gas jets round the bottom. The gas has no direct effect on the meat, being outside the gridiron and hooks on which the joints are placed, but merely heats the metal sides of the roasters, which are so formed as to reflect all the warmth upon the meat. This arrangement is so perfect that every joint is equally well roasted, whether it be at the top, the bottom, middle, or side of the roaster, and the ventilation is so powerful that the meat has not the least flavour of gas, as is too often the case when cooked by such means. It is a most economical system, for the dripping overpays the cost of the gas, being so pure and free from ashes or foreign substances that it is sold by contract at a high price. The open fire is mostly used for little extra delicacies which any patient of feeble appetite may fancy. There are, indeed, no bounds to the liberality of the hospital in this respect, and if a really sick person has a particular wish for any article of diet, it is at once got ready, if the hospital appliances are sufficient for that purpose, or, if not, is straightway purchased from a restaurant. Indeed, if a patient could eat nothing but turtle and venison, and drink nothing but Lafitte and Cliquot, they would be supplied without the least hesitation.

Arranging and giving out the rations is a business of some importance, and is thus managed. In the kitchen a large black board is placed, which is divided into lines and columns according to the following chart:—

TOTAL.	EXTRA.	—	KENTON.	HARLEY.	PITCAIRN.
		Half Diet.			
		Half Diet Chop.	2		
		Ful Diet.	6	23	
		Full Diet Chop.		1	
	1	Broth.			
	68	Beef Tea.			
	54	Milk.	1		
	3	Rice Milk.	5		
	78	Arrowroot.		2	
		Sago.			
	30	Pudding.			
	156	Eggs.	5	4	

The board being black, the figures are written upon it with chalk, and, after the dinner has been served and the account checked, are erased with a wet cloth. At the time when the above table was copied, Kenton ward was nearly empty, and Harley quite full; but in a week or two Kenton will probably have every bed occupied.

On the day when the writer happened to visit the kitchen, there were five hundred and seventy-three inmates of the hospital, who consumed eight hundred and twenty rations at dinner, including extras, such as pudding and arrowroot.

The manner in which the dinner is sent into the ward is very curious. On a long table in the centre of the kitchen are ranged a regiment of covered tin dishes, each stamped with a number representing a ward. When all is ready the cook turns off the gas, opens the door of the roaster, seizes a huge two-handled fork, plunges it into one of the joints, looks at a tin label fastened to the meat by a skewer, shouts out the number upon the label, and the name of its proper ward, removes it, and hands the joint to an assistant, who places it in the dish corresponding to the number. It is then taken by the nurse of the ward, who carries it off to her domains, where it is carved by the sister, and distributed by the nurses. The whole of the cooking for six hundred patients, including puddings and various extras, is achieved by one man, aided by his wife and two maid servants. Nothing is wasted, and after the patients have eaten as much as they can manage, the whole of the remainder is distributed to the poor, so that there is no possibility of stale provisions being served out to the patients.

The arrangements for supplying the patients with medicine are quite as elaborately simple as those for supplying them with food. If we cross the square, pass into the dispensary, popularly called the "shop," because nothing is sold there, and look around us, we find ourselves in the midst of remarkable smells and singular sights. Huge jars and unlimited rows of bottles distract the eye, while we pass through another door and enter the laboratory. Here the various drugs are compounded—the whole of the mechanical work being done by steam. In a little side-room is a small steam engine, which works a mill for grinding bark and other drugs. The mill is just like that of a powder manufactory, consisting of a pair of huge stone discs, rolling on their edges in a circular basin, and driven round by the engine. The same machine also works the sieve, which requires no aid except being occasionally supplied with fresh material.

Economy reigns supreme here as in other departments, and even the steam is not allowed to be wasted, but is condensed into distilled water, which is necessary for the manufacture of many chemical compounds. There are also seen two huge evaporating pans, with moveable covers, like copper domes, terminating in chimney pots of the same material, and the liquid in these pans is heated by means of steam, as in the case of the great cauldrons in the kitchen. Lest, however, the engine should be out

of order, there is a fire-place under each pan, which would heat the various decoctions until the steam could be again supplied. In the many cases where valuable juices must be expressed by main force, a powerful Bramah's water-press stands always ready for use.

Here and there on the counters are seen great shapeless lumps of some dark substance, looking like spadefuls of black mortar, and each having a tin label stuck in it. Each of these lumps is a mass of pills not yet made up, but which will soon be cut into shape and size by a machine. The pills thus made are placed in great store-boxes, whence they are scooped with a shovel, just as bankers' clerks scoop sovereigns, and transferred to certain little pigeon-hole boxes just under the dispensing window. The pill-boxes are also kept in vast quantities, and each box is ready labelled, this operation being performed by the convalescent patients—mostly the children, who take to the task quite easily, as there is plenty of snipping and gumming in it; the boxes being of course classed according to their labels. There is also a large store-room where the drugs are kept before being ground and made up, and here, also, are placed the wine, brandy, and other spirits required by the patients.

Here is made that useful substance, called diachylon plaister by the outer world, and simply denominated "strapping" in surgical parlance. Like the pills, the grinding and the sifting, the strapping is made by machinery. A strip of linen, about forty yards long and ten feet wide, is taken to the machine, and one end inserted between two rollers, which revolve as the linen is drawn between them; causing it to be equally covered with the substance that converts it into plaister, and which is seen bubbling in a trough, from which it is conveyed to the linen. The process of manufacture is quite an absurd sight. Two men seize the projecting end of the linen, and run away with it through the doorway, and through the dispensing-room, until they reach the window, where they hand it over to a couple of assistants standing ready outside, who continue to run away with it until the whole forty yards are expended. The air cools it almost immediately, and it is then sliced into lengths with huge scissors, rolled up, and stowed away. As this strapping is dispensed very liberally, it is needful to have some protection against the many impostors who would obtain it from the hospital, sell it for a few pence, and buy gin with the proceeds. The name of the hospital is therefore printed in full in diagonal lines across the back of the linen, and the type is so bold and the lines so close together that it would be impossible to behave dishonestly without detection. Similar precautions are taken with every article of portable property belonging to the hospital—such as plates, dishes, tinware, sheets, counterpanes, and blankets, all of which are marked so boldly that they must be recognized, and so ineradicably that in most cases to obliterate the mark would be to destroy the article.

Before closing these remarks, it will be as well to mention a few statistics gathered from the institution.

It is found that of the whole number admitted into the wards in a

single year, nearly eighty per cent. are discharged either cured or relieved, and that about ten per cent. die within the walls. Of these, however, about one and a half per cent. are nearly dead when brought to the gates, and die before they have been within the walls for one day. Of the deaths, the greater number are attributable to the scourge of our land, consumption, which insidious disease carries off thirteen per cent. of the whole number. The next fatal malady is bronchitis, which kills about eight per cent.; next come burns and scalds, which account for six per cent.; and next in order is inflammation of the lungs, which carries off five per cent. So that more than twenty-five per cent. are attributable to affections of the lungs. Scarletina, so much dreaded, only gives two per cent.; and croup, the just fear of anxious parents, only kills one per cent. Fever and apoplexy are marked by the same figure as scarlatina; and dropsy and disease of the heart (often allied) range between four and five per cent.

During the last official year no less than 105,452 sufferers applied for and received relief from this institution, of whom 5,633 were admitted as in-patients, and more than 35,000 were surgical casualties. There is also a provision for ensuring gratuitous attendance upon poor women about to become mothers; and during the past year 849 children were ushered into the world under its kindly auspices. Six pensioners have been added to the list of poor incurables, and a sum of 522*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* has been expended in giving clothes and pecuniary relief to discharged patients. The former fund is known by the name of the Priscilla Coborn Charity, and the latter is called the Samaritan Fund. Various other patients have been presented with costly surgical apparatus and other appliances. No less than thirteen pipes of port wine have been consumed by the patients within the last twelve months, and it is found that, upon an average, one pipe of this wine is drunk in twenty-eight days. Sherry and brandy are not included in this estimate. The whole of the funds (almost entirely derived from landed estates) which are needed for the administration of such enormous expenses, are managed by a resident gentleman, who gives his unpaid services to the institution, and who is the virtual head of the hospital.

Ex uno disce omnes. The foregoing sketch of the Inner Life of a Hospital is necessarily given in outline, and admits of few details, the whole system of medical and surgical instruction being omitted for want of space, and the description confined to its immediate bearings upon the patient. Still, it is hoped that the reader may have gained some knowledge of the intricate and costly machinery by which these valuable institutions are worked, and of their claims to consideration on the part of the wealthy and benevolent.

Irené.

I.

THE monarch Day has flung his crown of gold,
And fiery mantle, down into the river,
And sighing said, "Alas! I have grown old,
I cannot reign for ever and for ever.

II.

"Come hither, Night, my daughter, pure and free,
And let me crown thee with my dying splendour:
Stars for the meek; no passion-tints for thee,
But pensive jewels, radiant, pale, and tender."

III.

Irené hears, and marks the fair young queen
With dewy tears, and starry brow o'ershaded,
Ascend her skyey throne with silent mien,
And bend towards Earth the mourning, Earth the faded.

IV.

Irené hears, for every spirit breath
That flits abroad is by Irené hearkened;
And, reverent, she has knelt as mute as death
Beside the window since her chamber darkened.

V.

The troubled winds are plaining in her ear,
Sure sympathy from lone Irené seeking.
She lifts her face in still suspense to hear
The burden that such smothered sobs are speaking.

VI.

A tangled ivy-wreath anear her steals,
And strokes her hair with sad and loving gesture.
The tapestry half-enwraps her as she kneels,
And swaying stirs her shoulders' cloudy vesture.

VII.

The moonlight comes and rims her oval cheek,
Pale gems about her sombre tresses weaving;
And lays upon her brow a silver streak,
And throws beneath her eyes a shade of grieving.



IRENÉ.

VIII.

The moonlight comes and floods all through the room,
 And pearls the pane, and paints the shadows deeper—
 Irené lulls to rest her thought of gloom,
 And draws a radiant curtain o'er the sleeper.

IX.

A presence now is quickening in the air,
 A stately step is through the moonbeams gliding,
 A pearly hand is on the maiden's hair,
 A gentle voice comes forth with love and chiding.

X.

"My mournful child, why art thou biding lone,
 With hush and darkness, weird and spirit-haunted ;
 While down below, in many a witching tone,
 The praises of my beautiful are chanted ?

XI.

"Thy maidens wait with satin and with gem,
 Thy father seeks thee in the Presence Chamber ;
 For thou must wear the jewelled diadem,
 The robe of purple and the veil of amber.

XII.

"They wait to hail thee queen of fairest isles,
 A golden crown upon thy rich locks placing ;
 I pine to lead thee to thy throne with smiles,
 And see thy form the regal banquet gracing."

XIII.

The maiden turns, Irené trembling white
 With lacing tendril fingers greets her mother :
 "Oh ! bid me not come forth from hence to-night,
 Thou'lt place thy crown upon my little brother.

XIV.

"I have no wish for satin, nor for gem,
 I have no errand to the Presence Chamber ;
 My brow would ache to wear the diadem :
 My limbs shall wear nor purple robe nor amber.

XV.

"Inheritance have I in other Land :
 I have attained my ripeness to possess it.
 The messenger hath becked me with his hand ;
 His word is law, I may not dare transgress it.

XVI.

"I've seen the Spirit World its portals ope ;
I've felt its breeze about my temples blowing.
I've seen the lustre of the Sun of Hope—
I hardly stayed my eager steps from going.

XVII.

"Kiss me, sweet mother ! do not weep nor frown :
This parting is not sorrow, nor bereavement ;
Thy sighs are flowers to weave a fadeless crown,—
Thy tears are diamonds scattered on God's pavement.

XVIII.

"I hear a message borne upon the wind ;
The patient Angel guards are kindly waiting.
Oh ! may I go, and leave no cloud behind,
No storm within thy tender heart creating !

XIX.

"My fading eyes no more can see thy face ;
Yet strain me to thy bosom, sweetest mother.
Upon the throne a baby form they'll place,
And set the crown upon my little brother.

XX.

"Oh, mother ! bid me wear the wreath of palm,
And clothe my spirit in the robe of whiteness ;
My soul is drifting in a lake of calm,
My sight is blinded by the growing brightness."

R. M.




First Beginnings.

THE spirit of man is ever busy pushing his investigations farther and farther into the secret workings of nature ; step by step he is tracking her into her inmost recesses, and if he despairs of ever reaching the final cause of things, he at least is rewarded by the ample knowledge and subtle beauty he finds on the way. Before the microscope was discovered, what realms lay undiscovered at his feet ! The mind has no microscope, it is true, by which immaterial things can be tracked upwards to their source ; but its penetrative powers grow vastly subtle by the habit of concentrating them upon any particular study, and the merest trifle to the educated eye assumes proportions not to be estimated by the superficial observer. We remember hearing it said of the late Dr. Marshall Hall, that he could not bring his acute and persistent mind to bear upon a gooseberry, without finding out some fact and deducing some great truth from it, that had never struck any person before. Of late years the science of mind, healthy and diseased, has been placed, as it were, in the field of the intellectual microscope, and since the appearance of Dr. Abercrombie's *Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers*, which created such a profound sensation thirty years ago, numerous investigators have been engaged in following up the clue he placed in their hands. In France, the great Morel has penetrated deeper perhaps than any other in his country into the workings of diseased intellect ; and in England, Dr. Winslow, in his volume on *Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind*, has given a practical application to this line of inquiry, without which the efforts of abstract philosophy were vain. His work, which for grasp and variety has not been surpassed since the appearance of Abercrombie's great work, opens up a subject in which the public is greatly interested, namely, the careful observation of the *First Beginnings* of brain disease, which, if permitted to advance unchallenged, always proceeds to lamentable results. That there is an immense amount of latent brain disease in the community, only awaiting a sufficient exciting cause to make itself patent to the world, there can be no manner of doubt. In the annual reports of our Lunatic Asylums, we see tables of the causes of the insanity of the inmates, which would lead the public to believe that certain powerful emotions were sufficient to disorganize the material instrument of thought ; thus we find love and religion figuring for a very large proportion of the lunacy in our asylums, whilst a fire, a quarrel with a friend, are set down as the causes which precipitate an individual from a state of sanity to madness. We do not mean to say that any sound psychologist imagines that these causes are anything more than proximate ones, but the public, and possibly medical men little

versed in mental alienation, seem to think that a healthy mind can be suddenly dethroned by some specific emotion, just as a healthy body may be suddenly prostrated by fever. There is, in fact, no such thing as sudden insanity, or at least it is of the rarest possible occurrence. Coroners' juries may imagine that a person who has committed suicide only became insane at the moment of inserting his neck in the fatal noose, but every one who has studied the human mind must be aware that it is not constituted like a piece of cast-iron, which snaps suddenly under the influence of a sudden frost. The gray fabric of the brain, before it gives way, always affords notable signs, easily capable of being read by an accomplished physician, of a departure from a state of health.

It often happens that impending lunacy is known to individuals themselves long before any sign is made to others. There is a terrible stage of consciousness, in which, unknown to any other human being, an individual keeps up, as it were, a terrible hand-to-hand conflict with himself, when he is prompted by an inward voice to use disgusting words, which in his soul he loathes and abhors: these voices will sometimes suggest ideas which are diametrically opposed to the sober dictates of his conscience. In such conditions of mind, prayers are turned into curses, and the chastest into the most libidinous thoughts. It does not necessarily follow that, because a man is thus haunted by another and evilly-disposed self, that he has reached the stage of lunacy, if his reason still retains the mastery. It is said that Bishop Butler waged, for the greater part of his life, a hidden warfare of this kind, and yet no one ever suspected him of unsoundness of mind. It is indeed strange what wayward and erratic turns the mind will take even in robust health; for instance, every one must have felt the difficulty now and then of suppressing the inclination to cry out in church, or to prevent the rebellious muscles of the face from expressing a smile on occasions when the utmost gravity of demeanour is called for. Again, we are often haunted by an air of music, or some voice will repeat itself with such obstinacy as to annoy and distress the mind, and often to prevent sleep. These curious phenomena are not symptomatic of brain disease, but they are singular examples of transient conditions of mind, which, when persistent, are clearly allied to insanity. When, however, this persistence in morbid thoughts does arise, a man may be sure that he requires the attention of his physician, and that there is some cause at work which is breeding mischief; unless he does this, the probability is, that the malady will take a more serious turn, and that the voices, before believed to be internal ones, will appear external, and lead the unhappy sufferer to desperate courses. Possibly the stage of consciousness is the most terrible of all the conditions of mind which lead the way to insanity. The struggles with the inward fiend which the reason cannot exorcise, must be far more appalling, than a condition of absolute madness, in which very often the mental delusions are of a pleasing character. A patient, writing to Dr. Cheyne, says, "Such a state as mine, you are possibly unacquainted with, notwithstanding all your experience. I am not conscious of the



decay or suspension of any of the powers of my mind. I am as well able as ever I was to attend to my business. My family suppose me in health ; yet the horrors of a mad-house are staring me in the face. I am a martyr to a species of persecution from within, which is becoming intolerable. I am urged to say the most shocking things ; blasphemous and obscene words are ever on my tongue. Hitherto, thank God, I have been able to resist ; but I often think I must yield at last, and then I shall be disgraced for ever, and ruined." Dr. Wigan gives an account of a worthy but poor clergyman, who was possessed, as it were, in this manner, when he was suffering from over-study or want of rest. At these times, when preaching, there would seem to be placed before his eyes some profane book, which the devil tempted him to read in lieu of his sermon. This was a case where the brain was suffering from a want of duly arterialized blood, as he found that violent exercise with the dumb-bells effectually cast out the fiend which tormented him. Exhaustion of nervous power, over-work, anxiety, or other causes, is, we believe, the cause of mental distress of this nature to a much greater extent than the public apprehend. In this age, when the race is neck and neck, and the struggle for life is ever straining men's minds to the breaking-point ; when the boy has to go through an examination for a clerkship of a more severe character than was demanded for an university degree of old ; when the professional man serves a seven years' apprenticeship to science, and but too often a second seven to starvation, is it to be wondered at, that the mental fibre becomes weakened and unable to resist the strain of any great excitement, or further process of exhaustion ?

It too often happens that the stage of consciousness is allowed to progress unperceived—the unfortunate sufferer concealing the agony that is eating into his very soul with the utmost jealousy from the wife of his bosom, and from his dearest friends. We have no doubt in our own minds that innumerable acts which appear totally unaccountable to friends and strangers are the results of mental conflicts hidden in the depths of the patient's mind. In such cases the demon in possession would seem to select those very moments in which the enjoyment of other men is found ; at the festal board, in the moments of conversation with friends, in the company of ladies, when everything is *couleur de rose*, this conflict will sometimes rage the fiercest, and lead the would-be placid partaker of them to sudden movements or fits of abstraction, which puzzle and confound those who watch his conduct. And yet, in the great majority of such cases, medicine (and by this term we use the phrase in its largest sense, such as change of scene and air, and rest, with proper medicaments) is potent to exorcise the foul fiend, and to restore the sufferer to his usual mental health. The dependence of the mind upon the body is often proved in the most unmistakable manner in such cases. A single prescription, like the Abracadabra of the Magician, will convert the man on the verge of insanity to his old serenity of mind. An anecdote is told of Voltaire, and an Englishman, which admirably illustrates the position. The conversation between the two happening to turn upon the miseries of life, the

ennui of the Frenchman and the spleen of the Englishman so far agreed that they decided that existence was not worth having, and they determined to commit suicide together on the following morning. The Englishman punctually arrived, provided with the means of destruction, but the Frenchman appeared to be no longer in the suicidal mood; for, on the other proceeding to the execution of their project, Voltaire amusingly interposed, "Pardonnez moi, monsieur, mais mon lavement a très-bien opéré ce matin, et cela a changé toutes idées là."

Feuchtersleben, in his *Mental Physiology*, has very subtly said, that if we could penetrate into the secret foundations of human events, we should frequently find *the misfortunes of one man caused by the intestines of another!* This may appear a phantastic proposition on the part of the learned German; but do we not, as men of the world, act upon the knowledge of this fact every day of our lives? Who would be fool enough to ask a man a favour whilst he was waiting for his dinner? The irritation Paterfamilias labours under during these few minutes is clearly attributable to an impoverished condition of the blood; it is, in fact, a fleeting attack of that temper-disease which Dr. Marshall Hall has proved is an abiding condition of some persons—particularly among the female sex. How many professional men, wearied all day by press of business, their blood poisoned by sitting for hours in the dark stagnant air of city chambers, will resume their work after dinner, and even prolong it into the night? How many clergymen, ambitious of distinction in the pulpit, will exhaust their brain by the incessant manufacture of bad sermons? Happy the man who retires behind his bandanna, and aids digestion and refreshes his brain by the legitimate forty winks. No man after middle age, if he hopes to keep his mind clear, should think of working his brain after dinner, a season which should be given up to enjoyment. The immediate result of post-prandial labour is always inferior to that produced by the vigorous brain of the morning. When mental labour has become a habit, however, we know how weak are the words of warning to make a sufferer desist; and we are reminded of the answer made by Sir Walter Scott to his physicians, who, in his last illness, foresaw that his mind would break down unless he desisted from brain-work. "As for bidding me not work," said he, sadly, "Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and then say, '*Now, don't boil.*'"

It must not be supposed, however, that we wish to deprecate even severe mental labour; on the contrary, a well organized brain demands exercise, and like the blacksmith's arms, flourishes on it. We believe that pleasurable productive brain-work can be carried on to an almost limitless extent without injury. A poet in the full swing of his fancy, a philosopher working out some scheme for the benefit of humanity, refreshes rather than weakens his brain. It will be found that the great majority of those who have gained high honours in our universities have also distinguished themselves greatly in after-life. It is the hard, thankless task-work which tears and frets the fine gray matter of the cerebrum; it is the strain and anxiety

which accompanies the working-out of great momentary transactions which produces that silent and terrible ramollissement which gradually saps the mind of the strong man, and reduces him to the condition of an imbecile.

When we warn the reader to take notice of "First Beginnings," it matters not whether the symptoms are those which lead to the entire destruction of the motive power, and the obliteration of his powers of action, or whether it takes the road to the mere derangement of the moral and intellectual powers—if allowed to proceed unchallenged, they lead alike to the destruction of the individual as a free agent. They are equally brain diseases, for the old idea that there is such a thing as derangement of mind without any lesion of the instrument of thought, has long been exploded. This idea probably arose from the fact that, in the vast majority of the brains of the insane, when examined after death, there is no appreciable signs of change—nay, the brain has suffered very severe injuries and yet been followed by no symptom of mental disturbance. The changes that take place, physically, are of too delicate a nature for our science to reach in its present condition; but there seems to be no doubt, all abnormal mental phenomena depend upon some unhealthy condition of the blood. Polished steel is not quicker dimmed by the slightest breath, than is the brain affected by some abnormal condition of the blood. In the horrible phantoms stimulating the thoughts of the insane, which haunt us in nightmare, we have a familiar example of the manner in which an over-loaded stomach will disturb the mind: in the ravings of the insane consequent upon the drinking of salt-water in cases of shipwreck; in the temporary effect produced upon the temper by waiting for dinner; and, finally, in the delirium attending fevers and drinking, we have other and equally well-known causes of mental disturbance inevitably following the absorption of some poison into the blood, or of the starving it of its proper nutritive constituents.

The more the fact of the physical nature of insanity is acknowledged—the more it is recognized as an ailment which can be reached by physical agents—the greater will be its chance of successful treatment. If a man shivers and feels depressed, he seeks his physician, that he might meet the coming fever with the best resources of his art. If a man feels his brain disturbed—if he feels the "first beginnings" of which his friends as yet know nothing—would it not be equally wise of him to summon the aid of medicine before it is too late? Insanity, taken in its earliest stage, is more easily cured than many diseases which a man passes through without any great fear; for instance, we question if pneumonia is not far less curable than simple insanity that is not hereditary. If such a mystery were not made of mental disease, it would be deprived of half its terrors and of half its evil consequences at the same time.

Whilst we should be keenly alive to the first symptoms of a departure from an ordinary state of mind or habit, it must not be supposed that we see a madman in every individual who thinks for himself or acts in a manner different from his neighbours. We wish to drag no garden-roller,

as it were, over character, and to declare that any person who goes out of the general dead-level is to be suspected of being what is popularly called "touched." There are naturally crooked sticks as well as straight ones. If, however, a man habitually of an eccentric turn of mind were to become all at once like other people, and remained so, we should feel certain that some mental mischief was brewing. It is the sustained departure from a normal condition of mind and mode of life which should cause a grave suspicion of impending insanity. When we find a modest man become boastful and presumptuous,—a lover of truth transmuted into an habitual liar,—a person of known probity condescending to petty thefts,—a humane individual suddenly turned cruel,—and a cautious man wild, reckless, and extravagant,—then we may be sure that there is mental disturbance of a very grave character. The reasoning power may remain clear, and the intellect as bright as ever, and in the course of a long conversation friends may not perceive the slightest cloud upon the understanding. Nevertheless, the reader may be certain that these deviations of the moral sentiments are the switch-points which indicate the fact that the mind is leaving the main line, and that, if left to itself, it will speedily career to destruction. It sometimes happens that such changes of mind take place without their being made apparent even to the nearest friends; and that some trivial conversation or circumstance having lead to a suspicion of mental unsoundness, upon inquiry it has been discovered that the individual has already half-ruined himself. Esquirel mentions a case of this kind, the subject of which was a merchant of considerable position and fortune, whose hidden alienation of mind was brought to light by his having purchased at a high price some very inferior pictures; a dispute respecting their value thereupon arising with his children, he flew into a passion and his insanity became evident. His children, alarmed at his condition, looked into his affairs, when they were found to be utterly in disorder, and full of blanks. This irregularity had existed for six months, and had there been no discussion respecting the pictures leading to the discovery of the state of his mind, one of the most honourable mercantile houses in France would have been seriously compromised, for a bill of exchange of a considerable amount had become due, and no means had been taken to provide for its payment.

The latent seeds of insanity very often become known to the world through unusual physical signs. Muscular agitation succeeds to the ordinary repose of the individual. The man whose manner in a state of health is grave and gentle, suddenly puts on a brusquery which astonishes his friends. It would seem as though he sought to stifle his agonizing thoughts by the exhaustion of his physical strength. "In this state," says Dr. Winslow, "the patient resembles a ferocious animal removed from its native forest and confined in a cage. He paces and repaces the room, night and day, in a condition of extreme perturbation, rarely sitting or standing in a state of repose for many consecutive minutes. He suddenly starts from home, being tormented

by a peevish, irresistible restlessness—a constant, unwearied, never-satisfied desire for change; walking, unfatigued, long distances, with great apparent fixedness of purpose and accompanying vehemence of gesture, without having in view a sane or rational object. These rapid strides, forced and violent movements, appear to originate in an instinctive desire to throw off a morbid accumulation of muscular force. . . . In vain the unhappy man struggles to obtain peace of mind by yielding to an irresistible and uncontrollable desire to rush almost unceasingly from place to place. Fruitless are his endeavours to arrest the creation of the morbid, gloomy imagery, desolating and bewildering his thoughts. . . . Alas! he cannot fly from himself."

But these are the more prominent warnings of coming trouble, which cannot well be overlooked. The symptoms we wish to draw attention to are those slight deviations from a normal condition which are but rarely observed either by the sufferers themselves or their friends. One of the most constant and characteristic is a debilitated power of attention. Possibly, the most comprehensive definition of genius is the power of concentrating and prolonging the attention upon any one given subject. It is the quality of the mind which raises one man above another, and it is the parent of all creations and of most discoveries; and, we may add, it is the morbid excess and indulgence of this quality which leads sometimes to mental disease; hence the common observation that genius and madness are only divided by a very thin partition. The difference, says Sir William Hamilton, between an ordinary mind and the mind of Newton, consists principally in this, that the one is capable of a more continuous application than the other; that a Newton is able, without fatigue, to connect inference with inference, in one long series towards a determinate end; while the man of inferior capacity is soon obliged to break, or let fall, the thread which he had begun to spin. This is, in fact, what Sir Isaac Newton, with equal modesty and shrewdness, himself admitted. To one who complimented him on his genius, he replied, that if he had made any discoveries it was owing more to patient attention than to any other talent. There is, however, a certain morbid attention, when directed towards supposed ailments of the body and mind, which is to be especially deprecated. A man may so concentrate his attention on certain organs of the body as to produce disease in them. The hypochondriac, for instance, never ceases so dwell upon the condition of his digestive organs, and the consequence in the end is that he directs so much nervous energy to the spot as to cause congestion and actual disease. We see no reason to doubt that mere disordered functions of the brain may be converted by the same undue attention into positive disorganization. Hence, over-studiousness on these points is to be avoided. We have no fear that in the great majority of cases there is any danger of such a result; but in persons of a highly nervous temperament it is different, and with them the very first step towards health would be to enable them to get rid of themselves. Of a very different nature this exaltation of the faculty of attention is the exaggeration which

often takes place of the special functions of sense. The approach of brain disease is often heralded by the most marvellous exaltation of sight, smell, taste, and hearing. Dr. Elliotson, mentions a patient who, previous to an attack of hemiplegia, felt such an extraordinary acuteness of hearing, that he heard the least sound at the bottom of his house. The vision was also exaggerated to that degree that he could tell the hour by a watch placed on a table at such a distance as would have precluded his even distinguishing the hands in a state of health. In another case, a gentleman, previous to an attack of inflammation of the brain, remarked to his son that he could hear a conversation that was taking place in a distant part of the house, when those around him could not even distinguish voices. The sense of smell is often equally increased in force, and the slightest odours are exaggerated into the most disgusting smells. In this condition of brain the avenues by which the outward world is brought in connection with the inward man are thrown open so widely that it would seem as though the unhappy person projected his special organs of sense outward until they absolutely came in contact with the objects or manifestations submitted to them. A more distressing condition it would be difficult to imagine, or one which more clearly points to an inflammatory condition of the brain. "In the incipient stages of the various forms of cerebral disease," says Dr. Winslow, "the sensibility is not only heightened, impaired, and paralyzed, but it shows marked evidence of being vitiated. The patient complains of the existence of pricking sensations in various parts of the body, as well as of the existence of formication, particularly at the extremities of the fingers and toes. For some time previously to the development of well-marked symptoms of cerebral disease, a patient remarked that everything he touched was extremely cold. In some cases a gritty body, like that of sand, and a piece of cloth appeared to be interposed between the patient's fingers and whatever they came in contact with. Other invalids have affirmed that whatever they touched felt like a piece of velvet. Andral noticed this phenomenon. Six weeks before a paralytic attack, a patient complained of one-half of the scalp feeling like a piece of leather. In the case of a gentleman who died of apoplexy, there was for some time previously to his illness a feeling in both hands as if the skin were covered with minute and irritating particles of dust or sand. He repeatedly complained of this symptom, and was frequently observed to wash his hands, with the view of removing the imaginary annoyance. Impoverishment of sensibility in the arms, preceded first by a feeling of intense cold in the part, and subsequently of numbness, followed this perverted state of sensation. In another case, some time prior to a paralytic seizure, the patient imagined that he had extraneous particles of dirt and stones in his boots, or inside his stockings, irritating his feet, and interfering with his personal comfort as well as freedom of locomotion. This perverted state of sensation was observed for two months previously to his attack of acute cerebral disorder."


To those unaccustomed to read the subtle indications by which the brain gives its warnings, these trifles light as air may seem to be of too trivial a nature to warrant the interposition of medicine, and those who venture to draw attention to them are liable to ridicule. On the occasion of the discussion on the Lunacy Amendment Bill not long since, the Lord Chancellor snceringly remarked the tendency of medical men to intrude their "theories" respecting insanity when acting as witnesses in the law courts. In confirmation of his accusation, he read from Dr. Bucknill and Tuke's *Psychological Medicine*, a passage which spoke of "a shrivelled ear" as being symptomatic of a certain mental condition. "A bristly and harsh condition of the hair," again said his lordship, amid the laughter of the House, "is another symptom, which may be obviated by the application of a little bears' grease"—a joke scarcely worthy of a Grimaldi, but certainly not of an individual in the exalted position of Lord Chancellor of England. Now, curiously enough, this "shrivelled ear" and "bristling hair," which their lordships laughed at so immoderately, is as undoubted a sign of chronic dementia, and as much, therefore, a fact, as that Lord Westbury was at the time he read the extract sitting on the woolsack!

The premonitions of epileptic attacks are but too well-known to require attention at our hands, and they are at the same time so varying in their character as to preclude the reliance upon any one warning symptom. "Herein the patient must minister to himself." But the community is not aware that epileptic attacks may go on for years without discovering themselves either to the individual or to his friends or medical man. In children, especially, attacks sometimes come on in the night, and pass away without leaving any sign. Dr. Marshall Hall has done lasting service by drawing the attention of the public to this obscure form of a well-known disease, and the nursery is thus supplied with a hint of great use to the rising generation. These hidden seizures, however, sometimes take place in after life; and the slightly bitter tongue, often so slightly indented that it is scarcely perceptible, is the only indication that a symptom of approaching brain disease of a severe type has visited the individual in his sleep. Strange as it may appear, however, the most marked and terrible seizures are sometimes mistaken by persons suffering them, for the visitations of preternatural agents. Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, used to give a case of this kind in his lectures, which is so curious that we shall here relate it. One of his patients told him that he was in the habit of dining every day at six, but that he was plagued with a visitor at that hour, who always greatly distressed him. Exactly as the hour struck, the door opened and an old hag entered with a frowning countenance, and, with every demonstration of spite and hate, rushed upon him and struck him a severe blow upon the head, which caused him to swoon for a time of a longer or shorter duration. This apparition, he asserted, was of daily occurrence. Dr. Gregory, guessing that some mental delusion was at the bottom of

this singular attack, invited himself to dinner with his friend, adding, "We will see if your malignant old woman will venture to join our company." The gentleman gladly accepted the proposal, expecting, however, the doctor's ridicule rather than his sympathy. When the dinner, however, arrived, the doctor exerted his powers of conversation, which were of a very brilliant character, in the hope of diverting his friend's attention from the thoughts of the approaching visit, supposing that he was suffering from some nervous attack, and he so far succeeded that the hour of six came almost unnoticed, and he was hoping that the dinner would pass without the unwelcome interruption. The clock had scarcely struck, however, when the gentleman exclaimed suddenly, in an alarmed voice, "The hag comes again!" and dropped back in his chair in a swoon, in the way he had described. These periodical attacks were clearly traced to sudden head seizures, which gave way to the appropriate remedies.

Whilst an exaltation of the faculty of attention points to insanity, the growing deficiency of it points as certainly to a coming imbecility, and especially of an impending attack of softening of the brain—that terrible affliction which may be termed the stock-brokers' disease, so liable do the *habitués* of Capel Court seem to its visitations. The first beginnings of this disease very often come upon a man in the height of his prosperity, and its approach is so insidious that, although he may be walking about and transacting his business, this fatal rot may have already commenced. As in the vision of Mirza, a passenger is every now and then missed from the ever ebbing and flowing stream of life, and none but the physician notes that he has dropped through the pitfall in the bridge, and will never mix in the busy haunts of man again.

Dr. Winslow, in a few graphic touches, thus paints the onset of this sad condition:—"In the incipient stage of cerebral softening, as well as in those organic disintegrations of the delicate nerve vesicle observed in what is termed progressive, general, and cerebral paralysis, the patient often exhibits a debility of memory (long before disease of the brain is suspected), in regard to the most ordinary and trifling matters connected with the every-day matters of life. He forgets his appointments, is oblivious of the names of his most intimate friends, mislays his books, loses his papers, and is unable to retain in his mental grip for many consecutive minutes the name of the month or the day of the week. He sits down to write a letter on some matter of business, and the attention being for a moment diverted from what he is engaged in, he immediately loses all recollection of his correspondence, and leaves the letter unfinished. In this condition of mind he will be heard constantly inquiring for articles that he had carefully put aside but a few minutes previously." The handwriting will often afford very conclusive proof of the failing mind of the writer, and we may quote a case of a gentleman engaged in business whose correspondence thus betrayed him. On his being removed from business, it was discovered that for some time previously to any



disease of the brain being suspected, his letters were found to be full of erasures, words mis-spelt, and calculations remarkable for their inaccuracy. At times, there was a recovery for a period of a week or so from these inaccuracies which were altogether foreign to the nature of the gentleman when in a sound state of health. These temporary recoveries, however, were always followed by the blundering we have noticed, and he ultimately died of softening of the brain.

We are inclined to think that the sign of cerebral softening most to be dreaded is the want of power to fix the attention. A person might suffer from temporary loss of memory from very slight causes. Such, for instance, as exhaustion. Sir Henry Holland, for instance, in his *Mental Pathology*, tells us that, having descended two deep mines in the Hartz mountains, and having undergone much exertion without food, he found himself suddenly deprived for a short time of his memory, which returned again immediately after taking food and wine. A copious draught of wine will often restore these momentary fits of loss of memory, which are dependent upon no organic disease, but arise from a want of proper circulation in the brain. We all know, when we have forgotten a particular name or thing, the pertinacity with which it seems to recede farther from the memory, by trying hard to recal it to mind—it remains upon the tip of the tongue, but will not come forth. These are familiar examples of transient loss of memory, which only prove how often the healthiest brain is for a moment plagued with momentary symptoms of no account, which, when persistent, are the invariable precursors of serious brain disease. There are certain significant, although but slightly-marked, signs of softening which tell clearly to the eye of the practised physician the approach of the disintegration of the cerebral matter. The trained eye will observe a loss of muscular power; the patient will slip on one side; the leg is put forward with great premeditation; volition ceases to act unconsciously; and certain acts are performed as though the sufferer were pulling the wires of a doll. The hand cannot grasp with a healthy grip: a slight degree of facial paralysis will sometimes disturb the wonted expression of the countenance, without even friends knowing the cause. A very slight elevation of one eyebrow, a drawing aside of the mouth a hair's-breadth, will materially alter the look of a person; and slight paralysis of this kind often exists without any one suspecting that softening of the brain is impending. This partial paralysis, which is indicative of approaching apoplexy, very often shows itself in a person's speech. When we remember the number of muscles which must co-ordinate to enable a man to articulate, it will be readily understood that any loss of power in these delicate muscles must show itself in the speech. It often happens that the first sign will be a clipping of the Queen's English; the person will speak as though he were drunk; indeed, drunkenness does produce the very temporary paralysis we allude to.

A still more singular sign of softening, and the apoplexy which results, is the odd way in which persons in this condition will transpose their

words. Dr. Beddoes mentions the case of a gentleman who, previous to an attack of brain disease, used to commit laughable blunders of this kind ; for instance, he would say, "Everybody feels very languid this *wet* weather—I mean this *hot* weather;" or, "Come, who will sit down to supper? Here is cold meat and *pudding*—I mean *pie*." Undiscovered and partial paralysis is the cause sometimes of odd mistakes. Thus, a gentleman angrily demanded of his servant, whilst at dinner, why he had brought him a broken wineglass. The servant, on examining it, affirmed it was a sound one. The master again scolded him; but on inspecting it himself, found it to be really unbroken. The explanation of this circumstance was that the gentleman had suddenly been seized with paralysis of the nerves of sensation of one side of the lip; consequently, as there was no feeling there within a certain circumscribed space, he naturally concluded, without looking, that a piece of glass had been broken away. In other cases, a person will declare that his finger feels like a sausage. First beginnings, these, that should not be neglected for one moment.

The sight, also, gives warnings that are equally unmistakable to the physician of coming trouble, and more especially the dread symptoms of double vision. Dr. Gregory tells a curious and highly-instructive tale of a sportsman who, when out shooting one day with his gamekeeper, complained of his bringing out so many dogs—asking why he required eight dogs? The servant said there were only four: but his master persisted that there were double that number. Convinced, however, of his mistake, probably by the touch, he immediately became aware of his condition, mounted his horse, and rode home; and had not long been there, before he was attacked with apoplexy, and died. Had this gentleman been treated on the field, when the warning was first given, in all probability he would have been saved.

It is not very easy to distinguish softening of the brain from another malady which is equally terrible. We allude to the general paralysis of the insane. Indeed, the latter disease is very often but a result of the other. In some cases, however, it is recognized as a substantive malady. Dr. Winslow says he has seen symptoms of it impending for many years before it has unmistakably shown itself, or at least the altered mental condition of the individual has clearly been seen—read by the light of the subsequent event. "For a long period," he observes, "before any mental disorder is generally suspected, the ideas are observed to be of an absurd and extravagant character. The patient talks of the amount of money he has made, of the success of his commercial speculations, his grand future, extraordinary luck, and of the bright future in store for himself and family. He magnifies the amount of his daily or weekly receipts, whether realized in the practice of his profession, in trade, or commerce. I have known this tendency simply to distort facts, and look extravagantly at the bright side of things through an intensely magnified and highly-coloured, because morbid, medium (when the actual circumstances of the party did not in

the slightest degree justify such sanguine ideas), to exist for five or even ten years before the mind presented any decided and recognized symptoms of alienation."

As the paralysis slowly commences, the sufferer will be observed to speak with a slow and measured intonation, as if he selected his phrases with the utmost care; "his voice assumes," says Dr. Winslow, "a thick, husky sound, as though it were veiled or clouded." Sometimes, indeed, the lips open and shut as if trying to speak without the ability to do so; assuming the action of the lips in smoking a pipe. Hence the French designate it *le malade fume la pipe*. The aspect of the face also becomes changed, the mouth opens and shuts in one piece, as Dr. Skae observes, without any play of the lips indicative of the sentiments or passions. From this point the whole powers of the man, physical and mental, seem gradually to fade away—every power of life is, by the gentlest possible gradation, lost; even those reflex actions which preside, as it were, over so many functions of the body, die; and it often happens that a patient is suddenly choked by the passage of food down the wind-pipe instead of the gullet—the epiglottis, that sensitive lid which, in a state of health, so jealously closes and guards the air passage, being paralyzed, and standing open, as if it were to invite the dissolution of the body, thus reduced to a living death.

The injurious effects of blows upon the head are not sufficiently considered, for the reason, that in many cases they do not show themselves for years. Where any serious concussions of this kind have taken place, the individual suffering them should always beware of the first signs of distress in the brain. "I am satisfied," says Dr. Winslow, "that the importance of this subject cannot be exaggerated. Repeatedly have I had cases of epilepsy bidding defiance to all treatment; tumours, abscesses, cancer, softening of the brain, as well as insanity in its more formidable types, under my care, whose origin could unquestionably be traced back for varying periods of one, two, five, eight, ten, fifteen, and even twenty years, to damage done to the delicate structure of the brain by injuries inflicted on the head. Numberless cases are on record in which a fatal termination has ensued from a blow in the head received years previously. A sailor fell from the mainyard of a ship upon deck, and was removed below in a state of unconsciousness. He speedily recovered his senses, however, and in a fortnight resumed his work. No bad symptoms occurred for four years, after which he was occasionally attacked with headache, and twenty-six years afterwards he became paralytic, in which state he continued for eight weeks, when he died, and on examination it was discovered that a large abscess existed in his brain. In another case, a boy received a violent blow on the head from a cricket-bat, from which he did not suffer any inconvenience for ten or eleven years, when he became liable to attacks of headache of a severe nature; epileptic attacks followed, and he ultimately died, when an encysted abscess, of the size of an egg, was found in the cerebrum; whilst afterclaps of this kind may

always be looked for when any serious injury to the head has arisen from blows or other causes, it does not always follow that the presence of abscess, even in the substance of the brain, is accompanied by any serious symptoms. Dr. Wollaston, who lived to a good age, did his philosophical brain-work with a tumour in his cerebrum, which must, from its size and nature, have existed there many years before his death; and the most serious injuries to the convolutions of the brain have been received without causing much mental disturbance to the individual. These are, however, rare cases, much cherished in the records of brain disease, rather as curiosities than as tending to serve any practical scientific purpose; and, as a general rule, it must be considered that no lesion of the cerebrum can take place without its showing itself outwardly in the most unmistakable manner.

If there is any terror in the pictures we have painted, let it not be supposed that our object has been gratuitously to conjure up revolting images for the mere sake of playing upon the feelings of the reader. If the first beginnings of brain disease were generally known and acted upon, the examples we have quoted of the deplorable condition to which human life is sometimes reduced by its unchecked progress, would be greatly diminished.

The slightest settlement in a wall is watched day by day by the architect with the greatest anxiety and solicitude, and every precaution is taken to strengthen the weak place, and to relieve it of all unnecessary weight; and many a stately building has thus been preserved for ages, through the timely substitution of a few sound for unsound stones. Oh! that we watched with half the care the delicate human brain, source of mental thought, as we do this senseless wall—that we took note of the faint rents and sinkings of the organ of the mind, with as much anxiety as we watch perishable stone; many a noble understanding would then be preserved to us, that otherwise becomes torn and shattered, hopelessly beyond the restorative powers of man.

On Growing Old.

I AM growing old—

I do not mean that I am bed-ridden or chair-ridden; that I am blind, or lame, or deaf. I read without spectacles, and I walk my four miles under the hour without fatigue. But for all that, there are many things which say that age is creeping upon me. I have left off pulling the grey hairs out of my whiskers. I am glad when any one helps me on with my great coat. I go to sleep at the Play. I have had a sharp touch of gout; and I saw myself described, the other day, in print, not unkindly, as a "literary veteran." So I suppose that I *am* a veteran, and I have been just thinking how I like it.

According to all received opinions, I ought not to like it at all. I ought to feel very sad and serious over my lost youth. It is certain that it will never come back again. Once gone, it is gone for ever. I know that;

"Nothing can bring back the hour
Of glory to the grass, of splendour to the flower."

The verdant, grassy, flowery state has lapsed into the great limbo of the Past. It has become a reminiscence. Am I therefore to bewail it; or is it wiser to accept the situation? Accept it! ay, and more than that—accept and be grateful for it, throwing up my *magnificats* in full faith that if the glory and the splendour have departed, new glories and new splendours have taken their place.

It is a very pleasant thought that Life is made up of compensations. All Nature teaches this one grand lesson. There is seed-time, and there is summer. There is harvest, and there is winter. When autumn comes upon us—when the roses have long since gone, and the leaves on the trees are sere and yellow—are we to regret that it is no longer summer and that the greenery has departed? Have not the rich tints of the autumnal foliage peculiar beauties of their own? As time takes away, so it gives; as it empties, so it replenishes. There is a process of restoration and compensation ever at work in the physical world; and is it not so also in the moral? You have lost a parent, but you have gained a child. Do you not see revived in your daughter the calm, clear brow, and the sweet, mild eyes of your mother, as you last saw her, when a little child? You must not expect to enjoy at the same time the beatitudes of the Past and of the Present. But I am afraid that there are some whose nature it is rather to deplore what they have lost, than to rejoice in what they have gained. They say that "the beautiful has vanished, and returns not;" instead of believing in the great truth that it is continually recreating and renewing itself.

And after all, what is it that we lose by growing old. Is it much more than the fruit loses when it ripens? We lose our greenness—our rawness—our crudeness—and surely maturity is better than these. But maturity, it is said, is the forerunner of decay. Well, O Wiseman! what then? It was one wiser than thou, albeit a heathen teacher, who said, in venerable Sanskrit—

“Weep not! Life the hired nurse is, holding us a little space;
Death, the mother, who does take us back into our proper place.”

This from the *Book of Good Counsels*, O Wiseman!—known to Orientalists as the *Hitopadesa*—written centuries before we had even the glimmer of a literature of our own. But let us look at the matter less seriously, thinking, first of all, what maturity replaces. We all know how fond are the poets and romancers of discoursing upon the joyousness, the insouciance of youth; but we hear little of its embarrassments, its anxieties, its mortifications. If there be one faith more blindly accepted than all others by the world, it is that freedom from care and trouble are the blissful immunities of childhood and early youth; that these burdens increase in volume and press more heavily upon us as we advance in years, and are only grievous in the maturity and the decay of our lives. If children were to write essays and truthfully to record their experiences, I have very little doubt as to what they would say upon this subject. And I believe, too, that the testimony of very many grown-up men, looking back through a vista of thirty or forty years, would be very conclusive against the carelessness and light-heartedness of childhood. In the ordinary commerce of adult life, there is probably nothing half so distressing as the night-fears of the young—the horrible dread of solitude and darkness, which crushes the childish heart. There are some sensitive and excitable children whose lives are embittered by these vague apprehensions of night dangers, of which ghosts and thieves are the most tremendous, for all the latter part of each day is overclouded by the dreadful shadow of approaching bedtime. A great deal might be said—and, indeed, a great deal has been said, in divers places, very much to the point—about want of care in nurses, and want of judgment in parents, but I am not writing to expose omissions or to suggest remedies, but simply to state facts—and the nursery horrors of which I speak are very grave facts—grave even in the retrospect; and yet we talk about the cloudless happiness of childhood as though children never knew a care.

And has schoolboy-life no cares, no anxieties, no terrors? There is the big bully, or the truculent usher, or the fellow you ought to fight and yet can't quite bring yourself to do it; the debt to the itinerant pastrycook of which he reminds you with an indelicacy of which in after life your tailor is quite incapable; the prize worked for, toiled for, with vast brain-sweat, and mighty sacrifice of self, grand heroic surrender even of the pleasures and privileges of fine weather and the cricket-season, and yet not gained after all. And even that cricket-season, has it not its own peculiar crop of bitterness? A bad innings sends many a fellow unhappy

to bed. On grand occasions, such as that half-yearly "match with the town," a disaster of this kind is pure wretchedness for a fortnight; ay, and for longer, if the holidays do not charitably intervene. I doubt whether the fates have anything half so bitter as this in store for our later days. To be booked, by the general voice of the school, as good at least for thirty runs, and to go out, branded, disgraced, with that terrible round O to your name. The dreadful feeling of descent and humiliation; the knowledge that you have disappointed your friends, and given a triumph to your enemies; the self-reproach, the self-contempt, with which you are burdened, as though you had really been only an impostor: they are truly such tremendous inflictions that the wonder is that you make your crest-fallen way to the tent, and do not utterly perish before the next boy has taken your place. Talk of the elasticity of youth, how soon does the schoolboy recover from that round O? How soon does he regain his serenity of mind after missing that catch at cover-point which would have extinguished the Town's best man, and turned the tide of victory in favour of the School. Talk of the generosity of youth! In the agony of his own humiliation, what boy so generous as to desire his successor at the wicket to attach a large score to his name? Does not his heart warm to the fellow who surrenders like himself to the first ball? Well, as we grow older, we doubtless have our failures, our distresses, our envies, and our jealousies; and I am not now saying that in adult life we may be bowled out first ball with perfect composure. Spoken literally, it would not be to the point; metaphorically, it might not be true. All I mean to say is that there are few keener mortifications—few so difficult to bear—as those which beset us in early life, and that this kind of juvenile bankruptcy preys upon the spirits and really wears the heart with an attrition as great as that which far greater failures subject us to in after life. It is very well to say, "What does it matter—a boy may be a very good boy, and yet may fail to defend his wicket, and may add nothing to the score?" But is his reputation no matter? Is it nothing that the hero-worship, which once attended him, has gone down with his stumps? In schoolboy life there are no sets-off and compensations as there are in after years, and there is no philosophy to make the most of them if there were. A hundred—perhaps, five hundred—young hearts have suddenly cooled towards their idol, and come, in a moment, to regard it as an empty and pretentious sham.

But of all the different seasons of life, I believe that which is most laden with its own peculiar distresses is the season of incipient manhood. The sensitiveness of hobbledchoyism is very afflicting. I have heard it said that all this has passed away—that times are changed, that youth is changed with them, and that the rising generation are distinguished by an amount of cool assurance to which a quarter of a century ago striplinghood was utterly a stranger. I do not undertake to settle this point. Possibly, it may be so. Possibly the cool assurance of which we hear so much is but the outward cloak of that real want of self-reliance—of that nervous

uncertainty, which is the normal state of those who have not yet secured their position. The very bluster of youth has something of timidity in it. I know, at least, it had in my time, a quarter of a century ago. What agonies I endured in that state of existence. What fearful turmoils of the mind there were, what fears, what fightings, on that terrible bridge which unites the opposite banks of boyhood and manhood—when, to speak without a metaphor, you do not like to be thought a boy, whilst others are scarcely minded to treat you as a man. There are some who may laugh at this. I vow that there is nothing to me laughable in the recollection. The sufferings of hobbledchoyism have been set forth with pathetic humour, in the persons of David Copperfield and Pip of the Great Expectations, with a fidelity which vividly recalls my own miserable experiences on the bridge. In those days, with an insane ambition, one went in for everything. If one could have limited one's aspirations, it would have been comparatively a light matter to be dragged up into manhood. But with the unlimited assumptions of youth, what roughnesses have to be encountered. You wish to be accounted handsome, well-dressed, well-mannered, well-informed, active, brave, clever, a fellow who fears nothing, who can do anything, and who knows everything in the world. In after life, you know that pretentiousness of this kind has its own death-warrant written on its forehead. But very young men never acknowledge ignorance or incapacity. Their struggles to maintain a character for manhood are painful in the extreme. They do not know that the manliest thing of all is to keep quiet. It is their misfortune to be restless and uneasy. The fact is, that the world being all new and strange to them, they cannot help thinking that they are new and strange in the eyes of the world, and that therefore the world is continually looking at them instead of treating them with the most sovereign indifference and cold-blooded unconcern. That pimple on your chin, *Juvenis*, has made you unhappy for a week. You have looked at it every morning on first getting up. I will not say what you have done to diminish its size and its rubicundity, only increasing the evil by every new effort to remove it; and yet no one has observed that pimple on your chin—no one certainly has given a thought to it. And that untoward splash on your white neck-cloth, dinner-bound, which makes you vow never to travel *en costume*, in *Hansome* again—who sees the spot, and who would concern themselves about it if they did? Not men who have got dinners to eat, or girls to flirt with, or anecdotes to ventilate with effect. Take it as a rule, O *Juvenis*, that we are all of us thinking about ourselves a great deal too much to think about you. You talk: you wish to display your knowledge, and you make a slip. You find it out yourself, and you are unhappy. You have an uneasy conception of the blunder almost as soon as you have made it; you are out in your geography, or your history, or you have given a wrong date; you consult a score of volumes when you get home, find that you really have blundered, and are miserable for a week under the impression that you have irremediably damaged your reputation, and henceforth will

be accounted an ass. You have found yourself out, my friend; but take my word for it, no one else has found you out; no one has discovered your blunder or given you and your talk a second thought. But we are not easily taught that however much we may think about ourselves, other people think very little about us; and that in most cases we make no more impression on society than a snow-flake on a tablet of stone.

This continual struggle about what others will think of you, this incessant inquietude concerning trifles is, I repeat, one of the main unhappinesses peculiar to youth. We gain our experience, even in the smallest matters, after much perturbation of spirit—much sore and grievous travail. I remember that when I first began to pay visits by myself, just after leaving school, I was terribly disquieted by the agonizing uncertainty as to what I ought to say to the servant who opened the door. The great question, concerning which there were such inward conflicts throughout the journey, was whether I ought to say, "Is Mr. Robinson at home?" or, "Is your master at home?" The only thing I cared to know was which was the most manly, man-about-town form of question to be addressed to the footman or the parlour-maid on opening the door. Of course, I only thought about myself, for the vanity of youth is egregiously selfish. I know, at all events, now, which is the form of question most pleasing to the door-opener; and I am quite content with that knowledge. It may be inquired, why should youth suffer itself to be made wretched by such doubts as these (and I have only cited one of many familiar illustrations that might be adduced), when it is so easy, in any circumstance of life, to ask some one older and more experienced than yourself, what is the right thing to do? A man who reasons in this wise can never have been young. "Easy!" Why, it is in youth the hardest thing in the world. Does youth ever confess ignorance—ever ask advice? It would rather die first! You or I may smile to see our boys assume the veteran air, and do things for the first time with an assumption of experience, as though they had been doing the same thing all their lives. But, if we look to our own early days, the feeling will be rather one of pity than amusement, for we shall remember how we ourselves suffered in this transition state, when we wore the *toga virilis* with a jaunty air, as though we were used to it, and it was continually tripping us up.

There is absolute misery in pretentiousness of all kinds, and youth is infinitely more pretentious than age. There are some men, perhaps, who never outlive their vanity; but, as a general rule, it may be maintained that the longer we live the less we care what others think of us, and the less we strive after effect. I do not mean to say that in these strivings of youth there may not be something good and noble—"strivings, because our nature is to strive." They are the outward expression of what the same poet calls "our inborn, uninstructed impulses"—the tentative, experimental action of powers immature and undecided. A young man feels that he has something in him, and, not knowing in what form Providence designs that it shall come forth, he is continually making outlets for it,

first in one direction, then in another, as though the whole circle of human knowledge were not too vast for his intellectual exploration. We are often, therefore, astounded by the audacity of youth; but we ought not to be offended by it. It is sure to bring its own punishment. To sow in vanity is to reap in mortification. We learn, in time, how little we can ever know, and how ridiculous we make ourselves by pretending to know everything. When a man has learnt to say, "I am as ignorant as a child on this or that subject;" or, "as powerless as a baby to do this or that thing," he has mastered one of the great difficulties of life; he has entered upon a new stage of his career. If, however, he says it boastingly, scornfully, he is a greater fool than if he pretended to know, and to be able to do, everything. To affect to consider the knowledge or the power, which we have not attained, not worth possessing is simply to write oneself an ass. There is no need, on the other hand, of any great parade of humility. You are a man. Be thankful for it. It is no humiliation that you are not a god. If your neighbour knows what you do not know, and can do what you cannot do, the chances are that you know and can do some things which are out of the circle of his potentiality. You do not know one star from the other, but you can put the *Sakootala* into Greek verse. You do not know the principle of the diving-bell, but you could fortify a city in accordance with the system of Cormantagne. You cannot ride across country to hounds, but you can take a round or two with the gloves with Jem Mace, and not have a worse appetite for your dinner. Be content, then; turn what you know and what you can do to the best possible account; and be neither elated because you know so much, nor depressed because you know so little.

If contentment of this kind contributes, as I believe it very greatly does, to our happiness, Age has a vast advantage over Youth. The great lesson of life, the one of all others best worth learning, is that which teaches us thoroughly to appreciate the fact of the little that we know. This is a lesson which no young person has ever yet learnt. There is no royal road to it. We come upon it, after a long journey and after sore travail, foot-sore, sunburnt, wind-stained, and bramble-torn. There is infinite satisfaction in it, when we acquire it at last. I came upon the great fact the other day, so quaintly and pleasantly put, that it made me happy for some time, almost beyond precedent—"Man is necessarily so much of a fool, that it would be a species of folly not to be a fool." It is Philosopher Pascal who writes this. As soon as ever you have made up your mind that you are a fool, and that it is altogether out of nature not to be a fool, a measureless calm descends upon you. The conviction, however, that, at the best, you are a very poor creature, need not prevent you from diligently striving to make yourself less poor. There are degrees of folly—different kinds of fools; and though the greatest of all is he who thinketh himself wise, not far behind him is he who does not strive to make himself as wise as he can. All knowledge is on high

worth, let a man but know it well. A "smattering" of this or that is not to be despised. "A little learning," say, for example, of surgery, *may* be the very reverse of "dangerous." The principle of the tourniquet, applied in the improvised shape of a pocket-handkerchief, has ere now saved a man from bleeding to death. But I believe we are of most use to our fellows by applying our little intellect to the mastery of some one subject. The word mastery must be understood only in a limited sense; for true it is, as Pascal justly philosophizes, that no man can know all that is to be known about any one subject, let him give his whole life to the study.

But still he may, as I have said, know quite enough of his one subject to make him very useful to his fellows, whilst it is the veriest accident if any one of his numerous smatterings is turned to profitable account. If a man devotes his life to the study of pin-making, and makes better pins than all the rest of the world, he by no means lives an unprofitable life. A pin is a very small thing. It is, indeed, a symbol of worthlessness. A "pin's fee" is held to be next to nothing. But civilized Humanity cannot do without pins; and the inventor of a new pin—say, for example, a pin that will fasten without pricking or scratching—would be fairly entitled to take rank among the benefactors of mankind. Any one who does something better than every one else is to be accounted one of the men of the age; whilst your would-be admirable Crichtons, who squander their strength on many vain things, are condemned to rot on Lethe's wharf, as utterly unprofitable servants.

But we must take care that this concentration of ourselves does not betray us into an error to which, I am afraid, our natural egotism is prone. I have glanced at this above, but it demands more than a passing allusion. We must take care that we do not come in time so to narrow our sympathies, by continually dwelling upon our pins, as to believe that the world has nothing else worth living for—that mankind is divided into only two races of men, the makers and the consumers of pins, and that all beyond the great material fact of pindom is mere surplusage and refuse. Your calling may be something higher than that of making pins, or you may think that it is—still, your egotism is equally absurd. Was the world made only that you should take cities, or discover comets, or put odds and ends of mortality together as the framework of extinct mammalia? You may not quite think that; but you may err after a like fashion, though not in the same degree. It is the commonest thing for men to attach undue importance to their own pursuits, and in like proportion to undervalue, somewhat scornfully perhaps, the pursuits of others. It is a foolish, small-minded thing to do, and the meaner the occupation is, I am inclined to think, the greater the store that is set by it. No honest occupation is in itself mean; but some pursuits are doubtless less ennobling than others; and money-making, for the mere sake of making money, is not, perhaps, the very highest. Now you will find that the conversation of men, whose main object in life it is to make money, runs continually upon this one subject, or is interlarded with references to it. I confess

that when I ask about this or that man, I do not, as a matter of course, wish to be told "what he is worth"—worth in this case representing the money value of the man and nothing else. When I was a younger man than I am now, these utterly irrelevant allusions to the length of a man's purse put me sorely out of temper. But this was a mistake upon my part, almost as great as that which so much annoyed me. What right had I to be annoyed? I can hear men talk now-a-days about money-making without any feeling of contempt. When I ask about Mr. Brown, or Sir John Jones, wishing to know what sort of neighbour he is, whether he is hospitable and liberal, whether he gives to the poor, whether he is well-read, well-informed, a scholar, and a gentleman, I confess that I do not much care to be told that he has 12,000*l.* a year landed property, or that he made half a million by railway contracts. But why should I go fuming and fretting and blustering to myself all the way home, and vowing that I will never dine with Nummosus again, because he will apply the money standard to everything, and talk as though there were nothing but *£ s. d.* in the world? It is foolish, I say, in him to talk in this strain—but it is more foolish in me to be vexed about it. Nummosus is an excellent fellow—"warm," too; he knows what he is talking about. And who am I that I should go gascnading after this fashion and endeavouring to persuade myself that the money element has nothing to do with it? If there be one thing which we are all sure to learn by growing old, it is that the money element has everything to do with it. I was shocked when I was a young man, because the first question asked, in my presence, on the arrival of news of a great fire, was whether the buildings and contents were insured. No thought of human life, of homes made desolate, of wives made widows, of children fatherless, disturbed the hearts of the inquirers. I do not expect now, in such a case, to hear any other question. I have just read, in Beamish's *Life of Isambard Brunel*, that when news was brought to him that his Battersea Sawmills were burnt down, his only question was, "Is any one hurt?" Nummosus will tell you, perhaps, that the works were well insured. I will not so read the anecdote of the great engineer—but I am afraid that it must be regarded as an exceptional manifestation of humanity, and that material property, for the most part, enters into the calculation long before human life.

But I have been led by all this out of the line which I had purposed to follow. I desired to show that one of the great advantages of mature life is, that we cease from those strivings after the mastery of many things, which end in disappointment and mortification; that we learn to measure our own powers aright; to know how little we can do; how small the space we occupy in the world. I do not know that there is anything in the delusions of youth which contributes so much to happiness as this power of self-measurement, and the calm self-reliance which attends it.

"Men say we lose

As we ascend life's green hill-side much more
Than we can ever gain, and oft deplore

'Their youth and their brave hopes all dead and gone.'

Yet would I, were the offer made, refuse,
As one content to reap what he has sown,
To give for youth, with all its hopes and fears,
Its restless yearning after things unknown,
The self-reliance of maturer years?"

I cannot say how thoroughly my own heart echoes all this. When you know what you can do and what you cannot do—what you are and what you are not—the voyage of life is comparatively smooth sailing. You cease to be disturbed by vain anxieties and restless discontents. You may have failed, or you may have succeeded; but, anyhow, be it success or be it failure, it is a *fait accompli*; you accept your position, and you are, at all events, tranquil. It is with life in the concrete as with the separate incidents of life. You may get rid of a disturbing impression—of a painful anxiety with respect to something of a vague and uncertain issue, by passing over all the intermediate lesser stages of evil, and looking the worst possible contingency in the face. The inspired writer, in that grand old epic known as the Book of Job, wishing to describe a vision of the night supremely terrible and awe-inspiring, makes the patriarch to say that he "could not discern the shape thereof." The spectral horror culminated in the indistinctness of the thing. So is it in the ordinary affairs of life. It is the formless and conjectural that disturb us. Failure itself is far better than the fear of failure. We can reconcile ourselves to it when it comes. But the common lot of life is neither to succeed nor to fail, but to hit the line of mediocrity, half-way between success and failure. Whatever it may be, the only real wisdom and the only real happiness consists in reconciling yourself to it, with boundless faith that it is all right. As long as having the third or fourth place, you believe that you ought to have the first or second, you are a wretch, and there is no peace for you. But men who have lived forty or fifty years in the world, have generally had this sort of nonsense knocked out of them. They have, for the most part, learnt to believe, what young men are very prone to deny, that the world is, on the whole, tolerably just to its inmates, and that most men get pretty well what they deserve. Neglected merit is, in reality, a much rarer thing than we believe at the outset of life. At five-and-twenty, a man often thinks that all the world is in a conspiracy against him. At five-and-forty, he acknowledges that the only conspirators have been his indolence and his incapacity,—or, perhaps, his presumption and self-conceit. He ceases then to give way to vain repinings, and humbly, thankfully acknowledges that his slender merits have met with ample reward.

I heard it said, not long ago, by a man whose opinion I very much respect, that in the maturity of our years we are much more impressionable, much more easily stabbed and lacerated by external circumstances, and that our wounds much less readily heal, than in the elastic season of youth. I cannot say how heartily I dissent from this as a general proposition. It is not to be denied that if a man of fifty is fairly knocked

down on the road of life, he does not pick himself up so readily as a man of five-and-twenty. But these knock-down blows are very rarely delivered. Life is made up of small joys and small sorrows; and the longer we live, the better we learn not to disturb ourselves about trifles. A man who has fought the battle of life—who has encountered some stern realities in the course of his career—is not very likely to suffer himself to be made wretched by imaginary evils. Above all, as I have before said, he is not, as inexperience is, continually fretted by the thought of what others are thinking of him. He is assured of his position. He knows what it is, and whence it is derived, and he does not disturb himself about circumstances which do not really affect it. And so with regard to the real evils of life—with an increase of years comes an increase of faith—we have somehow or other, even when our troubles are at the worst, an assured conviction that we shall surmount them. The past gives us confidence in the future. We have lived down other troubles, and shall we not live down these? So I think that whilst in advanced years we are much less prone than in youth to disturb ourselves about imaginary evils, we have far more strength to contend with real ones, and far more faith to live them down. It will be suggested, perhaps, that over and above all this, there is the fact that we grow care-hardened—that the continual attrition of trouble renders us less sensitive, less alive to its influence. But I would fain take a higher view of the matter than this; and believe that this larger and sustaining patience of maturer years proceeds from an increased knowledge of ourselves and an increased faith in the goodness of God.

And it is this knowledge, this faith, which leads us to cease from all vague repinings and regrets. It is hard to say how much misery men make for themselves by lamenting either that circumstances had not worked differently for their good, or that they themselves had not done differently. But, in all probability, the circumstances which we deplore are just those which have most contributed to our advancement; and that the way in which we have gone about our work is the only one in which we could have done it at all. To take the illustration that comes most readily—a mean and familiar one, perhaps, but sufficiently suggestive,—am I, when I have finished this essay, to regret that I did not write it in a different way—that I did not apply myself more steadily and perseveringly to it—never once turning aside or suffering myself to be distracted from my work, instead of getting up every five minutes, going to the window, strolling into another room, drawing faces on the blotting-paper, reading the newspaper, and deviating into other irregularities. Of what use is it to say that I should have written the essay sooner, and that it would have been much better when written, if I had done none of these things? I have the profoundest possible conviction that I could not have done it in any other way.

“I am broken and trained
To my old habits. They are part of me.”



So, too, in the larger concerns of life, we may be sure that our way of doing our work is a part of ourselves, that we could not have done otherwise, any more than we could have *been* otherwise, taller, stronger, or cleverer than we are.

And then as to repinings—vain, idle complaints that circumstances have not been favourable to us; that if this or that *thing* had not happened, how different it would have been! Ay, different! but let it not be assumed that to be different is, to be better. One of the lessons which we learn by growing old is that all things work together, not for evil, but for good. Let us think calmly and quietly of the reverses which we have sustained at different periods of our lives; of the disappointments which we have encountered; of accidents, which, at the time of their occurrence, we considered to be gigantic calamities. How small they appear even in themselves, looking at them as we approach the summit of the hill of life. But think of them in connection with later events and with your present position, and the chances are that you will come to recognize them as “blessings in disguise.” I heard only last night of a man who owed everything to a heavy blow in early life. He wished, when he married, to insure his life, but the Offices rejected him. This made him careful and thrifty; and the end was that he died at the age of eighty-five, worth a quarter of a million. It will be often thus. By some grand reverse of fortune, in your boyhood, perhaps, you were left to struggle broad-breasted against the stream of life, instead of quietly floating down with the current: you were cast upon your own resources, compelled to put forth your own strength, with nothing to aid you but your God-given manhood, and lo! the result. Are you not wiser, greater, perhaps richer, for the reverse which in early youth you so often lamented? I speak only in the plain, sober, demonstrable language of truth, when I say that I owe everything, humanly speaking, that makes life dear to me, to a reverse of fortune in my boyhood. Hard work has been my heritage. I shudder to think what I might have been if existence had gone more smoothly with me—if action had not encountered passion in the great battle of life; in a word, if I had had more leisure to be wicked. It is a common case. Our very misfortunes save us. It may seem very hard at the time. Some one has got your heritage, as far as money makes heritages, and you bewail your miserable lot; but there is one heritage to which no man can play the part of Jacob, and be even once a supplanter—the heritage of your own strong arm, or your own strong brain. To be “lord of yourself” is not to have “a heritage of woe.” The real heritage of woe is *not* to be lord of yourself, but to be lorded over by wealth, by luxury, or by pride. If a man is really lord of himself, there is very little woe in his portion. Almost all the real evils of life come to us from a want of self-domination. As a general rule, it may be said that the more a man has to do, the more he is master of himself. The best heritage, therefore, that a man can have is *Work*. He who laments that hard fate has compelled him to work is little better than a fool.

Again, it is to be observed that as we grow old, we arrive at a just conception of the great truth that the pains and pleasures of life are pretty equally distributed over the world. We come to learn that if in some one respect Providence has been more chary of her favours to us than to our friends, that in others we have had our full share, or more than our full share—good measure, perhaps, pressed down and running over. If money has been scanty, we have enjoyed a large measure of health. If we have been disappointed in our pursuit of fame, we have been compensated by a rich portion of love. We are sure to find our compensation somewhere. And looking at the lives of our neighbours shall we not perceive that if they have escaped some peculiar sufferings which we have been compelled to bear, they have some sorrows of their own from which we ourselves are exempt? My brother has a better house than I have; he has more servants to minister to him; he has more money in the funds;—but my children are healthier than his: thanks be to God, the doctor seldom darkens my doors. Why, then, should I complain? We all suffer—high and low, man and brute. I take up, as I write, a little red book about *Garibaldi at Caprera*—not in any hope of finding a thought or an illustration to aid me, but in the indulgence of a desultory habit of which I have spoken above—and I come upon a passage about the great liberator and his cows. The “cows,” we are told by Colonel Vecchi, were sick, nigh unto death, from eating a poisonous herb called the *ferola*, and Garibaldi administered to them lumps of sugar and sage precepts at the same time. “Poor things,” he said, “you also have your sufferings: dreadful bodily pains instead of heartaches! Have not I also my *ferola* in the bad treatment of my comrades in arms, and in the sufferings of the people in Rome and Venetia?” No doubt We all have our own particular *ferola*. We all have some subtle poison or other working into our blood. But I am not sure that, if I had been Garibaldi’s Boswell, I should have told this story. Real wisdom consists not in seeking occasions to convince ourselves, or to convince others, that we have suffered like our neighbours of the human or of the brute family: but in consoling ourselves with the reflection that we have enjoyments like unto theirs. If Garibaldi had seen his cows one day ruminating in the sun, and had apostrophized them, saying, “Happy creatures! you have your delights! And have not I too basked in the sun? Has it not been mine to chew the cud of sweet fancies? Have I not ruminated—humbly, but thankfully—over the applause of a free people; the love of noble natures; the liberty God has suffered me, weak instrument as I am, to achieve for a great and a grateful nation?” Would it not be pleasanter, I say, to look at this side of the stuff, than at the frayed ends suggesting that poisonous *ferola*? Let us all think of the beatitudes that are continually hovering above us. Let us so believe in them—

“That neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men;
Nor greetings where no kindness is; nor all

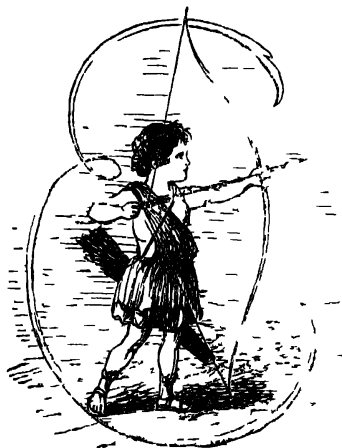
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our settled faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings."

The poet, as all men know, writes of the great solace of external nature. I too have pondered these same things, and on the same spot. But it is not permitted to working men, save in blessed autumnal holidays, to throw up praises and thanksgivings skywards from the dear banks of the "sylvan Wye." Still, may not we carry the same philosophy into our offices and counting-houses, or something even still better? For I hold that even in this Wordsworthian passage there is something of paradox and contradiction, arising from the incompleteness of the poet's faith in the doctrine which he professes. Why, in a world so full of blessings, is the intercourse of daily life to be accounted dreary? In the commonest things and in the most commonplace people, there is something to interest, if we do not wilfully close our eyes against it. It is our own fault if we do not see it. It is our own egotism that blinds us. If we could be successfully couched for that moral cataract, we should see plainly that it is not a dreary desert, but a cheerful garden, that stretches out before us, even in the most beaten paths of unexciting town life. Those "thoroughly uninteresting," "slow fellows," whom we meet every day, and whom Adolescents so despises, have all their own little romances; their hearts throb as quickly as our own; there is tenderness of feeling, chivalry of sentiment, beneath the outer crust; and perhaps the most where you least look to find it.

And through this fuller recognition of the deep human interest that underlies the great expanse of Common-place, increase of years brings us increase of happiness. We enlarge our sympathies as we grow old;—the scales of egotism fall from our eyes, and we see an inner life of beauty and benignity beneath what is outwardly unattractive and unpromising. I know nothing in the blundering, puppy-blind, self-importance of youth, for which I would give this deeper insight into life—this enlarged love of humanity. Of course, there is another love greater still, of which this human love is but a part; and it must not be thought that I ignore it if I do not speak of it here. If it does not grow broader, and strike deeper, as we advance in life, we grow old to very little purpose. But it is not for me to write of these things;—and my space is exhausted. I have but thrown up a few chance thoughts—looking at the subject in its worldly aspects; and even in that light there is far more to say of it than I have attempted to say in this humble essay. What I have said, I have at least said gratefully and reverently; and I hope that it may bring comfort and contentment to the minds of others, who, like me, have just awakened to the thought that they are Growing Old.

Roundabout Papers.—No. XX.

THE NOTCH ON THE AXE.—A STORY À LA MODE. PART I.



VERY one remembers in the Fourth Book of the immortal poem of your Blind Bard, (to whose sightless orbs no doubt Glorious Shapes were apparent, and Visions Celestial,) how Adam discourses to Eve of the Bright Visitors who hovered round their Eden—

‘Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep.’

“‘How often,’ says Father Adam, ‘from the steep of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard celestial voices to the midnight air, sole, or responsive to each other’s notes, singing!’ After

the Act of Disobedience, when the erring pair from Eden took their solitary way, and went forth to toil and trouble on common earth—though the Glorious Ones no longer were visible, you cannot say they were gone? It was not that the Bright Ones were absent, but that the dim eyes of rebel man no longer could see them. In your chamber hangs a picture of one whom you never knew, but whom you have long held in tenderest regard, and who was painted for you by a friend of mine, the Knight of Plympton. She communes with you. She smiles on you. When your spirits are low, her bright eyes shine on you and cheer you. Her innocent sweet smile is a caress to you. She never fails to soothe you with her speechless prattle. You love her. She is alive with you. As you extinguish your candle and turn to sleep, though your eyes see her not, is she not there still smiling? As you lie in the night awake, and thinking of your duties, and the morrow’s inevitable toil oppressing the busy, weary, wakeful brain as with a remorse, the crackling fire flashes up for a moment in the grate, and she is there, your little Beauteous Maiden, smiling with her sweet eyes! When moon is down, when fire is out, when curtains are drawn, when lids are closed, is she not there, the little Beautiful One, though invisible, present and smiling still? Friend, the Unseen Ones are round about us. Does it not seem as if the time were drawing near when it shall be given to men to behold them?”

The print of which my friend spoke, and which, indeed, hangs in my

room, though he has never been there, is that charming little winter piece of Sir Joshua, representing the little Lady Caroline Montagu, afterwards Duchess of Buccleuch. She is represented as standing in the midst of a winter landscape, wrapped in muff and cloak; and she looks out of her picture with a smile so exquisite that a Herod could not see her without being charmed.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Pinto," I said to the person with whom I was conversing. (I wonder, by the way, that I was not surprised at his knowing how fond I am of this print.) "You spoke of the Knight of Plympton. Sir Joshua died, 1792: and you say he was your dear friend?"

As I spoke I chanced to look at Mr. Pinto; and then it suddenly struck me: Gracious powers! Perhaps you *are* a hundred years old, now I think of it. You look more than a hundred. Yes, you may be a thousand years old for what I know. Your teeth are false. One eye is evidently false. Can I say that the other is not? If a man's age may be calculated by the rings round his eyes, this man may be as old as Methuselah. He has no beard. He wears a large curly glossy brown wig, and his eyebrows are painted a deep olive-green. It was odd to hear this man, this walking mummy, talking sentiment, in these queer old chambers in Shepherd's Inn.

Pinto passed a yellow bandanna handkerchief over his awful white teeth, and kept his glass eye steadily fixed on me. "Sir Joshua's friend?" said he (you perceive, eluding my direct question). "Is not every one that knows his pictures Reynolds's friend? Suppose I tell you that I have been in his painting room scores of times, and that his sister Thé has made me tea, and his sister Toffy has made coffee for me? You will only say I am an old ombog." (Mr. Pinto, I remarked, spoke all languages with an accent equally foreign.) "Suppose I tell you that I knew Mr. Sam Johnson, and did not like him? that I was at that very ball at Madame Cornelis', which you have mentioned in one of your little—what do you call them?—bah! my memory begins to fail me—in one of your little Whirligig Papers? Suppose I tell you that Sir Joshua has been here, in this very room?"

"Have you, then, had these apartments for—more—than—seventy years?" I asked.

"They look as if they had not been swept for that time—don't they? Hey? I did not say that I had them for seventy years, but that Sir Joshua has visited me here."

"When?" I asked, eyeing the man sternly, for I began to think he was an impostor.

He answered me with a glance still more stern: "Sir Joshua Reynolds was here this very morning, with Angelica Kauffmann, and Mr. Oliver Goldschmidt. He is still very much attached to Angelica, who still does not care for him. Because he is dead (and I was in the fourth mourning coach at his funeral) is that any reason why he should not come

back to earth again? My good sir, you are laughing at me. He has sat many a time on that very chair which you are occupying. There are several spirits in the room now, whom you cannot see. Excuse me." Here he turned round as if he was addressing somebody, and began rapidly speaking a language unknown to me. "It is Arabic," he said; "a bad patois, I own. I learned it in Barbary, when I was a prisoner amongst the Moors. In anno 1609, bin ick aldus ghekledt gheghaen. Ha! you doubt me: look at me well. At least I am like——"

Perhaps some of my readers remember a paper of which the figure of a man carrying a barrel formed the initial letter, and which I copied from an old spoon now in my possession. As I looked at Mr. Pinto I do declare he looked so like the figure on that old piece of plate that I started and felt very uneasy. "Ha!" said he, laughing through his false teeth (I declare they were false—I could see utterly toothless gums working up and down behind the pink coral), "you see I wore a beard den; I am shaved now; perhaps you tink I am a *spoon*. Ha, ha!" And as he laughed he gave a cough which I thought would have coughed his teeth out, his glass eye out, his wig off, his very head off; but he stopped this convulsion by stumping across the room and seizing a little bottle of bright pink medicine, which, being opened, spread a singular acrid aromatic odour through the apartment; and I thought I saw—but of this I cannot take an affirmation—a light green and violet flame flickering round the neck of the phial as he opened it. By the way, from the peculiar stumping noise which he made in crossing the bare-boarded apartment, I knew at once that my strange entertainer had a wooden leg. Over the dust which lay quite thick on the boards, you could see the mark of one foot very neat and pretty, and then a round O, which was naturally the impression made by the wooden stump. I own I had a queer thrill as I saw that mark, and felt a secret comfort that it was not *cloven*.

In this desolate apartment in which Mr. Pinto had invited me to see him, there were three chairs, one bottomless, a little table on which you might put a breakfast-tray, and not a single other article of furniture. In the next room, the door of which was open, I could see a magnificent gilt dressing-case, with some splendid diamond and ruby shirt-studs lying by it, and a chest of drawers, and a cupboard apparently full of clothes.

Remembering him in Baden Baden in great magnificence, I wondered at his present denuded state. "You have a house elsewhere, Mr. Pinto?" I said.

"Many," says he. "I have apartments in many cities. I lock dem up, and do not carry mosh logish."

I then remembered that his apartment at Baden, where I first met him, was bare, and had no bed in it.

"There is, then, a sleeping-room beyond?"

"This is the sleeping-room." (He pronounces it *dis*). Can this, by the way, give any clue to the nationality of this singular man?)

"If you sleep on these two old chairs you have a rickety couch; if on the floor, a dusty one."

"Suppose I sleep up dere?" said this strange man, and he actually pointed up to the ceiling. I thought him mad, or what he himself called an ombog. "I know. You do not believe me; for why should I deceive you? I came but to propose a matter of business to you. I told you I could give you the clue to the mystery of the *Two Children in Black*, whom we met at Baden, and you came to see me. If I told you you would not believe me. What for try and convinz you? Ha hey?" And he shook his hand once, twice, thrice, at me, and glared at me out of his eye in a peculiar way.

Of what happened now I protest I cannot give an accurate account. It seemed to me that there shot a flame from his eye into my brain, whilst behind his *glass* eye there was a green illumination as if a candle had been lit in it. It seemed to me that from his long fingers two quivering flames issued, sputtering, as it were, which penetrated me, and forced me back into one of the chairs—the broken one—out of which I had much difficulty in scrambling, when the strange glamour was ended. It seemed to me that, when I was so fixed, so transfixed in the broken chair, the man floated up to the ceiling, crossed his legs, folded his arms as if he was lying on a sofa, and grinned down at me. When I came to myself he was down from the ceiling, and, taking me out of the broken cane-bottomed chair, kindly enough—"Bah!" said he, "it is the smell of my medicine. It often gives the vertigo. I thought you would have had a little fit. Come into the open air." And we went down the steps, and into Shepherd's Inn, where the setting sun was just shining on the statue of Shepherd; the laundresses were trapesing about; the porters were leaning against the railings; and the clerks were playing at marbles, to my inexpressible consolation.

"You said ou were going to dine at the Gray's-inn Coffee-house," he said. I was. I often dine there. There is excellent wine at the Gray's-inn Coffee-house; but I declare I NEVER SAID SO. I was not astonished at his remark; no more astonished than if I was in a dream. Perhaps I *was* in a dream. Is life a dream? Are dreams facts? Is sleeping being really awake? I don't know. I tell you I am puzzled. I have read *The Woman in White*, *The Strange Story*—not to mention that story stranger than fiction in the *Cornhill Magazine*—that story for which THREE credible witnesses are ready to vouch. I have read that Article in *The Times* about Mr. Foster. I have had messages from the dead; and not only from the dead, but from people who never existed at all. I own I am in a state of much bewilderment: but, if you please, will proceed with my simple, my artless story.

Well, then. We passed from Shepherd's Inn into Holborn, and looked for a while at Woodgate's bric-à-brac shop, which I never can pass without delaying at the windows—indeed, if I were going to be hung, I would beg the cart to stop, and let me have one look more at that delightful

omnium gatherum. And passing Woodgate's, we come to Gale's little shop, No. 47, which is also a favourite haunt of mine.

Mr. Gale happened to be at his door, and as we exchanged salutations, "Mr. Pinto," I said, "will you like to see a real curiosity in this curiosity shop? Step into Mr. Gale's little back room."

In that little back parlour there are Chinese gongs; there are old Saxo and Sèvres plates; there is Furstenberg, Carl. Theodor, Worcester, Amstel, Nankin and other jincrockery. And in the corner what do you think there is? There is an actual GUILLOTINE. If you doubt me, go and see—Gale, High Holborn, No. 47. It is a slim instrument, much slighter than those which they make now;—some nine feet high, narrow, a pretty piece of upholstery enough. There is the hook over which the rope used to play which unloosened the dreadful axe above; and look! dropped into the orifice where the head used to go—there is THE AXE itself, all rusty, with A GREAT NOTCH IN THE BLADE.

As Pinto looked at it—Mr. Gale was not in the room, I recollect—happening to have been just called out by a customer who offered him three pound fourteen and sixpence for a blue Shepherd in *pâte tendre*,—Mr. Pinto gave a little start, and seemed *crispé* for a moment. Then he looked steadily towards one of those great porcelain stools which you see in gardens—and—it seemed to me—I tell you I won't take my affidavit—I may have been maddened by the six glasses I took of that pink elixir—I may have been sleep-walking: perhaps am as I write now—I may have been under the influence of that astounding MEDIUM into whose hands I had fallen—but I vow I heard Pinto say, with rather a ghastly grin at the porcelain stool,

"Nay, nefer shague your gory locks at me,
Doe canst not say I did it."

(He pronounced it, by the way, I *dit* it, by which I *know* that Pinto was a German).

I heard Pinto say those very words, and sitting on the porcelain stool I saw, dimly at first, then with an awful distinctness—a ghost—an *eidolon*—a form—A HEADLESS MAN seated, with his head in his lap, which wore an expression of piteous surprise.

At this minute, Mr. Gale entered from the front shop to show a customer some delf plates; and he did not see—but *we did*—the figure rise up from the porcelain stool, shake its head, which it held in its hand, and which kept its eyes fixed sadly on us, and disappear behind the guillotine.

"Come to the Gray's-inn Coffee-house," Pinto said, "and I will tell you how *the notch came to the axe*," And we walked down Holborn at about thirty-seven minutes past six o'clock.

If there is anything in the above statement, which astonishes the reader, I promise him that in the next chapter of this little story, he will be astonished still more.



PATERFAMILIAS.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1862.

Philip.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RES ANGUSTA DOMI.



O reconcile these two men was impossible, after such a quarrel as that described in the last chapter. The only chance of peace was to keep the two men apart. If they met, they would fly at each other. Mugford always persisted that he could have got the better of his great hulking sub-editor, who did not know the use of his fists. In Mugford's youthful time, bruising was a fashionable art; and the old gentleman still believed in his own skill and prowess. "Don't tell me," he would say; "though the fellar is as big as a life-guardsmen, I would have doubled him up in two minutes."

I am very glad, for poor Charlotte's sake and his own, that Philip did not undergo the doubling-up process. He himself felt such a wrath and surprise at his employer as, I suppose, a lion does when a little dog attacks him. I should not like to be that little dog; nor does my modest and peaceful nature at all prompt and impel me to combat with lions.

It was mighty well Mr. Philip Firmin had shown his spirit and quarrelled with his bread-and-butter; but when Saturday came, that philanthropist would hand four sovereigns and four shillings over to Mr. F., as Mr. Burjoyce, the publisher of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, had been accustomed

to do? I will say for my friend that a still keener remorse than that which he felt about money thrown away attended him when he found that Mrs. Woolsey, towards whom he had cast a sidelong stone of persecution, was a most respectable and honourable lady. "I should like to go, sir, and grovel before her," Philip said, in his energetic way. "If I see that tailor, I will request him to put his foot on my head, and trample on me with his highlows. Oh, for shame! for shame! Shall I never learn charity towards my neighbours, and always go on believing in the lies which people tell me? When I meet that scoundrel Trail at the club, I must chastise him. How dared he take away the reputation of an honest woman?" Philip's friends besought him, for the sake of society and peace, not to carry this quarrel farther. "If," we said, "every woman whom Trail has maligned had a champion who should box Trail's ears at the club, what a vulgar, quarrelsome place that club would become! My dear Philip, did you ever know Mr. Trail say a good word of man or woman?" and by these or similar entreaties and arguments, we succeeded in keeping the Queen's peace.

Yes: but how find another *Pall Mall Gazette*? Had Philip possessed seven thousand pounds in the three per cents., his income would have been no greater than that which he drew from Mugford's faithful bank. Ah! how wonderful ways and means are! When I think how this very line, this very word, which I am writing represents money, I am lost in a respectful astonishment. A man takes his own case, as he says his own prayers, on behalf of himself and his family. I am paid, we will say, for the sake of illustration, at the rate of sixpence per line. With the words "Ah, how wonderful," to the words "per line," I can buy a loaf, a piece of butter, a jug of milk, a modicum of tea,—actually enough to make breakfast for the family; and the servants of the house; and the charwoman, *their* servant, can shake up the tea-leaves with a fresh supply of water, sop the crusts, and get a meal, *tant bien que mal*. Wife, children, guests, servants, charwoman, we are all actually making a meal off Philip Firmin's bones as it were. And my next-door neighbour, whom I see spinning away to chambers, umbrella in hand? And next door but one the city man? And next door but two the doctor!—I know the baker has left loaves at every one of their doors this morning, that all their chimnies are smoking, and they will all have breakfast. Ah, thank God for it! I hope, friend, you and I are not too proud to ask for our daily bread, and to be grateful for getting it? Mr. Philip had to work for his, in care and trouble, like other children of men:—to work for it, and I hope to pray for it, too. It is a thought to me awful and beautiful, that of the daily prayer, and of the myriads of fellow-men uttering it, in care and in sickness, in doubt and in poverty, in health and in wealth. *Panem nostrum da nobis hodie*. Philip whispers it by the bedside where wife and child lie sleeping, and goes to his early labour with a stouter heart: as he creeps to his rest when the day's labour is over, and the quotidian bread is earned, and breathes his hushed thanks to the bountiful Giver of the meal.

All over this world what an endless chorus is singing of love, and thanks, and prayer. Day tells to day the wondrous story, and night recounts it into night.— How do I come to think of a sunrise which I saw near twenty years ago on the Nile, when the river and sky flushed and glowed with the dawning light, and as the luminary appeared, the boatmen knelt on the rosy deck, and adored Allah? So, as thy sun rises, friend, over the humble housetops round about your home, shall you wake many and many a day to duty and labour. May the task have been honestly done when the night comes; and the steward deal kindly with the labourer.

So two of Philip's cables cracked and gave way after a very brief strain, and the poor fellow held by nothing now but that wonderful *European Review* established by the mysterious Tregarvan. Actors, a people of superstitions and traditions, opine that heaven, in some mysterious way, makes managers for their benefit. In like manner, *Review* proprietors are sent to provide the pabulum for us men of letters. With what complacency did my wife listen to the somewhat long-winded and pompous oratory of Tregarvan! He pompous and commonplace? Mr. Tregarvan spoke with excellent good sense. That wily woman never showed she was tired of his conversation. She praised him to Philip behind his back, and would not allow a word in his disparagement. As a doctor will punch your chest, your liver, your heart, listen at your lungs, squeeze your pulse, and what not, so this practitioner studied, shampoosed, auscultated Tregarvan. Of course, he allowed himself to be operated upon. Of course, he had no idea that the lady was flat-tering, wheedling, humbugging him; but thought that he was a very well-informed, eloquent man, who had seen and read a great deal, and had an agreeable method of imparting his knowledge, and that the lady in question was a sensible woman, naturally eager for more information. Go, Dalilah! I understand your tricks! I know many another Omphale in London, who will coax Hercules away from his club, to come and listen to her wheedling talk.

One great difficulty we had was to make Philip read Tregarvan's own articles in the *Review*. He at first said he could not, or that he could not remember them; so that there was no use in reading them. And Philip's new master used to make artful allusions to his own writings in the course of conversation, so that our unwary friend would find himself under examination in any casual interview with Tregarvan, whose opinions on free-trade, malt-tax, income-tax, designs of Russia, or what not, might be accepted or denied, but ought at least to be known. We actually made Philip get up his owner's articles. We put questions to him, privily, regarding them—"coached" him, according to the university phrase. My wife humbugged that wretched Member of Parliament in a way which makes me shudder, when I think of what hypocrisy the sex is capable. Those arts and dissimulations with which she wheedles others, suppose she exercise them on me? Horrible thought! No, angel! To others thou

mayest be a coaxing hypocrite; to me thou art all candour. *Other men may have been humbugged by other women; but I am not to be taken in by that sort of thing; and thou art all candour!*

We had then so much per annum as editor. We were paid, besides, for our articles. We had really a snug little pension out of this *Review*, and we prayed it might last for ever. We might write a novel. We might contribute articles to a daily paper; get a little parliamentary practice as a barrister. We actually did get Philip into a railway case or two, and my wife must be coaxing and hugging solicitors' ladies, as she had wheedled and coaxed Members of Parliament. Why, I do believe my Dalilah set up a flirtation with old Bishop Crossticks, with an idea of getting her *protégé* a living; and though the lady indignantly repudiates this charge, will she be pleased to explain how the bishop's sermons were so outrageously praised in the *Review*?

* Philip's roughness and frankness did not displease Tregarvan, to the wonder of us all, who trembled lest he should lose this as he had lost his former place. Mr. Tregarvan had more country-houses than one, and at these not only was the editor of the *Review* made welcome, but the editor's wife and children, whom Tregarvan's wife took in especial regard. In London, Lady Mary had assemblies, where our little friend Charlotte made her appearance; and half-a-dozen times in the course of the season the wealthy Cornish gentleman feasted his retainers of the *Review*. His wine was excellent and old; his jokes were old, too; his table pompous, grave, plentiful. If Philip was to eat the bread of dependence, the loaf was here very kindly prepared for him; and he ate it humbly, and with not too much grumbling. This diet chokes some proud stomachs and disagrees with them; but Philip was very humble now, and of a nature grateful for kindness. He is one who requires the help of friends, and can accept benefits without losing independence—not all men's gifts, but some men's, whom he repays not only with coin, but with an immenso affection and gratitude. How that man did laugh at my witticisms! How he worshiped the ground on which my wife walked! He elected himself our champion. He quarrelled with other people, who found fault with our characters, or would not see our perfections. There was something affecting in the way in which this big man took the humble place. We could do no wrong in his eyes; and woe betide the man who spoke disparagingly of us in his presence!

One day, at his patron's table, Philip exercised his valour and championship in our behalf by defending us against the evil speaking of that Mr. Trail, who has been mentioned before as a gentleman difficult to please, and credulous of ill regarding his neighbour. The talk happened to fall upon the character of the reader's most humble servant, and Trail, as may be imagined, spared me no more than the rest of mankind. Would you like to be liked by all people? That would be a reason why Trail should hate you. Were you an angel fresh dropped from the skies, he would espay dirt on your robe, and a black feather or two

in your wing. As for me, I know I am not angelical at all; and in walking my native earth, can't help a little mud on my trowsers. Well: Mr. Trail began to paint my portrait, laying on those dark shadows which that well-known master is in the habit of employing. I was a parasite of the nobility; I was a heartless sycophant, house-breaker, drunkard, murderer, returned convict, &c. &c. With a little imagination, Mrs. Candour can fill up the outline, and arrange the colours so as to suit her amiable fancy.

Philip had come late to dinner:—of *this* fault, I must confess, he is guilty only too often. The company were at table; he took the only place vacant, and this happened to be at the side of Mr. Trail. On Trail's other side was a portly individual, of a healthy and rosy countenance and voluminous white waistcoat, to whom Trail directed much of his amiable talk, and whom he addressed once or twice as Sir John. Once or twice already we have seen how Philip has quarrelled at table. He cried *mea culpa* loudly and honestly enough. He made vows of reform in this particular. He succeeded, dearly beloved brethren, not much worse or better than you and I do, who confess our faults, and go on promising to improve, and stumbling and picking ourselves up every day. The pavement of life is strewn with orange-peel; and who has not slipped on the flags?

"He is the most conceited man in London,"—Trail was going on, "and one of the most worldly. He will throw over a colonel to dine with a general. He wouldn't throw over you two baronets—he is a great deal too shrewd a fellow for that. He wouldn't give you up, perhaps, to dine with a lord; but any ordinary baronet he would."

"And why not us as well as the rest?" asks Tregarvan, who seemed amused at the speaker's chatter.

"Because you are not like common baronets at all. Because your estates are a great deal too large. Because, I suppose, you might either of you go to the Upper House any day. Because, as an author, he may be supposed to be afraid of a certain *Review*," cries Trail, with a loud laugh.

"Trail is speaking of a friend of yours," cried Sir John, nodding and smiling, to the new comer.

"Very lucky for my friend," growls Philip, and eats his soup in silence.

"By the way, that article of his on Madame de Sevigné is poor stuff. No knowledge of the period. Three gross blunders in French. A man can't write of French society unless he has lived in French society. What does Pendennis know of it? A man who makes blunders like those can't understand French. A man who can't speak French can't get on in French society. Therefore he can't write about French society. All these propositions are clear enough. Thank you. Dry champagne, if you please. He is enormously over-rated, I tell you: and so is his wife. They used to put her forward as a beauty: and she

is only a dowdy woman out of a nursery. She has no style about her."

"She is only one of the best women in the world," Mr. Firmin called out, turning very red; and hereupon entered into a defence of our characters, and pronounced a eulogium upon both and each of us, in which I hope there was some little truth. However, he spoke with great enthusiasm, and Mr. Trail found himself in a minority.

"You are right to stand up for your friends, Firmin!" cried the host. Let me introduce you to——"

"Let me introduce myself," said the gentleman on the other side of Mr. Trail. "Mr. Firmin, you and I are kinsmen,—I am Sir John Ringwood." And Sir John reached a hand to Philip across Trail's chair. They talked a great deal together in the course of the evening: and when Mr. Trail found that the great county gentleman was friendly and familiar with Philip, and claimed a relationship with him, his manner towards Firmin altered. He pronounced afterwards a warm eulogy upon Sir John for his frankness and good nature in recognizing his unfortunate relative, and charitably said, "Philip might not be like the doctor, and could not help having a rogue for a father." In former days, Trail had eaten and drunken freely at that rogue's table. But we must have truth, you know, before all things: and if your own brother has committed a sin, common justice requires that you should stone him.

In former days, and not long after Lord Ringwood's death, Philip had left his card at this kinsman's door, and Sir John's butler, driving in his master's brougham, had left a card upon Philip, who was not over well pleased by this acknowledgment of his civility, and, in fact, employed abusive epithets when he spoke of the transaction. But when the two gentlemen actually met, their intercourse was kindly and pleasant enough. Sir John listened to his relative's talk—and it appears, Philip comforted himself with his usual free and easy manner—with interest and curiosity; and owned afterwards that evil tongues had previously been busy with the young man's character, and that slander and untruth had been spoken regarding him. In this respect, if Philip is worse off than his neighbours, I can only say his neighbours are fortunate.

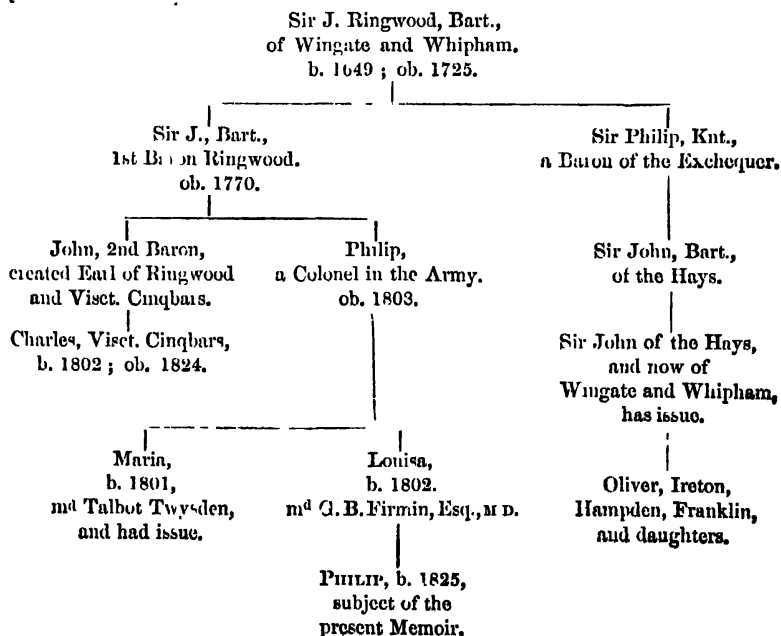
Two days after the meeting of the cousins, the tranquillity of Thornhaugh Street was disturbed by the appearance of a magnificent yellow chariot, with crests, hammer-cloths, a bewigged coachman, and a powdered footman. Betsy, the nurse, who was going to take baby out for a walk, encountered this giant on the threshold of Mrs. Brandon's door: and a lady within the chariot delivered three cards to the tall menial, who transferred them to Betsy. And Betsy persisted in saying that the lady in the carriage admired baby very much, and asked its age, at which baby's mamma was not in the least surprised. In due course, an invitation to dinner followed, and our friends became acquainted with their kinsfolk.

If you have a good memory for pedigrees—and in my youthful time

every man *de bonne maison* studied genealogies, and had his English families in his memory—you know that this Sir John Ringwood, who succeeded to the principal portion of the estates, but not to the titles of the late earl, was descended from a mutual ancestor, a Sir John, whose elder son was ennobled (temp Geo. I.), whilst the second son, following the legal profession, became a judge, and had a son, who became a baronet, and who begat that present Sir John who has just been shaking hands with Philip across Trail's back.* Thus the two men were cousins; and in right of the heiress, his poor mother, Philip might quarter the Ringwood arms on his carriage, whenever he drove out. These, you know, are argent, a dexter sinople on a fesse wavy of the first—or pick out, my dear friend, any coat you like out of the whole heraldic wardrobe, and accommodate it to our friend Firmin.

When he was a young man at college, Philip had dabbled a little in this queer science of heraldry, and used to try and believe the legends about his ancestry, which his fond mother imparted to him. He had a great book-plate made for himself, with a prodigious number of quarterings, and could recite the alliances by which such and such a quartering came into his shield. His father rather confirmed these histories, and spoke of them and of his wife's noble family with much respect: and Philip, artlessly whispering to a vulgar boy at school that he was

* Copied, by permission of P. Firmin, Esq., from the Genealogical Tree in his possession.



descended from King John, was thrashed very unkindly by the vulgar upper boy, and nicknamed King John for many a long day after. I dare say many other gentlemen who profess to trace their descent from ancient kings have no better or worse authority for their pedigree than friend Philip.

When our friend paid his second visit to Sir John Ringwood, he was introduced to his kinsman's library; a great family tree hung over the mantelpiece, surrounded by a whole gallery of defunct Ringwoods, of whom the baronet was now the representative. He quoted to Philip the hackneyed old Horatian lines (some score of years ago a great deal of that old coin was current in conversation). As for family, he said, and ancestors, and what we have not done ourselves, these things we can hardly call ours. Sir John gave Philip to understand that he was a staunch liberal. Sir John was for going with the age. Sir John had fired a shot from the Paris barricades. Sir John was for the rights of man everywhere all over the world. He had pictures of Franklin, Lafayette, Washington, and the first Consul Buonaparte, on his walls along with his ancestors. He had lithograph copies of Magna Charta, the Declaration of American Independence, and the Signatures to the Death of Charles I. He did not scruple to own his preference for republican institutions. He wished to know what right had any man—the late Lord Ringwood, for example—to sit in a hereditary House of Peers and legislate over him? That lord had had a son, Cinqbars, who died many years before, a victim of his own follies and debaucheries. Had Lord Cinqbars survived his father, he would now be sitting an earl in the House of Peers—the most ignorant young man, the most unprincipled young man, reckless, dissolute, of the feeblest intellect, and the worst life. Well, had he lived and inherited the Ringwood property, that creature would have been an earl: whereas he, Sir John, his superior in morals, in character, in intellect, his equal in point of birth (for had they not both a common ancestor?) was Sir John still. The inequalities in men's chances in life were monstrous and ridiculous. He was determined, henceforth, to look at a man for himself alone, and not esteem him for any of the absurd caprices of fortune.

As the republican was talking to his relative, a servant came into the room and whispered to his master that the plumber had come with his bill as by appointment; upon which Sir John rose up in a fury, asked the servant how he dared to disturb him, and bade him tell the plumber to go to the lowest depths of Tartarus. Nothing could equal the insolence and rapacity of tradesmen, he said, except the insolence and idleness of servants; and he called this one back, and asked him how he dared to leave the fire in that state?—stormed and raged at him with a volubility which astonished his new acquaintance; and, the man being gone, resumed his previous subject of conversation, viz., natural equality and the outrageous injustice of the present social system. After talking for half an hour, during which Philip found that he himself could hardly find an

opportunity of uttering a word, Sir John took out his watch, and got up from his chair; at which hint Philip too rose, not sorry to bring the interview to an end. And herewith Sir John accompanied his kinsman into the hall, and to the street-door, before which the baronet's groom was riding, leading his master's horse. And Philip heard the baronet using violent language to the groom, as he had done to the servant within doors. Why, the army in Flanders did not swear more terribly than this admirer of republican institutions and advocate of the rights of man.

Philip was not allowed to go away without appointing a day when he and his wife would partake of their kinsman's hospitality. On this occasion, Mrs. Philip comported herself with so much grace and simplicity, that Sir John and Lady Ringwood pronounced her to be a very pleasing and ladylike person; and I daresay wondered how a person in her rank of life could have acquired manners that were so refined and agreeable. Lady Ringwood asked after the child which she had seen, praised its beauty; of course, won the mother's heart, and thereby caused her to speak with perhaps more freedom than she would otherwise have felt at a first interview. Mrs. Philip has a dainty touch on the piano, and a sweet singing voice that is charmingly true and neat. She performed after dinner some of the songs of her little *répertoire*, and pleased her audience. Lady Ringwood loved good music, and was herself a fine performer of the ancient school, when she played Haydn and Mozart under the tuition of good old Sir George Thrum. The tall and handsome beneficed clergyman who acted as major-domo of Sir John's establishment, placed a parcel in the carriage when Mr. and Mrs. Philip took their leave, and announced with much respectful deference that the cab was paid. Our friends no doubt would have preferred to dispense with this ceremony; but it is ill looking even a gift cab-horse in the mouth, and so Philip was a gainer of some two shillings by his kinsman's liberality.

When Charlotte came to open the parcel which major-domo, with his lady's compliments, had placed in the cab, I fear she did not exhibit that elation which we ought to feel for the favours of our friends. A couple of little frocks, of the cut of George IV., some little red shoes of the same period, some crumpled sashes, and other small articles of wearing apparel, by her ladyship's order by her ladyship's lady's-maid; and Lady Ringwood kissing Charlotte at her departure, told her that she had caused this little packet to be put away for her. "H'm," says Philip, only half pleased. "Suppose, Sir John had told his butler to put up one of his blue coats and brass buttons for me, as well as pay the cab?"

"If it was meant in kindness, Philip, we must not be angry," pleaded Philip's wife;—"and I am sure if you had heard her and the Miss Ringwoods speak of baby, you would like them, as I intend to do."

But Mrs. Philip never put those mouldy old red shoes upon baby; and as for the little frocks, children's frocks are made so much fuller now that Lady Ringwood's presents did not answer at all. Charlotte managed to

furbish up a sash, and a pair of epaulets for her child—epaulets are they called? Shoulder-knots—what you will, ladies; and with these ornaments Miss Firmin was presented to Lady Ringwood and some of her family.

The goodwill of these new-found relatives of Philip's was laborious, was evident, and yet I must say was not altogether agreeable. At the first-period of their intercourse—for this, too, I am sorry to say, came to an end, or presently suffered interruption—tokens of affection in the shape of farm produce, country butter and poultry, and actual butcher's meat, came from Berkeley Square to Thornhaugh Street. The Duke of Double-gloster I know is much richer than you are; but if he were to offer to make you a present of half-a-crown, I doubt whether you would be quite pleased. And so with Philip and his relatives. A hamper brought in the brougham, containing hot-house grapes and country butter, is very well, but a leg of mutton I own was a gift that was rather tough to swallow. It *was* tough. That point we ascertained and established amongst roars of laughter one day when we dined with our friends. Did Lady Ringwood send a sack of turnips in the brougham too? In a word, we ate Sir John's mutton, and we laughed at him, and be sure many a man has done the same by you and me. Last Friday, for instance, as Jones and Brown go away after dining with your humble servant. "Did you ~~ever~~ see such profusion and extravagance?" asks Brown. "Profusion and ~~extravagance~~!" cries Jones, that well-known epicure. "I never saw anything so shabby in my life. What does the fellow mean by asking *me* to such a dinner?" "True," says the other, "it *was* an abominable dinner, Jones, as you justly say; but it was very profuse in him to give it. Don't you see?" and so both our good friends are agreed.

Ere many days were over the great yellow chariot and its powdered attendants again made their appearance before Mrs. Brandon's modest door in Thornhaugh Street, and Lady Ringwood and two daughters descended from the carriage and made their way to Mr. Philip's apartments in the second floor, just as that worthy gentleman was sitting down to dinner with his wife. Lady Ringwood, bent upon being gracious, was in ecstasies with everything she saw—a clean house—a nice little maid—pretty picturesque rooms—odd rooms—and what charming pictures! Several of these were the work of the fond pencil of poor J. J., who, as has been told, had painted Philip's beard and Charlotte's eyebrow, and Charlotte's baby a thousand and a thousand times. "May we come in? Are we disturbing you? What dear little bits of china! What a beautiful mug, Mr. Firmin!" This was poor J. J.'s present to his god-daughter. "How nice the luncheon looks! Dinner, is it? How pleasant to dine at this hour!" The ladies were determined to be charmed with everything round about them.

"We are dining on your poultry. May we offer some to you and Miss Ringwood," says the master of the house.

"Why don't you dine in the dining-room? Why do you dine in a

bedroom?" asks Franklin Ringwood, the interesting young son of the Baronet of Ringwood.

"Somebody else lives in the parlour," says Mrs. Philip. On which the boy remarks, "We have two dining-rooms in Berkeley Square. I mean for us, besides papa's study, which I mustn't go into. And the servants have two dining-rooms and——"

"Hush!" here cries mamma, with the usual remark regarding the beauty of silence in little boys.

But Franklin persists, in spite of the "Hushes:" "And so we have at Ringwood; and at Whiphum there's ever so many dining-rooms—ever so many—and I like Whiphum a great deal better than Ringwood, because my pony is at Whiphum. You have not got a pony. You are too poor."

"Franklin!"

"You said he was too poor; and you would not have had chickens if we had not given them to you. Mamma, you know you said they were very poor, and would like them."

And here mamma looked red, and I daresay Philip's cheeks and ears tingled, and for once Mrs. Philip was thankful at hearing her baby cry, for it gave her a pretext for leaving the room and flying to the nursery, whither the other two ladies accompanied her.

Meanwhile Master Franklin went on with his artless conversation. "Mr. Philip, why do they say you are wicked? You do not look wicked; and I am sure Mrs. Philip does not look wicked—she looks very good."

"Who says I am wicked?" asks Mr. Firmin of his candid young relative."

"Oh, ever so many! Cousin Talbot says so; and Blanche says so; and Woolcombe says so; only I don't like him, he's so very brown. And when they heard you had been to dinner, 'Has that beast been here?' Talbot says. And I don't like him a bit. But I like you, at least I think I do. You only have oranges for dessert. We always have lots of things for dessert at home. You don't, I suppose, because you've got no money—only a very little."

"Well: I have got only a very little," says Philip.

"I have some—ever so much. And I'll buy something for your wife; and I shall like to have you better at home than Blanche, and Talbot, and that Woolcombe; and they never give me anything. You can't, you know; because you are so very poor—you are; but we'll often send you things, I daresay. And I'll have an orange, please, thank you. And there's a chap at our school, and his name is Suckling, and he ate eighteen oranges, and wouldn't give one away to anybody. Wasn't he a greedy pig? And I have wine with my oranges—I do: a glass of wine—thank you. That's jolly. But you don't have it often, I suppose, because you're so very poor."

I am glad Philip's infant could not understand, being yet of too tender age, the compliments which Lady Ringwood and her daughter passed upon

her. As it was, the compliments charmed the mother, for whom indeed they were intended, and did not inflame the unconscious baby's vanity.

"What would the polite mamma and sister have said, if they had heard that unlucky Franklin's prattle?" The boy's simplicity amused his tall cousin. "Yes," says Philip, "we are very poor, but we are very happy, and don't mind—that's the truth."

"Mademoiselle, that's the German governess, said she wondered how you could live at all; and I don't think you could if you ate as much as she did. You should see her eat; she is such a *oner* at eating. Fred, my brother, that's the one who is at college, one day tried to see how much Mademoiselle Wallfisch could eat, and she had twice of soup, and then she said *sivoplay*: and then twice of fish, and she said *sivoplay* for more: and then she had roast mutton—no, I think, roast beef it was; and she eats the pease with her knife: and then she had raspberry jam pudding, and ~~and~~ so much beer, and then——" But what came then we never shall know; because while young Franklin was choking with laughter (accompanied with a large piece of orange) at the ridiculous recollection of Miss Wallfisch's appetite, his mamma and sister came downstairs from Charlotte's nursery, and brought the dear boy's conversation to an end. The ladies chose to go home, delighted with Philip, baby, Charlotte. Everything was so proper. Everything was so nice. Mrs. Firmin was so ladylike! The fine ladies watched her, and her behaviour, with that curiosity which the Brobdingnag ladies displayed when they held up little Gulliver on their palms, and saw him bow, smile, dance, draw his sword, and take off his hat, just like a man.

CHAPTER XXXVL.

IN WHICH THE DRAWING-ROOMS ARE NOT FURNISHED AFTER ALL.



E cannot expect to be loved by a relative whom we have knocked into an illuminated pond, and whose coat-tails, pantaloons, nether limb, and best feelings we have lacerated with ill-treatment and broken glass. A man whom you have so treated behind his back will not be sparing of his punishment behind yours. Of course all the Twysdens, male and female, and Woolcombe, the dusky husband of Philip's former love, hated and feared, and maligned him; and were in the habit of speaking of him as a truculent and reckless savage and monster, coarse and brutal in his language and behaviour, ragged, dirty and reckless

in his personal appearance; recking with smoke, perpetually reeling in drink, indulging in oaths, actions, laughter which rendered him intolerable in civilized society. The Twysdens, during Philip's absence abroad, had been very respectful and assiduous in courting the new head of the Ringwood family. They had flattered Sir John, and paid court to my lady. They had been welcomed at Sir John's houses in town and country. They had adopted his politics in a great measure, as they had adopted the politics of the deceased Ringwood. They had never lost an opportunity of abusing poor Philip and of ingratiating themselves. They had never refused any invitation from Sir John in town or country, and had ended by utterly boring him and Lady Ringwood and the Ringwood family in general. Lady Ringwood learned somewhere how pitilessly Mrs. Woolcombe had jilted her cousin when a richer suitor appeared in the person of the West Indian. Then news came how Philip had administered a beating to Woolcombe, to Talbot Twysden, to a dozen who set on him. The early prejudices began to pass away. A friend or two of Philip's told Ringwood how he was mistaken in the young man, and painted a portrait of him in colours much more favourable than those which his kinsfolk employed. Indeed, dear relations, if the public wants to know our little faults and errors, I think I know who will not grudge the requisite infor-

mation. Dear Aunt Candour, are you not still alive, and don't you know what we had for dinner yesterday, and the amount (monstrous extravagance!) of the washerwoman's bill?

Well, the Twysden family so bespattered poor Philip with abuse, and represented him as a monster of such hideous mien, that no wonder the Ringwoods avoided him. Then they began to grow utterly sick and tired of his detractors. And then Sir John, happening to talk with his brother Member of Parliament, Tregarvan, in the House of Commons, heard quite a different story regarding our friend to that with which the Twysdens had regaled him, and, with no little surprise on Sir John's part, was told by Tregarvan how honest, rough, worthy, affectionate and gentle this poor maligned fellow was, how he had been sinned against by his wretch of a father, whom he had forgiven and actually helped out of his wretched means, and how he was making a brave battle against poverty, and had a sweet little loving wife and child, whom every kind heart would willingly strive to help. Because people are rich they are not of necessity ogres. Because they are born gentlemen and ladies of good degree, are in easy circumstances, and have a generous education, it does not follow that they are heartless and will turn their back on a friend. *Moi qui vous parle*—I have been in a great strait of sickness near to death, and the friends who came to help me with every comfort, succour, sympathy were actually gentlemen, who lived in good houses, and had a good education. They didn't turn away because I was sick, or fly from me because they thought I was poor; on the contrary, hand, purse, succour, sympathy were ready, and praise be to heaven. And so too did Philip find help when he needed it, and succour when he was in poverty. Tregarvan, we will own, was a pompous little man, his House of Commons speeches were dull, and his written documents awfully slow; but he had a kind heart: he was touched by that picture which Laura drew of the young man's poverty, and honesty, and simple hopefulness in the midst of hard times: and we have seen how the *European Review* was thus entrusted to Mr. Philip's management. Then some artful friends of Philip's determined that he should be reconciled to his relations, who were well to do in the world, and might serve him. And I wish, dear reader, that your respectable relatives and mine would bear this little paragraph in mind and leave us both handsome laggards. Then Tregarvan spoke to Sir John Ringwood, and that meeting was brought about, where, for once at least, Mr. Philip quarrelled with nobody.

And now came another little piece of good luck, which, I suppose, must be attributed to the same kind friend who had been scheming for Philip's benefit, and who is never so happy as when her little plots for her friend's benefit can be made to succeed. Yes: when that arch-jobber—don't tell me;—I never knew a woman worth a pin who wasn't—when that arch-jobber, I say, has achieved a job by which some friend is made happy, her eyes and cheeks brighten with triumph. Whether she has put a sick man into a hospital, or got a poor woman a family's washing, or

made a sinner repent and return to wife, husband, or what not, that woman goes off and pays her thanks, where thanks are due, with such fervour, with such lightness, with such happiness, that I assure you she is a sight to behold. Hush! When one sinner is saved, who are glad? Some of us know a woman or two pure as angels—know, and are thankful.

When the person about whom I have been prattling has one of her benevolent jobs in hand, or has completed it, there is a sort of triumph and mischief in her manner, which I don't know otherwise how to describe. She does not understand my best jokes at this period, or answers them at random, or laughs very absurdly and vacantly. She embraces her children wildly, and, at the most critical moments, is utterly unmindful when they are saying their lessons, prattling their little questions, and so forth. I recall all these symptoms (and put this and that together, as the saying is) as happening on one especial day, at the commencement of Easter Term, eighteen hundred and never mind what—as happening on one especial morning when this lady had been astoundingly *distracted* and curiously excited. I now remember, how during her children's dinner-time, she sat looking into the square out of our window, and scarcely attending to the little innocent cries for mutton which the children were offering up.

At last there was a rapid clank over the pavement, a tall figure passed the parlour windows, which our kind friends know look into Queen Square, and then came a loud ring at the bell, and I thought the mistress of the house gave an ah—a sigh—as though her heart was relieved.

The street door was presently opened, and then the dining-room door, and Philip walks in with his hat on, his blue eyes staring before him, his hair flaming about, and "La, Uncle Philip!" cry the children. "What have you done to yourself? You have shaved off your moustache." And so he had, I declare!

"I say, Pen, look here! This has been left at chambers; and Cassidy has sent it on by his clerk," our friend said. I forget whether it has been stated that Philip's name still remained on the door of those chambers in Parchment Buildings, where we once heard his song of "Doctor Luther," and were present at his call-supper.

The document which Philip produced was actually a brief. The papers were superscribed, "In Parliament, Polwheeldle and Tredyddlum Railway. To support bill, Mr. Firmin; retainer, five guineas; brief, fifty guineas; consultation, five guineas. With you Mr. Armstrong, Sir J. Whitworth, Mr. Pinkerton." Here was a wonder of wonders! A shower of gold was poured out on my friend. A light dawned upon me. The proposed bill was for a Cornish line. Our friend Tregarvan was concerned in it, the line passing through his property, and my wife had canvassed him privately, and by her wheedling and blandishments had persuaded Tregarvan to use his interest with the agents and get Philip this welcome aid.

Philip eyed the paper with a queer expression. He handled it as some men handle a baby. He looked as if he did not know what to do with it,

and as if he should like to drop it. I believe I made some satirical remark to this effect as I looked at our friend with his paper.

"He holds a child beautifully," said my wife with much enthusiasm; "much better than some people who laugh at him."

"And he will hold this no doubt much to his credit. May this be the father of many briefs. May you have bags full of them!" Philip had all our good wishes. They did not cost much, or avail much, but they were sincere. I know men who can't for the lives of them give even that cheap coin of good will, but hate their neighbours' prosperity, and are angry with them when they cease to be dependent and poor.

We have said how Cassidy's astonished clerk had brought the brief from chambers to Firmin at his lodgings at Mrs. Brandon's in Thornhaugh Street. Had a bailiff served him with a writ, Philip could not have been more surprised, or in a greater tremor. A brief? Grands Dieux! What was he to do with a brief? He thought of going to bed, and being ill, of flying from home, country, family. Brief? Charlotte, of course, seeing her husband alarmed, began to quake too. Indeed, if his worship's finger aches, does not her whole body suffer? But Charlotte's and Philip's constant friend, the Little Sister, felt no such fear. "Now there's this opening, you must take it, my dear," she said. "Suppose you don't know much about law——" "Much! nothing," interposed Philip. "You might ask me to play the piano; but as I never happened to have learned——"

"La—don't tell me! You mustn't show a faint heart. Take the business, and do it best you can. You'll do it better next time, and next. The Bar's a gentleman's business. Don't I attend a judge's lady, which I remember her with her first in a little bit of a house in Bernard Street, Russell Square; and now haven't I been to her in Eaton Square, with a butler, and two footmen, and carriages ever so many? You may work on at your newspapers, and get a crust, and when you're old, and if you quarrel—and you have a knack of quarrelling—he has, Mrs. Firmin. I knew him before you did. Quarrelsome he is, and he will be, though you think him an angel, to be sure.—Suppose you quarrel with your newspaper masters, and your reviews, and that, you lose your place? A gentleman like Mr. Philip oughtn't to have a master. I couldn't bear to think of your going down of a Saturday to the publishing office to get your wages like a workman."

"But *I am* a workman," interposes Philip.

"La! But do you mean to remain one for ever? I would rise, if I was a man!" said the intrepid little woman; "I would rise, or I'd know the reason why. Who knows how many in family you're going to be? I'd have more spirit than to live in a second floor—I would!"

And the Little Sister said this, though she clung round Philip's child with a rapture of fondness which she tried in vain to conceal; though she felt that to part from it would be to part from her life's chief happiness; though she loved Philip as her own son: and Charlotte—well, Charlotte for Philip's sake—as women love other women.

Charlotte came to her friends in Queen Square, and told us of the resolute Little Sister's advice and conversation. She knew that Mrs. Brandon only loved her as something belonging to Philip. She admired this Little Sister; and trusted her; and could afford to bear that little somewhat scornful domination which Brandon exercised. "She does not love me, because Philip does," Charlotte said. "Do you think I could like her, or any woman, if I thought Philip loved them? I could kill them, Laura, that I could!" And at this sentiment I imagine daggers shooting out of a pair of eyes that were ordinarily very gentle and bright.

Not having been engaged in the case in which Philip had the honour of first appearing, I cannot enter into particulars regarding it, but am sure that case must have been uncommonly strong in itself, which could survive such an advocate. He passed a frightful night of torture before appearing in committee room. During that night, he says, his hair grew grey. His old college friend and comrade Pinkerton, who was with him in the case, "coached" him on the day previous; and indeed it must be owned that the work which he had to perform was not of a nature to impair the inside or the outside of his skull. A great man was his leader; his friend Pinkerton followed; and all Mr. Philip's business was to examine a half-dozen witnesses by questions previously arranged between them and the agents.

When you hear that, as a reward of his services in this case, Mr. Firmin received a sum of money sufficient to pay his modest family expenses for some four months, I am sure, dear and respected literary friends, that you will wish the lot of a parliamentary barrister had been yours, or that your immortal works could be paid with such a liberality as rewards the labours of these lawyers. "*Nimmer erscheinen die Götter allein.*" After one agent had employed Philip, another came and secured his valuable services: him two or three others followed, and our friend positively had money in bank. Not only were apprehensions of poverty removed for the present, but we had every reason to hope that Firmin's prosperity would increase and continue. And when a little son and heir was born, which blessing was conferred upon Mr. Philip about a year after his daughter, our godchild, saw the light, we should have thought it shame to have any misgivings about the future, so cheerful did Philip's prospects appear. "Did I not tell you," said my wife, with her usual kindling romance, "that comfort and succour would be found for these in the hour of their need?" Amen. We were grateful that comfort and succour should come. No one, I am sure, was more humbly thankful than Philip himself for the fortunate chances which befel him.

He was alarmed rather than elated by his sudden prosperity. "It can't last," he said. "Don't tell me. The attorneys must find me out before long. They cannot continue to give their business to such an ignoramus: and I really think I must remonstrate with them." You should have seen the Little Sister's indignation when Philip uttered this sentiment in her presence. "Give up your business? Yes, do!" she

cried, tossing up Philip's youngest born. "Fling this baby out of window, why not indeed, which heaven has sent it you!—You ought to go down on your knees and ask pardon for having thought anything so wicked." Philip's heir, by the way, immediately on his entrance into the world, had become the prime favourite of this unreasoning woman. The little daughter was passed over as a little person of no account, and so began to entertain the passion of jealousy at almost the very earliest age at which even the female breast is capable of enjoying it.

And though this Little Sister loved all these people with an almost ferocious passion of love, and lay awake, I believe, hearing their infantine cries, or crept on stealthy feet in darkness to their mother's chamber-door, behind which they lay sleeping; though she had, as it were, a rage for these infants, and was wretched out of their sight, yet, when a third and a fourth brief came to Philip, and he was enabled to put a little money aside, nothing would content Mrs. Brandon but that he should go into a house of his own. "A gentleman," she said, "ought not to live in a two-pair lodging; he ought to have a house of his own." So, you see, she hastened on the preparations for her own execution. She trudded to the brokers' shops and made wonderful bargains of furniture. She cut chintzes, and covered sofas, and sewed, and patched, and fitted. She found a house and took it—Milman Street, Guildford Street, opposite the Fondling (as the dear little soul called it), a most genteel, quiet little street, "and quite near for me to come," she said, "to see my dears." Did she speak with dry eyes? Mine moisten sometimes when I think of the faith, of the generosity, of the sacrifice, of that devoted, loving creature.

I am very fond of Charlotte. Her sweetness and simplicity won all our hearts at home. No wife or mother ever was more attached and affectionate; but I own there was a time when I hated her, though of course that highly principled woman, the wife of the author of the present memoirs, says that the statement I am making here is stuff and nonsense, not to say immoral and irreligious. Well, then, I hated Charlotte for the horrible eagerness which she showed in getting away from this Little Sister, who clung round those children, whose first cries she had heard. I hated Charlotte for a cruel happiness which she felt as she hugged the children to her heart: her own children in their own room, whom she would dress, and watch, and wash, and tend; and for whom she wanted no aid. No aid, *entendez vous?* Oh, it was a shame, a shame! In the new house, in the pleasant little trim new nursery, (fitted up by whose fond hands we will not say,) is the mother glaring over the cot, where the little, soft, round cheeks are pillowed; and yonder in the rooms in Thornhaugh Street, where she has tended them for two years, the Little Sister sits lonely, as the moonlight streams in. God help thee, little, suffering, faithful heart! Never but once in her life before had she known so exquisite a pain.

Of course, we had an entertainment in the new house; and Philip's friends, old and new, came to the house-warming. The family coach of the Ringwoods blocked up that astonished little street. The powder on

their footmen's heads nearly brushed the ceiling, as the monsters rose when the guests passed in and out of the hall. The Little Sister merely took charge of the tea-room. Philip's 'library' was that usual little cupboard beyond the dining-room. The little drawing-room was dreadfully crowded by an ex-nursery piano, which the Ringwoods bestowed upon their friends; and somebody was in duty bound to play upon it on the evening of this *soirée*; though the Little Sister chafed down-stairs at the music. In fact, her very words were "Rat that piano!" She "ratted" the instrument, because the music would wake her little dears upstairs. And that music *did* wake them; and they howled melodiously, and the Little Sister, who was about to serve Lady Jane Tregeivan with some tea, dashed upstairs to the nursery: and Charlotte had reached the room "heady": and she looked angry when the Little Sister came in: and she said, "I am sure, Mrs. Brandon, the people down-stairs will be wanting their tea;" and she spoke with some *asperity*. And Mrs. Brandon went down-stairs without one word; and, happening to be on the landing, conversing with a friend, and a little out of the way of the duet which the Miss Ringwoods were performing—riding the great old horse, as it were, and putting it through its paces in Mrs. Firmin's little paddock;—happening, I say, to be on the landing when Caroline passed, I took a hand as cold as stone, and never saw a look of grief more tragic than that worn by her poor little face as it passed. "My children cried," she said, "and I went up to the nursery. But she don't want me there now." Poor Little Sister! She humbled herself and grovelled before Charlotte. You could not help trampling upon her then, madam; and I hated you—and a great number of other women. Ridley and I went down to her tea-room, where Caroline resumed her place. She looked very nice and pretty, with her pale sweet face, and her neat cap and blue ribbon. Tortures I know she was suffering. Charlotte had been stabbing her. Women will use the edge sometimes, and drive the steel in. Charlotte said to me, some time afterwards, "I *was* jealous of her, and you were right; and a dearer, more faithful creature never lived." But who told Charlotte I said she was jealous? *O treble bestia!* I told Ridley, and Mr. Ridley told Mrs. Firmin.

If Charlotte stabbed Caroline, Caroline could not help coming back again and again to the knife. On Sundays, when she was free, there was always a place for her at Philip's modest table; and when Mrs. Philip went to church, Caroline was allowed to reign in the nursery. Sometimes Charlotte was generous enough to give Mrs. Brandon this chance. When Philip took a house—a whole house to himself—Philip's mother-in-law proposed to come and stay with him, and said that, wishing to be beholden to no one, she would pay for her board and lodging. But Philip declined this treat, representing, justly, that his present house was no bigger than his former lodgings. "My poor love is dying to have me," Mrs. Baynes remarked on this. "But her husband is so cruel to

her, and keeps her under such terror, that she dares not call her life her own." Cruel to her! Charlotte was the happiest of the happy in her little house. In consequence of his parliamentary success, Philip went regularly to chambers now, in the fond hope that more briefs might come. At chambers he likewise conducted the chief business of his *Review*: and, at the accustomed hour of his return, that usual little procession of mother and child and nurse would be seen on the watch for him; and the young woman—the happiest young woman in Christendom—would walk back clinging on her husband's arm.

All this while letters came from Philip's dear father at New York, where, it appeared, he was engaged not only in his profession, but in various speculations, with which he was always about to make his fortune. One day Philip got a newspaper advertising a new insurance company, and saw, to his astonishment, the announcement of "Counsel in London, Philip Firmin, Esq., Parchment Buildings, Temple." A paternal letter promised Philip great fees out of this insurance company, but I never heard that poor Philip was any the richer. In fact, his friends advised him to have nothing to do with this insurance company, and to make no allusion to it in his letters. "They feared the Danaï, and the gifts they brought," as old Firmin would have said. They had to impress upon Philip an abiding mistrust of that wily old Greek, his father. Firmin senior always wrote hopefully and magnificently, and persisted in believing or declaring that ere very long he should have to announce to Philip that his fortune was made. He speculated in Wall Street, I don't know in what shares, inventions, mines, railways. One day, some few months after his migration to Milman Street, Philip, blushing and hanging down his head, had to tell me that his father had drawn upon him again. Had he not paid up his shares in a certain mine, they would have been forfeited, and he and *his son after him* would have lost a certain fortune, old Danaus said. I fear an artful, a long-bow pulling Danaus. What, shall a man have birth, wealth, friends, high position, and end so that we dare not leave him alone in the room with our spoons? "And you have paid this bill which the old man drew?" we asked. Yes, Philip had paid the bill. He vowed he would pay no more. But it was not difficult to see that the doctor would draw more bills upon this accommodating banker. "I dread the letters which begin with a flourish about the fortune which he is just going to make," Philip said. He knew that the old parent prefaced his demands for money in that way.

Mention has been made of a great medical discovery which he had announced to his correspondent, Mrs. Brandon, and by which the doctor declared as usual that he was about to make a fortune. In New York and Boston he had tried experiments which had been attended with the most astonishing success. A remedy was discovered, the mere sale of which in Europe and America must bring an immense revenue to the fortunate inventors. For the ladies whom Mrs. Brandon attended, the remedy was of priceless value. He would send her some. His friend,

Captain Morgan, of the Southampton packet-ship, would bring her some of this astonishing medicine. Let her try it. Let her show the accompanying cases to Doctor Goodenough—to any of his brother physicians in London. Though himself an exile from his country, he loved it, and was proud in being able to confer upon it one of the greatest blessings with which science had endowed mankind.

Goodenough, I am sorry to say, had such a mistrust of his *confère* that he chose to disbelieve any statement Firmin made. "I don't believe, my good Brandon, the fellow has *nous* enough to light upon any scientific discovery more useful than a new sauce for cutlets. He invent anything but fibs, never!" You see this Goodenough is an obstinate old heathen; and when he has once found reason to mistrust a man, he for ever after declines to believe him.

However, the doctor is a man for ever on the look-out for more knowledge of his profession, and for more remedies to benefit mankind: he hummed and ha'd over the pamphlet, as the Little Sister sat watching him in his study. He clapped it down after a while, and slapped his hands on his little legs as his wont is. "Brandon," he says, "I think there is a great deal in it, and I think so the more because it turns out that Firmin has nothing to do with the discovery, which has been made at Boston." In fact, Dr. Firmin, late of London, had only been present in the Boston hospital, where the experiments were made with the new remedy. He had cried "Halves," and proposed to sell it as a secret remedy, and the bottle which he forwarded to our friend the Little Sister was labelled "Firmin's Anodyne." What Firmin did, indeed, was what he had been in the habit of doing. He had taken another man's property, and was endeavouring to make a flourish with it. The Little Sister returned home, then, with her bottle of Chloroform—for this was what Dr. Firmin chose to call his discovery, and he had sent home a specimen of it; as he sent home a cask of petroleum from Virginia; as he sent proposals for new railways upon which he promised Philip a munificent commission, if his son could but place the shares amongst his friends.

And with regard to these valuables, the sanguine doctor got to believe that he really was endowing his son with large sums of money. "My boy has set up a house, and has a wife and two children, the young jackanapes!" he would say to people in New York; "as if he had not been extravagant enough in former days! When I married, I had private means, and married a nobleman's niece with a large fortune. Neither of these two young folks has a penny. Well, well, the old father must help them as well as he can!" And I am told there were ladies who dropped the tear of sensibility, and said, "What a fond father this doctor is! How he sacrifices himself for that scapegrace of a son! Think of the dear doctor at his age, toiling cheerfully for that young man, who helped to ruin him!" And Firmin sighed; and passed a beautiful white handkerchief over his eyes with a beautiful white hand; and, I believe,

really cried; and thought himself quite a good, affectionate, injured man. He held the plate at Church; he looked very handsome and tall, and bowed with a charming melancholy grace to the ladies as they put in their contributions. The dear man! His plate was fuller than other people's—so a traveller told us who saw him in New York; and described a very choice dinner which the doctor gave to a few friends, at one of the smartest hotels just then opened.

With all the Little Sister's good management Mr. and Mrs. Philip were only able to instal themselves in their new house at a considerable expense, and beyond that great Ringwood piano which swaggered in Philip's little drawing-room, I am constrained to say that there was scarce any furniture at all. One of the railway accounts was not paid as yet, and poor Philip could not feed upon mere paper promises to pay. Nor was he inclined to accept the offers of private friends, who were willing enough to be his bankers. "One in a family is enough for that kind of business," he said, gloomily; and it came out that again and again the interesting exile at New York who was deploring his son's extravagance and foolish marriage, had drawn bills upon Philip which our friend accepted and paid—bills, who knows to what amount? He has never told; and the engaging parent who robbed him—must I use a word so unpolite?—will never now tell to what extent he helped himself to Philip's small means. This I know, that when autumn came—when September was past—we in our cosy little retreat at the seaside received a letter from the Little Sister, in her dear little bad spelling, (about which there used to be somehow a pathos which the very finest writing does not possess;)—there came, I say, a letter from the Little Sister in which she told us, with many dashes, that dear Mrs. Philip and the children were pining and sick in London, and 'that Philip, he had too much pride and spirit to take money from any one; that Mr. Tregarvan was away travelling on the continent, and that wretch—that monster, *you know who*—have drawn upon Philip again for money, and again he have paid, and the dear, dear children can't have fresh air.'

"Did she tell you," said Philip, brushing his hands across his eyes when a friend came to remonstrate with him, "did she tell you that she brought me money herself, but we would not use it? Look! I have her little marriage gift yonder in my desk, and pray God I shall be able to leave it to my children. The fact is, the doctor has drawn upon me, as usual; he is going to make a fortune next week. I have paid another bill of his. The parliamentary agents are out of town, at their moors in Scotland, I suppose. The air of Russell Square is uncommonly wholesome, and when the babies have had enough of that, why, they must change it for Brunswick Square. Talk about the country! what country can be more quiet than Guildford Street in September? I stretch out of a morning, and breathe the mountain-air on Ludgate Hill." And with these dismal pleasantries and jokes our friend chose to put a good face upon bad fortune. The kinsmen of Ringwood offered hospitality kindly enough,

but how was poor Philip to pay railway expenses for servants, babies, and wife? In this strait Tregarvan from abroad, having found out some monstrous design of Russ—of the Great Power of which he stood in daily terror, and which, as we are in strict amity with that Power, no other Power shall induce me to name—Tregarvan wrote to his editor, and communicated to him in confidence a most prodigious and nefarious plot against the liberties of all the rest of Europe, in which the Power in question *was engaged*, and in a postscript added, “By the way, the Michaelmas quarter is *due*, and I send you a cheque,” &c. &c. O precious postscript!

“Didn’t I tell you it would be so?” said my wife, with a self-satisfied air. “Was I not certain that succour would come?”

And succour did come, sure enough; and a very happy little party went down to Brighton in a second-class carriage, and got an *extraordinarily* cheap lodging, and the roses came back to the little pale cheeks, and mamma was wonderfully invigorated and refreshed, as all her friends could have seen when the little family came back to town, only there was such a thick dun fog that it was impossible to see complexions at all.

When the shooting season was come to an end, the parliamentary agents who had employed Philip, came back to London; and, I am happy to say, gave him a cheque for his little account. My wife cried, “Did I not tell you so?” more than ever. “Is not everything for the best? I knew dear Philip would prosper!”

Everything was for the best, was it? Philip was sure to prosper, was he? What do you think of the next news which the poor fellow brought to us? One night in December he came to us, and I saw by his face that some event of importance had befallen him.

“I am almost heart-broken,” he said, thumping on the table when the young ones had retreated from it. “I don’t know what to do. I have not told you all. I have paid four bills for him already, and now he has—he has signed my name.”

“Who has?”

“He at New York. *You* know,” said poor Philip. “I tell you he has put my name on a bill, and without my authority.”

“Gracious Heavens! You mean your father has for—I could not say the word.”

“Yes,” groaned Philip. “Here is a letter from him;” and he handed a letter across the table in the doctor’s well-known handwriting.

“Dearest Philip,” the father wrote, “a sad misfortune has befallen me, which I had hoped to conceal, or at any rate, to avert from my dear son. For you, Philip, are a participator in that misfortune through the imprudence—must I say it?—of your father. Would I had struck off the hand which has done the deed, ere it had been done! But the fault has taken wings and flown out of my reach. *Immeritus*, dear boy, you have to suffer for the *delicta majorum*. Ah, that a father should have to own his fault; to kneel and ask pardon of his son!

“I am engaged in many speculations. Some have succeeded beyond

~~My~~ wildest hopes: some have taken in the most rational, the most prudent, the least sanguine of our capitalists in Wall Street, and promising the greatest results have ended in the most extreme failure! To meet a call in an undertaking which seemed to offer the most certain prospects of success, which seemed to promise a fortune for me and my boy, and your dear children, I put in amongst other securities which I had to realize on a sudden, a bill, on which I used your name. I dated it as drawn six months back by me at New York, on you at Parchment Buildings, Temple; and I wrote your acceptance, as though the signature were yours. I give myself up to you. I tell you what I have done. Make the matter public. Give my confession to the world, as here I write, and sign it, and your father is branded for ever to the world as a — Spare me the word!

"As I live, as I hope for your forgiveness, long ere that bill became due—it is at five months' date, for 386*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* value received, and dated from the Temple, on the 4th of July—I passed it to one who promised to keep it until I myself should redeem it! The commission which he charged me was *enormous, rascally*; and not content with the immense interest which he extorted from me, the scoundrel has passed the bill away, and it is in Europe, in the hands of an enemy.

"You remember Tufston Hunt? Yes. You most justly chastised him. The wretch lately made his detested appearance in this city, associated with the lowest of the base, and endeavoured to resume his old practice of threats, cajoleries, and extortions! In a fatal hour the villain heard of the bill of which I have warned you. He purchased it from the gambler, to whom it had been passed. As New York was speedily too hot to hold him (*for the unhappy man has even left me to pay his hotel score*) he has fled—and fled to Europe—taking with him that fatal bill, which he says he knows you will pay. Ah! dear Philip, if that bill were but once out of the wretch's hands! What sleepless hours of agony should I be spared! I pray you, I implore you, make every sacrifice to meet it! You will not disown it? No. As you have children of your own—as you love them—you would not willingly let them leave a dishonoured

"FATHER."

"I have a share in a great medical discovery, regarding which I have written to our friend, Mrs. Brandon, and which is sure to realize an immense profit, as introduced into England by a physician so well known—may I not say professionally? *respected as myself*. The very first profits resulting from that discovery I promise, on my honour, to devote to you. They will very soon far more than repay the loss which my imprudence has brought on my dear boy. Farewell! Love to your wife and little ones.—G. B. F."

Superstition

THE credit obtained by the professors of spirit-rapping, table-turning, and other arts of the same kind amongst the rich, and by fortune-tellers, astrologers, and reputed witches amongst the poor, has lately been made the occasion of complaints more well-founded than consistent. When some trial at the assizes calls attention to the fact that poor people still put a considerable degree of faith in wise women and planet-rulers, we are sure to read numerous leading articles denouncing the gross ignorance which still pervades large sections of the population, and declaring that nothing can deliver us from the scandal of hearing of servants and labourers cheated out of their savings by the tricks of a gipsy except the spread of education. It is by no means uncommon to see in other parts of the same paper what may almost be described as puffs of some ingenious Yankee who is ready to gratify the curiosity of all the lords, ladies, and eminent statesmen in London about the condition of the spirits of their deceased friends and relations, at the charge of a guinea a head. Want of education cannot surely be the condition which enables such men as Mr. Home or Mr. Forster to reap their harvest. Those upon whom they practise have generally had every advantage which wealth and teaching can give; yet all these advantages do not protect them from placing confidence in pretensions immeasurably higher and bolder than those by which a white witch or a gipsy-woman imposes on an ignorant day labourer or a mechanic. Nor is this all. Experience proves that other precautions which it might have been supposed would have been at least as effectual as education against such delusions are in reality of little power. It might have been supposed that the whole atmosphere, social, intellectual, and religious, of the United States was irreconcilably opposed to the spread of superstition. The world does not contain a more shrewd, active, practical population than that of the States, nor one in which the general level of sound education stands so high; yet the believers in spirit-rapping are counted in America by millions, and their belief is practical as well as speculative, for it seems to exercise a considerable degree of influence over the conduct of those who hold it.

Such facts as these inevitably raise the question, What is the nature and source of superstition? If people of high education, and large sections of the shrewdest and most business-like nation in the world, give way to it, can it be a folly? If so, on what grounds are the mass of mankind entitled, even called upon, to regard it in that light? Considering the success of Messrs. Home and Forster on this side of the Atlantic, and the still greater success of their brethren on the other side, what right

has any one to denounce their practices as impostures, and the belief in them as folly? If, on the other hand, Mr. Home is not a mere charlatan, if he really is in connection with the spiritual world, and is *bond fide* able to open a communication with it, what right have we to object to the wise women and planet-rulers? If at the command of a well-dressed and well-mannered American, chairs and tables will skip like rams, and ottomans like young sheep, why may not a gipsy be telling the literal truth when she persuades a servant-girl that by burying forty sovereigns of her master's in an old flower-pot in the corner of the garden she may secure the advent of a husband in the shape of a young nobleman, owning half the country, and driving up to the door in a gilt coach, drawn by six cream-coloured horses? The one fact is not a bit less like our previous experience than the other; nor does the circumstance that the American looks like a conventional gentleman, whilst the gipsy is a mere picturesque vagabond, make any real difference in their relative credibility. Some imaginations may incline to the supposition that disembodied spirits favour the swell-mob; others may find it easier to believe that they prefer the pickpocket of common life: the substantial difficulty is in admitting their existence and interference at all in our affairs. When this is once overcome, it is comparatively easy to submit to the authority of the particular person whom they select as the channel of their revelations.

These observations suggest the questions—Whether sensible men usually apply the word Superstition correctly, and are justified in the contempt which they express for the opinions and practices which they describe by that name; and whether, if they are, the prevalence of superstition amongst sensible and educated people can be explained?

It is impossible to give any precise definition of the sense in which the word Superstition is generally used, inasmuch as its signification varies; but the commonest usage of the word is to denote a belief in the direct interference in the ordinary course of events of reasonable creatures other than men and women, unless a belief in such interferences forms part of a religion which the person using the word affirms to be true. Thus Christians would not call a belief in the miracles recorded in Scripture a superstition, because they believe Christianity to be true, and a belief in the truth of these miracles to be a part of it; but Protestants would call a belief in the miracle of the blood of Januarius a superstition, because they believe the system of which it forms a part to be false. This account of the meaning of the word Superstition may appear, at first sight, not to account for its application to such beliefs as a belief in omens, dreams, lucky and unlucky days, or words and the like; but, upon consideration, the connection between them will become apparent. All such beliefs spring from the same root—the notion that some person belonging to a different sphere of creation from ourselves affixes an arbitrary value to some circumstance which would otherwise be (in the etymological sense of the word) insignificant or unmeaning. For instance, the notion that a sudden impression on the mind that something will happen is a proof that

it will happen, can be justified only on the theory (by which it is in point of fact almost always suggested) that some being, friendly or otherwise, has taken this mode of giving information beforehand.

If this meaning is attached to the word Superstition, are those who use it justified in treating with contempt the practices and opinions which it denotes? They usually display their contempt for them by refusing to inquire further into the truth of any opinion, or the propriety of any practice, which they find to involve such a belief; and the question is, whether or not this conduct is wise. It may be desirable, in the first place, to notice shortly the arguments of those who think that it is not. Boswell attributes to Johnson the assertion that all argument is opposed to a belief in apparitions, and that all experience is in its favour; and it may be, and often is said, if experience, on which all our belief ultimately reposes, is in favour of an opinion, why are we to reject it? Are we to shut our minds against every opinion which is startling or unpopular? If so, how can we justify any of the great changes of opinion which have taken place in modern times with so much general advantage? Has not almost every department of life and knowledge been improved and enlarged by changes of which some, at least, were based upon propositions at first sight more startling than those which are involved in the belief that other races of intelligent beings beside our own take part occasionally in human affairs? Is it not the more rational course to keep our minds open to conviction, and not to decide peremptorily that a whole class of assertions is untrue, when, for aught we know to the contrary, they may turn out to contain truths of the greatest importance? This is the most plausible and rational form in which a defender of superstitions can embody his protest against the verdict which the common sense of mankind has passed upon his cause.

Of course the first and most obvious answer to it is, that it is false in fact; that experience is not in favour of the opinions in question; and that the facts alleged as proof that it is are untrue. This answer is probably true, and certainly relevant; but it is one which few people are entitled to give, for the simple reason that they have never examined, and never intend to examine, the alleged facts propounded by the advocates of superstition. They do not derive their incredulity from experience, but receive the allegations which would go to make up experience with incredulity. They disbelieve the assertion that a picture of the Virgin winked, or that Mr. Home flew round the ceiling of the room, not because they are dissatisfied with the evidence, but because they are previously determined that no evidence whatever shall convince them of the fact; and the question is whether this conduct is reasonable, and if so, upon what grounds. The question is by no means an easy one, though, perhaps, there is no better test of the specific difference between those who are and those who are not men of sense, than the degree of energy and real conviction with which it is answered in the affirmative. It is of the highest importance that every reasonable man should utterly repudiate supersti-

tion in all its forms, and though most people are willing enough to do so in practice, notwithstanding the sneaking kindness which is occasionally betrayed for it, comparatively few are acquainted with the reasons on which their repudiation of it must stand. It is, therefore, worth while to draw out into shape the arguments by which the half-instinctive judgment on the subject, usually given so emphatically, may be defended.

It is curious to observe how few people act upon the principle that the formation of their opinions is a matter of practical importance, and that like other practical undertakings it ought to be conducted with a view to existing circumstances. It is an all but universal error to confound together the two distinct questions, "What ought *I* to believe on this subject?" and, "What is the truth on this subject?" and probably nine tenths of the mistakes which are made in life may be traced to this confusion. It is no doubt perfectly true that we can never get beyond our own opinions, and that from the very nature of the world in which we live they, and nothing else, must always be the guides of our conduct in reference to every subject whatever. If we determine to follow the directions of a guide whom we suppose to be infallible (which is probably the nearest approach to an abdication of our own personality that we can make), we are still guided by our own opinion that our guide is infallible; and the only difference is, that we are less frequently reminded of the existence of our intellect than we should be if we used it more frequently or with greater independence. It is also perfectly true that an immensely wide and various experience proves that to believe what is true is the only way to be happy or successful, and that a belief in falsehood, whatever it be—a false religion, a false system of law and medicine, or a false view of the spelling-book or the multiplication-table—sooner or later leads to nothing but confusion, loss, and vexation.

From these two principles, which, though self-evident when stated, are constantly overlooked, it is easy to infer that the question, "What ought *I* to believe?" is identical with the question, "What is true?" but the inference is hasty and incorrect. The "*I*" who is to believe, is in all cases a person placed under the strictest and most inexorable limitations in a thousand different ways. We are limited in regard to time, space, period, country, intellectual capacity, and a thousand other things; and these general limitations affect all our undertakings in some way or other, but none more than the formation of our opinions. If we were free from all the restrictions which the narrow circles of life impose upon us, it would probably be perfectly true that nothing but truth in all its integrity ought to be the object of our opinions. We should believe about everything whatever that which was true, and our thoughts would correspond precisely with that which excited them. Limited and confined as we are, this is impossible. We are tied down to certain parts of truth and to certain modes of arriving at it. There are endless subjects on which we are altogether ignorant. There are, in all probability, ways of obtaining knowledge which lie altogether beyond our experience. In proportion,

therefore, to the degree in which we estimate the importance of truth, we shall be strict in constructing our opinions by the means which experience points out as being those by which the largest proportion of important truth is obtained. Moreover, when we have formed our opinions as carefully as we can, the same considerations will induce us to be tenacious in retaining them, and indisposed to lay them aside, unless the same sort of considerations which led us to form leads us to change them. By the supposition we look upon them as partial and incomplete, but they are all we have—they have been obtained by the best means which we construct. When acting upon them, we are still, it may be, travelling in the dark; but we are at least travelling upon consistent and intelligible principles, and in a more or less definite direction; but if they are cast aside, everything is gone; we are no longer thinking, but guessing; we are vagabonds, and not travellers.

What, then, is the mode in which, experience being the test, we are most likely to acquire a maximum of truth? This differs in different cases. In some instances the common opinion of those amongst whom we live is the best guide we can have. This, for example, is the case in regard to simple facts of general notoriety in which people have no motive to deceive. Suppose, for example, a man wishes to know the way from Harrow to London, or *vice versa*. If a number of different people all agree in pointing out a particular road, the probability that they are telling the truth is so great that any one would act upon it without hesitation, if his life depended on his being correct. So the fact that scores of people agree that the specific collection of streets and houses in which they are living constitute the city of Oxford, would be the best possible proof that that town really was Oxford, and no other. There are other points on which special professional knowledge is the best evidence which can be obtained. For example, if a man is ill, he goes to a doctor; if he is served with a writ, he goes to a lawyer; if he wants to build a house, he goes to an architect. This is because certain departments of knowledge have been collected, as it were, into particular receptacles, with the contents of which only a certain number of people, set apart for that purpose, are familiar. The degree of deference which is paid to the members of a particular profession, in their own art, and the degree of respect which is due to the opinion of individual members of the profession, vary according to the standing of the profession itself, and according to the impression made by the individual member of it on the person who consults him. For example, three hundred years ago a man of sense would probably have paid infinitely less respect to the opinion of a medical man than he would give in the present day, and even now he would attribute greater authority to surgical than to medical opinions.

Between the common knowledge which is the property of all the world, and the scientific knowledge which is the exclusive possession of a special class set apart for the purpose, lies a large province, in which it is infinitely

more difficult to say what guide a man ought to choose who wishes to believe a maximum of truth and a minimum of error. How ought we, for example, keeping this object in view, to form our opinions in politics, in matters of honour and morality, in matters which concern the conduct of life, in short, in everything which is neither matter of notoriety nor matter of science; and how are we to form our opinion as to what is and what is not matter of notoriety or of science? To answer this question completely would be to write a treatise on all human knowledge. Probably it will never be answered completely, but every one who cares to do so may, if he pleases, obtain answers on detached parts of the subject. The principal interest of the inquiry into the way in which a wise man would regulate his thoughts on superstition arises from the fact that it furnishes an excellent illustration of the way in which such opinions ought to be formed.

What, then, are the reasons on which a wise man would reject as incredible, and without inquiry into the facts, all supernatural stories? In the first place, he would consider what department of knowledge they belonged to, and what was the best evidence as to matters included in that department. This is a necessary preliminary to submitting them to the test which is appropriate to the class to which they belong. To what class, then, might supernatural stories be referred? This will depend on a question of great importance, which can only be glanced at here in the most transient manner. They may or may not be connected with a recognized religion; and as this is or is not the case they will belong to different classes. First, suppose that they are. In this case their credit will depend on two circumstances, the degree of credit due to the religion with which they are connected, and the degree and mode in which they are connected with it. The question how men ought to be guided in forming their religious opinions, is infinitely too wide and solemn for these pages; but assuming that a man has some religious convictions, and has been led, no matter how, to believe in the truth of some religious doctrines, he no doubt has introduced a supernatural element into his belief, and he must not shrink from believing in the truth of particular facts shown to be connected in principle with his religious belief, and supported by positive evidence. No one would say that a theist was superstitious who entertained the question whether in fact the miraculous incidents of the Christian creed had taken place. It would be unfair, on the other hand, to say that an atheist was incredulous if he refused to discuss the subject, on the ground that his atheism rendered it immaterial to him whether or not certain strange events happened long ago. This distinction is old and well recognized, and forms the basis of *Paley's answer to Hume's Essay on Miracles*. So a Protestant might fairly refuse to enter upon the question of the truth, in point of fact, of Roman Catholic miracles, because he denies the principles on which they are affirmed to be credible; but it would be otherwise with a Roman Catholic, unless, indeed, he thought that his creed had no connection with them, and did not in any way depend upon or refer to them.

Suppose, however, that—as usually happens—the supernatural stories in question have no connection with any religion whatever, to what department of opinion does belief or disbelief of them belong in that case? It does not belong to the department of opinions respecting notorious facts, for it is of the essence of such stories that they should be strange and almost unexampled; nor do they belong to the department of science, for no one has ever claimed to reduce them to order and system. They are mere unconnected matters of fact. The fact that a ghost appeared to a man and said Good-morning is, if true, a fact standing as much by itself as the fact that on a particular bush there is a prodigious gooseberry, or that the Countess of Desmond had 365 children; and it may be asked whether there are any general rules at all about belief in matters of fact—whether it is not universally true that our belief in matters of fact depends exclusively upon the evidence of our own senses, or the evidence which other people give us as to the impressions made on their senses. This question is important, and the answer to it is far from being generally well understood; indeed it involves several important and intricate considerations.

The statement that any alleged fact is incredible, and that a wise man ought to refuse to hear evidence in favour of it, may appear at first sight inconsistent with the theory that all our knowledge is derived from experience, and it would be so if the proposition were laid down without any qualification as to time, place, and person. It is perfectly consistent with the doctrine that the great mass of mankind, including every one who is not willing to devote his life to a special study of the subject, ought, in order to obtain the maximum of truth attainable by them, to reject as incredible, without further inquiry, every story involving supernatural agency. No doubt experience, or evidence—which is only another word for the same thing—might prove anything. It might prove that two and two make five. Suppose, for example, that every one who ever went to China said that in China two and two made five; suppose that all books written upon the subject constantly asserted and assumed the same thing; suppose that numbers of Chinese calculations and accounts were produced which all proceeded on that principle; and suppose, lastly, that a man whose attention had been attracted by these strange circumstances went to China, learned the language, travelled all over the country, mixed with the people in every relation of life, and found in every instance that two and two did make five, and that if he assumed that they made four, he was involved in exactly the same sort of inextricable confusion as he would be involved in in other parts of the world by assuming that they made five. Suppose that whenever he put two pair of shoes on the ground there were five shoes; that whenever he considered two pairs of corners of a square table, five corners were brought under his contemplation; that, in a word, the result to his mind of bringing together two pairs of things of any kind always was to give him the impression, not of four, but of five. If every one else always did the same, he could not possibly

resist the conclusion that in China two and two made five, though elsewhere they made four.

The question what evidence *might* prove is one thing, what it *has* proved is quite another. We believe that two and two make four, and should utterly disregard the evidence of any man who said that on a particular occasion they made five; not because no evidence could show that they made five, but because a mass of evidence has proved that they make four—evidence which is pressed upon us at every moment of our lives, which is confirmed and reinforced as often as we see the corners of a sheet of paper, or meet four men in the street. The truth is, that experience is something more than the recollection of an infinite multiplicity of facts. It is a set of unconscious generalizations founded on particular facts which pass from our recollection, and leave behind them the conclusions which we have drawn standing by their own weight, as an arch stands on its own principles after the removal of the centering on which it was raised. It is the aggregate of these general conclusions of which our experience is really composed, and we are right in putting infinitely more confidence in them than in any particular statement of fact, because they rest on an infinitely wider basis, and are corroborated by millions of circumstances, each of which we have tested by them with satisfactory results.

It may be asked how a general conclusion can be in any way brought into comparison with the statement of a particular fact, and whether to oppose a general conclusion to a fact is not to fall into the error of opposing the superstructure to the foundation? This is an extremely plausible objection, but in reality it is not well founded, or rather it does not apply to the subject under consideration. No one would admit that he opposed a general conclusion to a fact. Of course if there be any one fact really inconsistent with any general conclusion whatever, that conclusion must be untrue. What may be fairly done is to oppose, not a general conclusion to a particular fact, but one conclusion to another; and every statement of fact, nay, in strictness, almost every word that we use, involves an inference, and in contradicting any statement made to us, we may contradict either the theory which it assumes, or the fact which it alleges. For example, when a man says, "I see a tree," he lays down several different theories, each of which is the result of much experience. The word "I" embodies an inference—the inference which we all draw from the facts of our own memory and consciousness that there is a specific individual answering to that designation, and distinct from the successive thoughts and sensations which he feels and remembers. The word "tree" embodies the inference that there is a specific individual thing which gives unity to the different phenomena of shape, colour, &c. which impress our senses. Each of these theories is commonly accepted, and believed, because it enables us to understand a vast mass of experience which is constantly passing before us. So that when a man says, "I see a tree," he asserts several indisputable theories, but only one particular fact—namely,

that certain familiar impressions are made on his sense of sight, closely resembling other impressions made on the senses of other people. Hence if we deny the truth of his statement in general, we are always supposed to deny the matter of fact which he asserts, and not the theories which he assumes. Suppose, however, that he said, "I saw a ghost:" he appears to be stating a fact; but, in fact, he is drawing an inference, and an inference founded upon a theory which he would find it exceedingly hard to support. He asserts in effect that there are a class of beings called ghosts; that these beings are or may be capable of being seen; that certain impressions were made on his sense of sight, and that these impressions were produced by one of the beings so called. The only matter of fact which he states in all this is, that certain impressions were made on his sense of sight. The rest is all theory; and when the general conclusion that there are no ghosts is opposed to his specific assertion that he saw one, it is opposed, not to the matter of fact which he states, but to the theory in support of which he alleges it. Thus the opposition is not between theory and fact, but between a theory built upon innumerable facts and a theory built on a single one.

This is the true explanation of the general condemnation of supernatural stories, of which the advocates of superstition are apt to complain as of an injustice. The fact is, that our knowledge is composed almost exclusively of theories, so familiar and so closely interwoven with our very thoughts, and with language, which is the only vehicle of our thoughts, that we are apt to overlook the fact that they are theories, and to suppose that they are facts. Thus an alleged fact may properly be considered incredible, and put on one side without examination of the particular evidence adduced in support of it, if the tacit theories on which the allegation is based are themselves opposed to those which other parts of our experience have tacitly established. When a man denies the truth of a ghost story without examining it, what he means to say is something of this sort: "Without dissecting your statement in such a manner as to show how much of it states matter of fact and how much states matter of theory, and without saying whether I believe so much of it as states facts, or whether I agree with any, and which part of your theories, I assert that the statement contains theories inconsistent with other theories of my own, resting on a wider basis; and, therefore, I disbelieve the statement as you make it."

If it be asked what the theories are which are inconsistent with a belief that rational beings other than men and women do interfere with the common course of events, in the same or a similar manner to that in which men and women interfere with them, the answer is, that nearly every theory that we have does so—theories on which we act with unhesitating confidence on occasions of the most tremendous importance. Suppose a man missed a 10*l*. note from his desk, and suppose that he knew that the desk had not been moved from the position in which it was placed when the note was safe, would he not feel perfectly certain that

some one must have taken the note? If he found it in another person's pocket, would not he conclude, and would not any jury conclude, that that person had stolen it, unless he could give some account of it? No one in any practical matter would hesitate to say the note could not get out of one man's purse into another's unless some one had put it there. Yet this inference depends entirely on the suppositions that the note cannot move itself, and that no other rational beings, except men and women can, or at all events do, move desks from place to place. If a man knows a secret, does any one doubt that either he found it out, or some one who knew told him? Would any one in common life, and for any practical purpose, entertain for a single instant the supposition that he was told of it by a ghost, either of the original white sheet and fiery eye denomination, or of the less picturesque rapping species? No jury would hesitate for a moment to hang a man upon a doubt whether ghosts might not have interfered with the evidence. No reasonable creature would allow such a consideration to suspend his judgment for a single instant in any important matter which he might have to transact.

Once admit the interference of supernatural agents and all these inferences are vitiated, for people cannot consistently play fast and loose with such a belief. They cannot play with their opinions, and introduce ghosts into their intellectual furniture, for the sake of explaining a few odd stories which are of no real importance, and then exclude them from their calculations in all the other affairs of life. The true position of supernatural incidents, philosophically considered, is simply that of odd stories. They prove nothing whatever; and if they were more numerous and better authenticated than they are, they never would prove anything, until they were found to point to some general conceptions by the help of which some considerable part of the every-day facts of life could be explained and conveniently classified. Supernatural incidents fall between two stools. Either they violate that course of nature and chain of incident from the classified descriptions of which all our knowledge is derived—and in that case they cannot be described by any terms which we can use, and are therefore incredible,—or else they form part of it, and then they are not supernatural. Our minds are framed to understand, and our language is fitted to describe, a certain set of things. We may heap up words about other matters which do not fall within our range, but they come to nothing. Such phrases must be either awkward ways of describing familiar things, or else they must refer to matters of which we are ignorant; and in either case they are not proper objects of belief.

A question nearly connected with that of belief in supernatural incidents is belief in mere strange stories. Suppose a man were to say, I know nothing of ghosts or rapping spirits, but I assert that I saw a chair, which I have used for many years, rise from the floor without being touched, stand on the table, and gesticulate with its arms and legs like a man making a speech. At the same time I heard a voice which appeared to me to proceed from a particular spot in the back of the chair,

and which delivered an argument about the education controversy. This took place on three successive nights in a house completely empty, and at a distance from any other building, all the doors and windows being carefully fastened. Such a statement would, no doubt, consist entirely of allegations of fact, and would involve no other theories than those in which all mankind would agree with the person who made it. If, therefore, it were contradicted at all, the fact, and not the theories assumed by the narrator, would be disputed. Suppose that the statement were made by a considerable number—four or five—of perfectly sane and credible people, all speaking under the most tremendous sanctions and against the strongest private interest, leading them to deny what they affirmed; on what principle ought their assertions to be dealt with? Ought it to be believed or not? That, in point of fact, it would be widely believed, is pretty certain. It is difficult to exaggerate the degree in which people are conscious of the narrow range of their own experience, or of the weakness of the grasp with which they hold their opinions. The great majority of the world set hardly any store at all on their opinions, and are only too glad to find any one who will stir up their imaginations by telling them an extraordinary story. What people ought to think under such circumstances is another question, nor is it so trifling a one, or so merely a matter of curiosity as it may possibly appear to be at first sight. The illustration is intentionally made as broad and staring as possible, in order to raise the question, what is the dead weight, so to speak, of human testimony? How much improbability will it overcome when it is entitled to as much credit as mere direct assertion can deserve? This is a question which often occurs in a less startling shape in practical life. Suppose, for example, this case. A husband and wife deeply attached to each other, and never having been known to quarrel, are walking on the edge of a cliff; the wife falls down and is killed. A man at once gives the husband in charge for murder, and swears he saw him push her over. Suppose both the witness and the accused to be men of irreproachable character, and that, from circumstances, the witness could not be mistaken, so that the question is between murder and perjury, and that under circumstances making the guilt worse than ordinary murder. Such questions are extremely difficult, and the first difficulty in dealing with them is to discover any principle on which they can be made to depend. It is commonly said that they present the case of a balance of opposite improbabilities. It is improbable that six credible witnesses should lie against their own interests, and it is also improbable that a chair should move and speak. It is improbable that an affectionate husband should murder his wife without a motive, and it is equally improbable that a man of excellent character should try to murder an utter stranger equally without a motive, and in a manner most painful and inconvenient to himself. These improbabilities, it is said, must be weighed, and the least weighty must be believed. The plausibility of such proposals conceals the fact that they are really useless. The improbabilities cannot be reduced to a com-

mon measure, so that one can be said to be greater than the other. To do so, is to try to measure the distance from one o'clock to London Bridge.

Such questions are, in their own department, like extreme cases in morality. Loyalty, it is said, is a duty; but there are cases in which men ought to rebel. Truth is a duty, but there may be cases in which men ought to lie. If this is true, it is because morality exists for the purpose of producing general happiness, and because, in some particular instances, general happiness is promoted by a direct calculation of the effects of a particular action, and not by referring it to general rules. In precisely the same way extreme cases, like those just put, carry us back to the ultimate nature and grounds of belief. Why do we believe anything at all? Because belief is essential to action; and because a desire to act in some way or other is one of the ultimate facts of our nature, beyond which we cannot go. But why do we believe one thing rather than another, and especially truth rather than falsehood? Because experience shows us that believing the truth produces every sort of benefit, whilst believing falsehoods produces nothing but confusion, perplexity, and discomfort. If people found it as convenient to believe that twice two made five, as that it makes four, as many people would believe the one as the other. Hence the ultimate reason for believing what is true is, that experience shows that it is beneficial to do so. In all ordinary cases truth ought to be the sole object of our belief, because an enormously wide experience proves that it is wise and beneficial in the end, and, with regard to the happiness of the world at large, and to the general course of events, to follow truth under all circumstances, and at the expense of any conceivable amount of sacrifice and present discomfort. In cases, however, where we cannot discover the truth, we must revert to first principles, and believe that branch of the alternative presented to us which, upon the whole, it seems most desirable that we should believe. In the supposed case of the murder, for example, a jury would probably do well to acquit, on the ground that it would be a less evil to hurt the feelings of an honest witness and let a crime go unpunished, than to hang an innocent man. Whether the wife's family ought to take the same view, would depend entirely on the question of the nature of their relations to the widower. They might say—We will not run the risk of countenancing the murderer of our daughter or sister, we will do him no harm, and bear him no malice, but we will never see him again. On the other hand, they might say—We have trusted and loved this man, his children are, in a great measure, dependent on our care and tenderness; we will acquit him in our own minds, and view him with pity and kindness as the victim of a fearful calamity. Either of these courses they might take, on the express ground that the truth of the matter was entirely doubtful, without going so far as to assert that his guilt in the one case, or his innocence in the other, was established to their satisfaction.

In the case of mere marvels reported on good authority, the presumption is always in favour of not believing. It would be a real calamity to believe that a chair walked and talked, unless it really did; and it could do but little harm not to believe it if it did, for it is impossible to say what such an occurrence would prove, supposing it true. As to the credit of the witnesses, it is to be observed that not to believe a story is one thing, to disbelieve those who tell it is another. Belief is a state of mind; and we hear millions of assertions which do not throw our minds into a state of belief. Though we do not exactly disbelieve them, we do not believe that which they assert. The way in which we listen to the conversation of a man who is more or less of a liar is an instance of this. Such a man says, "I lent so-and-so 20*l*." If the man has no particular reason for lying on that occasion, we do not trouble ourselves to determine in our own minds that his story is a lie, but still we do not believe the story. It was once said of a notorious liar,—“If he told me it was raining, I should look out of the window.” That is, I should not at once conclude that it was not raining—I should not believe he had lied; but, on the other hand, I should not believe that what he said was true, till I saw it for myself. Take away the opportunity for verification, and this exactly describes the state of mind in which a reasonable man ought to be placed by credible witnesses telling an incredible story. “The gentleman says he would not have believed it unless he had seen it, and no more will I.” The whole subject of supernatural stories may be summed up in one phrase: In so far as they are strange, they ought not to be believed; in so far as they are supernatural, they ought to be disbelieved.

The Great Naval Revolution.*

THAT "Further Reconstruction of the Navy" which, in December last, we showed to be urgently necessary, has since been so greatly stimulated by the exploits of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* in Hampton-roads, that all the world has come suddenly to demand it energetically. We then suggested that our persistence in building unplated frigates, corvettes, and smaller vessels of wood, was in the highest degree improvident, and urged that the causes which had compelled us to substitute iron-cased vessels for combustible wooden ships in our lines-of-battle, likewise rendered the protection of our smaller craft imperative. We also questioned the propriety of spending millions of money upon fixed fortresses at Spithead, when the invulnerability of iron-cased vessels at considerable ranges had been demonstrated, and when also it was well known that the same money, if expended upon sea-going ships, would give us the power of blockading all the ports of an enemy.

We revert to these statements with the view of enforcing, by repetition, important principles to which everybody is just now assenting; but which many would be extremely prone to forget in the event of a truce being called in America, or a reduction in the French fleets taking place. And, further, we revert to them because, in connection with them, we gave consideration to another vital question, upon the answer to which the success or failure of our future naval policy will inevitably depend: viz., How far shall we be justified in expending our treasures upon the construction of mere coast-defence vessels, which are incapable of bearing our flag across the seas, and of vindicating our honour upon foreign shores?

Every one who has dispassionately observed the progress of naval changes during the last two or three years, must have discerned that the direct tendency of all that has happened during this period in France and America, has been to lure us from our glorious course in the last Continental war, and to concentrate our thoughts and energies upon coast defences.

If any reader should doubt that this is the present tendency of affairs, a glance at the accompanying engravings will enable him to compare the past with the future character of such ships as the *Royal Sovereign* and

* Since this article has been in type we have learnt, with great satisfaction, that a design for sea-going iron-plated vessels of moderate dimensions has been approved by the Admiralty, and the construction of such vessels will be proceeded with at once in the Royal Dockyard.

Duke of Wellington. Figs. 1 and 2 represent these ships as they were, and as they will appear when cased with iron. Fig. 3 is an exact outline

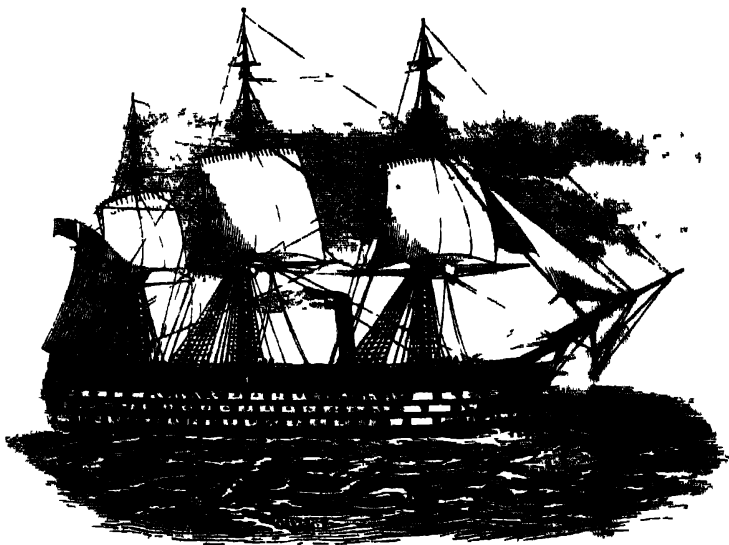


Fig. 1. THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN AS SHE WAS.



Fig. 2. THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN AS SHE IS TO BE.

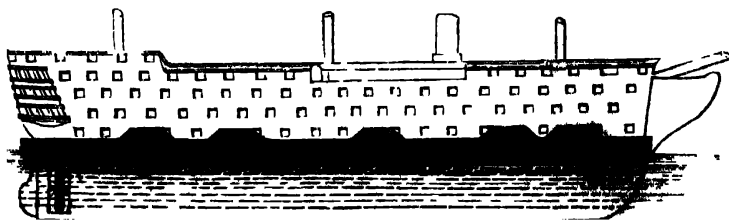


Fig 3.

of the original ship placed above the hull in its *improved* form. As first built, these majestic ships carried each 131 guns, which they were capable



Fig. 5. THE ADMIRALTY CUPOLA SHIP.

Fig. 4.

of bearing to any part of the globe; in their future state they will carry *ten* at most, and probably only *five*—one under each shield; and with these they will be unable to fire even a single shot in our favour anywhere save on our own coasts.

Let it not be supposed that we are losing sight of the fact that in the one case the ship, majestic as she appeared, was very destructible, while in the other she will be all but invulnerable. We are quite aware that in the present condition of naval warfare she will be more formidable in her altered form than before, as an instrument of defence in our own waters. But it is nevertheless true, that for all purposes of naval dominion or power abroad, she will be lost to the country, and will be of service to us only when—Heaven avert the disgrace!—other nations have so far mastered us as to beard us in our own harbours—a thing which for ages past no Englishman has ever thought of complacently until now.

Nor is it these converted line-of-battle ships only that will be useless to us abroad. We have lately commenced to issue contracts for what are called Cupola ships, upon Captain Coles's principle, which will be characterized by the same incapacity to perform foreign service. The first of these vessels is now in course of building by Mr. Samuda, from designs prepared with great care by the naval architects of the Admiralty. We here give exact drawings of her in the engravings (figs. 4 and 5), which present a side view and a view of her bow respectively. She will be 240 feet long, 48 broad, and of 20 feet draught of water, and, with engines of 500 horse-power, will steam at about 10½ knots. Her tonnage is 2,530 tons, and as she is to be paid for at the rate of 44*l.* 15*s.* per ton, her hull only will cost 113,217*l.* Her engines will cost 30,000*l.* more; so that altogether, allowing for extras and equipment, she will cost when complete at least 150,000*l.* As she will carry but 12 guns, the nation will have to pay for her at the rate of 12,500*l.* per gun! And yet this ship will be utterly valueless to us in the Mediterranean, on the coasts of America, in the Baltic, or on any foreign shore. The ships with which we won our naval renown abroad cost us 1,000*l.* per gun; now we

have come to pay more than twelve times as much for vessels that at best can only benefit us in a last extremity.

No one can doubt, then, that this question of iron ships for coast defence, as compared with sea-going ships, is one of vital importance; and in view of it we are entitled to ask if our new ships cannot be made fit to go to sea, and if something cannot be done in the way of plating our noble line-of-battle ships and frigates sufficiently for practical purposes, still leaving them capable of asserting our rights on foreign shores? If this can be done—and we believe, not without good reason, that it can—then the power of sending them abroad will be an immense gain to us, while it will in no degree detract from their efficiency to defend our home ports, if need be. If it cannot be, or is not accomplished, then, we ask, what is to be done in order to maintain our naval superiority, which was so hardly won by our Blakes and Nelsons, which has been so valuable to us, and for which both France and America are now strenuously and hopefully competing? If it be said that the construction of iron-cased sea-going fleets is to be simultaneously carried on, we have no objection to offer—except this, that our naval expenditure must henceforth be doubled! It must be recollected that hitherto our sea-going ships have been our real defences, because they have blockaded the enemy in his own ports, and so kept him from our shores. Unless we deliberately, not to say wantonly, abandon our supremacy, this will be the case still ~~if it be~~, if it be, we are wholly unable to comprehend the policy of building fleets of costly ships adapted for home use only, and converting our three-deckers into craft of a like kind. There can be no objection to the construction and conversion of a few such vessels to take the place of, or to support, shore batteries; and beyond that we certainly have not gone at present. But we are clearly in great danger of rushing to an extreme in this respect; and if this be done, then we have but the alternative left to us—either we must give up a sea-going war navy altogether, or we must bear the expense of providing and maintaining two totally distinct navies simultaneously. We cannot accept either of these results with equanimity. We can see no cause for hauling down the old flag that has so long braved the breeze as well as the battle; nor can we see any necessity for so immense a demand upon the Treasury as a doubled naval expenditure would create.

If we turn from these general considerations to notice more closely the recent conflicts between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* in American waters, and the still more recent experiments with heavy artillery at Shoeburyness, we discover no cause for abandoning our ascendancy at sea, or for building an immense fleet of coast-defence vessels. The exploits of the *Merrimac* certainly afforded valuable evidence of the destructive effects which may be produced by an iron-plated ram upon a wooden ship, both by the fire of her guns and the shock of her bow; but nothing unexpected was developed by her. We have all known perfectly well that even the shot fire of modern ordnance is very destructive to an unprotected hull of wood, and that its shell fire is much more so; and we

have all believed that a heavy iron-plated vessel might run with impunity against the sides of such a hull—especially of the hull of an American-built ship—and breach it in the most dangerous manner. All this the *Merrimac* has distinctly confirmed. She has also proved a still more important fact, and one which bears impressively upon the subject of home defences; for she has shown that with very meagre resources it is perfectly practicable to convert a wooden ship into an engine of a most formidable character, to defend the harbours of an intelligent and energetic people when invaded by a hostile fleet. If our information concerning the armour placed upon this vessel be correct, the Confederates deserve great credit for the ingenuity with which they utilized the rude materials at hand in producing it. They took a quantity of railway metals (probably worn out as rails, but if so, less useful for their new purpose), and placed

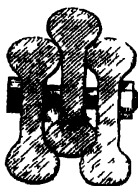


Fig. 6.

them together in groups of threes, thus (fig. 6):—fastening them together by bolts and nuts, as shown. The bars thus formed they placed upon a sloping backing, composed, first of a layer of 12-inch yellow pine, and then of two layers of 4-inch oak, crossing each other. Upon the outer layer of oak the bars were firmly fastened, the rounded heads of the rails being exposed to the enemy. There can be little doubt that such an armour, although very defective in many respects, formed an admirable protection against the shot and shell of the Federals, fired, as they were, with low charges of powder. If it be true, however, that a few of the *Monitor's* shot effected a passage into the *Merrimac*, we need not be at all astonished at the circumstance.

With respect to the *Monitor*, her success, such as it has been, was due in a great measure to a combination of fortuitous circumstances—most

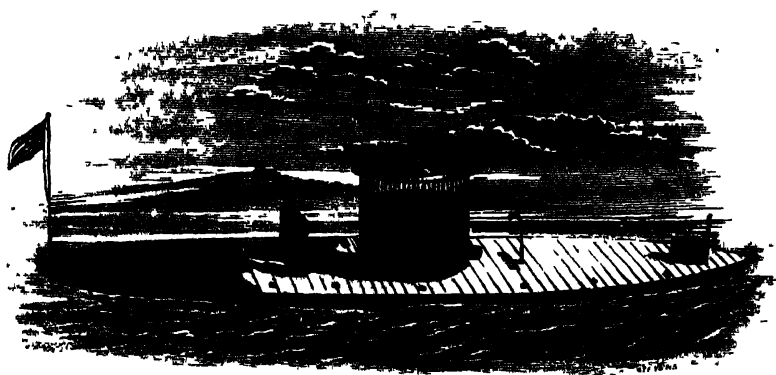


Fig. 7. THE MONITOR.

of all to the fact that the *Merrimac* was weak in precisely the very part where strength was indispensable for running down such a craft as her antagonist. Before elucidating this point it may be well to describe the *Monitor* by aid of the accompanying engraving (fig. 7), which is taken from

an American scientific journal.* In that publication, however, the *Monitor* is shown to be moving in the wrong direction, owing, probably, to an error on the part of the artist; but the engraving here given is, we believe, correct. The vessel is formed with an upper hull 174 feet long, and 41 feet 4 inches wide, having vertical sides, and a lower hull or bottom considerably shorter and narrower. The upper hull being 5 feet deep, and projecting only 1 foot 6 inches above the water, it is supposed that its sides, which are formed of 30 inches of oak and 6 inches of iron, will effectually guard the bottom from injury by shot. The propeller and rudder, being under the projecting end of the upper section of the vessel, are also protected in the same way. The guns, of which there are two, are placed side by side in a revolving, upright cylindrical turret formed of rolled 1-inch plates bolted together to the thickness of 8 inches. It is 20 feet in diameter, internally, and 9 feet high, and is turned round at pleasure by means of a small steam-engine. The turret itself, and the mode of mounting the guns within it, and of supporting and turning the whole, are in all essential respects similar to Captain Coles's inventions; with the single exception that the *Monitor's* turret is an upright cylinder, instead of being conical, like that of Captain Coles. Upon the side of the turret, in which are the ports, the thickness of iron is increased by an additional plating 3 inches in thickness, making the shield presented to the enemy 11 inches thick. The turret is also pierced in four different places with holes for the insertion of telescopes, and just outside of the holes reflectors are fixed, to bend the ray of light which comes in a direction parallel with the guns through the axis of the telescope. "The sailing-master," we are told, "takes his position in the turret with his eye to the telescope and his hand upon the wheel that governs the motion of the small engine, and turns the turret so as to keep the guns always directed with absolute precision to the object against which the fire is directed. A scale is also arranged for adjusting the elevation of the guns with similar engineering precision, and it would seem that the firing should be directed with unprecedented accuracy." The engraving represents the battery as ready for sea. In preparing for action, the awning over the turret is removed, and the square chimneys, as well as the short ventilating pipes, are taken down. The small square tower at the bow is the wheel-house in which the helmsman stands. It is made of bars of iron 9 inches by 12, interlocked at the corners.

Now there are four methods at least by which such a craft as this may be advantageously attacked. In the first place, solid shot discharged with a heavy charge of powder, at a very short range, would knock the turret to pieces. Superposed plates of thin iron, like those which Mr. Ericsson has here adopted, have been found incapable of resisting shot so well as solid forged plates of much less thickness. An ordinary 68-pounder fired with the heaviest permissible charge of powder would probably

* *The Scientific American*, New Series, No. 12, Vol. vi.

destroy both the turret and the hull of the *Monitor*. 'Again, she is manifestly exposed to the attack of boarders, provided with powder-bags, &c., as was well and sufficiently shown in an ingenious letter published in *The Times* of April 11. Thirdly, she may be easily and utterly destroyed by another and heavier vessel with a sloping prow riding over and sinking her. It may be said that this mode of assault was tried by the *Merrimac* and failed. But—and here we come to the special weakness before mentioned—it seems pretty certain that at the point where the *Merrimac* struck the *Monitor*, just above the water-line, the timber stem of the ship was protected but very imperfectly, so that the *Merrimac* herself sustained the injury of the blow. In fact it would seem that the sharp edge of the *Monitor's* side cut deeply into the stem of the wooden ship; for in several of the accounts that have reached us it has been stated that the bow of the latter was stove in: indeed, Mr. Stimers, the engineer of the *Monitor*, in a letter to Mr. Ericsson, expressly says, "her bow passed over our deck, and our sharp upper-edged side cut through the light iron shoe upon her stem and well into her oak." He adds, "she will not try that again;" but upon that point we entertain a very grave doubt. We think it extremely probable that she will try it again, and with a very excellent chance of success; provided that the bow is strengthened with massive iron, sloped so as to tread her puny foe beneath her. It should be remembered that a mere weight of less than 250 tons imposed upon the *Monitor* would completely immerse her, and cause her to sink like a stone. The insignificance of this weight, when compared with that of large vessels, may be inferred from the fact that the *Merrimac* weighs from four to five thousand tons; while, according to a statement made by Sir John Pakington a few weeks ago, the *Warrior* might take in more than one thousand tons of water, and yet sink only about two feet below her present load water-line. The probability indeed is, that if the *Warrior* ran at full speed over the *Monitor*, the latter would be trodden down by the monster almost without checking its advance. There remains yet another effectual method of destroying the *Monitor*, and that consists in bursting in her bottom beneath her upper armour-cased hull. This bottom is formed of only half-inch iron, and would yield instantly to the butt of any powerful ram whatever. Nor must it be supposed this is by any means an improbable method of attack, for several of the ships already built by the Admiralty have been specially provided with a long submarine beak, extending forward from the ship for the express purpose of crushing in the bottoms of ships in their most vulnerable part, viz., beneath the lower edge of the armour-plating. The cupola ship, shown in figs. 4 and 5, will also be provided with a similar contrivance.

While remarking upon the American iron vessels, we will add here a few words about that celebrated *Stevens' Battery*, which was the first iron-cased ship ever commenced, and although she has already cost 140,000*l.*, Congress has just granted 100,000*l.* more for her completion.

This singular vessel was very well described at a recent meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects, by Mr. Norman Scott Russell, of Milwall, to whose excellent drawings we are indebted for the accompanying engraving (figs. 8 and 9). The vessel is formed with sides very much inclined; her guns are unprotected, and are loaded from below, through the muzzle, which is made susceptible of depression for that purpose. When taken into action, she is to have 900 tons of water admitted into her, in order to sink her unprotected parts beyond the reach of shot. She is to be furnished with two screw propellers and peculiar engines, and is intended to steam at fourteen knots. It was part of her original (and is still a part of the present) design to employ her as a ram, for which purpose the *Merrimac* has proved so effective. It should be remembered, however, that it would be less easy to run down a ship under steam than it was to steam against a couple of sailing ships lying at rest. It may be added that the *Naugatuck* is a miniature *Stevens' Battery*.

With all these American devices before us, together with some others of more doubtful character, it is impossible to feel that we are indebted to them for any very valuable suggestions. From the actual combats of Federal and Confederate vessels of novel kinds we have derived, and shall perhaps continue to derive, information that we may turn to good uses; but it seems evident that these *Merrimacs* and *Monitors*, *Stevens' Batteries* and *Naugatucks*, are, at the best, inventions suited only to a species of warfare which we, by wisdom and foresight, may easily avert: certainly they are in no respect superior to such engines as we ourselves could, and should, have produced, had we been called upon to wage desperate warfare in our own harbours.

It cannot be doubted, however, that an entire revolution has to be forthwith wrought throughout the navy of Great Britain, and that a more tremendous responsibility than ever previously befel a British Admiralty in a time of peace, has been suddenly imposed upon the Duke of Somerset and his coadjutors. If ever there was a period when this country needed wise, prompt, and enterprising men at the head of its naval affairs, this certainly



Fig. 8.

Fig. 9. THE AMERICAN STEVENS' BATTERY.

is such a time. Almost at a single touch, that magnificent steam sea-going navy upon which we have been for years past lavishing our millions, has been virtually dissolved, and the mighty arm which we extended at will across oceans and beyond continents has been paralysed. Within a hundred miles of our coast a warlike and inscrutable sovereign is organizing his mailed squadrons, which, at present, are superior in number, and not greatly inferior in quality, to our own; and yonder, over the Atlantic, a fierce Republic is baptizing in blood and fire novel engines of destruction with names that import warning and menace to us. From the public press, and even from Parliament, uncertain cries go forth, clamouring for changes which amount to a revolution in every element of naval practice. Every step that is taken is sharply criticised by irresponsible persons, and in the general turmoil one can readily discern individual interests and personal ambitions rising to the surface; while over all is heard the boom and crash of that tremendous instrument which at Shoeburyness a few days ago shattered even our trust in our iron-clad defences. At such a time, and under such circumstances, if ever, we surely need wise and vigorous guidance.

The duty of the Admiralty Board at this crisis is clearly twofold. They have to examine in the most searching manner the real character of the iron-cased ships already built or ordered by them, looking no less eagerly for their defects than for their merits; and they have to hasten the construction of new vessels of approved structure for sea-going purposes, weighing such practical suggestions as competent persons anywhere and everywhere may offer. We cannot but believe that the former portion of their task has been greatly facilitated by the honest and outspoken criticisms upon the *Warrior's* design which Captain Halsted has published. It may be true that this gallant officer has urged his objections too vehemently, and that he has made but little allowance for the peculiar circumstances under which she, as the first iron-cased British frigate, was produced; but it seems pretty certain that he has detected and exhibited whatever defects the ship possesses; and, as it is in the highest degree desirable that the Admiralty should be fully enlightened upon these points, we, notwithstanding our great admiration of the *Warrior*, think Captain Halsted has performed a very serviceable, although ungracious task.

It is in shaping their future course that the Admiralty will experience extremest difficulties, and incur a more perilous responsibility. If they should so read their duty as to suppose that they have little to do beyond building and converting a fleet suited only for home defence, they may proceed smoothly for a brief period, but only to encounter a certain and terrible storm hereafter. We feel assured that, whatever may be the momentary impression, the British nation will not be content to see its power upon the ocean decline, without strenuous efforts to maintain it. Nor is there any reason that it should. We fearlessly assert that nothing whatever has happened that should make us think so much of our ports

and so little of our possessions, so much of our mere security and so little of our honour and renown. The introduction of iron armour into navies need have no such result. We repeat what we have before said in this magazine, and affirm that we can with ease build iron-plated vessels of all sizes and classes, fit to perform service in any and every part of the world. About the practicability of building large ships of this description, no one has any doubt; and as regards small vessels, we have ourselves indicated* how these may be constructed, either of wood or of iron.

We do not fear, however, that the Board of Admiralty and the present Controller of the Navy are likely to go far wrong, even in their present exigent circumstances. We believe them to be as free from prejudice as any set of men can be, and they are devoted to their work. We should grieve to add to their embarrassments by any strictures upon their proceedings, unless there existed the strongest reasons for opposing them. But we must urge them to keep us strong upon the open sea, and to resist those home apprehensions and foreign lures which would make us cower henceforth in our harbours.

Nor do we urge this without cause; for it is a well known, although but little considered, fact, that while both France and America have built, and are building, numerous small iron-cased vessels of various classes, the British Government have not, at the moment these lines are written, even commenced a single sea-going ship of that description of less dimensions than the *Defence* and *Resistance* frigates—ships each of 3,700 tons! It is here that our worst weakness lies. No wonder that the New York journals exclaim exultingly—"Soon we shall have an armada which will sweep the seas." There cannot be a doubt of their power to do this, even with the fleet of small craft which they already have in progress. It is surely time, therefore, that we produced iron-plated vessels of war, of moderate dimensions, that will bear our flag to distant shores. We are at present disposed to place too much reliance upon ships that cannot set a sail or steam a dozen days together. Should a contest with America be forced upon us, three months, or six months hence, we shall not have a single small vessel to send against our enemy up the St. Lawrence, on the Lakes, or, indeed, anywhere else. This is a reflection which causes both anxiety and chagrin, and should be second to none in its impression upon the Admiralty. Five months have elapsed since we urged these considerations, and nothing but a determined effort now can atone for past delay.

* See *Cornhill Magazine* for December, 1861.

Six Weeks at Heppenheim.

AFTER I left Oxford, I determined to spend some months in travel before settling down in life. My father had left me a few thousands, the income arising from which would be enough to provide for all the necessary requirements of a lawyer's education; such as lodgings in a quiet part of London, fees and payment to the distinguished barrister with whom I was to read; but there would be small surplus left over for luxuries or amusements; and as I was rather in debt on leaving college, since I had forestalled my income, and the expenses of my travelling would have to be defrayed out of my capital, I determined that they should not exceed fifty pounds. As long as that sum would last me I would remain abroad; when it was spent my holiday should be over, and I would return and settle down somewhere in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, in order to be near Mr. ——'s chambers in Lincoln's-inn. I had to wait in London for one day while my passport was being made out, and I went to examine the streets in which I purposed to live; I had picked them out, from studying a map, as desirable; and so they were, if judged entirely by my reason; but their aspect was very depressing to one country-bred, and just fresh from the beautiful street-architecture of Oxford. The thought of living in such a monotonous gray district for years made me all the more anxious to prolong my holiday by all the economy which could eke out my fifty pounds. I thought I could make it last for one hundred days at least. I was a good walker, and had no very luxurious tastes in the matter of accommodation or food; I had as fair a knowledge of German and French as any untravelled Englishman can have; and I resolved to avoid expensive hotels such as my own countrymen frequented.

I have stated this much about myself to explain how I fell in with the little story that I am going to record, but with which I had not much to do,—my part in it being little more than that of a sympathizing spectator. I had been through France into Switzerland, where I had gone beyond my strength in the way of walking, and I was on my way home, when one evening I came to the village of Heppenheim, on the Berg-Strasse. I had strolled about the dirty town of Worms all morning, and dined in a filthy hotel; and after that I had crossed the Rhine, and walked through Lorsch to Heppenheim. I was unnaturally tired and languid as I dragged myself up the rough-paved and irregular village street to the inn recommended to me. It was a large building, with a green court before it. A cross-looking but scrupulously clean hostess received me, and showed me into a large room with a dinner-table in it, which, though it might have accommodated thirty or forty guests, only stretched down

half the length of the eating room. There were windows at each end of the room ; two looked to the front of the house, on which the evening shadows had already fallen ; the opposite two were partly doors, opening into a large garden full of trained fruit-trees and beds of vegetables, amongst which rose-bushes and other flowers seemed to grow by permission, not by original intention. There was a stove at each end of the room, which, I suspect, had originally been divided into two. The door by which I had entered was exactly in the middle, and opposite to it was another, leading to a great bed-chamber, which my hostess showed me as my sleeping quarters for the night.

If the place had been much less clean and inviting, I should have remained there ; I was almost surprised myself at my *vis inertie* ; once seated in the last warm rays of the slanting sun by the garden window, I was disinclined to move, or even to speak. My hostess had taken my orders as to my evening meal, and had left me. The sun went down, and I grew shivery. The vast room looked cold and bare ; the darkness brought out shadows that perplexed me, because I could not fully make out the objects that produced them after dazzling my eyes by gazing out into the crimson light.

Some one came in ; it was the maiden to prepare for my supper. She began to lay the cloth at one end of the large table. There was a smaller one close by me. I mustered up my voice, which seemed a little as if it was getting beyond my control, and called to her,—

“ Will you let me have my supper here on this table ? ”

She came near ; the light fell on her while I was in shadow. She was a tall young woman, with a fine strong figure, a pleasant face, expressive of goodness and sense, and with a good deal of comeliness about it, too, although the fair complexion was bronzed and reddened by weather, so as to have lost much of its delicacy, and the features, as I had afterwards opportunity enough of observing, were anything but regular. She had white teeth, however, and well-opened blue eyes—grave-looking eyes which had shed tears for past sorrow—plenty of light-brown hair, rather elaborately plaited, and fastened up by two great silver pins. That was all—perhaps more than all—I noticed that first night. She began to lay the cloth where I had directed. A shiver passed over me : she looked at me, and then said,—

“ The gentleman is cold : shall I light the stove ? ”

Something vexed me—I am not usually so impatient : it was the coming-on of serious illness—I did not like to be noticed so closely ; I believed that food would restore me, and I did not want to have my meal delayed, as I feared it might be by the lighting of the stove ; and most of all I was feverishly annoyed by movement. I answered sharply and abruptly,—

“ No ; bring supper quickly ; that is all I want.”

Her quiet, sad eyes met mine for a moment ; but I saw no change in their expression, as if I had vexed her by my rudeness : her countenance

did not for an instant lose its look of patient sense, and that is pretty nearly all I can remember of Thekla that first evening at Heppenheim.

I suppose I ate my supper, or tried to do so, at any rate; and I must have gone to bed, for days after I became conscious of lying there, weak as a new-born babe, and with a sense of past pain in all my weary limbs. As is the case in recovering from fever, one does not care to connect facts, much less to reason upon them; so how I came to be lying in that strange bed, in that large, half-furnished room; in what house that room was; in what town, in what country, I did not take the trouble to recal. It was of much more consequence to me then to discover what was the well-known herb that gave the scent to the clean, coarse sheets in which I lay. Gradually I extended by observations, always confining myself to the present. I must have been well cared-for by some one, and that lately, too, for the window was shaded, so as to prevent the morning sun from coming in upon the bed; there was the crackling of fresh wood in the great white china stove, which must have been newly replenished within a short time.

By-and-by the door opened slowly. I cannot tell why, but my impulse was to shut my eyes as if I were still asleep. But I could see through my apparently closed eyelids. In came, walking on tip-toe, with a slow care that defeated its object, two men. The first was aged from thirty to forty, in the dress of a Black Forest peasant,—old-fashioned coat and knee-breeches of strong blue cloth, but of a thoroughly good quality; he was followed by an older man, whose dress, of more pretension as to cut and colour (it was all black), was, nevertheless, as I had often the opportunity of observing afterwards, worn threadbare.

Their first sentences, in whispered German, told me who they were: the landlord of the inn where I was lying a helpless log, and the village doctor, who had been called in. The latter felt my pulse, and nodded his head repeatedly in approbation. I had instinctively known that I was getting better, and hardly cared for this confirmation; but it seemed to give the truest pleasure to the landlord, who shook the hand of the doctor, in a pantomime expressive of as much thankfulness as if I had been his brother. Some low-spoken remarks were made, and then some question was asked, to which, apparently, my host was unable to reply. He left the room, and in a minute or two returned, followed by Thekla, who was questioned by the doctor, and replied with a quiet clearness, showing how carefully the details of my illness had been observed by her. Then she left the room, and, as if every minute had served to restore to my brain its power of combining facts, I was suddenly prompted to open my eyes, and ask in the best German I could muster what day of the month it was; not that I clearly remembered the date of my arrival at Heppenheim, but I knew it was about the beginning of September.

Again the doctor conveyed his sense of extreme satisfaction in a series of rapid pantomimic nods, and then replied, in deliberate but tolerable English, to my great surprise,—

"It is the 29th of September, my dear sir. You must thank the dear God. Your fever has made its course of twenty-one days. Now patience and care must be practised. The good host and his household will have the care; you must have the patience. If you have relations in England, I will do my endeavours to tell them the state of your health."

"I have no near relations," said I, beginning in my weakness to cry, as I remembered, as if it had been a dream, the days when I had father, mother, sister.

"Chut, chut!" said he; then, turning to the landlord, he told him in German to make Thekla bring me one of her good bouillons; after which I was to have certain medicines, and to sleep as undisturbedly as possible. For days, he went on, I should require constant watching and careful feeding; every twenty minutes I was to have something, either wine or soup, in small quantities.

A dim notion came into my lazy mind that my previous husbandry of my fifty pounds, by taking long walks and scanty diet, would prove in the end very bad economy; but I sank into dozing unconsciousness before I could quite follow out my idea. I was roused by the touch of a spoon on my lips; it was Thekla feeding me. Her sweet, grave face had something approaching to a mother's look of tenderness upon it, as she gave me spoonful after spoonful with gentle patience and dainty care: and then I fell asleep once more. When next I wakened it was night; the stove was lighted, and the burning wood made a pleasant crackle, though I could only see the outlines and edges of red flame through the crevices of the small iron door. The uncurtained window on my left looked into the purple, solemn night. Turning a little, I saw Thekla sitting near a table, sewing diligently at some great white piece of household work. Every now and then she stopped to snuff the candle; sometimes she began to ply her needle again immediately; but once or twice she let her busy hands lie idly in her lap, and looked into the darkness, and thought deeply for a moment or two; these pauses always ended in a kind of sobbing sigh, the sound of which seemed to restore her to self-consciousness, and she took to her sewing even more diligently than before. Watching her had a sort of dreamy interest for me; this diligence of hers was a pleasant contrast to my repose; it seemed to enhance the flavour of my rest. I was too much of an animal just then to have my sympathy, or even my curiosity, strongly excited by her look of sad remembrance, or by her sighs.

After a while she gave a little start, looked at a watch lying by her on the table, and came, shading the candle by her hand, softly to my bedside. When she saw my open eyes she went to a porringer placed at the top of the stove, and fed me with soup. She did not speak while doing this. I was half awake that she had done it many times since the doctor's visit, although this seemed to be the first time that I was fully awake. She passed her arm under the pillow on which my head rested, and raised me a very little; her support was as firm as a man's could

have been. Again back to her work, and I to my slumbers, without a word being exchanged.

It was broad daylight when I wakened again; I could see the sunny atmosphere of the garden outside stealing in through the nicks at the side of the shawl hung up to darken the room,—a shawl which I was sure had not been there when I had observed the window in the night. How gently my nurse must have moved about while doing her thoughtful act!

My breakfast was brought me by the hostess; she who had received me on my first arrival at this hospitable inn. She meant to do everything kindly, I am sure; but a sick room was not her place; by a thousand little mal-adroitnesses she fidgeted me past bearing; her shoes creaked, her dress rustled; she asked me questions about myself which it irritated me to answer; she congratulated me on being so much better, while I was faint for want of the food which she delayed giving me in order to talk. My host had more sense in him when he came in, although his shoes creaked as well as hers. By this time I was somewhat revived, and could talk a little; besides, it seemed churlish to be longer without acknowledging so much kindness received.

"I am afraid I have been a great trouble," said I. "I can only say that I am truly grateful."

His good broad face reddened, and he moved a little uneasily.

"I don't see how I could have done otherwise than I——than we, did," replied he, in the soft German of the district. "We were all glad enough to do what we could; I don't say it was a pleasure, because it is our busiest time of year,—but then," said he, laughing a little awkwardly, as if he feared his expression might have been misunderstood, "I don't suppose it has been a pleasure to you either, sir, to be laid up so far from home."

"No, indeed."

"I may as well tell you now, sir, that we had to look over your papers and clothes. In the first place, when you were so ill I would fain have let your kinsfolk know, if I could have found a clue; and besides, you needed linen."

"I am wearing a shirt of yours though," said I, touching my sleeve.

"Yes, sir!" said he again, reddening a little. "I told Thekla to take the finest out of the chest; but I am afraid you find it coarser than your own."

For all answer I could only lay my weak hand on the great brown paw resting on the bed-side. He gave me a sudden squeeze in return that I thought would have crushed my bones.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, misinterpreting the sudden look of pain which I could not repress; "but watching a man come out of the shadow of death into life makes one feel very friendly towards him."

"No old or true friend that I have had could have done more for me than you, and your wife; and Thekla, and the good doctor."

"I am a widower," said he, turning round the great wedding-ring that

decked his third finger. "My sister keeps house for me, and takes care of the children,—that is to say, she does it with the help of Thekla, the house-maiden. But I have other servants," he continued. "I am well to do, the good God be thanked! I have land, and cattle, and vineyards. It will soon be our vintage-time, and then you must go and see my grapes as they come into the village. I have a '*chasse*,' too, in the Odenwald; perhaps one day you will be strong enough to go and shoot the '*chevreuil*' with me."

His good true heart was trying to make me feel like a welcome guest. Some time afterwards I learnt from the doctor that—my poor fifty pounds being nearly all expended—my host and he had been brought to believe in my poverty, as the necessary examination of my clothes and papers showed so little evidence of wealth. But I myself have but little to do with my story; I only name these things, and repeat these conversations, to show what a true, kind, honest man my host was. By the way, I may as well call him by his name henceforward, Fritz Müller. The doctor's name, Wiedermann.

I was tired enough with this interview with Fritz Müller; but when Dr. Wiedermann came he pronounced me to be much better; and through the day much the same course was pursued as on the previous one: being fed, lying still, and sleeping were my passive and active occupations. It was a hot sunshiny day, and I craved for air. Fresh air does not enter into the pharmacopœia of a German doctor; but somehow I obtained my wish. During the morning hours the window through which the sun streamed—the window looking on to the front court—was opened a little; and through it I heard the sounds of active life, which gave me pleasure and interest enough. The hen's cackle, the cock's exultant call when he had found the treasure of a grain of corn,—the movements of a tethered donkey, and the cooing and whirring of the pigeons which lighted on the window-sill, gave me just subjects enough for interest. Now and then a cart or carriage drove up,—I could hear them ascending the rough village street long before they stopped at the "*Halbmond*," the village inn. Then there came a sound of running and haste in the house; and Thekla was always called for in sharp, imperative tones. I heard little children's footsteps, too, from time to time; and once there must have been some childish accident or hurt, for a shrill plaintive little voice kept calling out, "*Thekla, Thekla, liebe Thekla.*" Yet, after the first early morning hours, when my hostess attended on my wants, it was always Thekla who came to give me my food or my medicine; who redded up my room; who arranged the degree of light, shifting the temporary curtain with the shifting sun; and always as quietly and deliberately as though her attendance upon me were her sole work. Once or twice my hostess came into the large eating-room (out of which my room opened), and called Thekla away from whatever was her occupation in my room at the time, in a sharp, injured, imperative whisper. Once I remember it was to say that sheets were wanted for some stranger's bed, and to ask where she, the speaker, could

have put the keys, in a tone of irritation, as though Thékla were responsible for Fräulein Müller's own forgetfulness.

Night came on; the sounds of daily life died away into silence; the children's voices were no more heard; the poultry were all gone to roost; the beasts of burden to their stables; and travellers were housed. Then Thékla came in softly and quietly, and took up her appointed place, after she had done all in her power for my comfort. I felt that I was in no state to be left all those weary hours which intervened between sunset and sunrise; but I did feel ashamed that this young woman, who had watched by me all the previous night, and for aught I knew, for many before, and had worked hard, been run off her legs, as English servants would say, all day long, should come and take up her care of me again; and it was with a feeling of relief that I saw her head bend forwards, and finally rest on her arms, which had fallen on the white piece of sewing spread before her on the table. She slept; and I slept. When I awakened dawn was stealing into the room, and making pale the lamplight. Thékla was standing by the stove, where she had been preparing the bouillon I should require on waking. But she did not notice my half-open eyes, although her face was turned towards the bed. She was reading a letter, slowly, as if its words were familiar to her, yet as though she were trying afresh to extract some fuller or some different meaning from their construction. She folded it up softly and slowly, and replaced it in her pocket with the quiet movement habitual to her. Then she looked before her, not at me, but at vacancy filled up by memories; and as the enchanter brought up the scenes and people which she saw, but I could not, her eyes filled with tears—tears that gathered almost imperceptibly to herself as it would seem—for when one large drop fell on her hands (held slightly together before her as she stood) she started a little, and brushed her eyes with the back of her hand, and then came towards the bed to see if I was awake. If I had not witnessed her previous emotion, I could never have guessed that she had any hidden sorrow or pain from her manner; tranquil, self-restrained as usual. The thought of this letter haunted me, especially as more than once I, wakeful or watchful during the ensuing nights, either saw it in her hands, or suspected that she had been recurring to it from noticing the same sorrowful dreamy look upon her face when she thought herself unobserved. Most likely every one has noticed how inconsistently out of proportion some ideas become when one is shut up in any place without change of scene or thought. I really grew quite irritated about this letter. If I did not see it I suspected it lay *perdu* in her pocket. What was in it? Of course it was a love-letter; but if so, what was going wrong in the course of her love? I became like a spoilt child in my recovery; every one whom I saw for the time being was thinking only of me, so it was perhaps no wonder that I became my sole object of thought; and at last the gratification of my curiosity about this letter seemed to me a duty that I owed to myself. As long as my fidgety inquisitiveness remained ungratified, I felt as if I could not get

well. But to do myself justice, it was more than inquisitiveness. Thekla had tended me with the gentle, thoughtful care of a sister, in the midst of her busy life. I could often hear the Fraulein's sharp voice outside blaming her for something that had gone wrong; but I never heard much from Thekla in reply. Her name was called in various tones by different people, more frequently than I could count, as if her services were in perpetual requisition, yet I was never neglected, or even long uncared-for. The doctor was kind and attentive; my host friendly and really generous; his sister subdued her acerbity of manner when in my room, but Thekla was the one of all to whom I owed my comforts, if not my life. If I could do anything to smooth her path (and a little money goes a great way in these primitive parts of Germany), how willingly would I give it? So one night I began—she was no longer needed to watch by my bedside, but she was arranging my room before leaving me for the night—

"Thekla," said I, "you don't belong to Heppenheim, do you?"

She looked at me, and reddened a little.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"You have been so good to me that I cannot help wanting to know more about you. I must needs feel interested in one who has been by my side through my illness as you have. Where do your friends live? Are your parents alive?"

All this time I was driving at the letter.

"I was born at Altenahr. My father is an innkeeper there. He owns the 'Golden Stag.' My mother is dead, and he has married again, and has many children."

"And your stepmother is unkind to you," said I, jumping to a conclusion.

"Who said so?" asked she, with a shade of indignation in her tone.

"She is a right good woman, and makes my father a good wife."

"Then why are you here living so far from home?"

Now the look came back to her face which I had seen upon it during the night hours when I had watched her by stealth; a dimming of the grave frankness of her eyes, a light quiver at the corners of her mouth. But all she said was, "It was better."

Somehow, I persisted with the wilfulness of an invalid. I am half ashamed of it now.

"But why better, Thekla? Was there ——" How should I put it? I stopped a little, and then rushed blindfold at my object: "Has not that letter which you read so often something to do with your being here?"

She fixed me with her serious eyes till I believe I reddened far more than she; and I hastened to pour out, incoherently enough, my conviction that she had some secret care, and my desire to help her if she was in any trouble.

"You cannot help me," said she, a little softened by my explanation, though some shade of repentment at having been thus surreptitiously watched yet lingered in her manner. "It is an old story; a sorrow gone by, past

at least it ought to be, only sometimes I am foolish"—her tones were softening now—"and it is punishment enough that you have seen my folly."

"If you had a brother here, Thekla, you would let him give you his sympathy if he could not give you his help, and you would not blame yourself if you had shown him your sorrow, should you? I tell you again, let me be as a brother to you."

"In the first place, sir,"—this "sir" was to mark the distinction between me and the imaginary brother—"I should have been ashamed to have shown even a brother my sorrow, which is also my reproach and my disgrace." These were strong words; and I suppose my face showed that I attributed to them a still stronger meaning than they warranted; but *honi soit qui mal y pense*—for she went on dropping her eyes and speaking hurriedly.

"My shame and my reproach is this: I have loved a man who has not loved me;"—she grasped her hands together till the fingers made deep white dents in the rosy flesh—"and I can't make out whether he ever did, or whether he did once and is changed now; if only he did once love me, I could forgive myself."

With hasty trembling hands she began to re-arrange the tisane and medicines for the night on the little table at my bed-side. But, having got thus far, I was determined to persevere.

"Thekla," said I, "tell me all about it, as you would to your mother if she were alive. There are often misunderstandings which, never set to rights, make the misery and desolation of a life-time."

She did not speak at first. Then she pulled out the letter, and said in a quiet, hopeless tone of voice:—

"You can read German writing? Read that, and see if I have any reason for misunderstanding."

The letter was signed "Franz Weber," and dated from some small town in Switzerland—I forget what—about a month previous to the time when I read it. It began with acknowledging the receipt of some money which had evidently been requested by the writer, and for which the thanks were almost fulsome; and then, by the quietest transition in the world, he went on to consult her as to the desirability of his marrying some girl in the place from which he wrote, saying that this Anna Somebody was only eighteen and very pretty, and her father a well-to-do shop-keeper, and adding with coarse coxcombry his belief that he was not indifferent to the maiden herself. He wound up by saying that, if this marriage did take place, he should certainly repay the various sums of money which Thekla had lent him at different times.

I was some time in making out all this. Thekla held the candle for me to read it; held it patiently and steadily, not speaking a word till I had folded up the letter again, and given it back to her. Then our eyes met.

"There is no misunderstanding possible, is there, sir?" asked she with a faint smile.

"No," I replied; "but you are well rid of such a fellow."

She shook her head a little. "It shows his bad side, sir. We have all our bad sides. You must not judge him harshly; at least I cannot. But then we were brought up together."

"At Altenahr?"

"Yes; his father kept the other inn, and our parents, instead of being rivals, were great friends. Franz is a little younger than I, and was a delicate child. I had to take him to school, and I used to be so proud of it and of my charge. Then he grew strong, and was the handsomest lad in the village. Our fathers used to sit and smoke together, and talk of our marriage, and Franz must have heard as much as I. Whenever he was in trouble, he would come to me for what advice I could give him; and he danced twice as often with me as with any other girl at all the dances, and always brought his nosegay to me. Then his father wished him to travel, and learn the ways at the great hotels on the Rhine before he settled down in Altenahr. You know that is the custom in Germany, sir. They go from town to town as journeymen, learning something fresh everywhere, they say."

"I knew that was done in trades," I replied.

"Oh, yes; and among inn-keepers, too," she said. "Most of the waiters at the great hotels in Frankfort, and Heidelberg, and Mayence, and I daresay at all the other places, are the sons of innkeepers in small towns, who go out into the world to learn new ways, and perhaps to pick up a little English and French; otherwise they say they should never get on. Franz went off from Altenahr on his journeyings four years ago next May-day; and before he went he brought me back a ring from Bonn, where he bought his new clothes. I don't wear it now; but I have got it upstairs, and it comforts me to see something that shows me it was not all my silly fancy. I suppose he fell among bad people, for he soon began to play for money,—and then he lost more than he could always pay—and sometimes I could help him a little, for we wrote to each other from time to time, as we knew each other's addresses; for the little ones grew around my father's hearth, and I thought that I, too, would go forth into the world and earn my own living, so that—well, I will tell the truth—I thought that by going into service, I could lay by enough for buying a handsome stock of household linen, and plenty of pans and kettles against—against what will never come to pass now."

"Do the German women buy the pots and kettles, as you call them, when they are married?" asked I, awkwardly, laying hold of a trivial question to conceal the indignant sympathy with her wrongs which I did not like to express.

"Oh, yes; the bride furnishes all that is wanted in the kitchen, and all the store of house-linen. If my mother had lived, it would have been laid by for me, as she could have afforded to buy it, but my stepmother will have hard enough work to provide for her own four little girls. However," she continued, brightening up, "I can help her, for now I shall

never marry ; and my master here is just and liberal, and pays me sixty florins a year, which is high wages." (Sixty florins are about five pounds sterling.) "And now, good-night, sir. This cup to the left holds the tisane, that to the right the acorn-tea." She shaded the candle, and was leaving the room. I raised myself on my elbow, and called her back.

"Don't go on thinking about this man," said I. "He was not good enough for you. You are much better unmarried."

"Perhaps so," she answered gravely. "But you cannot do him justice ; you do not know him."

A few minutes after I heard her soft and cautious return ; she had taken her shoes off, and came in her stockinged feet up to my bed-side, shading the light with her hand. When she saw that my eyes were open, she laid down two letters on the table close by my night-lamp.

"Perhaps, some time, sir, you would take the trouble to read these letters ; you would then see how noble and clever Franz really is. It is I who ought to be blamed, not he."

No more was said that night.

Some time the next morning I read the letters. They were filled with vague, inflated, sentimental descriptions of his inner life and feelings ; entirely egotistical, and intermixed with quotations from second-rate philosophers and poets. There was, it must be said, nothing in them offensive to good principle or good feeling, however much they might be opposed to good taste. I was to go into the next room that afternoon for the first time of leaving my sick chamber. All morning I lay and ruminated. From time to time I thought of Thekla and Franz Weber. She was the strong, good, helpful character, he the weak and vain ; how strange it seemed that she should have cared for one so dissimilar ; and then I remembered the various happy marriages when to an outsider it seemed as if one was so inferior to the other that their union would have appeared a subject for despair if it had been looked at prospectively. My host came in, in the midst of these meditations, bringing a great flowered dressing-gown, lined with flannel, and the embroidered smoking-cap which he evidently considered as belonging to this Indian-looking robe. They had been his father's, he told me ; and as he helped me to dress, he went on with his communications on small family matters. His inn was flourishing ; the numbers increased every year of those who came to see the church at Heppenheim : the church which was the pride of the place, but which I had never yet seen. It was built by the great Kaiser Karl. And there was the Castle of Starkenburg, too, which the Abbots of Lorsch had often defended, stalwart churchmen as they were, against the temporal power of the emperors. And Melibocus was not beyond a walk either. In fact, it was the work of one person to superintend the inn alone ; but he had his farm and his vineyards beyond, which of themselves gave him enough to do. And his sister was oppressed with the perpetual calls made upon her patience and her nerves in an inn ; and would rather go back and live at Worms. And his children wanted

so much looking after. By the time he had placed himself in a condition for requiring my full sympathy, I had finished my slow toilette; and I had to interrupt his confidences, and accept the help of his good strong arm to lead me into the great eating-room, out of which my chamber opened. I had a dreamy recollection of the vast apartment. But how pleasantly it was changed! There was the bare half of the room, it is true, looking as it had done on that first afternoon, sunless and cheerless, with the long, unoccupied table, and the necessary chairs for the possible visitors; but round the windows that opened on the garden a part of the room was enclosed by the household clothes-horses hung with great pieces of the blue homespun cloth of which the dress of the Black Forest peasant is made. This shut-in space was warmed by the lighted stove, as well as by the lowering rays of the October sun. There was a little round walnut table with some flowers upon it, and a great cushioned arm-chair placed so as to look out upon the garden and the hills beyond. I felt sure that this was all Thekla's arrangement; I had rather wondered that I had seen so little of her this day. She had come once or twice on necessary errands into my room in the morning, but had appeared to be in great haste, and had avoided meeting my eye; even when I had returned the letters, which she had entrusted to me with so evident a purpose of placing the writer in my good opinion, she had never inquired as to how far they had answered her design; she had merely taken them with some low word of thanks, and put them hurriedly into her pocket. I suppose she shrank from remembering how fully she had given me her confidence the night before, now that daylight and actual life pressed close around her. Besides there surely never was any one in such constant request as Thekla. I did not like this estrangement, though it was the natural consequence of my improved health, which would daily make me less and less require services which seemed so urgently claimed by others. And, moreover, after my host left me—I fear I had cut him a little short in the recapitulation of his domestic difficulties, but he was too thorough and good-hearted a man to bear malice—I wanted to be amused or interested. So I rang my little hand-bell, hoping that Thekla would answer it, when I could have fallen into conversation with her without specifying any decided want. Instead of Thekla the *Fräulein* came, and I had to invent a wish; for I could not act as a baby, and say that I wanted my nurse. However, the *Fräulein* was better than no one, so I asked her if I could have some grapes, which had been provided for me on every day but this, and which were especially grateful to my feverish palate. She was a good, kind woman, although perhaps her temper was not the best in the world; and she expressed the sincerest regret as she told me that there were no more in the house. Like an invalid I fretted at my wish not being granted, and spoke out.

"But Thekla told me the vintage was not till the fourteenth; and you have a vineyard close beyond the garden on the slope of the hill out there, have you not?"

"Yes; and grapes for the gathering. But perhaps the gentleman does not know our laws. Until the vintage—(the day of beginning the vintage is fixed by the Grand Duke, and advertised in the public papers)—until the vintage, all owners of vineyards may only go on two appointed days in every week to gather their grapes; on those two days (Tuesdays and Fridays this year) they must gather enough for the wants of their families; and if they do not reckon rightly, and gather short measure, why they have to go without. And these two last days the Half-Moon has been besieged with visitors, all of whom have asked for grapes. But to-morrow the gentleman can have as many as he will; it is the day for gathering them."

"What a strange kind of paternal law," I grumbled out. "Why is it so ordained? Is it to secure the owners against pilfering from their unfenced vineyards?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," she replied. "Country people in these villages have strange customs in many ways, as I daresay the English gentleman has perceived. If he would come to Worms he would see a different kind of life."

"But not a view like this," I replied, caught by a sudden change of light—some cloud passing away from the sun, or something. Right outside of the windows was, as I have so often said, the garden. Trained plum-trees with golden leaves, great bushes of purple Michaelmas daisy, late flowering roses, apple-trees partly stripped of their rosy fruit, but still with enough left on their boughs to require the props set to support the luxuriant burden; to the left an arbour covered over with honeysuckle and other sweet-smelling creepers—all bounded by a low gray stone wall which opened out upon the steep vineyard, that stretched up the hill beyond, one hill of a series rising higher and higher into the purple distance. "Why is there a rope with a bunch of straw tied in it stretched across the opening of the garden into the vineyard?" I inquired, as my eye suddenly caught upon the object.

"It is the country way of showing that no one must pass along that path. To-morrow the gentleman will see it removed; and then he shall have the grapes. Now I will go and prepare his coffee." With a curtsy, after the fashion of Worms gentility, she withdrew. But an under-servant brought me my coffee; and with her I could not exchange a word: she spoke in such an execrable patois. I went to bed early, weary, and depressed. I must have fallen asleep immediately, for I never heard any one come to arrange my bed-side table; yet in the morning I found that every usual want or wish of mine had been attended to.

I was wakened by a tap at my door, and a pretty piping child's voice asking in broken German to come in. On giving the usual permission, Thekla entered, carrying a great lovely boy of two years old, or thereabouts, who had only his little night-shirt on, and was all flushed with sleep. He held tight in his hands a great cluster of muscatel and noble grapes. He seemed like a little Bacchus, as she carried him towards me

with an expression of pretty loving pride upon her face as she looked at him. But when he came close to me—the grim, wasted, unshorn—he turned quick away, and hid his face in her neck, still grasping tight his bunch of grapes. She spoke to him rapidly and softly, coaxing him as I could tell full well, although I could not follow her words; and in a minute or two the little fellow obeyed her, and turned and stretched himself almost to overbalancing out of her arms, and half-dropped the fruit on the bed by me. Then he clutched at her again, burying his face in her kerchief, and fastening his little fists in her luxuriant hair.

"It is my master's only boy," said she, disentangling his fingers with quiet patience, only to have them grasp her braids afresh. "He is my little Max, my heart's delight, only he must not pull so hard. Say his 'to-meet-again,' and kiss his hand lovingly, and we will go." The promise of a speedy departure from my dusky room proved irresistible; he babbled out his *Aufwiederschen*, and kissing his chubby hand, he was borne away joyful and chattering fast in his infantile half-language. I did not see Thekla again until late afternoon, when she brought me in my coffee. She was not like the same creature as the blooming, cheerful maiden whom I had seen in the morning; she looked wan and care-worn, older by several years.

"What is the matter, Thekla?" said I, with true anxiety as to what might have befallen my good, faithful nurse.

She looked round before answering. "I have seen him," she said. "He has been here, and the *Fraulein* has been so angry! She says she will tell my master. Oh, it has been such a day!" The poor young woman, who was usually so composed and self-restrained, was on the point of bursting into tears; but by a strong effort she checked herself, and tried to busy herself with rearranging the white china cup, so as to place it more conveniently to my hand.

"Come, Thekla," said I, "tell me all about it. I have heard loud voices talking, and I fancied something had put the *Fraulein* out; and Lottchen looked flurried when she brought me my dinner. Is Franz here? How has he found you out?"

"He is here. Yes, I am sure it is he; but four years makes such a difference in a man; his whole look and manner seemed so strange to me; but he knew me at once, and called me all the old names which we used to call each other when we were children; and he must needs tell me how it had come to pass that he had not married that Swiss Anna. He said he had never loved her; and that now he was going home to settle, and he hoped that I would come too, and ——" There she stopped short.

"And marry him, and live at the inn at *Altenahr*," said I, smiling, to reassure her, though I felt rather disappointed about the whole affair.

"No," she replied. "Old Weber, his father, is dead; he died in debt, and Franz will have no money. And he was always one that needed money. Some are, you know; and while I was thinking, and he was standing near me, the *Fraulein* came in; and — and—I don't wonder—

for poor Franz is not a pleasant-looking man now-a-days—she was very angry, and called me a bold, bad girl, and said she could have no such goings on at the “Halbmond,” but would tell my master when he came home from the forest.”

“But you could have told her that you were old friends.” I hesitated, before saying the word *lovers*, but, after a pause, out it came.

“Franz might have said so,” she replied a little stiffly. “I could not; but he went off as soon as she bade him. He went to the ‘Adler’ over the way, only saying he would come for my answer to-morrow morning. I think it was he that should have told her what we were—neighbours’ children, and early friends—not have left it all to me. Oh,” said she, clasping her hands tight together, “she will make such a story of it to my master.”

“Never mind,” said I, “tell the master I want to see him, as soon as he comes in from the forest, and trust me to set him right before the *Fraulein* has the chance to set him wrong.”

She looked up at me gratefully, and went away without any more words. Presently the fine burly figure of my host stood at the opening to my enclosed sitting-room. He was there, three-cornered hat in hand, looking tired and heated as a man does after a hard day’s work, but as kindly and genial as ever, which is not what every man is who is called to business after such a day, before he has had the necessary food and rest.

I had been reflecting a good deal on *Thekla*’s story; I could not quite interpret her manner to-day to my full satisfaction; but yet the love which had grown with her growth, must assuredly have been called forth by her lover’s sudden reappearance; and I was inclined to give him some credit for having broken off an engagement to Swiss *Anna*, which had promised so many worldly advantages; and, again, I had considered that if he was a little weak and sentimental, it was *Thekla*, who would marry him by her own free will, and perhaps she had sense and quiet resolution enough for both. So I gave the heads of the little history I have told you to my good friend and host, adding that I should like to have a man’s opinion of this man; but that if he were not an absolute good-for-nothing, and if *Thekla* still loved him, as I believed, I would try and advance them the requisite money towards establishing themselves in the hereditary inn at *Altenahr*.

Such was the romantic ending to *Thekla*’s sorrows I had been planning and brooding over for the last hour. As I narrated my tale, and hinted at the possible happy conclusion that might be in store, my host’s face changed. The ruddy colour faded, and his look became almost stern—certainly very grave in expression. It was so unsympathetic, that I instinctively cut my words short. When I had done, he paused a little, and then said: “You would wish me to learn all I can respecting this stranger now at the ‘Adler,’ and give you the impression I receive of the fellow.”

“Exactly so,” said I; “I want to learn all I can about him for *Thekla*’s sake.”

"For Thekla's sake I will do it," he gravely repeated.

"And come to me to-night, even if I am gone to bed?"

"Not so," he replied. "You must give me all the time you can in a matter like this."

"But he will come for Thekla's answer in the morning."

"Before he comes you shall know all I can learn."

I was resting during the fatigues of dressing the next day, when my host tapped at my door. He looked graver and sterner than I had ever seen him do before; he sat down almost before I had begged him to do so.

"He is not worthy of her," he said. "He drinks brandy right hard; he boasts of his success at play, and"—here he set his teeth hard—"he boasts of the women who have loved him. In a village like this, sir, there are always those who spend their evenings in the gardens of the inns; and this man, after he had drank his fill, made no secrets; it needed no spying to find out what he was, else I should not have been the one to do it."

"Thekla must be told of this," said I. "She is not the woman to love any one whom she cannot respect."

Herr Muller laughed a low bitter laugh, quite unlike himself. Then he replied.

"As for that matter, sir, you are young; you have had no great experience of women. From what my sister tells me there can be little doubt of Thekla's feeling towards him. She found them standing together by the window; his arm round Thekla's waist, and whispering in her ear—and to do the maiden justice she is not the one to suffer such familiarities from every one. No"—continued he, still in the same contemptuous tone—"you'll find she will make excuses for his faults and vices; or else, which is perhaps more likely, she will not believe your story, though I who tell it you can vouch for the truth of every word I say." He turned short away and left the room. Presently I saw his stalwart figure in the hill-side vineyard, before my windows, scaling the steep ascent with long regular steps, going to the forest beyond. I was otherwise occupied than in watching his progress during the next hour; at the end of that time he re-entered my room, looking heated and slightly tired, as if he had been walking fast, or labouring hard; but with the cloud off his brows, and the kindly light shining once again out of his honest eyes.

"I ask your pardon, sir," he began, "for troubling you afresh. I believe I was possessed by the devil this morning. I have been thinking it over. One has perhaps no right to rule for another person's happiness. To have such a"—here the honest fellow choked a little—"such a woman as Thekla to love him ought to raise any man. Besides, I am no judge for him or for her. I have found out this morning that I love her myself, and so the end of it is, that if you, sir, who are so kind as to interest yourself in the matter, and if you think it is really her heart's desire to marry this man—which ought to be his salvation both for earth

and heaven—I shall be very glad to go halves with you in any place for setting them up in the inn at Altenahr; only allow me to see that whatever money we advance is well and legally tied up, so that it is secured to her. And be so kind as to take no notice of what I have said about my having found out that I have loved her; I named it as a kind of apology for my hard words this morning, and as a reason why I was not a fit judge of what was best.” He had hurried on, so that I could not have stopped his eager speaking even had I wished to do so; but I was too much interested in the revelation of what was passing in his brave tender heart to desire to stop him. Now, however, his rapid words tripped each other up, and his speech ended in an unconscious sigh.

“But,” I said, “since you were here Thekla has come to me, and we have had a long talk. She speaks now as openly to me as she would if I were her brother; with sensible frankness, where frankness is wise, with modest reticence, where confidence would be unbecoming. She came to ask me if I thought it her duty to marry this fellow, whose very appearance, changed for the worse, as she says it is, since she last saw him four years ago, seemed to have repelled her.”

“She could let him put his arm round her waist yesterday,” said Herr Müller, with a return of his morning’s surliness.

“And she would marry him now if she could believe it to be her duty. For some reason of his own, this Franz Weber has tried to work upon this feeling of hers. He says it would be the saving of him.”

“As if a man had not strength enough in him—a man who is good for aught—to save himself, but needed a woman to pull him through life!”

“Nay,” I replied, hardly able to keep from smiling. “You yourself said, not five minutes ago, that her marrying him might be his salvation both for earth and heaven.”

“That was when I thought she loved the fellow,” he answered quick. “Now—but what did you say to her, sir?”

“I told her, what I believe to be as true as gospel, that as she ~~owned~~ she did not love him any longer now his real self had come to displace his remembrance, that she would be sinning in marrying him, ~~that~~ doing evil that possible good might come. I was clear myself on this point, though I should have been perplexed how to advise, if her love had still continued.”

“And what answer did she make?”

“She went over the history of their lives; she was pleading against her wishes to satisfy her conscience. She said that all along through their childhood she had been his strength; that while under her personal influence he had been negatively good; away from her, he had fallen into mischief—”

“Not to say vice,” put in Herr Müller.

“And now he came to her penitent, in sorrow, desirous of amendment, asking her for the love she seems to have considered as tacitly pledged to him in years gone by—”

"And which he has slighted and insulted. I hope you told her of his words and conduct last night in the 'Adler' gardens?"

"No. I kept myself to the general principle, which, I am sure, is a true one. I repeated it in different forms; for the idea of the duty of self-sacrifice had taken strong possession of her fancy. Perhaps, if I had failed in setting her notion of her duty in the right aspect, I might have had recourse to the statement of facts, which would have pained her severely, but would have proved to her how little his words of penitence and promises of amendment were to be trusted to."

"And it ended?"

"Ended by her being quite convinced that she would be doing wrong instead of right if she married a man whom she had entirely ceased to love, and that no real good could come from a course of action based on wrong-doing."

"That is right and true," he replied, his face broadening into happiness again.

"But she says she must leave your service, and go elsewhere."

"Leave my service she shall; go elsewhere she shall not."

"I cannot tell what you may have the power of inducing her to do; but she seems to me very resolute."

"Why?" said he, firing round at me, as if I had made her resolute.

"She says your sister spoke to her before the maids of the household, and before some of the townspeople, in a way that she could not stand; and that you yourself by your manner to her last night showed how she had lost your respect. She added, with her face of pure maidenly truth, that he had come into such close contact with her only the instant before your sister had entered the room."

"With your leave, sir," said Herr Muller, turning towards the door, "I will go and set all that right at once."

It was easier said than done. When I next saw Thekla, her eyes were swollen up with crying, but she was silent, almost defiant towards me. A look of resolute determination had settled down upon her face. I learnt afterwards that parts of my conversation with Herr Muller had been injudiciously quoted by him in the talk he had had with her. I thought I would leave her to herself, and wait till she unburdened herself of the feeling of unjust resentment towards me. But it was days before she spoke to me with anything like her former frankness. I had heard all about it from my host long before.

He had gone to her straight on leaving me; and like a foolish, impetuous lover, had spoken out his mind and his wishes to her in the presence of his sister, who, it must be remembered, had heard no explanation of the conduct which had given her propriety so great a shock the day before. Herr Muller thought to re-instate Thekla in his sister's good opinion by giving her in the Fräulein's very presence the highest possible mark of his own love and esteem. And there in the kitchen, where the Fräulein was deeply engaged in the hot work of making some delicate preserve on

the stove, and ordering Thekla about with short, sharp displeasure in her tones, the master had come in, and possessing himself of the maiden's hand, had, to her infinite surprise—to his sister's infinite indignation—made her the offer of his heart, his wealth, his life ; had begged of her to marry him. I could gather from his account that she had been in a state of trembling discomfiture at first ; she had not spoken, but had twisted her hand out of his, and had covered her face with her apron. And then the Fraulein had burst forth—"accursed words" he called her speech. Thekla uncovered her face to listen ; to listen to the end ; to listen to the passionate recrimination between the brother and the sister. And then she went up, close up to the angry Fraulein, and had said quite quietly, but with a manner of final determination which had evidently sunk deep into her suitor's heart, and depressed him into hopelessness, that ~~the Fraulein~~ had no need to disturb herself ; that on this very day she had ~~been think-~~ing of marrying another man, and that her heart was not, like a room to let, into which as one tenant went out another might enter. Nevertheless, she felt the master's goodness. He had always treated her well from the time when she had entered the house as his servant. And she should be sorry to leave him ; sorry to leave the children ; very sorry to leave little Max : yes, she should even be sorry to leave ~~the Fraulein~~, who was a good woman, only a little too apt to be hard on other women. But she had already been that very day and deposited her warning at the police office ; the busy time would be soon over, and she should be glad to leave their service on All Saints' Day. Then (he thought) she had felt inclined to cry, for she suddenly braced herself up, and said, Yes, she should be very glad ; for somehow, though they had been kind to her, she had been very unhappy at Heppenheim ; and she would go back to her home for a time, and see her old father, and kind step-mother, and her nursing half-sister Ida, and be among her own people again.

I could see it was this last part that most of all rankled in Herr Muller's mind. In all probability Franz Weber was making his way back to Heppenheim too ; and the bad suspicion would keep welling up that some lingering feeling for her old lover and disgraced playmate was making her so resolute to leave and return to Altenahr.

For some days after this I was the confidant of the whole household, excepting Thekla. She, poor creature, looked miserable enough ; but the hard, defiant expression was always on her face. Lottchen spoke out freely enough ; the place would not be worth having if Thekla left it ; it was she who had the head for everything, the patience for everything ; who stood between all the under-servants and the Fraulein's tempers. As for the children, poor motherless children ! Lottchen was sure that the master did not know what he was doing when he allowed his sister to turn Thekla away—and all for what ? for having a lover, as every girl had who could get one. Why, the little boy Max slept in the room which Lottchen shared with Thekla ; and she heard him in the night as quickly as if she was his mother ; when she had been sitting up with me, when I was ad

ill, Lottchen had had to attend to him; and it was weary work after a hard day to have to get up and soothe a teething child; she knew she had been cross enough sometimes; but Thekla was always good and gentle with him, however tired he was. And as Lottchen left the room I could hear her repeating that she thought she should leave when Thekla went, for that her place would not be worth having.

Even the Fraulein had her word of regret—regret mingled with self-justification. She thought she had been quite right in speaking to Thekla for allowing such familiarities; how was she to know that the man was an old friend and playmate? He looked like a right profligate good-for-nothing. And to have a servant take up her scolding as an unpardonable offence, and persist in quitting her place, just when she had learnt all her work, and was so useful in the household; so useful that the Fraulein could never put up with any fresh stupid house-maiden, but sooner than take the trouble of teaching the new servant where everything was, and how to give out the stores if she was busy, she would go back to Worms. For, after all, housekeeping for a brother was thankless work; there was no satisfying men; and Heppenheim was but a poor ignorant village compared to Worms.

She must have spoken to her brother about her intention of leaving him, and returning to her former home; indeed, a feeling of coolness had evidently grown up between the brother and sister during these latter days. When one evening Herr Müller brought in his pipe, and as his custom had sometimes been, sat down by my stove to smoke, he looked gloomy and annoyed. I let him puff away, and take his own time. At length he began,—

“I have rid the village of him at last. I could not bear to have him here disgracing Thekla with speaking to her whenever she went to the vineyard or the fountain. I don’t believe she likes him a bit.”

“No more do I,” I said. He turned on me.

“Then why did she speak to him at all? Why cannot she like an honest man who likes her? Why is she so bent upon going home to Altenahr.”

“She speaks to him because she has known him from a child, and has a faithful pity for one whom she has known so innocent, and who is now so lost in all good men’s regard. As for not liking an honest man—(though I may have my own opinion about that)—liking goes by fancy, as we say in English; and Altenahr is her home; her father’s house is at Altenahr, as you know.”

“I wonder if he will go there,” quoth Herr Müller, after two or three more puffs. “He was fast at the ‘Adler;’ he could not pay his score, so he kept on staying here, saying that he should receive a letter from a friend with money in a day or two; lying in wait, too, for Thekla, who is well-known and respected all through Heppenheim: so his being an old friend of hers made him have a kind of standing. I went in this morning and paid his score, on condition that he left the place this day; and he

left the village as merrily as a cricket, caring no more for Thekla than for the Kaiser who built our church: for he never looked back at the 'Halbmond,' but went whistling down the road."

"That is a good riddance," said I.

"Yes. But my sister says she must return to Worms. And Lottchen has given notice; she says the place will not be worth having when Thekla leaves. I wish I could give notice too."

"Try Thekla again."

"Not I," said he, reddening. "It would seem now as if I only wanted her for a housekeeper. Besides, she avoids me at every turn, and will not even look at me. I am sure she bears me some ill-will about that ne'er-do-well."

There was silence between us for some time, which he at length broke.

"The pastor has a good and comely daughter. Her mother is a famous housewife. They often have asked me to come to the parsonage and smoke a pipe. When the vintage is over, and I am less busy, I think I will go there, and look about me."

"When is the vintage?" asked I. "I hope it will take place soon, for I am growing so well and strong I fear I must leave you shortly; but I should like to see the vintage first."

"Oh, never fear! you must not travel yet awhile; and government has fixed the grape-gathering to begin on the fourteenth."

"What a paternal government! How does it know when the grapes will be ripe? Why cannot every man fix his own time for gathering his own grapes?"

"That has never been our way in Germany. There are people employed by the government to examine the vines, and report when the grapes are ripe. It is necessary to make laws about it; for, as you must have seen, there is nothing but the fear of the law to protect our vineyards and fruit-trees; there are no enclosures along the Berg-Strasse, as you tell me you have in England; but, as people are only allowed to go into the vineyards on stated days, no one under pretence of gathering his own produce can stray into his neighbour's grounds and help himself without some of the Duke's foresters seeing him."

"Well," said I, "to each country its own laws."

I think it was on that very evening that Thekla came in for something. She stopped arranging the table-cloth and the flowers, as if she had something to say, yet did not know how to begin. At length I found that her sore, hot heart wanted some sympathy; her hand was against every one's, and she fancied every one had turned against her. She looked up at me, and said a little abruptly,

"Does the gentleman know that I go on the fifteenth?"

"So soon?" said I, with surprise. "I thought you were to remain here till All Saints' Day."

"So I should have done—so I must have done—if the Fraulein had not kindly given me leave to accept of a place,—a very good place too,—

of housekeeper to a widow lady at Frankfort. It is just the sort of situation I have always wished for. I expect I shall be so happy and comfortable there."

"Methinks the lady doth profess too much," came into my mind. I saw she expected me to doubt the probability of her happiness, and was in a defiant mood.

"Of course," said I, "you would hardly have wished to leave Heppenheim if you had been happy here; and every new place always promises fair, whatever its performance may be. But wherever you go, remember you have always a friend in me."

"Yes," she replied, "I think you are to be trusted. Though from my experience, I should say that of very few men."

"You have been unfortunate," I answered; "many men would say the same of women."

She thought a moment, and then said, in a changed tone of voice, "The Fraulein here has been much more friendly and helpful of these late days than her brother; yet I have served him faithfully, and have cared for his little Max as though he were my own brother. But this morning he spoke to me for the first time for many days,—he met me in the passage, and suddenly stopping, he said he was glad I had met with so comfortable a place, and that I was at full liberty to go whenever I liked: and then he went quickly on, never waiting for my answer."

"And what was wrong in that? It seems to me he was trying to make you feel entirely at your ease, to do as you thought best without regard to his own interests."

"Perhaps so. It is silly, I know," she continued, turning full on me her grave, innocent eyes; "but one's vanity suffers a little when every one is so willing to part with one."

"Thekla! I owe you a great debt—let me speak to you openly. I know that your master wanted to marry you, and that you refused him. Do not deceive yourself. You are sorry for that refusal now?"

She kept her serious look fixed upon me; but her face and throat reddened all over.

"No," said she at length; "I am not sorry. What can you think I am made of; having loved one man ever since I was a little child until a fortnight ago, and now just as ready to love another? I know you do not rightly consider what you say, or I should take it as an insult."

"You loved an ideal man; he disappointed you, and you clung to your remembrance of him. He came, and the reality dispelled all illusions."

"I do not understand philosophy," said she. "I only know that I think that Herr Muller had lost all respect for me from what his sister had told him; and I know that I am going away; and I trust I shall be happier in Frankfort than I have been here of late days." So saying, she left the room.

I was wakened up on the morning of the fourteenth by the merry ringing of church bells, and the perpetual firing and popping off of guns

and pistols. But all this was over by the time I was up and dressed, and seated at breakfast in my partitioned room. It was a perfect October day; the dew not yet off the blades of grass, glistening on the delicate gossamer webs, which stretched from flower to flower in the garden, lying in the morning shadow of the house. But beyond the garden, on the sunny hill-side, men, women, and children were clambering up the vineyards like ants,—busy, irregular in movement, clustering together, spreading wide apart,—I could hear the shrill merry voices as I sat,—and all along the valley, as far as I could see, it was much the same; for every one filled his house for the day of the vintage, that great annual festival. Lottchen, who had brought in my breakfast, was all in her Sunday best, having risen early to get her work done and go abroad to gather grapes. Bright colours seemed to abound; I could see dots of scarlet, and crimson, and orange through the fading leaves; it was not a day to languish in the house; and I was on the point of going out by myself when Herr Muller came in to offer me his sturdy arm, and help me in walking to the vineyard. We crept through the garden scented with late flowers and sunny fruit,—we passed through the gate I had so often gazed at from the easy-chair, and were in the busy vineyard; great baskets lay on the grass already piled nearly full of purple and yellow grapes. The wine made from these was far from pleasant to my taste; for the best Rhine wine is made from a smaller grape, growing in closer, harder clusters; but the larger and less profitable grape is by far the most picturesque in its mode of growth, and far the best to eat into the bargain. Wherever we trod it was on fragrant crushed vine-leaves; every one we saw had his hands and face stained with the purple juice. Presently I sat down on a sunny bit of grass, and my host left me to go farther afield, to look after the more distant vineyards. I watched his progress. After he left me he took off coat and waistcoat, displaying his snowy shirt and gaily-worked braces; and presently he was as busy as any one. I looked down on the village; the gray and orange and crimson roofs lay glowing in the noonday sun. I could see down into the streets; but they were all empty—even the old people came toiling up the hill-side to share in the general festivity. Lottchen had brought up cold dinners for a regiment of men; every one came and helped himself. Thekla was there leading the little Karoline, and helping the toddling steps of Max; but she kept aloof from me; for I knew, or suspected, or had probed too much. She alone looked sad and grave, and spoke so little, even to her friends, that it was evident to see that she was trying to wean herself finally from the place. But I could see that she had lost her short, defiant manner. What she did say was kindly and gently spoken. The Fraulein came out late in the morning, dressed, I suppose, in the latest Worms fashion—quite different to anything I had ever seen before. She came up to me, and talked very graciously to me for some time.

“Here comes the proprietor (squire) and his lady, and their dear children. See, the vintagers have tied bunches of the finest grapes on to

a stick, heavier than the children or even the lady can carry. Look ! look ! how he bows !—one can tell he has been an *attaché* at Vienna. That is the court way of bowing there—holding the hat right down before them, and bending the back at right angles. How graceful ! And here is the doctor ! I thought he would spare time to come up here. Well, doctor, you will go all the more cheerfully to your next patient for having been up into the vineyards. Nonsense, about grapes making other patients for you ! Ah, here is the pastor and his wife, and the Fraulein Anna. Now, where is my brother, I wonder ? Up in the far vineyard, I make no doubt. Mr. Pastor, the view up above is far finer than what it is here, and the best grapes grow there ; shall I accompany you and madame, and the dear Fraulein ? The gentlemen will excuse me."

I was left alone. Presently I thought I would walk a little farther, or at any rate change my position. I rounded a corner in the pathway, and there I found Thekla, watching by little sleeping Max. He lay on her shawl ; and over his head she had made an arching canopy of broken vine-branches, so that the great leaves threw their cool flickering shadows on his face. He was smeared all over with grape-juice, his sturdy fingers grasped a half-eaten bunch even in his sleep. Thekla was keeping Lina quiet by teaching her how to weave a garland for her head out of field-flowers and autumn-tinted leaves. The maiden sat on the ground, with her back to the valley beyond, the child kneeling by her, watching the busy fingers with eager intentness. Both looked up as I drew near, and we exchanged a few words.

"Where is the master ?" I asked. "I promised to await his return ; he wished to give me his arm down the wooden steps ; but I do not see him."

"He is in the higher vineyard," said Thekla, quietly, but not looking round in that direction. He will be some time there, I should think. He went with the pastor and his wife ; he will have to speak to his labourers and his friends. My arm is strong, and I can leave Max in Lina's care for five minutes. If you are tired, and want to go back, let me help you down the steps ; they are steep and slippery."

I had turned to look up the valley. Three or four hundred yards off, in the higher vineyard, walked the dignified pastor, and his homely, decorous wife. Behind came the Fraulein Anna, in her short-sleeved Sunday gown, daintily holding a parasol over her luxuriant brown hair. Close behind her came Herr Müller, stopping now to speak to his men,—again, to cull out a bunch of grapes to tie on to the Fraulein's stick ; and by my feet sat the proud serving-maid in her country dress, waiting for my answer, with serious up-turned eyes, and sad, composed face.

"No, I am much obliged to you, Thekla ; and if I did not feel so strong I would have thankfully taken your arm. But I only wanted to leave a message for the master, just to say that I have gone home."

"Lina will give it to the father when he comes down," said Thekla.

I went slowly down into the garden. The great labour of the day was

over, and the younger part of the population had returned to the village, and were preparing the fireworks and pistol-shootings for the evening. Already one or two of those well-known German carts (in the shape of a V) were standing near the vineyard gates, the patient oxen meekly waiting while basketful after basketful of grapes were being emptied into the leaf-lined receptacle.

As I sat down in my easy-chair close to the open window through which I had entered, I could see the men and women on the hill-side drawing to a centre, and all stand round the pastor, bareheaded, for a minute or so. I guessed that some words of holy thanksgiving were being said, and I wished that I had stayed to hear them, and mark my especial gratitude for having been spared to see that day. Then I heard the distant voices, the deep tones of the men, the shriller pipes of women and children, join in the German harvest-hymn, which is generally sung on such occasions; * then silence, while I concluded that a blessing was spoken by the pastor, with outstretched arms; and then they once more dispersed, some to the village, some to finish their labours for the day among the vines. I saw Thekla coming through the garden with Max in her arms, and Lina clinging to her woollen skirts. Thekla made for my open window; it was rather a shorter passage into the house than round by the door. "I may come through, may I not?" she asked, softly. "I fear Max is not well; I cannot understand his look, and he wakened up so strange!" She paused to let me see the child's face; it was flushed almost to a crimson look of heat, and his breathing was laboured and uneasy, his eyes half-open and filmy.

"Something is wrong, I am sure," said I. "I don't know anything about children, but he is not in the least like himself."

She bent down and kissed the cheek so tenderly that she would not have bruised the petal of a rose. "Heart's darling," she murmured. He quivered all over at her touch, working his fingers in an unnatural kind of way, and ending with a convulsive twitching all over his body. Lina began to cry at the grave, anxious look on our faces.

"You had better call the Fräulein to look at him," said I. "I feel sure he ought to have a doctor; I should say he was going to have a fit."

"The Fräulein and the master are gone to the pastor's for coffee, and Lottchen is in the higher vineyard, taking the men their bread and beer."

* "Wir pflügen und wir streuen,
Den Saamen auf das Land;
Das Wachsen und Gedeihen steht,
In des höchsten Hand.
Er sendet Thau und Regen,
Und Sonn und Mondeschein;
Von Ihm kommt aller Segen,
Von unserm Gott allein:
Alle Güte Gabo kommt her
Von Gott dem Herrn,
Denn dankt und hofft auf Ihm."

Could you find the kitchen girl, or old Karl? he will be in the stables, I think. I must lose no time." Almost without waiting for my reply, she had passed through the room, and in the empty house I could hear her firm, careful footsteps going up the stair; Lina's pattering beside her; and the one voice wailing, the other speaking low comfort.

I was tired enough, but this good family had treated me too much like one of their own for me not to do what I could in such a case as this. I made my way out into the street, for the first time since I had come to the house on that memorable evening six weeks ago. I bribed the first person I met to guide me to the doctor's, and sent him straight down to the "Halbmond," not staying to listen to the thorough scolding he fell to giving me; then on to the parsonage, to tell the master and the Fräulein of the state of things at home.

I was sorry to be the bearer of bad news into such a festive chamber as the pastor's. There they sat, resting after heat and fatigue, each in their best gala dress, the table spread with "Dicker-milch," potato-salad, cakes of various shapes and kinds—all the dainty cates dear to the German palate. The pastor was talking to Herr Muller, who stood near the pretty young Fräulein Anna, in her fresh white chemisette, with her round white arms, and her youthful coquettish airs, as she prepared to pour out the coffee; our Fräulein was talking busily to the Frau Mama; the younger boys and girls of the family filling up the room. A ghost would have startled the assembled party less than I did, and would probably have been more welcome, considering the news I brought. As he listened, the master caught up his hat and went forth, without apology or farewell. Our Fräulein made up for both, and questioned me fully; but now she, I could see, was in haste to go, although restrained by her manners, and the kind-hearted Frau Pastorin soon set her at liberty to follow her inclination. As for me I was dead-beat, and only too glad to avail myself of the hospitable couple's pressing request that I would stop and share their meal. Other magnates of the village came in presently, and relieved me of the strain of keeping up a German conversation about nothing at all with entire strangers. The pretty Fräulein's face had clouded over a little at Herr Muller's sudden departure; but she was soon as bright as could be, giving private chase and sudden little scoldings to her brothers, as they made raids upon the dainties under her charge. After I was duly rested and refreshed, I took my leave; for I, too, had my quieter anxieties about the sorrow in the Müller family.

The only person I could see at the "Halbmond" was Lottchen; every one else was busy about the poor little Max, who was passing from one fit into another. I told Lottchen to ask the doctor to come in and see me before he took his leave for the night, and tired as I was, I kept up till after his visit, though it was very late before he came; I could see from his face how anxious he was. He would give me no opinion as to the child's chances of recovery, from which I guessed that he had not much hope. But when I expressed my fear he cut me very short.

"The truth is, you know nothing about it; no more do I, for that matter. It is enough to try any man, much less a father, to hear his perpetual moans—not that he is conscious of pain, poor little worm; but if she stops for a moment in her perpetual carrying him backwards and forwards, he plains so piteously it is enough to—enough to make a man bless the Lord who never led him into the pit of matrimony. To see the father up there, following her as she walks up and down the room, the child's head over her shoulder, and Müller trying to make the heavy eyes recognize the old familiar ways of play, and the chirruping sounds which he can scarce make for crying——I shall be here to-morrow early, though before that either life or death will have come without the old doctor's help."

All night long I dreamt my feverish dream—of the vineyard—the carts, which held little coffins instead of baskets of grapes—of the pastor's daughter, who would pull the dying child out of Thekla's arms; it was a ~~bad~~ weary night! I slept long into the morning; the broad daylight filled ~~my~~ room, and yet no one had been near to waken me! Did that mean life or death? I got up and dressed as fast as I could; for I was aching all over with the fatigue of the day before. Out into the sitting-room; the table was laid for breakfast, but no one was there. I passed into the house beyond, up the stairs, blindly seeking for the room where I might know whether it was life or death. At the door of a room I found Lottchen crying; at the sight of me in that unwonted place she started, and began some kind of apology, broken both by tears and sobs, as she told me that the doctor said the danger was over—past, and that Max was sleeping a gentle peaceful slumber in Thekla's arms—arms that had held him all through the livelong night.

"Look at him, sir; ~~only~~ go in softly; it is a pleasure to see the child to-day; tread softly, ~~sis~~!"

She opened the ~~chamber door~~. I could see Thekla sitting, propped up by cushions and ~~stools~~, holding her heavy burden, and bending over him with a look of ~~tenderest love~~. Not far off stood the Fräulein, all disordered and tearful, stirring or ~~seasoning~~ some hot soup, while the master stood by her impatient. 'As soon as it was cooled or seasoned enough he took the basin and ~~went~~ to Thekla, and said something very low; she lifted up her head, and I could see her face; pale, weary with watching, but with a soft peaceful look upon it, which it had not worn for weeks. Fritz Müller began to feed her, for her hands were occupied in holding his child; I could not help remembering Mrs. Inchbald's pretty description of Dorriforth's anxiety in feeding Miss Milner; she compares it, if I remember rightly, to that of a tender-hearted boy, caring for his darling bird, the loss of which would embitter all the joys of his holidays. We closed the door without noise, so as not to waken the sleeping child. ~~Lottchen~~ brought me my coffee and bread; she was ready either to laugh or to ~~wail~~ on the slightest occasion. I could not tell if it was in ~~innocence~~ or mischief. She asked me the following question,

"Do you think Thekla will leave to-day, sir?"

In the afternoon I heard Thekla's step behind my extemporary screen I knew it quite well. She stopped for a moment before emerging into my view.

She was trying to look as composed as usual, but, perhaps because her steady nerves had been shaken by her night's watching, she could not help faint touches of dimples at the corners of her mouth, and her eyes were veiled from any inquisitive look by their drooping lids.

"I thought you would like to know that the doctor says Max is quite out of danger now. He will only require care."

"Thank you, Thekla; Doctor — has been in already this afternoon to tell me so, and I am truly glad."

She went to the window, and looked out for a moment. Many people were in the vineyards again to-day, although we, in our household anxiety, had paid them but little heed. Suddenly she turned round into the room, and I saw that her face was crimson with blushes. In another instant Herr Müller entered by the window.

"Has she told you, sir?" said he, possessing himself of her hand, and looking all a-glow with happiness. "Hast thou told our good friend?" addressing her.

"No. I was going to tell him, but I did not know how to begin."

"Then I will prompt thee. Say after me—I have been a wilful, foolish woman——"

She wrenched her hand out of his, half-laughing—"I am a foolish woman, for I have promised to marry him. But he is a still more foolish man, for he wishes to marry me. That is what I say."

"And I have sent Babette to Frankfort with the pastor. He is going there, and will explain all to Frau v. Schmidt; and Babette will serve her for a time. When Max is well enough to have the change of air the doctor prescribes for him, thou shalt take him to Altenahr, and thither will I also go; and become known to thy people and thy father. And before Christmas the gentleman here shall dance at our wedding."

"I must go home to England, dear friends, before many days are over. Perhaps we may travel together as far as Remagen. Another year I will come back to Heppenheim and see you."

As I planned it, so it was. We left Heppenheim all together on a lovely All-Saints' Day. The day before—the day of All-Souls—I had watched Fritz and Thekla lead little Lina up to the Acre of God, the Field of Rest, to hang the wreath of immortelles on her mother's grave. Peace be with the dead and the living.

Roller Show.



HIGH is it for, air or exercise, or is it to see or be seen, that the fashionable world and the world that wishes to be fashionable congregate on one side only of Hyde Park of an afternoon in the season? All the world on the one side, you would

think, so great is the crowd, and the equine performers are the star performers. It is a kind of Astley's, and the spectators sit in reserved seats (one penny plain, twopence with arms), and survey mankind on horseback from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington. It is a genteel comedy, that is being performed, with very little action, and scarcely any dialogue.

As a sight, it is very cheap at a penny, more especially when you come to compare it with other entertainments in other theatres, for which you pay quite other prices for much inferior stalls in unpleasant atmosphere, looking at, often, ridiculous performances. Here, at least, there is fresh air, and room enough to stretch your legs to any extent; or you may, even for an extra penny, place them on another chair.

Clad in out of war, and stationed in and out of place, Members of Parliament, and of the Stock Exchange, clergymen and barristers, City trades, country gentlemen, merchant princes, heavy and light dragoons, railway commissioners, postmasters, foreign ministers, and bishops on horseback, all looking one another up and down, caressing, or prancing, or creeping along, or standing still, or sometimes running away.

The ladies and gentlemen who constitute the spectators sit along beside the pathway under the trees, partly sheltered from the rays of the evening sun, and criticize good-naturedly and make remarks of a friendly but pointed nature upon the costume or style of locomotion or features of each individual in the procession of pedestrians, which sweeps daily past, watching in slow time, as it were, below the elegant occupants of the seats, who are reviewing them.



Rotten Row in the Season.

Book I. of the *Blind*,

TRANSLATED IN THE HEXAMETER METRE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE question whether the Latin and Greek metres, and particularly the hexameter and pentameter, will ever be so fully naturalized among us as to take their places beside our only other received form of unrhymed metre—the blank verse—has been a good deal debated of late. If it were one to be decided by argument, we think that while, on the one hand, the objections urged against their acceptance admit of an easy and complete reply; on the other, the reasons adducible in their favour are capable of being stated with more force and fulness than has yet been done. A few words prefatory to one more attempt to show that readable English hexameters *can* be written will therefore, perhaps, not be ill bestowed on an endeavour to place this controversy on its right grounds.

It is contended, in the first place, by the opponents of this *addition to the rhythmical resources of our language*, that verses of this kind have been written in abundance; that they are, for the most part, utterly uncouth and barbarous; that when read as ordinary English verse would be read, they convey hardly any impression of being intended for verse; and that to give them the cadence and rhythm of the classical metres they profess to represent, it is necessary, in reading them, to violate every usage of English pronunciation and accent. That verses open to such objections have been written in sufficient abundance is a melancholy truth, and one which has gone far to prejudice the public ear against them. But it is not in favour of bad verse of this or any other kind that we contend. While such, no doubt, exists, it is equally true that many and signal examples also exist capable of satisfying the most fastidious classical reader; apart from that one great, and, as some consider it, insuperable stumbling-block, *quantitative prosody*.

The prosodical objection to these metres rests on the alleged absurdity of “composing verses in a language regulated by accent, in a metre invented by those who regulated it by prosody.” Now, if it were true that *our* reading of the classic metres in their own languages were really guided by prosody in that sense which this *dictum* would intimate, there would be force in this argument. If, for instance, the accent with which the verses of Virgil and Horace are read by an educated Englishman uniformly, or in a great majority of cases, fell on syllables long by prosody, and avoided short ones; we could then understand that, English metre

having little or no prosody, and being guided entirely by accent, we should be driven to create a prosody, if we would naturalize such metres, and should thus lapse into the deplorable blunder of the Elizabethan attempts, which cannot be read as verse without exciting shouts of laughter. But, in fact, this is the very reverse of the truth. Let any one open his Virgil, and in the first Eclogue he will find the quantity contradicted by the accent four times in the first three lines:—in the first *Æneid*, twice in the first two; and so on perpetually: while, if he wilfully accented long syllables, and glide over short ones, he will scarcely be able to read Latin verse at all. There cannot be a better exemplification of this than the way in which we all learn at school to read sapphics. Our system of accentuation is quite contradictory to the prosodial quantity; and in proof that such is our system, we need only appeal to Canning's caricature of it in the *Knife-grinder*.

Again, the English scholar who visits Greece, and hears the *Iliad* read by educated and accomplished modern Greeks, is, we are told, quite at a loss to recognize either the quantity of the syllables, or the accentuation, which, to our associations, makes it verse rather than prose run mad. Are we, then, to say that, to the modern Greek, the *Iliad* is not metre? Or shall we believe that the rebellious choruses of *Æschylus*, which defy all scholarship to make us accept them as anything but just such prose, conveyed no sense of rhythm to that poet's contemporaries?

We are far from contending that quantitative prosody adds no richness or beauty to verse. The perception of quantity, where it exists, does assuredly underlie and mingle with that of accent and cadence; much as in music the harmony underlies and adds to the enjoyment of the melody, even to those ears which cannot clearly distinguish and follow the lower notes in presence of the higher. And if this be (as we believe it to be) something more than a mere fanciful analogy, those cases in which the accent occasionally contradicts the prosody would come to be assimilated to passages in music in which discords are followed by their resolutions, or in which the melody and its accompaniment proceed by "contrary motion" to the great enhancement, if well managed, of the joint effect.

To reject, then, a metre which we acknowledge to be in itself pleasing and harmonious in its cadence, and which has many other excellent qualities, merely because we cannot subject it, in its construction, to a set of rules which our language does not acknowledge, and by which no other of our metres is bound, is wilfully to deprive ourselves of a source of pleasure, power and variety: and is much as if a flute-player were to abstain from playing the best airs of Haydn or Mozart, because

* With the Greek, and especially that of Homer, the case is different. There is no such marked and general discordance between accent and quantity as in Latin, though instances enough of it occur to bear out our proposition as to accent and not quantity being our guide in reading the classic metres. How many schoolboys know the rules of Greek prosody?

they were originally written for the pianoforte, or for a full orchestral accompaniment.

If we deny ourselves the use of the hexameter for the translation of Homer, we have nothing to fall back upon but the decasyllable iambic of Milton and Pope, or the same metre augmented by a supernumerary syllable, constituting the hendecasyllabic measure of Dr. Alford, a great objection to which is its extreme tendency to fall into the sapphic cadence.* Against both these metres (in their purity) the true objection, however, is, that they are iambic, i. e. epigrammatic, in their sharp, accentuated close, and as such better fitted for the terse, thoughtful, and pointed utterances of a matured literature; while the hexameter, whose essential character is impulsive, starting with a strong emphasis ("rising," as Coleridge has beautifully expressed it, "like the fountain's silvery column"), exhibits the full impress and youthful vigour of a nascent one.†

Another eminently advantageous feature of the hexameter verse is the variety it admits in its structure, rendering it, of all the metres in which a long poem can be written or translated, the least monotonous. By those indeed who lay it down as a first principle that the English hexameter *must gallop* (i. e. must be entirely dactylic with exception of the terminal spondee) this advantage is deliberately sacrificed, and exchanged for a monotony the heaviest and most wearisome of which human composition is capable—the monotony of forced, unceasing, laborious activity. In this respect a translator of Homer cannot do better than follow the example of

* Take, for instance, the following, which every reader will at once admit to be very excellent specimens of the English accentuated sapphic:—

"Next a huge stone he placed against the doorway,
Fearful in size. Not two-and-twenty waggons,
Four-wheeled and staunch, could stir it from the ground-sill."

† On the ground that the Homeric Poems are in reality gigantic ballads, the metro of *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* has recently been recommended for their translation. Let us try a few lines:—

ILIAD. CANTO I.

The Quarrel of the Kings.

I.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the spring
Of myriad woes, O goddess! sing:
Which hurled to Hades' gloomy reign
The souls of valiant chieftains slain,
And gave their bodies on the shore
For dogs and vultures to devour,
Fulfilling Jove's behest:
Since then, when in contention rude
Great Atreus' son, in angry mood,
Opposed to fierce Achilles stood,
The noblest Greek, and best,
 &c. &c. &c.

No! No! This will never do.

his great Original, whose lines exhibit the utmost variety of structure.* Thus, and with the occasional introduction of lines in which the *cæsura* is deferred, or altogether dispensed with, the hexameter will be found to afford an amount of variety such as none of the English metres in use possesses.

As regards the other conditions, apart from the choice of a metre, to be observed in translating the *Iliad*, I cannot help thinking that the present tendency of opinion is to lay upon the shoulders of the translator a burden too heavy to be borne. It may indeed be possible to render, in something like verse, line for line, word for word, construction for construction, to give all the gods and heroes their Greek names, and to affix, in every instance where it occurs, the exact Homeric conventional epithet, duly rendered according to the literal meaning. This, it is conceivable, might be accomplished; and when done would probably read almost as much like a metrical production as the *propria quæ miribus*, or *as in præ-senti*, and would have about the same chance of finding a single reader out of school, where, no doubt, it would be exceedingly popular. Between such a rendering and the magnificent adumbration of Pope (for whatever may be said against it, I for one regard Pope's *Iliad*, taken *per se*, as one of the most magnificent poems, if not the most magnificent extant) a line must, somewhere or other, be drawn; and, it is readily admitted, must lie much nearer the former than the latter of the two extremes. A translation, line for line (with some small reasonable margin for mutual encroachment and recess), which shall render the full sense of the original in every *material* particular, and introduce as little in the nature of amplification as the difference between our monosyllabic English and Homer's *polypoioisboian* Greek occasionally necessitates, under the paramount obligation of producing unforced, fluent, and readable verses — this does not appear a task too hard for mortal man. If, however, to these conditions be superadded that of retaining throughout the conventional Homeric epithets rendered by complete English equivalents, I believe it to be impracticable without a grievous sacrifice of those essential qualities which render the perusal of a poem a pleasure, not a task; and its production something more inviting than a perpetual *tour de force*, or a school exercise.

In the following version of Book I. (which was commenced in October last on the occasion of reading an article in the *Times* of October 28th, in ignorance that any entire book of Homer had ever been placed before the English reader in its original metre), the epithets are retained *as such*, only when really expressive of some fitting accessory to the subject-matter, or when their introduction could be effected flowingly, without constraint or awkwardness. In many cases, without direct verbal translation, their sense may be naturally interwoven among the

* In the first dozen lines of the *Iliad* occur no less than nine out of the sixteen different arrangements which the first four feet admit.

context. There is no denying that the continual recurrence of these epithets in season and out of season in Homer has a very oppressive effect on the modern ear. To be told occasionally, or incidentally, that Achilles was swift of foot, that the Greeks wore brazen armour and good boots, that their ships were black, and their swords long-shadowed, that they had rolling eyes, and Juno large ones and white arms, may not be amiss as characteristic touches thrown in to individualize our conceptions of these personages. But to be reminded of these particulars systematically whenever the persons or things so characterized are mentioned, that is to say, at about every tenth line throughout a long poem, is assuredly more in the nature of a blemish than a beauty, and one which no translator desirous of doing justice to his original ought, in the present state of literature, to aim at reproducing.

The monosyllabic character of our language (as already observed) affords in most cases abundant elbow-room, in so ample a metre as the hexameter, for the full expression in each line of the sense of its Greek original. Occasionally, indeed, the hexametric mantle will be found to sit too loosely, and to require a little expansion on the part of the wearer to fill it out properly. To do this gracefully is the most delicate and difficult part of a translator's task. But whether gracefully or not, good faith both to the original and to the reader requires that expletory words or phrases should be distinguished by some typographical difference. This is accordingly done by the use of italics in the translation here attempted.

Iliad.—BOOK I.

SING, O celestial Muse! the destroying wrath of Achilles,
 Peleus' son: which myriad mischiefs heaped on the Grecians,
 Valiant spirits of heroes how many dismissing to Hades!
 Flinging their corpses abroad for a prey to the dogs *and the vultures*,
 And to each bird of the air. Thus Jove's high will was accomplished,
 Even from that fateful hour when, opposed in *angry* contention,
 Stood forth Atreides, king of men, and the godlike Achilles.

Say, then, which of the gods involved these two in their conflict—
 Jove's and Latona's son! For he, with the leader offended,
 Sent on his army a plague, and his people were perishing round him: ¹⁰
 For that Atreides his *sacred* priest had *rudely* dishonoured,
 Chryses, who *suppliant* came to the swift-sailing ships of the Grecians,
 Eager to rescue his daughter, and proff'ring unlimited ransom.
 Wreaths in his hands he bore of the *bright*, far-darting Apollo,
 Circling a sceptre of gold. Then thus besought he the Grecians
 All—but th' Atreidæ first, the two great arrayers of nations:

"O ye Atreidæ! and you, all ye bright-armed Greeks, to your *valour*
 May the *great* gods, who dwell in the lofty Olympian mansions,
 Grant the destruction of Troy, and a *safe* return to your country!
 Only restore me my darling child, and accept *what* I offer, 20
Ever revering the son of Zeus, far-darting Apollo."

Then loud shouted the Greeks in *assent*, "*Let her go!* Let Apollo
 Glorified be in his priest! Take, *take*, the magnificent ransom!"
 But Agamemnon, Atreus' son, *such compromise* brooked not.
 Roughly he drove him forth, and sternly rebuked him *at parting*.

"Hence! Let me catch thee no more, old man, in our camp, either
 ling'ring
 Here round our hollow-keeled ships, or returning again on *thine errand*.
 Scance should Apollo then, or his wreath, or his sceptre avail thee.
No! Set her free, *be thou sure*, I will not! until age overtake her
 There in our palace at home, in Argos, far from her country, 30
 Weaving the web, and performing th' accustomed rites of my chamber
 Hence, I say! Anger me not! Thy retreat may so be the safer."

Thus spake the king: and the old man feared, and shrank from the
 mandate.

Silent he crept by the loud-roaring sea, till far from the vessels;
 Then to Apollo supreme, the offspring of fair-haired Latona,
 Thus, *in his anguish*, he prayed, with *earnest* and long supplication:

"Hear me, thou of the silver bow! Thou guardian of Chrysa,
 Thou who encompass'st Cilla the sacred! Thou whose dominion
 Tenedos trembling owns! O Smintheus, hear me! If ever,
 Decking thy temple with festive crowns,¹ I have burned on thine altar 40
 Thigh of the bull or fat of the goat—oh, grant my petition:
 Let thine arrows requite to the Greeks these tears I am shedding."

Thus, *loud sobbing*, he prayed; and his prayer reached Phœbus Apollo.
 Down from the *lusty crest* of Olympus he plunged *on the instant*,
 Ire in his heart. On his shoulders his bow was slung, and his quiver
 Gorgeously wrought, and the shafts clashed *loud* as he moved *in his anger*.
 Down he swept, like the *presence* of night, and *approaching*, alighted
 Somewhat apart from the ships, and among them sent forth an arrow.
 Dire was the twang of the silver bow! Then *spread the contagion*
 First among mules, and the lazy dogs² that prowled round the vessels. 50

¹ Anthon and Arnold hold to "roofing" the temple, and reject "crowning" as a neology. But this version is so utterly uncouth, that it would need half-a-dozen lines of paraphrase to explain it. I hold with Heyne and poetry *versus* pedantry and barbarism. Indeed, as Homer was a person of poetic taste and feeling, this passage *itself* might be cited as an early instance of the use of ἑρεψα in the sense adopted.

² κύνες ἀγροῦς or ἀργούς.—ἀργός is *bright* or *swift*—a customary Homeric epithet for a dog. ἀγρός is *wild* or *lazy*. I prefer *here* the reading which is in accordance in both its senses with the proceedings of those detestable brutes in hot climates, whose squalor, filth, and wandering habits, might very well be supposed to breed or at least to spread a pestilence.

Next came a piercing³ shaft which, *winged* with bitterer³ vengeance,
 Flew through the ranks; and the funeral pyres blazed fast and unceasing.
 Nine days thus did the god deal forth his darts on the army:
 But on the tenth, convened by Achilles, the people assembled.
 Such was the course to his mind which the white-armed Hera suggested,
 Grieved as she was to behold her Greeks thus *helplessly* dying.

When the assembly was formed, and all were collected in council,
 Rising before them, thus spoke forth swift-footed Achilles:
 "Surely, methinks, O Atreides! the time is come for retreating,
Baffled, back to our home; *too happy* with life but escaping, 60
 Should the sword haply spare what the plague may leave of the Grecians.
 Let us, however, consult some priest, or prophet, or dreamer,
 (For in the visions of night Zeus oft discloseth his counsels):
 Such may reveal why Phœbus Apollo's wrath is excited;
 Whether by broken vows, or by hecatombs *due but neglected*:
 So that perchance by the savour of lambs and kidlings unblemished
Soothed and appeased, he may stay this plague *and cease from his anger*."

Thus having said, he resumed his seat. Then arose from among them
 Calchas, Thiestor's son, *far-famed* as the wisest of augurs;
 One to whose mind inspired, the past, the present, the future— 70
 All were alike revealed: that seer, whose *sage* divination
 (Phœbus Apollo's gift) had guided the ships of the Grecians
Safely to Ilion's shore. And thus, complying, he answered:

"Dost thou command me, Achilles, beloved of Jove, to inform thee
 Wherefore Apollo, the *bright*, far-darting king, is offended?
 Then must I speak. But swear to me first, and pledge me thine honour,
 Promptly with word and with deed to support me, *whatever may happen*.
 Well do I deem my report will enrage that Prince whose dominion
 Glorious o'er Argos extends, and whose sway the Achæians acknowledge.
Dire is the wrath of a king when *unequally matched* with a sul- 80
 What though he seem to digest⁴ the affront? Yet *the pride* of the monarch
 Inwardly broods o'er revenge, and *long, long* after will wreak it. [*ring?*]
 Weigh then the risk. Wilt thou hold me unharmed, *such danger incur-*

Then, making answer in turn, thus spoke swift-footed Achilles:
 "Boldly declare what thou knowest. Whatever thine oracle, say it!
 For by Apollo, beloved of Jove; *by the God* at whose altars,
 Bending in prayer, thou, Calchas! *receiv'st* Heav'n's dread revelations,
 None, while I live and view *with these eyes* the conduct of mortals—
 No! not one of the Greeks shall lay but a finger upon thee, [non-
 Here in our hollow-keeled ships—not ev'n should'st thou name Agamem-
 Noblest and mightiest of all in our host though he vaunt his position."

³ *ἰχθυεὺς* is either *piercing*, *bitter*, or *made of pine wood*. While adopting (or referring to) the two former of these meanings, I half suspect that Homer, in his fondness for specifying material particulars, intended it in the latter of the three senses.

⁴ *καταπίψω*, literally, *digest*.

Thus reassured, the blameless⁵ prophet took courage, and answered:
 " 'Tis for no broken vow, no hecatomb *due but neglected*;
 But for his *outraged* priest, by Atreides rudely insulted—
 Heeding nor ransom nor prayer, but detaining his daughter in bondage.
 For this cause the far-darting god hath sent, and will send us,
 Woes upon woes: and heavy his hand shall weigh on the *Grecians*,
 Till, without ransom or price, the bright-eyed⁶ maid be conducted
 Back to her father in Chrysa. Perchance, then, a hecatomb offered
 To the offended pow'r may disarm his wrath, and preserve us." 100

Thus having said, he resumed his seat. Then rose Agamemnon,
 Atreus' heroic son, wide ruling o'er many a nation.
 Furious he rose. In his gloomy soul o'ermastering passion
 Struggled for vent, and a torch-like fire *bleed forth* from his eyeballs.
 Bending on Calchas a *withering* scowl, thus at once he addressed him:

" Prophet of evil! To me thy bodings have ever been hateful.
 Still doth thy *cankered* heart delight in the announcement of mischief.
 Ne'er from thy lips good words, from thy hands good works have pro-
 ceeded.

And now, *true to thy mission of ill*, the Greeks thou haranguest,
Stirring them up to believe that Apollo for me hath chastised them. 110
 Mine, forsooth! is the crime, who the virgin daughter of Chryses
Lawfully kept, and her ransom refused: much longing to carry
 Back to my native home *so fair, so graceful* a maiden,
 Whom Clytemnestra herself, when I led her a bride to the altar,
 Hardly in person, in temper,⁷ in mind, or accomplishments equalled.
 But, if it must be so, then *let her depart*—I resign her.
 Ne'er be it said that *for pleasure of mine* the people should perish.
 Only forthwith prepare me a prize: that alone of the Argives
 Unrewarded I go not; for that indeed were un-cenely.

All of you bear me witness! My prize is elsewhere disposed of." 120

Godlike Achilles, swift in the race, then rose up in answer.
 " Ill beseems, O Atreides! such rank with such avarice blended!
 How can our generous Greeks *be taxed*, a new prize to assign thee?
 Public store have we none where treasure is laid up in common.
 Soon as a town is sacked, the spoil on the spot is divided,
 Nor were it just to reclaim from the troops what once is allotted. [sate
 Yield her then, *frankly*, at once to the god, and the Greeks will compen-

⁵ A writer in the *London Review* denies that ἀμόμων can ever be properly rendered by *blameless*. If so, read *stainless*, which would come nearer to the sense advocated. But we believe every scholar construes πάντες ἀμόμων as "the blameless prophet," and further on we find ἀμόμονες Αἰθιοπίαι, to express blameless innocence of life.

⁶ ἐλακώπιδα, literally Anglicè, "*scrow-eyed*," from ἐλαξ, a scrow: nauticè, "*swivel-eyed*," poeticè, with "*rolling-eyes*," or, by an easy transition from the movement to the brilliancy, "*bright-eyed*."

⁷ φῆνιν, which may be rendered either *figure, feature, nature* (quasi φύσιν), or *disposition*.

Threefold and four thy loss, when Jove's decree is accomplished,
And the embattled towers of Troy lie smoking in ruin."

Fierce in his royal pride, this answer returned Agamemnon : 130

"Not so, brave as thou art, and of godlike presence, Achilles!

Not so deceive thyself, nor think to beguile or persuade me.

Think'st thou thy prize to retain unquestioned? that, tamely contented,

I shall my own resign? — Resign her, too, at thy orders?

No! Let the generous Greeks, with fitting and duteous selection,

Grant an equivalent prize, as a fair and just compensation—

All shall be well. If not, I shall seize on the prize of another :

Thine, perchance, or the spoil of Aias or mighty Odysseus.

Rage he may upon whom I shall come—I reck not his anger.

This when the time shall better allow. Now proceed we to action.

First let a sable vessel be launched on the wide-rolling ocean, 141

Manned with our choicest rowers. A hecatomb duly provided

Place in her hold, and let fair Chryseis herself be conducted

Safely on board. To some chief of renown the command be entrusted,

Aias, or Creta's king, or the wisdom divine of Odysseus,

Ay, or thyself, Pelides, most dreadful of men! that the anger

Of the far-darting god may be soothed by our prayers and our offerings."

Scornfully frowning upon him, at once swift-footed Achilles

Answered him thus: "O wrapped up in insolence! Blinded by Jove!

Which of the Greeks henceforth will cheerfully arm at thy bidding?

Toil in the wearisome march, or rush with delight to the combat? 151

Moved by no personal hate 'gainst Troy and her warlike defenders

Came I hither to fight; for nought have they done to offend me.

Cattle nor steed of mine have they seized; nor in hostile invasion

Swept over Phthia's realm, nor wasted her bounteous harvests.

Far, far parted we lie, with the roaring ocean between us,

And the o'ershadowing crests of many a mountainous barrier.

In thy quarrel, O lost to all shame! are we come; for thy pleasure,

Insolent! seeking redress from the Trojans for thee and thy brother;

Thankless, and reckless of all we have done, of all we have suffered. 160

Now, for a crowning affront, to seize my prize thou hast threatened,

Bravely and hardly won, and conferred by the sons of Achaia!

Equal to thine no spoil has ever to me been awarded,

When to the Grecian arms some populous city has yielded.

Foremost ever in fight, and sustaining the brunt of the battle,

Sword in hand am I found;—but so sure as the spoil is divided,

Thine is the choice of the prey; while, some pleasing trifle accepting,

Weary and faint with toil, I bear it away to my vessels.

Now unto Phthia my course I shall take:—for better I deem it

Home with my ships to return, since thus dishonoured, and leave thee

Here to thy fate, ingloriously fighting for riches and plunder."

Then Agamemnon, king of men, this answer returned him:

"Fly by all means, if such be thy mind. Not ev'n for a moment

Will I entreat thee for me to remain. I lack not companions 174
 True to *my cause* and my glory, nor Jove for my guide and protector.
 Hateful beyond all princes whom heaven with power hath entrusted,
 Nought but strife is thy soul's delight, and battle and slaughter;
 Say, thou art brave! 'Tis the gift of God *which thus thou profanest*.
 Fly then, I say! With thy ships and thy troops betake thee to Phthia;
 There o'er thy Myrmidons rule. For know, proud prince, that I reck not
 Or of thine aid or thy wrath. And *speakest thou of 'heav'n's?* Thus I threaten:
 Since at my hands Apollo demands the daughter of Chryses,
 Forthwith let her depart. In my ship, with my escort, I send her.
 Then to thy tent I shall come, and thy prize, thy lovely Briseis,
 Claim, and lead her away:—so that ev'n thyself shalt acknowledge
 Mine the superior power, and, warned by thy bitter example,
 All shall henceforward dread to dispute my right or defy me."

Thus he spake; and a pang through Pelides shot. In his bosom,
 Shaggy and rough, his heart by conflicting thoughts was divided:
 Whether at once to snatch from his thigh his keen-edged falchion, 190
 Break through th' assembled chiefs, and strike to the earth his insulter,
 Or to control his mind and arrest *the career* of his passion.
 Thus, while doubtful he stood, in his troubled spirit debating—
 Half unsheathed while appeared the mighty sword—from Olympus
 Pallas Athene came, whom the white-armed Hera commissioned,
 Equally both in her heart regarding, and anxious to *save them*.
 Standing behind him, his golden locks she grasped;—and Pelides
 Turned; and amazed he stood when her awful eyes he encountered,
 Only to him revealed among all the heroes assembled. 199
 Startled, but yet not calmed, in impassioned words he addressed her,—
 "And art thou come from *heav'n*, great daughter of Jove, to be witness
 How Agameunon, Atreus' son, both wrongs and degrades me?
 Then shalt thou see—and my words may not be long in fulfilling—
 How, perchance with his life, he shall pay for his pride and his insults."

Thus, then, in turn replied the blue-eyed goddess Athena:
 "Hear me! and calm thy passion, and bend thy soul to obey me!
 For this cause from Olympus I come, by Hera commissioned,
 Equally friendly to both, and equally anxious to save you. [bard.
 Cease from this strife! With thy hand draw not thy sword from its scab-
 Words be thine only weapons: and spare them not, but reproach him;
 For be assured (and ere long my words shall be fully accomplished)
 Threefold in splendour and worth shall gifts upon gifts be repaid thee
 For this insolent act. But restrain thy rage, and obey us."

Then replying in turn, thus spake swift-footed Achilles:
 "At such bidding, O goddess! no choice but obedience is left me,

⁸ ἑπεία πτερόεντα. Winged conveys no distinct idea as applied to words. All words fly with equal speed. It is merely intensifying, and may be rendered *pro re natâ* by any epithet denoting energy or readiness of speech.

Grievously angered at heart though I be : for such is my duty. 216
 Whoso the gods reveres, his prayers will find them propitious."
 Then, with a ponderous grasp on the hilt with silver resplendent,
 Back in its scabbard he plunged the mighty sword, to Athena
 Harkening. She meanwhile her flight to Olympus had taken, 220
 There in the mansions of Zeus rejoining her fellow immortals.

Once more now, his heart still swelling with anger, Achilles
 Thus Agamemnon addressed, in words injurious *and bitter* :
 " Drunken *with pride*, thou dog in thy look, but deer in thy nature !
 When didst thou ever *with hearty alacrity* arm for the battle,
 Or to the dreadful ambush go forth with the chiefs of the Grecians ?
 Nought but *terror and death* in *exploits like these* thou beholdest.
 Easier seems it *and safer* to plunder thy friends ; through the army
 Ranging at large, and seizing the share of whoe'er may oppose thee !
Ila ! what a king art thou, who mak'st a prey of thy subjects ! 230
 Subjects *too base to resent* :—or this were the last of thy insults.
 Hear, then, *my fired resolve*, and the oath I take to confirm it :
 By this sceptre which, torn from its parent trunk on the mountains,
 Blossom or bud shall never renew, by the axe of the woodman
 Stripped of its branches and bark—by this sacred sceptre I swear it,
Emblem of justice and truth, upborne by the sons of the Grecians,
 Guardians of laws and protectors of *rights handed down from their fathers*,
 Sanctioned by Jove himself !—(such an oath *e'en* to thee would be binding)—
 Surely with yearning of heart each Greek shall long for Achilles
 When beneath Hector's slaughtering sword thine armics shall perish ; 240
 Then shalt thou groan in spirit, unable to save or to help them,
Self-condemned, and gnawed by *remorse and rage at thy folly*,
 Shamefully thus to have used the best and bravest among them."

Thus he spake ; and dashed on the ground his sceptre *in anger*,
 Studded with golden stars : then sate, *defiant and scornful*.
 Him with *increasing* wrath Agamemnon eyed. Up arose⁹ then
 Nestor, the Pylian sage, whose eloquence, clear and persuasive,
 Flowed from his lips in harmonious accents, sweeter than honey.
 Two generations in sacred Pylos beneath his dominion
 Reared to articulate speech,¹⁰ and o'ertaken by age had he witnessed,
Sov'reign at once and friend. Now ruled he the third in succession.
 Wisely *and kindly* counselling both, in these words he addressed them :
 " Gods ! what a weight of grief descends on the land of Achaia !
 How will Priam exult, and his sons, and the host of the Trojans !

⁹ Pope makes Nestor "slow from his seat" arise. But the moment was pressing, and the instant of pause had to be promptly seized. Homer uses the expression *ἀνέστανε*, *rushed up*, or *started to his feet*, a phrase as much too strong for Nestor's age as Pope's is too dilatory for the occasion. Is not *arose*, however, some sort of derivative of *ἀρούσαι* ?

¹⁰ *μυρόνων ἀνθρώπων*. It is just possible to bring in the Homeric epithet here as in some way or other relevant to the subject matter.

How will their souls rejoice should report convey to their hearing 255
This unseemly dispute, where two such chiefs are contending;
 First in the councils of Greece, and her foremost leaders in battle!
 Be persuaded! Remember that I am much older than either,
 Ay, and in days gone by, with men *far* braver *and* greater
 Long consorted on friendly terms; and they never disdained me. 260
 Ne'er have I seen—ne'er more shall I see—such men as were Dryas,
 Shepherd and guide of his flock; Peirithous, Exadius, and Cæneus:
These were heroes indeed! Nor less divine Polyphemus,
 Theseus too, great Ægeus' son, most like the immortals.
 Bravest were these of all whom this earth on her bosom hath nurtured.
 Bravest they were, and bravely they fought with *the fiercest of beings*,
 Ev'n with the mountain centaurs, and slew them in terrible¹¹ combat.
 These were my friends and associates: by these from Pylos invited
 Hastening to join them I came from afar, from the Apian country;
 And by their side I fought, as best I might. But against them 270
 No man of mortal mould could avail, such as earth now produces.
 Yet they obeyed my word; gave willing ear to my counsels.
 You, too, let me persuade: for to yield to persuasion is wiser.
 Great as thou art, O Atreides! beware how thou seize on the damsel.
 Leave her. Respect th' award pronounced by the sons of Achæia.
 Thou, too, Peleus' son! forbear¹² to contend with our sov'reign;
 Since to no sceptred prince whom Zeus hath delighted to honour
 Lottier place or greater renown hath e'er been accorded.
 Say thou art mighty, as well beseems thy descent from a goddess,
 Yet is he higher in rank; for wider extends his dominion. 280
 Once more, Atreides, dismiss thy wrath! 'Tis Nestor entreats thee.¹³
 Urge thine opponent no more: for to whom shall we look but Achilles,
 In the rough chances of war, as the bulwark and stay of our nation?"

Then making answer, replied Agamemnon, ruler of nations:
 "Rightly, O *reverend* sage! on either part hast thou spoken,
 But we have here a man who will dictate on every occasion;
 Nought but his will must be law, and all must bend in his presence.
 Yet there is one, methinks, who will yield to no such pretensions.
 Grant that th' immortal gods an *accomplished* warrior have made him,
 Have they with this conferred an *unbounded* licence of insult?" 290

Him interrupting, thus broke in the godlike Achilles:
 "Base, indeed, should I be, and deserve the name of a coward,

¹¹ ἐκπύλως ὀλέκοντο, *lit.* "dreadfully slew them."

¹² Μῆτι'σὺ, Πηλείδῃ, θελ' ἐριζέμεναι. The lexicons inform us that Homer invariably uses ἐθέλειν and its inflexions, and never θέλειν. Here is one instance to the contrary.

¹³ ἔγωγε λίσσομ', Ἀχιλλῆϊ, μεθέμεν χρόνον. λίσσομαι would govern an accusative, not a dative of the person besought, so that here Pope, when he writes—

"Leave me, O king, to calm Achilles' rage"

seems to have missed the true meaning of the passage.

Were I to yield me a slave to whate'er thy caprices may dictate.
 Issue thy orders to others! Command not me! for henceforward
Thee and thy cause I disown, and spurn the control of a tyrant.
 This, too, hear me declare, and well shalt thou do to observe it:
 Neither with thee nor *that other in Troy*¹⁴ will I fight for a woman.
 (Since¹⁵ *thus meanly, ye Greeks*, ye resume the prize ye have given,
Take it!) But when *thou*¹⁶ com'st to my ship, dark *frowning*¹⁷ upon thee,
 Nought that is mine beside shalt thou touch, with me to resist thee. 300
 Or shouldst thou dare it, come on; make trial, that all may behold it!
 Quickly my spear's broad blade with thy streaming blood shall be purpled."

Thus with fierce words contended the chiefs by the ships of the Grecians.
 Both then *abruptly* rose, and at once dissolved the assembly.
 Thence to his tents and stately¹⁸ ships departed Achilles;
 With him his faithful friend Menætiüs' son and their comrades.
 But by Atreides' order was launched a swift-sailing galley,
 Manned with twenty selected rowers; a hecatomb duly
 Placed in the hold for the god; and the fair Chryseis conducted
 Ev'n by himself on board; and Odysseus the wise was commander. 310
Swiftly, when all were embarked, they swept o'er the paths of the waters.

This performed, Atreides a solemn lustration commanded.
 All the people were cleansed, and the sea received their ablutions.
 Next, to Apollo of bulls and of goats whole hecatombs offered
 Blazed, in long order ranged, on the shore of the desolate ocean.
 Rich was the steam that rose with the eddying smoke from the altars.

In such rites was the army engaged. Meanwhile Agamemnon,
 Bearing his threat to Achilles in mind, Eurybates summoned,
 And Talthybius, heralds and messengers swift; and addressed them:
 "Haste ye both to the tent of Pelæus' son, to Achilles; 320
 Claim¹⁹ Briseis the fair, and lead her respectfully hither.

¹⁴ οὐτὲ τῷ ἄλλῳ: with *that* other, not with *any* other (?).

¹⁵ Here he parenthetically addresses the Greeks, so putting it as to appear to yield to them and not to Agamemnon, while at the same time obliquely reproaching them for their acquiescence, and holding them responsible for the consequences. This is plainly indicated by the vocative plural transiently introduced in the Greek without interrupting the continuity of the sentence, which would be very awkward if directly imitated in English.

¹⁶ Here he resumes his address to Agamemnon.

¹⁷ παρὰ νηὶ μέλαινῃ: Here again the conventional epithet can be rendered in consonance with the general sense, and serves to heighten it.

¹⁸ ἕσας, "well-balanced" or "evenly-trimmed," i. e. built so as to sit upright in still water, the first condition of "stateliness" in a ship. If any reader prefer "balanced," or "well-balanced," he may read it so.

¹⁹ Homer does not make Agamemnon order the heralds to deliver this as a message to Achilles. It is a personal instruction to them. Had he done so, they must have repeated it word for word, as messengers in the Iliad always do, and so would have been lost not only the heroic courtesy of Achilles on their reception, but all the exquisite management of this most difficult situation in which every point is saved by the discreet bearing of the heralds.

This should Achilles refuse, I shall take her *by force*, and in person,
Backed by o'erwhelming numbers; and that will be harder upon him."
Such was his order, and strict the injunction he added on parting.
Sad and reluctant they passed, on the shore of the desolate ocean,
Ev'n to the tents and ships of the Myrmidon host: and Achilles
Gloomily sitting they found in front of his tent, by the vessels.
Greeting he gave them none, for small was his joy to behold them.
They, on their part, confused in his princely presence, and awe-struck,
Silent remained, *nor raised their eyes*, nor delivered their errand. 330
This when the chief perceived in his mind, he *mildly* addressed them:

"Hail, ye heralds! messengers high of Jove and of mortals.
Fearless and free draw nigh. Not you do I blame, but your master.
Will do I know by constraint ye come for the damsel Briseis,
And ye shall take her. Divine Patroclus! bring forth the maiden.
Hand her to these in charge. But now I call you to witness,
Now unto gods in heaven and mortals on earth to proclaim it,
And to your tyrant king: should ever henceforth by his army
Need of my aid be felt, to save them from shame and destruction—
No! let them die!—while he, in the frenzied whirl of his passion, 340
Powerless ake to learn from the past or plan for the future, [them."
Driv'n to their ships when they fight for their lives, shall be helpless to lead

Thus he spake: and Patroclus obeyed his friend and companion,
And from the inmost tent led forth the lovely Briseis
And to their charge consigned. With womanly *fear and reluctance*,
Slowly she moved by their side as they passed to the ships of Achaia.

Then retreated Achilles apart from *the sight* of his comrades.
Downward bent,²⁰ and weeping, he sate, as he gazed o'er the ocean
Hoary with breakers ashore, but darkening *with storm* in the distance.
Seaward his hands extending, *at length* he prayed to his mother. 350

"O my mother! since at my birth short life was ordained me,
Surely, *almighty*, Zeus, high-thundering, throned in Olympus,
Should have enlarged²¹ it with glory. But none²² hath he hitherto granted.
Lo! with what *burning* disgrace Agamemnon, ruler of nations,
Brands me, wresting away the prize I won by my valour."

Thus he spake. But his mother august in the depths of the ocean
Heard his complaint, where she sate beside her reverend father.

²⁰ *λίσσας*. The attitude is that of a man sitting, elbow on knee, chin on hand, weeping, and gazing wistfully between his tears upwards and forwards. The expression of the features would be a study for a painter. Has any tried it? It would be a noble picture. The tents, the ships, the darkling sea in the offing (*πόνρον*), typical of the storm brooding over the future of Greece; the ground-swell rolling in its breakers (*άλος*) as an earnest of the great commotion soon to burst over all, &c. &c.

²¹ *ἐγγυαλίξαι*. An odd word, meaning to fill up a hollow, and so, metaphorically, to give full measure, to fill to repletion, to distend with fulness.

²² *Οὐ τῦρόν*, not a jot, not a tittle. Perhaps, "but now not a whit hath he granted" might be borne.

Swift, like a rising mist, from the hoary deep she ascended; 358
 Sate beside him, and marked his tears: then fondly carressing,
Laid in his hand her own, and endearingly naming, bespoke him: [spirit?

"Why dost thou weep, my child?²³ What grief has seized on thy
 Speak! conceal not thy sorrows, but let them be common between us."

Heavily sighing, thus replied swift-footed Achilles:

"Well thou know'st. Why then should I tell thee all as it happened?

Thebè the sacred fell to our arms, Aëtion's city.

This we *sacked and* plundered, and hither we came with the booty.

Fairly and justly was all disposed by the sons of Achaia,

And to our chief, Atreides, the fair Chryseis allotted.

Chryses then, the priest of the *bright*, far-darting Apollo, 369

Came to our camp and the ships of the Greeks resplendent in armour,

Eager to rescue his daughter, and proff'ring unlimited ransom.

Wreaths in his hands he bore of the *bright*, far-darting Apollo

Circling a sceptre of gold: and he urged his suit on the Grecians

All—but th' Atreidæ first, the two great arrayers of nations.

Then, with one voice, loud shouted the Greeks in assent; that Apollo

Honoured should be in his priest, and the costly ransom accepted.

But Agamemnon, Atreus' son, *such compromise* brooked not.

Roughly he drove him forth, and sternly rebuked him at parting.

Flashed and angry, the *good* old man withdrew, but Apollo 379

Heard the complaint of his prayer (for he loved him well), *and avenged him*.

Upon the Argives he sent a destroying shaft; and the people

Perished in heaps on heaps; for each moment *faster and thicker*

Flew through the army the darts of the god. Out²⁴ spake then a prophet

Who the far-darter's will well knew; and denounced the offender.

Foremost, at once I exhorted, the god to appease. But Atreides

Took it in wrathful mood, and rising before the assembly

Uttered that *shameful* threat which now he has *dared* to accomplish.

Even while the keen-eyed²⁵ Greeks are escorting the damsel to Chrysa,

Freighting with costly gifts for the god the *best* of their vessels, [ing

Heralds have come to my tent and my ships, and have siezed, and are lead-

Brises' daughter away—my prize, and the gift of Achaia. 391

Now, my mother, aid, if thou canst, thy son *in his trouble*.

Speed to Olympus, and there prefer to Zeus thy petition,

If thou hast ever in word or deed done aught to delight him.

Have I not heard thee boast in my father's palace, relating

²³ *Τίκνον*, a *child*, not a son. (*τίκνον τόφλου γερόντος Αντιγόνη*.) His mother only could, and a mother would, address such a person as Achilles as a *child*.

²⁴ Achilles here rather misstates the transaction. He it was who spoke first, and brought up Calchas to the denouncing point by his public assurance of protection.

²⁵ *Ἐλικωπες*. The conventional epithet may have a special appropriateness here from the position of a rower who must sit face-forward, while his attention is required to the right and left to notice (by the roll of the eye) any floating obstruction. Watchful, or keen-eyed, meets this meaning.

How that the cloud-enshrouded Kronion to thee was indebted— 396
 Thee of the immortals alone—for his rescue from *bonds* and dishonour,
Even in that fearful hour when all endeavoured to chain him,
 Hera with dread Poseidon joined, and Pallas Athena.
 Then thou cam'st, O goddess, and freed him. Then at thy summons 400
 He of the hundred hands, Briareus ²⁶ (called so in heaven,
 But upon earth, *Ægeon*), Olympus scaled, and beside him
 Sate, exulting in might. Far mightier was he than his father !
 Him when the gods beheld, they shuddered, *obeyed*, and desisted.
 Go, then; remind him of this, and his knees embracing, approach him;
 Bid him be gracious and aid the Trojans to drive to their vessels,
 Crowded *like sheep* to the slaughter, the *recreant* Greeks; who may glory
 Then, if they please, in their king—their *Atreides*, ruler of nations !
 While Agamemnon himself shall know and acknowledge his frenzy 409
 Thus to have shamed and dishonoured the best and bravest among them."

Dropping a *pitying* tear, thus *Thetis* kindly responded :
 " Why, ah, why did I bear thee, my child, and rear thee to sorrow ?
 Evil, alas ! was the hour when I gave thee birth in my palace.
 Oh ! could'st thou safe remain withdrawn from war by thy vessels,
 Tearless, at least, if not long-lived, since destiny wills it.
 Now must thy span of days be at once both joyless and fleeting !
 Yet will I bear thy words to the thunderer's throne, to Olympus,
Soaring aloft to its snow-crowned heights ; and perchance he will hear me.
 Thou, meanwhile, by the swift-sailing ships, in haughty seclusion
 Hold thee aloof from the Greeks, and lead not thy troops to the battle.
 Zeus since yesternorn, on the farthest verge of the ocean, 421
 Honours the pure *Æthiopians'* *innocent* feast. At the banquet
 All th' immortals attend : twelve days *they feast* ; then Olympus
 Opens its bronze-paved halls to receive them. There will I enter,
 Clasp his knees and beseech him,—and surely, I think, he will hear me."
 Thus having spoken, the goddess departed, leaving Achilles
 Wroth for the loss of his captive, the fair one so gracefully cinctured,
 Torn from *his tent* by force.

Now *happily speeding*, Odysseus
 Chrysa's shore had attained, the votive hecatomb bearing.
 When to the haven deep they had come, and were fairly within it, 430
 First their sails they furled, then stowed them away in the vessel.
 Lowering next the mast, they lodged it secure on its bearing,
 Smartly bringing it down by the stays : then rowed to their moorings ;
 Dropped astern huge sleepers of stone, made fast by the hawser,
 And through the breaking surf made good their footing, and landed.
 Then disembarked the hecatomb due to Phæbus Apollo :

²⁶ " Whom gods Briareus, men *Ægeon* call," and " Bold Briareus with his hundred hands." So Pope—so English usage in consequence. But Homer shortens the third syllable and accentuates the last.

Fair Chryseis the last from the ship to the shore they conducted.
 Leading her then to the altar, the wise Odysseus restored her
 Safe to the hands of her father dear; and thus he addressed him :
 " Hither, O Chryses ! sent by the king of men, Agamemnon, 440
 Lead I thy daughter back, and a hecatomb bring to Apollo,
 Due from the *suffering* Greeks, who, beneath the scourge of his anger,
 Bitterly groan, and *pray that*, appeased, *he will cease to afflict them.*"
 Then to her father gave, and he rejoicing received her.

Now, without further delay, were the victims ranged round an altar,
 Solidly built *and sculptured*, in goodly array, for the off'ring.
 Then with clean-washed hands they upheaved the salt and the barley,
 Chryses praying aloud with arms extended to heaven.
 " Hear me, thou of the silver bow ! Thou guardian of Chrysa !
 Thou who encompassst Cilla the sacred ! Thou whose dominion 450
 Tenedos owns ; since bending thine ear to the prayer *of my anguish*,
 Honouring thy priest, thou hast poured affliction and woe on the Grecians,
 Once more extend thy grace, and grant this further petition :
Cease from thy wrath, and avert from Greece the plague which consumes her."

Thus he prayed, and his prayer was heard by Phœbus Apollo :
 But when the prayer was ended, the meal on the victims they sprinkled,
 Turned up their heads to heaven and slew them and flayed and divided.
 Severing the thighs, they wrapped them in cauls of fat, and about them
 Doubled the folds and morsels attached from each part of the carcase.
 These with billets the old man burned on the altar, and o'er them 460
 Poured the red sparkling wine; while youths attendant around him,
 Each with his five-pronged fork in hand, stood ready for service.
 They, when the thighs were burned and the entrails *formally tasted*,
 Cut to pieces the rest, transfixed, and skilfully roasted ;
 Drew them *from off their forks and served them for meat to the " "ries.*

Now was the rite concluded, the banquet spread, and they feasted
 Each to his soul's content; nor lacked there abundance *or welcome*.
 But when the cravings of hunger and thirst were somewhat abated,
 Full to the brim with wine th' attendants handed them goblets,
 First having spilled a libation from each; and the youths of Achæia 470
 All through the live-long day raised high their voices in chorus ;
 Hymned the far-darting god, and in sweet melodious cadence
 Chanted their pœans of praise: and his soul was pleased as he listened.
 Then, when the sun was set, and darkness had fall'n on the ocean,
 All retired to sleep on the shore, by the stern of the vessel.

Soon as the mother of dawn, the rosy-fingered Aurora, ²⁷
Tinted the eastern sky, for the Grecian camp they departed.
 Fair was the wind *and strong*, which the bright, far-darting Apollo [it
 Sent: and they hoisted the mast, and the white sails spread, which received

²⁷ I am unwilling to sacrifice the familiar "rosy-fingered Aurora"—but if the Greek names must be retained, we might render it,

"Soon as the rosy-fingered Eôs, mother of morning."

Full in the midst of their swell:—and they bounded along; and the waters
 Roared round the keel as it ploughed the dark blue wave in its progress.
 Soon to the camp they came and the long-drawn lines of the Grecians.
 Then on the main-land shore their sable galley they stranded 483
 High on the beach, and supported on beams extended beneath her:
 Then dispersed, and returned each man to his tent or his vessel.

Peleus' heav'n-born son meanwhile, swift-footed Achilles,
 Sate by his ships aloof; and still o'er his injuries brooding,
 Nurtured his wrath: nor once did he join the chiefs in their council,
 Nor to the war go forth: but pined in heart *with impatience*
 Thus to remain *inactive*, and longed for the din of the battle. 490

Day after day thus passed. With the dawn of the twelfth to Olympus
 All the immortal gods *in long procession* ascended,
 Zeus at their head. Then, mindful of all to her son she had promised,
 'Thetis rose from the waves, and soaring aloft *in the æther*
 Through the wide concave of heaven, attained the heights of Olympus.
 There, on the loftiest of all its bristling peaks she beheld him,
 Him, the far-seeing son of ancient Chronos, *exalted*
 High, and apart enthroned:—and she sate before him and, suppliant,
 With her left hand embraced his knees, while her right she extended,
 Raising his flowing beard; and, *seconding thus her petition*, 500
 Humbly besought Kronion, the sov'reign of gods and of mortals:

"Father Zeus! If e'er in thy need I have brought thee assistance
 Either by word or in deed here in heav'n, oh! grant my petition.
 Honour my son! *If* his days indeed must be transient and fleeting,
Gild them with glory! Behold how the king of men, Agamemnon,
 Shames and degrades him, claiming his prize and wresting it from him.
 Wipe off the stain! Great sire of Olympus, wise in thy counsels!
 Grant unto Troy success, and increase her force, till the Grecians
 Hasten to requite the wrongs of my son and restore him to honour."

Thus she spake: but Zeus nought answered. In cloud and in silence
 Long he remained unmoved. But Thetis renewed her entreaties, 511
 Clasping more closely his knees, and *beseechingly urgent*, implored him.
 "Grant, oh! grant what I ask.—Assuredly grant:—or refusing
 Tell me at once. (Thou needest no reserve.) That word shall convince me
 How among all the pow'rs the most dishonoured is Thetis."

Zeus, compeller of clouds, thus answered, touched with compassion:
 "This will be matter of high dispute. Unwelcome to Hera
 Must my decision appear, and bitter will be her reproaches.
 Oft to th' immortal gods unjustly I hear her complaining,
 That with too partial mind I assist the arms of the Trojans. 520
 Therefore depart, lest Hera behold thee *ling'ring beside me*.
 So let it be. Thy prayer is heard. Be mine to fulfil it.
 Lo! in assent my head I bow. This holiest of pledges,
 Known to th' immortals all as the sign and seal of the future,
 Faithful, never revoked, unailing, take for assurance."

Forward his dark and awful brows he bent, and inclining,
Bowed his immortal head; while deep, at the nod, o'er his features
Rolled his ambrosial locks: and Olympus shook to its centre.

Thus resolved they parted; and down in the depths of the ocean
Thetis plunged at once from the glorious heights of Olympus. 530
Zeus to his palace returned, where the gods all rose at his entrance
Rev'rent before their sire. Not one dared wait his arrival
Seated: but all stood *ranged in awed array* in his presence
Till he assumed his throne. Then Hera, keenly rememb'ring
How to her consort, Thetis the silver-footed, the daughter
Of the old Ocean sire, had come and conferred, with reproaches
Bitter and sharply urged, the son of Chronos accosted.

"Artful one! which of the gods admitt'st thou now to thy counsels?
Ever delighting thy plans to conceal, and maturing in secret
All thy decisions apart: unto *her most entitled to know them* 540
Ne'er dost thou deign to impart one word of all thou designest."

Thus then returned for answer the father of gods and of mortals:
"Hope not, Hera! that all my plans shall to thee be confided,
That were too hard for thy thoughts, though my throne and my couch
thou partakest.

Yet be assured of this, that whate'er may be fit for thy knowledge,
No one, either of gods, or of men, shall learn it before thee.
As for the rest—whate'er I conceal in the depths of my counsels,
That forbear thou to ask—and *resign ev'n the wish* to discover."

Raising her large majestic eyes, thus Hera responded: 549
"Dread and severe Kronion! What words are these thou hast uttered?
Rarely indeed have I asked, or wished to partake of thy secrets.
Free wert thou ever from question of mine to plan as thou list'st.
But now I tremble *for Greece*: for have I not seen, on Olympus,
Thetis the silver-footed, old Nereus' daughter, approach thee,
Clasping thy knees at dawn? Ay! and much I fear she beguiled thee,
And that the awful pledge thou gav'st was to honour Achilles,
Heaping the shore with dead, by the ships of the *suffering* Grecians."

Zeus, compeller of clouds, thus answering, sternly addressed her:
"Restless ever in spirit, and too perversely suspicious!
Nought will *thy wiles* effect; but can only place thee in future , 560
Farther apart from my heart: and this will be harder upon thee.
Say! were it e'en as thou think'st, what imports? if such be my pleasure.
Take, then, in silence thy seat, and respect the word of *thy sov'reign*:
For, be assured, not all the power of the gods in Olympus
Aught would avail in thy cause, should my anger be kindled against thee."

Thus he spake, and the goddess august, subdued and in silence,
Bent her large orbs *on the ground*, and resumed her throne: and a sadness
Fell on th' assembled gods in Jove's celestial mansion.
This to dispel essayed Hephestus. He the contriver,
Famed for his works of toil and of art, up rose to harangue them, 570

Covering *with festive speech, well-timed*, his mother's confusion :
 "Here will be mischief indeed, if you two quarrel, disturbing
 All the peace of Olympus with insupportable wrangling !
Let men settle their own disputes : for if strife and contention
 Reign in these halls, then, alas ! farewell to the joy of our banquets.
 Let me advise thee, my mother (who ne'er wert lacking in prudence),
 Make thy peace with my father Zeus, lest again he upbraid thee
This time worse than the last, and our feast be spoiled by your quarrel.
 Think ! Should the lightning flash of Olympian love be directed
 Full upon all your thrones, ye gods ! — *I tremble to think on't !* 580
 Soothe him, then, with appeasing words, dear mother ; and trust me,
 Soon will the gracious pow'r be pleased, and restore us to favour."
 Thus having spoken, he rose, and filling a two-handled goblet,
 Held it forth to his mother dear, and thus he addressed her.
 "Patiently bear *what thou canst not mend*, and make no remonstrance,
 Hard though it seem, my mother : for sad would it be to behold thee,
 Dear as thou art, struck down ; while in vain I should long to assist thee.
 Trust me, full hard is the task to contend with Zeus in his anger.
Once too oft have I tried it myself, when, pressing to aid thee,
 Seized by the foot, I was hurled from the lofty portals of heaven. 590
 All day long did I *spin* through the air, and the sun was descending
 When upon Lemnos I fell : and the Sintians found and restored me,
 Breathless and bruised as I lay : for small was the life that was left me."
 Thus he spake, and Hera was cheered, and her arm *she extended*
 White *as the snow*, and with smiles the cup from her son she accepted.
 He forthwith to the rest of the gods, and to each in his order,
 Filled ; drawing *fresh* from its urn the *delicious juice of the nectar* ;
 While from them all unextinguished laughter arose, as Hephestus,
 Bustling *with awkward gait*, they beheld, through the halls of Olympus.
 Thus they feasted in bliss all day till the sun was declining : 600
 Nor was there wanting aught to *enhance the joy of* their banquet
 Either of *festive cheer*, or the tuneful harp, by Apollo
 Struck ; while the muses sang, sweet answering, *or blending in chorus*.
 But when the sun had withdrawn his glorious light and departed,
 Then for needful repose each god retired to his palace,
 For with ingenious craft that limping artist Hephestus,
 Famed for his skill, had constructed for each his separate dwelling.
 Zeus ascended the couch which, when'er he *consented to slumber*—
Laying aside for an instant his flaming bolts—he frequented.
 There he reclined, in celestial calm reposing ; and Hera, 610
 Quitting her throne of gold, lay *tranquilly sleeping* beside him.

J. F. W. HIRSCHL.

Collingwood, February 6, 1862.

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SAINT'S REST.

AGNES entered the city of Rome in a trance of enthusiastic emotion, almost such as one might imagine in a soul entering the heavenly Jerusalem above. To her exalted ideas she was approaching not only the ground hallowed by the blood of apostles and martyrs, not merely the tombs of the faithful, but the visible "general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven." Here reigned the appointed representative of Jesus: she imagined a benignant prince clothed with honour and splendour, who was yet the righter of all wrongs, the redresser of all injuries, the friend and succourer of the poor and needy; and she was firm in a secret purpose to go to this great and benignant father, and on her knees entreat him to forgive the sins of her lover, and remove the excommunication that threatened at every moment his eternal salvation. For—she trembled to think of it,—a sudden accident, a thrust of a dagger, a fall from his horse, might put him for ever beyond the pale of repentance: he might die unforgiven, and sink to eternal pain.

Agnes and her grandmother entered the city of Rome just as the twilight had faded into night; and though Agnes, full of faith and enthusiasm, was longing to realize immediately the ecstatic vision of shrines and holy places, old Elsie commanded her not to think of anything further that night. They proceeded, therefore, with several other pilgrims who had entered the city, to a church specially set apart for their reception, connected with which were large dormitories and a religious order, whose business was to receive and wait upon them, and to see that all their wants were supplied. This religious foundation is one of the oldest in Rome; and it is esteemed a work of especial merit and sanctity among the citizens to associate themselves temporarily in these labours in Holy Week. Even princes and princesses come, humble and lowly, mingling with those of common degree, and all, calling each other brother and sister, vie in kind attentions to these guests of the Church. When Agnes and Elsie arrived, several of these volunteer assistants were in waiting. Agnes was remarked among all the rest of the company for her peculiar beauty and the rapt, enthusiastic expression of her face.

Almost immediately on their entrance into the reception-hall connected with the church, they seemed to attract the attention of a tall lady dressed in deep mourning, and accompanied by a female servant, with

whom she was conversing on those terms of intimacy which showed confidential relations between the two.

"See!" she said, "my Mona, what a heavenly face is there!—that sweet child has certainly the light of grace shining through her. My heart warms to her."

"Indeed," said the old servant, looking across, "and well it may,—dear lamb, come so far! But, Holy Virgin, how my head swims! How strange!—that child reminds me of some one. My lady, perhaps, you may think of some one whom she looks like."

"Mona, you say true. I have the same strange impression of having seen a face like hers, but where I cannot say."

"What would my lady say, if I said it was our dear Prince?"

"Mona, it is so, — yes," added the lady, looking more intently,—"how singular!—the very traits of our house in a peasant-girl! She is of Sorrento, I judge, by her costume; what a pretty one it is! That old woman is her mother, perhaps. I must choose her for my care,—and, Mona, you shall wait on her mother."

So saying, the Princess Paulina crossed the hall, and, bending affably over Agnes, took her hand and kissed her, saying,—

"Welcome, my dear little sister, to the house of our Father!"

Agnes looked up with strange, wondering eyes into the face that was bent to hers. It was sallow and sunken, with deep lines of ill-health and sorrow, but the features were noble, and must once have been beautiful; the whole action, voice, and manner were dignified and impressive. Instinctively she felt that the lady was of superior birth and breeding to any with whom she had been in the habit of associating.

"Come with me," said the lady; "and—your mother?"—she added.

"She is my grandmother," said Agnes.

"Well, then, your grandmother, sweet child, shall be attended by my good sister Mona here."

The Princess Paulina drew the hand of Agnes through her arm, and, laying her hand affectionately on it, looked down and smiled tenderly on her.

"Are you very tired, my dear?"

"Oh, no! no!" replied Agnes—"I am so happy, so blessed to be here!"

"You have travelled a long way?"

"Yes, from Sorrento; but I am used to walking; I did not feel it to be long; my heart kept me up,—I wanted to come home so much."

"Home?" said the princess.

"Yes, to my soul's home,—the house of our dear Father the Pope."

The princess started, and looked incredulously down for a moment; then noticing the confiding air of the child, she sighed and was silent.

"Come with me above," she said, "and let me attend to your comfort."

"How good you are, dear lady!" responded Agnes.

"I am not good, my child,—I am only your unworthy sister in

Christ ;" and as the lady spoke, she opened the door into a room where were a number of other female pilgrims seated around the wall, each attended by a person whose peculiar care she seemed to be.

At the feet of each was a vessel of water, and when the seats were all full, a cardinal in robes of office entered, and began reading prayers. Each lady present, kneeling at the feet of her chosen pilgrim, divested them carefully of their worn and travel-soiled shoes and stockings, and proceeded to wash them. It was not a mere rose-water ceremony, but a good hearty washing of feet that for the most part had great need of the ablution. While this service was going on, the cardinal read from the Gospel how a Greater than they all had washed the feet of His disciples and said, "If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet." Then all repeated in concert the Lord's Prayer, while each humbly kissed the feet she had washed, and proceeded to replace the worn and travel-soiled shoes and stockings with new and strong ones, the gift of Christian love. Each lady then led her charge into a room where tables were spread with a plain and wholesome repast of all such articles of food as the season of Lent allowed. Each placed her *protégée* at table, and carefully attended to all her wants at the supper, and afterwards dormitories were opened for their repose.

The Princess Paulina performed all these offices for Agnes with a tender earnestness which won upon her heart. The young girl thought herself indeed in that blessed society of which she had dreamed, where the high-born and the rich become, through Christ's love, the servants of the poor and lowly; through all the services she sat in a sort of dream of rapture. How lovely this reception into the Holy City! how sweet thus to be taken to the arms of the great Christian family, bound together in the charity which is the bond of perfectness!

The princess and her attendant went out of the church-door, where her litter stood in waiting. The two took their seats in silence, and silently pursued their way through the streets of the old dimly-lighted city and out of one of its principal gates to the wide Campagna beyond. The villa of the princess was situated on an eminence at some distance from the city, and the night-ride to it was solemn and solitary. They passed along the old Appian Way, over pavements that had rumbled under the chariot-wheels of the emperors and nobles of a by-gone age, while along their way, glooming up against the clear of the sky, were vast shadowy piles—the tombs of the dead of other days. All mouldering and lonely, shaggy, and fringed with bushes and streaming wild vines, through which the night-wind sighed and rustled, they might seem to be pervaded by the restless spirits of the dead; and as the lady passed them, she shivered, and, crossing herself, repeated an inward prayer against wandering demons that walk in desolate places.

Timid and solitary, the high-born lady shrank and cowered within herself with a distressing feeling of loneliness. A childless widow, in delicate health, whose paternal family had been for the most part cruelly

robbed, exiled, or destroyed by the reigning Pope and his family, she felt her own situation a most unprotected and precarious one; since the least jealousy or misunderstanding might bring upon her, too, the ill-will of the Borgias, which had proved so fatal to the rest of her race. No comfort in life remained to her but her religion, to whose practice she clung as to her all; but even in this, her life was embittered by facts to which, with the best disposition in the world, she could not shut her eyes. Her own family had been too near the seat of power not to see all the base intrigues by which that sacred and solemn position of Head of the Christian Church had been traded for as a marketable commodity. The pride, the indecency, the cruelty of those who now reigned in the name of Christ came over her mind in contrast with the picture painted by the artless, trusting faith of the peasant-girl with whom she had just parted. Her mind had been too thoroughly drilled in the non-reflective practice of her faith to dare to put forth any act of reasoning upon facts so visible and so tremendous; she rather trembled at herself for seeing what she saw, and for knowing what she knew, and feared somehow that this very knowledge might endanger her salvation; and so she rode homeward, cowering and praying like a frightened child.

"Mona, I shall not go out to-morrow," said the princess; "but you go to the services, and find the girl and her grandmother, and bring them out to me. I want to counsel the child: she interests me."

"It shall be so," said Mona.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PALM SUNDAY.

THE morning after her arrival in Rome, Agnes was awakened from sleep by a solemn dropping of bell-tones which seemed to fill the whole air, intermingled dimly at intervals with long-drawn, plaintive sounds of chanting. She had slept profoundly, overwearied with her pilgrimage, and soothed by that deep lulling sense of quiet which comes over one when, after long and weary toils, some auspicious goal is at length reached. She had come to Rome, and been received with open arms into the household of the saints, and seen even those of highest degree imitating the simplicity of the Lord in serving the poor. Surely, this was indeed the house of God and the gate of heaven; and so the bell-tones and chants, mingling with her dreams, seemed naturally enough angel-harpings and distant echoes of the perpetual adoration of the blessed. She rose and dressed herself with a tremulous joy. She felt full of hope that somehow—in what way she could not say.—this auspicious beginning would end in a full fruition or all her wishes, an answer to all her prayers.

"Well, child," said old Elsie, "you must have slept well; you look fresh as a lark."

"The air of this holy place revives me," replied Agnes, with enthusiasm.

"I wish I could say as much," returned Elsie. "My bones ache yet with the tramp; and I suppose nothing will do but we must go out now to all the holy places, up and down and hither and thither, to everything that goes on. I saw enough of it all years ago when I lived here."

"Dear grandmother, if you are tired, why should you not rest? I can go forth alone in this holy city. No harm can possibly befall me here. I can join any of the pilgrims who are going to the holy places where I long to worship."

"A likely story," cried Elsie. "I know more about old Rome than you do, and I tell you, child, that you do not stir out a step without me; so if you must go, I must go too; and like enough it's for my soul's health. I suppose it is," she added, after a reflective pause.

"How beautiful it was that we were welcomed so last night!" exclaimed Agnes, "that dear lady was so kind to me!"

"Ay, ay, and well she might be!" replied Elsie, nodding her head. "But there's no truth in the kindness of the nobles to us, child. They don't do it because they love us, but because they expect to buy heaven by washing our feet and giving us what little they can clip and snip off from their abundance."

"Oh, grandmother," cried Agnes, "how can you say so? Certainly, if any one ever spoke and looked lovingly, it was that dear lady."

"Yes, and she rolls away in her carriage, well content, and leaves you with a pair of new shoes and stockings,—you, as worthy of a carriage and a palace as she."

"No, grandamma; she said she should send for me to talk more with her."

"She said she should send for you?" asked Elsie. "Well, well, that is strange, to be sure!—that is wonderful!" she added, reflectively. "But come, child, we must hasten through our breakfast and prayers, and go to see the Pope, and all the great birds with fine feathers that fly after him."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Agnes, joyfully. "Oh, grandamma, what a blessed sight it will be!"

"Yes, child, and a fine sight enough he makes, with his great canopy and his plumes and his servants and his trumpeters; there isn't a king in Christendom that goes so proudly as he."

"No other king is worthy of it," returned Agnes. "The Lord reigns in him."

"Much you know about it!" Elsie retorted between her teeth, as they started out.

The streets of Rome through which they walked were damp and cellar-like, filthy and ill-paved; but Agnes neither saw nor felt anything of inconvenience in this: had they been floored, like those of the New Jerusalem, with translucent gold, her faith could not have been more fervent.

Rome is at all times a forest of quaint costumes, a pantomime of shifting scenic effects of religious ceremonies. Nothing there, however singular, strikes the eye as out-of-the-way or unexpected, since no one knows precisely to what religious order it may belong, or what individual vow or purpose it may represent. Neither Agnes nor Elsie, therefore, was surprised, when they passed through the doorway to the street, at the apparition of a man covered from head to foot in a long robe of white serge, with a high-peaked cap of the same material drawn completely down over his head and face. Two round holes cut in this ghostly head-gear revealed simply two black glittering eyes, which shone with that singular elfish effect which belongs to the human eye when removed from its appropriate and natural accessories. As they passed out, the figure rattled a box on which was painted an image of despairing souls raising imploring hands from very red tongues of flame, by which it was understood at once that he sought aid for souls in Purgatory. Agnes and her grandmother each dropped therein a small coin and went on their way; but the figure followed them at a little distance behind, keeping carefully within sight of them.

By means of energetic pushing and striving, Elsie contrived to secure for herself and her grandchild stations in the piazza in front of the church, in the very front rank, where the procession was to pass. A motley assemblage it was, this crowd, comprising every variety of costume of rank and station and ecclesiastical profession: cowls and hoods of Franciscan and Dominican, picturesque head-dresses of peasant-women of different districts, plumes and ruffs of more aspiring gentility, mixed with every quaint phase of foreign costume belonging to the strangers from different parts of the earth;—for, like the old Jewish Passover, this celebration of Holy Week had its assemblage of Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, Cretes, and Arabians, all blending in one common memorial.

Anid the strange variety of persons among whom they were crowded, Elsie remarked the stranger in the white sack, who had followed them, and who had stationed himself behind them, but it did not occur to her that his presence there was other than merely accidental.

And now came sweeping up the grand procession, brilliant with scarlet and gold, waving with plumes, sparkling with gems,—it seemed as if earth had been ransacked and human invention taxed to express the ultimatum of all that could dazzle and bewilder,—and, with a rustle like that of ripe grain before a swaying wind, all the multitude went down on their knees as the cortege passed. Agnes knelt, too, with clasped hands, adoring the sacred vision enshrined in her soul; and as she knelt with upraised eyes, her cheeks flushed with enthusiasm, her beauty attracted the attention of more than one in the procession.

“There is the model which our master has been looking for,” said a young and handsome man in a rich dress of black velvet, who, by his costume, appeared to hold the rank of first chamberlain in the Papal suite.

The young man to whom he spoke gave a bold glance at Agnes, and answered,—

"Pretty little rogue, how well she does the saint!"

"One can see that, with judicious arrangement, she might make a nymph as well as a saint," said the first speaker.

"A Daphne, for example," returned the other, laughing.

"And she wouldn't turn into a laurel, either," rejoined the first. "Well, we must keep our eye on her." And as they were passing into the church-door, he beckoned to a servant in waiting and whispered something, indicating Agnes with a backward movement of his hand.

The servant, after this, kept cautiously within observing distance of her, as she with the crowd pressed into the church to assist at the devotions.

Long and dazzling were those ceremonies, when, raised on high like an enthroned God, Pope Alexander VI. received the homage of bended knee from the ambassadors of every Christian nation, from heads of all ecclesiastical orders, and from generals, and chiefs, and princes, and nobles, who, robed and plumed and gemmed in all the brightest and proudest that earth could give, bowed the knee humbly and kissed his foot in return for the palm-branch which he presented. Meanwhile, voices of invisible singers chanted the simple event which all this splendour was commemorating,—how of old Jesus came into Jerusalem, meek and lowly, riding on an ass,—how His disciples cast their garments in the way, and the multitude took branches of palm-trees to come forth and meet Him,—how He was seized, tried, condemned to a cruel death; and the crowd, with dazzled and wondering eyes following the gorgeous ceremonial, reflected little how great was the satire of the contrast, between the coming of that meek and lowly One to suffer and to die for this triumphant display of worldly pomp and splendour in His professed representative.

But to the pure all things are pure, and Agnes thought only of the enthronement of all virtues, of all celestial charities and unworldly purities, in that splendid ceremonial, and longed within herself to approach so near as to touch the hem of those wondrous and sacred garments. It was to her enthusiastic imagination like the unclosing of celestial doors, where the kings and priests of an eternal and heavenly temple move to and fro in music, with the many-coloured glories of rainbows and sunset clouds. Her whole nature was wrought upon by the sights and sounds of that gorgeous worship; she seemed to burn and brighten like an altar-coal, her figure appeared to dilate, her eyes grew deeper and shone with a starry light, and the colour of her cheeks flushed up with a vivid glow. Nor was she aware how often eyes were turned upon her, nor how murmurs of admiration followed all her absorbed, unconscious movements. "*Ecco! Eccola!*" was often repeated from mouth to mouth around her, but she heard it not.

When at last the ceremony was finished, the crowd rushed again out of the church to see the departure of various dignitaries. There was a

perfect whirl of dazzling equipages, and glittering lackeys, and prancing horses, crusted with gold, flaming in scarlet and purple, retinues of cardinals and princes and nobles and ambassadors, all in one splendid confused jostle of noise and brightness.

Suddenly a servant in a gorgeous scarlet livery touched Agnes on the shoulder, and said, in a tone of authority,—

"Young maiden, your presence is commanded."

"Who commands it?" asked Elsie, laying her hand on her grandchild's shoulder fiercely.

"Are you mad?" whispered two or three women of the lower orders to Elsie at once; "don't you know who that is? Hush, for your life!"

"I shall go with you, Agnes," said Elsie, resolutely.

"No, you will not," retorted the attendant, insolently. "This maiden is commanded, and none else."

"He belongs to the Pope's nephew," whispered a voice in Elsie's ear "You had better have your tongue torn out than say another word." Whereupon, Elsie found herself actually borne backward by three or four stout women.

Agnes looked round and smiled on her,—a smile full of innocent trust,—and then, turning, followed the servant into the finest of the equipages, where she was lost to view.

Elsie was almost wild with fear and impotent rage; but a low, impressive voice, that poked in her ear. It came from the white figure which had followed them in the morning.

"Listen," it said, "and be quiet; don't turn your head, but hear what I will tell you. Your child is followed by those who will save her. Go your ways whence you came. Wait till the hour after the Ave Maria, then come to the Porta San Sebastiano, and all will be well."

When Elsie turned to look she saw no one, but caught a distant glimpse of a white figure vanishing in the crowd.

She returned to her asylum, wondering and disconsolate, and the first person whom she saw was old Mona.

"Well, good morrow, sister!" she said. "Know that I am here on a strange errand. The princess has taken such a liking to you that nothing will do but we must fetch you and your little one out to her villa. I looked everywhere for you in church this morning. Where have you hid yourselves?"

"We were there," said Elsie, confused, and hesitating whether to speak of what had happened.

"Well, where is the little one? Get her ready; we have horses in waiting. It is a good bit out of the city."

"Alack!" cried Elsie, "I know not where she is."

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Mona, "how is this?"

Elsie, moved by the necessity which makes it a relief to open the heart to some one, sat down on the steps of the church and poured forth the whole story into the listening ear of Mona.

"Well, well, well!" said the old servant, "in our days, one does not wonder at anything,—one never knows one day what may come the next, —but this is bad enough!"

"Do you think," inquired Elsie, "there is any hope in that strange promise?"

"One can but try it," answered Mona.

"If you could but be there then," said Elsie, "and take us to your mistress."

"Well, I will wait, for my mistress has taken an especial fancy to your little one, more particularly since this morning, when a holy Capuchin came to our house and held a long conference with her; after he was gone I found my lady almost in a faint, and she would have it that we should start directly to bring her out here, and I had much ado to let her see that the child would do quite as well after services were over. I tired myself looking about for you in the crowd."

The two women then digressed upon various gossiping particulars, as they sat on the old mossy, grass-grown steps, looking up over house-tops yellow with lichen, into the blue spring air, where flocks of ~~white pigeons~~ were soaring and careering in the soft, warm sunshine. ~~Brightness and warmth and flowers~~ seemed to be the only idea natural to that charming weather, and Elsie, sad-hearted and foreboding as she was, felt the ~~benign~~ influence. Rome, which had been so fatal a place to her peace, yet had for her, as it has for every one, potent spells of a lulling and soothing power. Where is the grief or anxiety that can resist the enchantment of one of Rome's bright, soft spring days?

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NIGHT-RIDE.

THE villa of the Princess Paulina was one of those soft, idyllic paradises which lie like so many fairy-lands around the dreamy solitudes of Rome. They are so fair, so wild, so still, these villas! Nature in them seems to run in such gentle sympathy with Art, that one feels as if they had not been so much the product of human skill as some indigenous growth of Arcadian ages. There are quaint terraces shadowed by clipped ilex-trees whose branches make twilight even in the sultriest noon; there are long-drawn paths, through wildernesses where cyclamens blossom in crimson clouds among crushed fragments of sculptured marble green with the moss of ages, and glossy-leaved myrtles put forth their pale blue stars in constellations under the leafy shadows. Everywhere is the voice of water, ever lulling, ever babbling, and taught by art to run in many a quaint caprice,—here to rush down marble steps slippery with sedgy green, there to spout up in silvery spray, and anon to spread into a cool, waveless lake,

whose mirror reflects trees and flowers far down in some visionary underworld. Then there are wide lawns, where the grass in spring is a perfect rainbow of anemones, white, rose, crimson, purple, mottled, streaked, and dappled with ever varying shade of sunset clouds. There are soft, moist banks where purple and white violets grow large and fair, and trees all interlaced with ivy, which runs and twines everywhere, intermingling its dark, graceful leaves and vivid young shoots with the bloom and leafage of all shadowy places.

In our day, these lovely places have their dark shadow ever haunting their loveliness: the malaria, like an unseen demon, lies hid in their sweetness. And in the time we are speaking of, a curse not less deadly poisoned the beauties of the princess's villa,—the malaria of fear.

The gravelled terrace in front of the villa commanded, through the clipped arches of the ilex-trees, a view of the Campagna with its soft, undulating bands of many-coloured green, and the distant city of Rome whose bells were always filling the air between with a tremulous vibration. Here, during the long sunny afternoon, while Elsie and Monica were crooning together on the steps of the church, the Princess Paulina walked restlessly up and down, looking forth on the way towards the city for the travellers whom she expected.

Father Francesco had been there that morning and communicated to her the dying message of the aged Capuchin, from which it appeared that the child who had so much interested her was her near kinswoman. Perhaps had her house remained at the height of its power and splendour, she might have rejected with scorn the idea of a kinswoman whose existence had been owing to a *mésalliance*; but a member of an exiled and disinherited family, deriving her only comfort from unworldly sources, she regarded this event as an opportunity afforded her to make expiation for one of the sins of her house. The beauty and winning graces of her young kinswoman were not without their influence in attracting a lonely heart deprived of the support of natural ties. The princess longed for something to love, and the discovery of a legitimate object of family affection was an event in the weary monotony of her life; and therefore it was that the hours of the afternoon seemed long while she looked forth towards Rome, listening to the ceaseless chiming of its bells, and wondering why no one appeared along the road.

The sun went down, and all the wide plain seemed like the sea at twilight, lying in rosy and lilac and purple shadowy bands; out of which rose the old city, solemn and lonely as some enchanted island of dream-land, with a flush of radiance behind it and a tolling of weird music filling all the air around. Now they are chanting the Ave Maria in hundreds of churches, and the princess worships in distant accord, trying to still the anxieties of her heart with many a prayer. Twilight fades and fades, the Campagna becomes a black sea, and the distant city looms up like a dark rock against the glimmering sky; the princess goes within and walks restlessly through the wide halls, stopping first at one open

window and then at another to listen. Beneath her feet she treads a cool mosaic pavement where laughing cupids are dancing; above, from the ceiling, Aurora and the Hours look down in many-coloured clouds of brightness. The sound of the fountains without is so clear in the intense stillness that the peculiar voice of each one can be told; that is the swaying noise of the great jet that rises from marble shells and falls into a wide basin, where silvery swans swim round and round in enchanted circles; and the other slenderer sound is the smaller jet that rains down its spray into the violet-borders deep in the shrubbery; and that other, the shallow babble of the waters that go down the marble steps to the lake. How dreamlike and plaintive they all sound in the night stillness! The nightingale sings from the dark shadows of the wilderness; and the musky odours of the cyclamen come floating ever and anon through the casement, in that strange, cloudy way in which flower-scents seem to come and go in the air in the night season.

At last the princess fancies she hears the distant tramp of horses' feet, and her heart beats so that she can scarcely listen: now she hears it; and now a rising wind, sweeping across the Campagna, seems to bear it moaning away. She goes to a door and looks out into the darkness. Yes, she hears it now, quick and regular,—the beat of many horses' feet coming in hot haste along the road. Surely the few servants whom she has sent cannot make all this noise! and she trembles with vague affright. Perhaps it is a tyrannical message, bringing imprisonment and death. She calls a maid, and bids her bring lights into the reception-hall. A few moments more, and there is a confused stamping of horses' feet approaching the house, and she hears the voices of her servants. She runs into the piazza, and sees dismounting a knight who carries Agnes in his arms, pale and fainting. Old Elsie and Monica, too, dismount, with the princess's men-servants; but, wonderful to tell, there seems, besides them, to be a train of some hundred armed horsemen.

The timid princess was so fluttered and bewildered that she lost all presence of mind, and stood in uncomprehending wonder; while Monica pushed authoritatively into the house, and beckoned the knight to bring Agnes and lay her on a sofa, when she and old Elsie busied themselves vigorously with restoratives.

The Lady Paulina, as soon as she could collect her scattered senses, recognized in Agostino the banished lord of the Sarelli family, a race who had shared with her own the hatred and cruelty of the Borgia tribe; and he, in turn, had recognized a daughter of the Colonnas.

He drew her aside into a small boudoir adjoining the apartment.

"Noble lady," he said, "we are companions in misfortune, and so, I trust, you will pardon what seems a tumultuous intrusion on your privacy. I and my men came to Rome in disguise, that we might watch over and protect this poor innocent, who now finds asylum with you."

"My lord," replied the princess, "I see in this event the wonderful

working of the good God. I have but just learned that this young person is my near kinswoman; it was only this morning that the fact was certified to me on the dying confession of a holy Capuchin, who privately united my brother to her mother. The marriage was an indiscretion of his youth; but afterwards he fell into more grievous sin in denying the holy sacrament, and leaving his wife to die in misery and dishonour: and perhaps for this fault such great judgments fell upon him. I wish to make atonement in such sort as is yet possible, by acting as a mother to this child."

"The times are so troublous and uncertain," pleaded Agostino, "that she must have stronger protection than that of any woman. She is of a most holy and religious nature, but as ignorant of sin as an angel who never has seen anything out of heaven; and so the Borgias enticed her into their impure den, from which, God helping, I have saved her. I tried all I could to prevent her coming to Rome, and to convince her of the vileness that ruled here; but the poor little one could not believe me, and thought me a heretic only for saying what she now knows from her own senses."

The Lady Paulina shuddered with fear.

"Is it possible that you have come into collision with the dreadful Borgias? What will become of us?"

"I brought a hundred men into Rome in different disguises," replied Agostino, "and we gained over a servant in their household, through whom I entered and carried her off. Their men pursued us, and we had a fight in the streets; but for the moment we mustered more than they: some of them chased us a good distance. But it will not do for us to remain here. As soon as she is revived enough, we must retreat towards one of our fastnesses in the mountains, whence, when rested, we shall go northward to Florence; where I have powerful friends, and she has also an uncle, a holy man, by whose counsels she is much guided."

"You must take me with you," said the princess, in a tremor of anxiety: "not for the world would I stay, if it be known you have taken refuge here. For a long time their spies have been watching about me; they only wait for some occasion to seize upon my villa, as they have on the possessions of all my father's house. Let me flee with you. I have a brother-in-law in Florence, who hath often urged me to escape to him till times mend:—for, surely, God will not allow the wicked to bear rule for ever."

"Willingly, noble lady, will we give you our escort,—the more so that this poor child will then have a friend with her beseeming her father's rank. Believe me, lady, she will do no discredit to her lineage. She was trained in a convent, and her soul is a flower of marvellous beauty. I must declare to you here that I have wooed her honourably to be my wife, and she would willingly be so, had not some scruples of a religious vocation taken hold on her; to dispel which I look for the aid of the holy father, her uncle."

"It would be a most fit and proper thing," said the princess, "thus to ally our houses, in hope of some good time to come which shall restore their former standing and possessions. Of course some holy man must judge of the obstacle interposed by her vocation; but I doubt not the Church will be an indulgent mother in a case where the issue seems so desirable."

"If I be married to her," urged Agostino, "I can take her, out of all these strifes and confusions which now agitate our Italy, to the court of France, where I have an uncle high in favour with the king, and who will use all his influence to compose these troubles in Italy, and bring about a better day."

While this conversation was going on, bountiful refreshments had been provided for the whole party, and the attendants of the princess received orders to pack all her jewels and valuable effects for a sudden journey.

As soon as preparations could be made, the whole party left the villa of the princess for a retreat in the Alban Mountains, where Agostino and his band had one of their rendezvous. Only the immediate female attendants of the princess, and one or two men-servants, left with her. The silver plate, and all objects of particular value, were buried in the garden. This being done, the keys of the house were intrusted to a gray-headed servant, who with his wife had grown old in the family.

It was midnight before everything was ready for starting. The moon cast silver gleams through the ilex-avenues, and caused the jet of the great fountain to look like a wavering pillar of cloudy brightness, when the princess led forth Agnes upon the wide verandah. Two gentle, yet spirited little animals from the princess's stables were there awaiting them, and they were lifted into their saddles by Agostino.

"Fear nothing, madam," he said, observing how the hands of the princess trembled; "a few hours will put us in perfect safety, and I shall be at your side constantly."

Then lifting Agnes to her seat, he placed the reins in her hand.

"Are you rested?" he asked.

It was the first time since her rescue that he had spoken to Agnes. The words were brief, but no expressions of endearment could convey more than the manner in which they were spoken.

"Yes, my lord," replied Agnes, firmly, "I am rested."

"You think you can bear the ride?"

"I can bear anything, so I escape," was her response.

The company were now all mounted, and were marshalled in regular order. A body of armed men rode in front; then came Agnes and the princess, with Agostino between them, while two or three troopers rode on either side; Elsie, Monica, and the servants of the princess followed close behind, and the rear was brought up in like manner by armed men.

The path wound first through the grounds of the villa, with its plat

of light and shade, its solemn groves of stone-pines rising like palm-trees high in air above the tops of all other trees, its terraces, and statues, and fountains,—all seeming so lovely in the midnight stillness.

"Perhaps I am leaving all this for ever," exclaimed the princess.

"Let us hope for the best," said Agostino. "It cannot be that God will suffer the seat of the Apostles to be subjected to such ignominy and disgrace much longer. I am amazed that no Christian kings have interfered before for the honour of Christendom. I have it from the best authority that the King of Naples burst into tears when he heard of the election of this wretch to be Pope: he said that it was a scandal which threatened the very existence of Christianity. He has sent me secret messages divers times expressive of sympathy, but he is not of himself strong enough. Our hope must lie either in the King of France or the Emperor of Germany: perhaps both will engage. There is now a most holy monk in Florence who has been stirring all hearts in a wonderful way. It is said that the very gifts of miracles and prophecy are revived in him, as among the holy Apostles, and he has been bestirring himself to have a general council of the Church to look into these matters. When I left Florence, a short time ago, the faction opposed to him broke into the convent and took him away. I myself was there."

"What!" asked Agnes, "did they break into the convent of the San Marco? My uncle is there."

"Yes, and he and I fought side by side with the mob who were rushing in."

"Uncle Antonio fight!" exclaimed Agnes, in astonishment.

"Even women will fight, when what they love most is attacked," returned the knight.

He turned to her as he spoke, and saw in the moonlight a flash from her eye, and an heroic expression on her face, such as he had never remarked before; but she said nothing. The veil had been rudely torn from her eyes; she had seen with horror the defilement and impurity of what she had ignorantly adored in holy places, and the revelation seemed to have wrought a change in her whole nature.

"Even you could fight, Agnes," said the knight, "to save your religion from disgrace."

"No," she replied; "but," she added, with gathering firmness, "I could die. I should be glad to die with and for the holy men who would save the honour of the true faith. I should like to go to Florence to my uncle. If he dies for his religion, I should like to die with him."

"Ah, live to teach it to me!" pleaded the knight, bending towards her, as if to adjust her bridle-rein, and speaking in a voice scarcely audible. In a moment he was turned again towards the princess, listening to her.

"So it seems," she said, "that we shall be running into the thick of the conflict in Florence."

"Yes, but my uncle hath promised that the King of France shall

interfere. I have hope something may even now have been done. I hope to effect something myself."

Agostino spoke with the cheerful courage of youth. Agnes glanced timidly up at him. How great the change in her ideas! No longer looking on him as a wanderer from the fold, an enemy of the Church, he seemed now in the attitude of a champion of the faith, a defender of holy men and things against a base usurpation. What injustice had she done him, and how patiently had he borne that injustice! Had he not sought to warn her against the danger of venturing into that corrupt city? Those words which so much shocked her, against which she had shut her ears, were all true; she had found them so: she could doubt no longer. And yet he had followed her, and saved her at the risk of his life. Could she help loving one who had loved her so much, one so noble and heroic? Would it be a sin to love him? She pondered the dark warnings of Father Francesco, and then thought of the cheerful, fervent piety of her old uncle. How warm, how tender, how life-giving had been his presence always!—how full of faith and prayer, how fruitful of heavenly words and thoughts had been all his ministrations!—And yet it was for him, and with him and his master, that Agostino Sarelli was fighting, and against him the usurping head of the Christian Church. Then, there was another subject for pondering during this night-ride. The secret of her birth had been told her by the princess, who claimed her as kinswoman. It had seemed to her, at first, like the revelations of a dream; but, as she rode and reflected, gradually the idea shaped itself in her mind. She was, in birth and blood, the equal of her lover, and henceforth her life would no more be in that lowly plane where it had always moved. She thought of the little orange-garden at Sorrento, of the gorge with its old bridge, the convent, and the sisters, with a sort of tender, wondering pain. Perhaps she should see them no more. In this new situation she longed once more to see and talk with her old uncle, and to have him tell her what were her duties.

Their path soon began to be a wild clamber among the mountains, now lost in the shadow of groves of gray, rustling olives, whose knotted, serpent roots coiled round the rocks, and whose leaves silvered in the moonlight whenever the wind swayed them. Whatever might be the roughness and difficulties of the way, Agnes found her knight ever at her bridle-rein, guiding and upholding, steadying her in her saddle when the horse plunged down short and sudden descents, and wrapping her in his mantle to protect her from the chill mountain air. When the day was just reddening in the sky, the whole troop made a sudden halt before a square stone tower which seemed to be a portion of a ruined building, and here some of the men, dismounting, knocked at an arched door. It was soon swung open by a woman with a lamp in her hand, the light of which revealed very black hair and eyes, and heavy gold carriages.

"Have my directions been attended to?" demanded Agostino, in a

tone of command. "Are their places made ready for these ladies to sleep?"

"There are, my lord," answered the woman, obsequiously; "the best we could get ready on so short a notice."

Agostino came up to the princess. "Noble madam," he said, "you will value safety before all things; doubtless, the best that can be done here is but poor, but it will give you a few hours for repose where you may be sure of being in perfect safety."

So saying, he assisted her and Agnes to dismount; and Elsie and Monica also alighting, they followed the woman into a dark stone passage, and up some rude stone steps. She opened, at last, the door of a brick-floored room, where beds appeared to have been hastily prepared. There was no furniture of any sort except the beds; the walls were dusty and hung with cobwebs. A smaller apartment opening into this had beds for Elsie and Monica. The travellers, however, were too much exhausted with their night-ride to be critical; the services of disrobing and preparing for rest were quickly concluded, and in less than an hour all were asleep, while Agostino was busy concerting the means for an immediate journey to Florence.

CHAPTER XXX.

"LET US ALSO GO, THAT WE MAY DIE WITH HIM."

FATHER ANTONIO sat alone in his cell in the San Marco, in an attitude of deep dejection. The open window looked into the garden of the convent, from which steamed up the fragrance of violet, jessamine, and rose, and the sunshine lay fair on all that was without. On a table beside him were many loose and scattered sketches, and an unfinished page of the Breviary he was executing, rich in quaint tracery of gold and arabesques, seemed to have recently occupied his attention, for his palette was wet and many loose brushes lay strewed around. Upon the table stood a Venetian glass with a narrow neck and a bulb clear and thin as a soap-bubble, containing vines and blossoms of the passion-flower, which he had evidently been using as models in his work.

The page he was illuminating was the prophetic Psalm which describes the ignominy and sufferings of the Redeemer. It was surrounded by a wreathed border of thorn-branches interwoven with the blossoms and tendrils of the passion-flower, and the initial letters of the first two words were formed by a curious combination of the hammer, the nails, the spear, the crown of thorns, the cross, and other instruments of the Passion; and clear, in red letter, gleamed out those wonderful, mysterious words, consecrated by the remembrance of a more than mortal anguish—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The artist-monk had perhaps fled to his palette to assuage the throb-

bings of his heart, as a mourning mother flies to the cradle of her child; but even there his grief appeared to have overtaken him, for the work lay as if pushed from him in an access of anguish such as comes from the sudden recurrence of some overwhelming recollection. He was leaning forward with his face buried in his hands, sobbing convulsively.

The door opened, and a man advancing stealthily behind laid a hand kindly on his shoulder, saying softly, "So, so, brother!"

Father Antonio looked up, and, dashing his hand hastily across his eyes, grasped that of the new-comer convulsively, and saying only, "Oh, Baccio! Baccio!" hid his face again.

The eyes of the other filled with tears, as he answered, gently,—

"Nay, but, my brother, you are killing yourself. They tell me that you have eaten nothing for three days, and slept not for weeks; you will die of this grief."

"Would that I might! Why could not I die with him as well as Frà Domenico? Oh, my master! my dear master!"

"It is indeed a most heavy day to us all," responded Baccio della Porta, the amiable and pure-minded artist better known to our times by his conventual name of Frà Bartolommeo. "Never have we had among us such a man: and if there be any light of grace in my soul, his preaching first awakened it, brother. I only wait to see him enter Paradise, and then I take farewell of the world for ever. I am going to Prato to take the Dominican habit, and follow him as near as I may."

"It is well, Baccio; it is well," said Father Antonio; "but you must not put out the light of your genius in those shadows: you must still paint, for the glory of God."

"I have no heart for painting now," replied Baccio, dejectedly. "He was my inspiration; he taught me the holier way, and he is gone."

At this moment the conference of the two was interrupted by a knocking at the door, and Agostino Sarelli entered, pale and disordered.

"How is this?" he asked, hastily. "What devil's carnival is this which hath broken loose in Florence? Every good thing is gone into dens and holes, and every vile thing that can hiss, and spit, and sting is crawling abroad. What do the princes of Europe mean to let such things be?"

"Only the old story," replied Father Antonio—"Principes convenerunt in unum adversus Dominum, adversus Christum ejus."

So much were all three absorbed in the subject of their thoughts, that no kind of greeting or mark of recognition passed among them, such as is common when people meet after temporary separation. Each spoke out from the fulness of his soul, as from an overflowing bitter fountain.

"Was there no one to speak for him?—no one to stand up for the pride of Italy—the man of his age?" inquired Agostino.

"There was one voice raised for him in the council," replied Father Antonio. "There was Agnolo Niccolini: a grave man is this Agnolo, and of great experience in public affairs, and he spoke out his mind boldly."

He told them flatly, that, if they looked through the present time or the past ages, they would not meet a man of such a high and noble order as this, and that to lay at our door the blood of a man the like of whom might not be born for centuries was too impious and execrable a thing to be thought of. I'll warrant me, he made a rustling among them when he said that, and the Pope's commissary - old Rornalino—then whispered and frowned: but Agnolo is a stiff old fellow when he once begins a thing: he never minded it, and went through with his say. It seems to me, he said, that it was not for us to quench a light like this, capable of giving lustre to the faith even when it had grown dim in other parts of the world; and not to the faith alone, but to all the arts and sciences connected with it. If it were needed to put restraint on him, he said, why not put him into some fortress, and give him commodious apartments, with abundance of books, and pen, ink, and paper, where he would write books to the honour of God and the exaltation of the holy faith? He told them that this might be a good to the world, whereas consigning him to death without use of any kind would bring on our republic perpetual dishonour."

"Well said for him!" exclaimed Baccio, with warmth; "but I'll warrant me he might as well have preached to the north wind in March, his enemies are in such a fury."

"Yes, yes," returned Antonio, "it is just as it was of old: the chief priests, and Scribes, and Pharisees were instant with loud voices, requiring he should be put to death; and the easy Pilates, for fear of the tumult, washed their hands of it."

"And now," put in Agostino, "they are putting up a great gibbet in the shape of a cross in the public square, where they will hang the three holiest and best men of Florence!"

"I came through there this morning," continued Baccio, "and there were young men and boys shouting, and howling, and singing indecent songs, and putting up indecent pictures, such as those he used to preach against. It is just as you say: all things vile have crept out of their lair, and triumph that the man who made them afraid is put down; and every house is full of the most horrible lies about him—things that they said he confessed."

"Confessed!" cried Father Antonio: "was it not enough that they tore and tortured him seven times, but they must garble and twist the very words that he said in his agony? The process they have published is foully falsified—stuffed full of improbable lies; for I myself have read the first draught of all he *did* say, just as Signor Ceccone took it down as they were torturing him. I had it from Jacopo Manelli, canon of our Duomo here, and he got it from Ceccone's wife herself. They not only can torture and slay him, but they torture and slay his memory with lies."

"Would I were in God's place for one day!" ejaculated Agostino, speaking through his clenched teeth. "May I be forgiven for saying so!"

"We are hot and hasty," said Father Antonio, "ever ready to call

down fire from heaven;—but, after all, ‘the Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.’ ‘Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.’ Our dear father is sustained in spirit and full of love. Even when they let him go from the torture, he fell on his knees, praying for his tormentors.”

“Good God! this passes me!” exclaimed Agostino, striking his hands together. “Oh, wherefore hath a strong man arms and hands, and a sword, if he must stand still and see such things done? If I had only my hundred mountaineers here, I would make one charge for him to-morrow. If I could only *do* something!” he added, striding impetuously up and down the cell and clenching his fists. “What! hath nobody petitioned to stay this thing?”

“Nobody for him,” replied Father Antonio. “There was talk in the city yesterday that Frà Domenico was to be pardoned. In fact, Romalino was quite inclined to do it, but Battista Alberti talked violently against it, and so Romalino said, ‘Well, a monk more or less isn’t much matter,’ and then he put his name down for death, with the rest. The order was signed by both commissaries of the Pope, and one was Frà Turiano, the general of our order, a mild man, full of charity, but unable to stand against the Pope.”

“Mild men are nuisances in such places,” pronounced Agostino, hastily; “our times want something of another sort.”

“There be many who have fallen away from him even in our house here,” urged Father Antonio,—“as it was with our blessed Lord whose disciples forsook him and fled. It seems to be the only thought with some how they shall make their peace with the Pope.”

“And so the thing will be hurried through to-morrow,” murmured Agostino, “and when it’s done and over, I’ll warrant me there will be found kings and emperors to say they meant to have saved him. It’s a vile, evil world, this of ours; an honourable man longs to see the end of it. But,” he added, coming up and speaking to Father Antonio, “I have a private message for you.”

“I am gone this moment,” said Baccio, rising with ready courtesy; “but keep up heart, brother.”

So saying, the good-hearted artist left the cell, and Agostino continued—

“I bring tidings to you of your kindred. Your nieco and sister are here in Florence, and would see you. You will find them at the house of one Gherardo Rosselli, a rich citizen of noble blood.”

“Why are they there?” inquired the monk, lost in amazement.

“You must know, then, that a most singular discovery hath been made by your niece at Rome. The sister of her father, being a lady of the princely blood of Colonna, hath been assured of her birth by the confession of the priest who married him; and being driven from Rome by fear of the Borgias, they came hither under my escort, and wait to see you. So, if you will come with me now, I will guide you to them.”

“Even so,” assented Father Antonio,

CHAPTER XXXI.

MARTYRDOM.

In a shadowy chamber of a house overlooking the grand square of Florence might be seen, on the next morning, some of the principal personages of our story. Father Antonio, Baccio della Porta, Agostino Sarelli, the Princess Paulina, Agnes, with her grandmother, and a mixed crowd of citizens and ecclesiastics, who all spoke in hushed and tremulous voices, as men do in the chamber of mourners at a funeral. The great, mysterious bell of the Campanile was swinging with diurnal, heart-shaking toll, like a mighty voice from the spirit world ; and it was answered by the tolling of all the bells in the city, making such wavering clangors and vibrating circles in the air over Florence, that it might seem as if it were full of warring spirits wrestling for mastery.

Toll ! toll ! toll ! O great bell of the fair Campanile ! for this day the noblest of the wonderful men of Florence is to be offered up. Toll ! for an era is going out,—the era of her artists, her statesmen, her poets, and her scholars. Toll ! for an era is coming in,—the era of her disgrace, and subjugation, and misfortune !

The stepping of the vast crowd in the square was like the patter of a great storm, and the hum of voices rose up like the murmur of the ocean ; but in the chamber all was so still that one could have heard the dropping of a pin.

Under the balcony of this room were seated in pomp and state the Papal commissioners, radiant in gold and scarlet respectability ; and Pilate and Herod, on terms of the most excellent friendship, were ready to act over again the part they had acted fourteen hundred years before. Now has arrived the moment when the three followers of the Man of Calvary are to be degraded from the fellowship of His visible Church.

Father Antonio, Agostino, and Baccio stood forth in the balcony, and, drawing in their breath, looked down, as the three men of the hour, pale and haggard with imprisonment and torture, were brought up amid the hooting and obscene jests of the populace. Savonarola first was led before the tribunal, and there, with circumstantial minuteness, endued with all his priestly vestments, which again, with separate ceremonies of reprobation and ignominy, were taken from him. He stood through it all serene, as stood his master when stripped of his garments on Calvary. There is a momentary hush of voices and drawing in of breaths in the great crowd. The Papal legate takes him by the hand and pronounces the words, "Jerome Savonarola, I separate thee from the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant."

He is going to speak.

"What says he ?" eagerly asked Agostino, leaning over the balcony.

Solemnly and clear that impressive voice which so often had thrilled the crowds in that very square made answer—

"From the Church Militant you *may* divide me; but from the Church Triumphant, *no*;—*that* is above your power!"—and a light flashed out in his face, as if a smile from Christ had shone down upon him.

"Amen!" ejaculated Father Antonio; "he hath witnessed a good confession,"—and turning, he went in, and, burying his face in his hands, remained in prayer.

When like ceremonies had been passed through with the others, the three martyrs were delivered to the secular executioner, and, amid the scoffs and jeers of the brutal crowd, turned their faces to the gibbet.

"Brothers, let us sing the *Te Deum*," cried Savonarola.

"Do not so infuriate the mob," pleaded the executioner; "for harm might be done."

"At least let us repeat it together," said he, "lest we forget it."

And so they went forward, speaking to each other of the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, and giving thanks aloud in that great triumphal hymn of the church of all ages.

When the lurid fires were lighted, which blazed red and fearful through that crowded square, all in that silent chamber fell on their knees, and Father Antonio repeated prayers for departing souls.

To the last, that benignant right hand, which had so often pointed the way of life to that faithless city, was stretched out over the crowd in the attitude of blessing; and so loving, not hating, praying with exultation, and rendering blessing for cursing, the souls of the martyrs ascended to the great cloud of witnesses above.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

A few days after the death of Savonarola, Father Antonio was found one morning engaged in deep converse with Agnes.

The Princess Paulina, acting for her family, desired to give the hand of Agnes to the Prince Agostino Sarelli, and the interview related to the religious scruples which still conflicted with the natural desires of the child.

"Tell me, my little one," said Father Antonio, "frankly and truly, dost thou not love this *man* with all thy heart?"

"Yes, my father, I do," replied Agnes; "but ought I not to resign this love for the love of my Saviour?"

"I see not why," pronounced the monk. "Marriage is a sacrament as well as holy orders, and it is a most holy and venerable one, representing the divine mystery by which the souls of the blessed are united to the Lord. I do not hold with Saint Bernard, who, in his zeal for a conventual life, seemed to see no other way of serving God but for

all men and women to become monks and nuns. The holy order is indeed blessed to those souls whose call to it is clear and evident, like mine; but if there be a strong and virtuous love for a worthy object, it is a vocation unto marriage, which should not be denied."

"So, Agnes," said the knight, who had stolen into the room unperceived, and who now boldly possessed himself of one of her hands—"Father Antonio hath decided this matter;" he added, turning to the princess and Elsie, who entered; "and everything having been made ready for my journey into France, the wedding ceremony shall take place on the morrow; and, for that we are in deep affliction, it shall be as private as may be."

And so on the next morning the wedding ceremony took place, and the bride and groom went on their way to France, where preparations befitting their rank awaited them.

Old Elsie was heard to observe to Monica that there was some sense in making pilgrimages, since this to Rome, which she had undertaken so unwillingly, had turned out so satisfactory.

In the reign of Julius II., the banished families who had been plundered by the Borgias were restored to their rights and honours at Rome; and there was a princess of the house of Sarelli then at Rome, whose sanctity of life and manners was held to go back to the traditions of primitive Christianity, so that she was renowned not less for goodness than for rank and beauty.

In those days, too, Raphael, the friend of Frà Bartolommeo, placed in one of the grandest halls of the Vatican, among the apostles and saints, the image of the traduced and despised martyr whose ashes had been cast to the winds and waters in Florence. His memory lingered long in Italy, so that it was even claimed that miracles were wrought in his name and by his intercession. Certain it is, that the living words he spoke were seeds of immortal flowers which blossomed in secret dells and obscure shadows of his beautiful Italy:

The Wakeful Sleeper.

WHEN things are holding wonted pace
In wonted paths, without a trace

Or hint of neighbouring wonder,
Sometimes from other realms a tone,
A thought, a vision, swift, alone,
Breaks common life asunder.

It fell so on one music-night,
Where men and women, cheerful, bright,
Wasted away their leisure;
For midst the city's noisy care,
The silent ear will claim its share
Of self-consuming pleasure.

They all are listening around,
As, gush on gush, the bubbling sound
Now breaks like spring o'erflowing,
Now wavers ebbing with its streams,
On which are floating waif-like dreams,
Still coming and still going.

When, silent as a tone itself
Before the finger frees the elf,
Bee-like, with honey laden,
The door comes open just ajar,
A little further, just as far,
As shows a tiny maiden.

Softly she comes, her wee pink toes
Daintily peeping, as she goes,
Her long night-gown from under.
All gazed with varied mien and look:
She glided through them all, and took
No notice of their wonder.

They made a path—she glided through:
She had her little stool in view,
Close by the chimney corner.
She turned—sat down before them all,
Stately as princess at a ball,
And silent as a mourner.

But as she turned her face anew,
They saw what had escaped their view,
As through them she came creeping :
'Twas this—that though the child could walk,
And on her sweet lips hovered talk,
Not less the child was sleeping.

"Play on," the mother whispered, "play;
When she has enough, she'll go away."
They played, and she sat listening :
Over her face the melody
Floated like low winds o'er the sea ;
Her cheeks like eyes were glistening.

Her clasped hands her bent knees hold ;
Like long grass drooping on the wold,
Her sightless head is sleeping.
She sits all ears, drinking her fill ;
Beneath her little night-gown still
Her little toes out-peeping.

Ah, little maiden ! listen so.
Who knows what unto thee will go ?
What strength for future sorrow ?
What hope to help thee in the day
When trouble creeps into thy play ?
For thou wilt wake to-morrow.

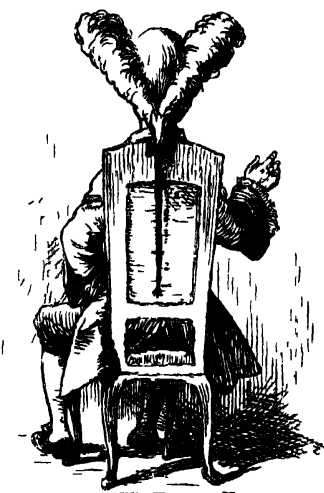
And little as thou then wilt know
Whence comes the joy that meets the woe—
Of what thou art partaker ;
No more we know what comes, when sleep
Has bathed us all in stillness deep,
And given us to our Maker.

Sleep on, or wake—to each resigned.
Wake, and still hearing, thou wilt find
The source of all the river ;
As we, when we awake at last,
Shall hear old music that had passed,
And see the unseen Giver.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Roundabout Papers.—No. XXI.

THE NOTCH ON THE AXE.—A STORY À LA MODE. PART II.



“OU will excuse me,” I said to my companion, “for remarking, that when you addressed the—the individual sitting on the porcelain stool, with his head in his lap, your ordinarily benevolent features”—(this I confess was a bouncer, for between ourselves a more sinister and ill-looking rascal than Mons. P. I have seldom set eyes on)—“your ordinarily handsome face wore an expression that was by no means pleasing. You grinned at the individual just as you did at me when you went up to the cei—, pardon me, as I *thought* you did, when I fell down in a fit in your chambers;” and I qualified my words in a great flutter and tremble; I did not care to

offend the man—I did not *dare* to offend the man. I thought once or twice of jumping into a cab, and flying; of taking refuge in Day and Martin’s Blacking Warehouse; of speaking to a policeman, but not one would come. I was this man’s slave. I followed him like his dog. I *could* not get away from him. So, you see, I went on meanly conversing with him, and affecting a simpering confidence. I remember, when I was a little boy at school, going up fawning and smiling in this way to some great hulking bully of a sixth-form boy. So I said in a word, “Your ordinarily handsome face wore a disagreeable expression,” &c.

“It is ordinarily *very* handsome,” said he, with such a leer at a couple of passers-by, that one of them cried, “Oh, crikey, here’s à precious guy!” and a child, in its nurse’s arms, screamed itself into convulsions. “*Oh, oui, che suis très-choli garçon, bien peau, cerdainement,*” continued Mr. Pinto; “but you were right. That—that person was not very well pleased, when he saw me. There was no love lost between us, as you say; and the world never knew a more worthless miscreant. I hate him, *voyez-vous*? I hated him alive; I hate him dead. I hate him man; I hate him ghost: and he know it, and tremble before me. If I see him twenty thousand

years hence—and why not?—I shall hate him still. You remarked how he was dressed?"

"In black satin breeches and striped stockings; a white piqué waist-coat, a gray coat, with large metal buttons, and his hair in powder. He must have worn a pigtail—only——"

"Only it was cut off! Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Pinto cried, yelling a laugh, which, I observed, made the policemen stare very much. "Yes. It was cut off by the same blow which took off the scoundrel's head—ho, ho, ho!" And he made a circle with his hook-nailed finger round his own yellow neck, and grinned with a horrible triumph. "I promise you that fellow was surprised when he found his head in the pannier. Ha! ha! Do you ever cease to hate those whom you hate?"—fire flashed terrifically from his glass eye, as he spoke—"or to love those whom you once loved. Oh, never, never!" And here his natural eye was bedewed with tears. "But here we are at the Gray's-inn Coffee-house. James, what is the joint?"

That very respectful and efficient waiter brought in the bill of fare, and I, for my part, chose boiled leg of pork and pease-pudding, which my acquaintance said would do as well as anything else; though I remarked he only trifled with the pease-pudding, and left all the pork on the plate. In fact, he scarcely ate anything. But he drank a prodigious quantity of wine; and I must say that my friend Mr. Hart's port wine is so good that I myself took—well, I should think I took three glasses. Yes, three, certainly. He—I mean Mr. P.—the old rogue, was insatiable: for we had to call for a second bottle in no time. When that was gone, my companion wanted another. A little red mounted up to his yellow cheeks as he drank the wine, and he winked at it in a strange manner. "I remember," said he musing, "when port wine was scarcely drunk in this country—though the Queen liked it, and so did Harley; but Bolingbroke didn't—he drank Florence and champagne. Dr. Swift put water to his wine. 'Jonathan,' I once said to him—but bah! *autres temps, autres mœurs*. Another magnum, James."

This was all very well. "My good sir," I said, "it may suit *you* to order bottles of '20 port, at a guinea a bottle; but that kind of price does not suit me. I only happen to have thirty-four and sixpence in my pocket, of which I want a shilling for the waiter, and eighteen-pence for my cab. You rich foreigners and *swells* may spend what you like" (I had him there: for my friend's dress was as shabby as an old-clothes-man's); "but a man with a family, Mr. What-d'you-call'im, cannot afford to spend seven or eight hundred a year on his dinner alone."

"Bah!" he said. "Nunkey pays for all, as you say. I will what you call stant the dinner, if you are *so poor*!" and again he gave that disagreeable grin, and placed an odious crooked-nailed, and by no means clean finger to his nose. But I was not so afraid of him now, for we were in a public place; and the two half glasses of port wine had, you see, given me courage.

"What a pretty snuff-box!" he remarked, as I handed him mine, which I am still old-fashioned enough to carry. It is a pretty old gold box enough, but valuable to me especially as a relic of an old, old relative, whom I can just remember as a child, when she was very kind to me. "Yes; a pretty box. I can remember when many ladies—most ladies, carried a box—nay, two boxes—*tubatière* and *bonbonnière*. What lady carries snuff-box now, hey? Suppose your astonishment if a lady in an assembly were to offer you a *prise*? I can remember a lady with such a box as this, with a *tour*, as we used to call it then; with *paniers*, with a tortoise-shell cane, with the prettiest little high-heeled velvet shoes in the world!—ah! that was a time, that was a time! Ah, Eliza, Eliza, I have thee now in my mind's eye! At Bungay on the Waveney, did I not walk with thee, Eliza? Ah, did I not love thee? Did I not walk with thee then? Do I not see thee still?"

This was passing strange. My ancestress—but there is no need to publish her revered name—did indeed live at Bungay Saint Mary's, where she lies buried. She used to walk with a tortoise-shell cane. She used to wear little black velvet shoes, with the prettiest high heels in the world.

"Did you—did you—know, then, my great gr-ndm-ther?" I said.

He pulled up his coat-sleeve—"Is that her name?" he said.

"Eliza ———"

There, I declare, was the very name of the kind old creature written in red on his arm.

"You knew her old," he said, divining my thoughts (with his strange knack); "I knew her young and lovely. I danced with her at the Bury ball. Did I not, dear, dear Miss ———?"

As I live, he here mentioned dear gr-nny's *maiden* name. Her maiden name was ———. Her honoured married name was ———.

"She married your great gr-ndf-th-r the year Poseidon won the Newmarket Plate," Mr. Pinto drily remarked.

Merciful powers! I remember, over the old shagreen knife and spoon case on the sideboard in my gr-nny's parlour, a print by Stubbs of that very horse. My grandsire, in a red coat and his fair hair flowing over his shoulders, was over the mantelpiece, and Poseidon won the Newmarket Cup in the year 1783!

"Yes; you are right. I danced a minuet with her at Bury that very night, before I lost my poor leg. And I quarrelled with your grandf——, ha!"

As he said "Ha!" there came three quiet little taps on the table—it is the middle table in the Gray's-inn Coffee-house, under the bust of the late Duke of W-ll-ngt-n.

"I fired in the air," he continued; "did I not?" (Tap, tap, tap.) "Your grandfather hit me in the leg. He married three months afterwards. 'Captain Brown,' I said, 'who could see Miss Sm-th without loving her?' She is there! She is there!" (Tap, tap, tap.) "Yes, my first love——"

But here there came tap, tap, which everybody knows means "No."

"I forgot," he said, with a faint blush stealing over his wan features, "she was not my first love. In Germ——in my own country——there *was* a young woman——"

Tap, tap, tap. There was here quite a lively little treble knock; and when the old man said, "But I loved thee better than all the world, Eliza," the affirmative signal was briskly repeated.

And this I declare UPON MY HONOUR. There was, I have said, a bottle of port wine before us—I should say a decanter. That decanter was LIFTED UP, and out of it into our respective glasses two bumpers of wine were poured. I appeal to Mr. Hart, the landlord—I appeal to James, the respectful and intelligent waiter, if this statement is not true? And when we had finished that magnum, and I said—for I did not now in the least doubt of her presence—"Dear gr-nny, may we have another magnum?"—the table *distinctly* rapped "No."

"Now, my good sir," Mr. Pinto said, who really began to be affected by the wine, "you understand the interest I have taken in you. I loved Eliza ——" (of course I don't mention family names). "I knew you had that box which belonged to her—I will give you what you like for that box. Name your price at once, and I pay you on the spot."

"Why, when we came out, you said you had not sixpence in your pocket."

"Bah! give you anything you like—fifty—a hundred—a tausend pound."

"Come, come," said I, "the gold of the box may be worth nine guineas, and the *fagon* we will put at six more."

"One tausend guineas!" he screeched. "One tausand and fifty pound, dere!" and he sank back in his chair—no, by the way, on his bench, for he was sitting with his back to one of the partitions of the boxes, as I daresay James remembers.

"Don't go on in this way," I continued, rather weakly, for I did not know whether I was in a dream. "If you offer me a thousand guineas for this box I *must* take it. Mustn't I, dear gr-nny?"

The table most distinctly said, "Yes;" and putting out his claws to seize the box, Mr. Pinto plunged his hooked nose into it and eagerly inhaled some of my 47 with a dash of Hardman.

"But stay, you old harpy!" I exclaimed, being now in a sort of rage, and quite familiar with him. "Where is the money. Where is the check?"

"James, a piece of note-paper and a receipt stamp!"

"This is all mighty well, sir," I said, "but I don't know you; I never saw you before. I will trouble you to hand me that box back again, or give me a check with some known signature."

"Whose? Ha, Ha, HA!"

The room happened to be very dark. Indeed, all the waiters were gone to supper, and there were only two gentlemen snoring in their respec-

tive boxes. I saw a hand come quivering down from the ceiling—a very pretty hand, on which was a ring with a coronet, with a lion rampant gules for a crest. *I saw that hand take a dip of ink and write across the paper.* Mr. Pinto then, taking a gray receipt stamp out of his blue leather pocket-book, fastened it on to the paper by the usual process; and the hand then wrote across the receipt stamp, went across the table and shook hands with Pinto, and then, as if waving him an adieu, vanished in the direction of the ceiling.

There was the paper before me, wet with the ink. There was the pen which THE HAND had used. Does anybody doubt me? *I have that pen now.* A cedar stick of a not uncommon sort, and holding one of Gillott's pens. It is in my inkstand now, I tell you. Anybody may see it. The handwriting on the check, for such the document was, was the writing of a female. It ran thus:—"London, midnight, March 31, 1862. Pay the bearer one thousand and fifty pounds. Rachel Sidonia. To Messrs. Sidonia, Pozzosanto, and Co., London."

"Noblest and best of women!" said Pinto, kissing the sheet of paper with much reverence; "my good Mr. Roundabout, I suppose you do not question *that* signature?"

Indeed, the house of Sidonia, Pozzosanto, and Co. is known to be one of the richest in Europe, and as for the Countess Rachel, she was known to be the chief manager of that enormously wealthy establishment. There was only one little difficulty, *the Countess Rachel died last October.*

I pointed out this circumstance, and tossed over the paper to Pinto with a sneer.

"*C'est à bredre ou à laisser,*" he said with some heat. "You literary men are all imbrudent; but I did not tink you such a fool *wie* dis. Your box is not worth twenty pound, and I offer you a tausend because I know you want money to pay dat rascal Tom's college bills." (This strange man actually knew that my scapegrace Tom has been a source of great expense and annoyance to me.) "You see money costs me nothing, and you refuse to take it! Once, twice; will you take this cheque in exchange for your trumpery snuff-box?"

What could I do? My poor granny's legacy was valuable and dear to me, but after all a thousand guineas are not to be had every day. "Be it a bargain," said I. "Shall we have a glass of wine on it?" says Pinto; and to this proposal I also unwillingly acceded, reminding him, by the way, that he had not yet told me the story of the headless man.

"Your poor gr-ndm-ther was right just now, when she said she was not my first love. 'Twas one those *banales* expressions" (here Mr. P. blushed once more) "which we use to women. We tell each she is our first passion. They reply with a similar illusory formula. No man is any woman's first love; no woman any man's. We are in love in our nurse's arms, and women coquette with their eyes before their tongue can form a word. How could your lovely relative love me? I was far, far too old for her. I am older than I look. I am so old that you would not

believe my age were I to tell you. I have loved many and many a woman before your relative. It has not always been fortunate for them to love me. Ah, Sophronia! Round the dreadful circus where you fell, and whence I was dragged corpse-like by the heels, there sate multitudes more savage than the lions which mangled your sweet form! Ah; tenoz! when we marchod to the terrible stake together at Valladolid—the Protestant and the J——. But away with memory! Boy! it was happy for thy grandam that she loved me not.

"During that strange period," he went on, "when the teasing Time was great with the revolution that was speedily to be born, I was on a mission in Paris with my excellent, my maligned friend, Cagliostro: Mesmer was one of our band. I seemed to occupy but an obscure rank in it: though, as you know, in secret societies the humble man may be a chief and director—the ostensible leader but a puppet moved by unseen hands. Never mind who was chief, or who was second. Never mind my age. It boots not to tell it: why shall I expose myself to your scornful incredulity—or reply to your questions in words that are familiar to you, but which yet you cannot understand? Words are symbols of things which you know, or of things which you don't know. If you don't know them, to speak is idle." (Here I confess Mr. P. spoke for exactly thirty-eight minutes, about physics, metaphysics, language, the origin and destiny of man, during which time I was rather bored, and, to relieve my *ennui*, drank a half glass or so of wine.) "Love, friend, is the fountain of youth! It may not happen to me once—once in an age: but when I love, then I am young. I loved when I was in Paris. Bathilde, Bathilde, I loved thee—ah, how fondly! Wine, I say, more wine! Love is ever young. I was a boy at the little feet of Bathilde de Béchamel—the fair, the fond, the fickle, ah, the false!" The strange old man's agony was here really terrific, and he showed himself much more agitated than he had been when speaking about my gr-andin-th-r.

"I thought Blanchè might love me. I could speak to her in the language of all countries, and tell her the lore of all ages. I could trace the nursery legends which she loved up to their Sanscrit source, and whisper to her the darkling mysteries of Egyptian Magi. I could chant for her the wild chorus that rang in the dishevelled Eleusinian revel: I could tell her, and I would, the watchword never known but to one woman, the Saban queen, which Hiram breathed in the abysmal ear of Solomon.—You don't attend. Psha! you have drunk too much wine!" Perhaps I may as well own that I was *not* attending, for he had been carrying on for about fifty-seven minutes; and I don't like a man to have *all* the talk to himself.

"Blanche de Béchamel was wild, then, about this secret of Masonry. In early, early days I loved, I married a girl fair as Blanche, who, too, was tormented by curiosity, who, too, would peep into my closet—into the only secret I guarded from her. A dreadful fate befel poor Fatima. An *accident* shortened her life. Poor thing! she had a foolish sister who urged her on.

I always told her to beware of Ann. She died. They said her brothers killed her. A gross falsehood. Am I dead? If I were, could I pledge you in this wine?"

"Was your name," I asked, quite bewildered, "was your name, pray, then, ever Blueb——"

"Hush! the waiter will overhear you. Methought we were speaking of Blanche de Béchamel. I loved her, young man. My pearls, and diamonds, and treasure, my wit, my wisdom, my passion, I flung them all into the child's lap. I was a fool! Was strong Sampson not as weak as I? Was Solomon the Wise much better when Balkis wheedled him? I said to the king——But enough of that, I spake of Blanche de Béchamel.

"Curiosity was the poor child's foible. I could see, as I talked to her, that her thoughts were elsewhere (as yours, my friend, have been absent once or twice to-night). To know the secret of Masonry was the wretched child's mad desire. With a thousand wiles, smiles, caresses, she sought to coax it from me—from me—ha! ha!

"I had an apprentice—the son of a dear friend, who died ~~on my~~ side at Rossbach, when Soubise, with whose army I happened to be, suffered a dreadful defeat for neglecting my advice. The young *Chevalier* Goby de Mouchy was glad enough to serve as my clerk, and help in some chemical experiments in which I was engaged with my friend Dr. Mesmer. Bathilde saw this young man. Since women were, has it not been their business to smile and deceive, to fondle and lure? Away! From the very first it has been so!" And as my companion spoke, he looked as wicked as the serpent that coiled round the tree, and hissed a poisoned counsel to the first woman.

"One evening I went, as was my wont, to see Blanche. She was radiant: she was wild with spirits: a saucy triumph blazed in her blue eyes. She talked, she rattled in her childish way. She uttered, in the course of her rhapsody, a hint—an intimation—so terrible that the truth flashed across me in a moment. Did I ask her? She would lie to me. But I know how to make falsehood impossible. And I ordered her to go to sleep."

At this moment the clock (after its previous convulsions) sounded TWELVE. And as the new Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*—and he, I promise you, won't stand any nonsense—will only allow seven pages, I am obliged to leave off at THE VERY MOST INTERESTING POINT OF THE STORY.



JUDITH AND HOLOFERNIS

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1862.

Philip.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

NEC PLENA CRUORIS HIRUDO.



THE reading of this precious letter filled Philip's friend with an inward indignation which it was very hard to control or disguise. It is no pleasant task to tell a gentleman that his father is a rogue. Old Firmin would have been hanged a few years earlier, for practices like these. As you talk with a very great scoundrel, or with a madman, has not the respected reader sometimes reflected, with a grim self-humiliation, how the fellow is of our own kind; and *homo est*? Let us, dearly beloved, who are outside—I mean outside the hulks or the asylum—be thankful that we have to pay a barber for snipping our hair, and are entrusted with the choice of the cut of our own jenkins.

As poor Philip read his father's

letter, my thought was: "And I can remember the soft white hand of that scoundrel, which has just been forging his own son's name, putting sovereigns into my own palm when I was a schoolboy." I always liked that man:—but the story is not *de me*—it regards Philip.

"You won't pay this bill?" Philip's friend indignantly said, then.

"What can I do?" says poor Phil, shaking a sad head.

"You are not worth five hundred pounds in the world," remarks the friend.

"Who ever said I was? I am worth this bill: or my credit is," answers the victim.

"If you pay this, he will draw more."

"I daresay he will:" that Firmin admits.

"And he will continue to draw, as long as there is a drop of blood to be had out of you."

"Yes," owns poor Philip, putting a finger to his lip. He thought I might be about to speak. His artless wife and mine were conversing at that moment upon the respective merits of some sweet chintzes which they had seen at Shoolbred's, in Tottenham Court Road, and which were so cheap and pleasant, and lively to look at! Really those drawing-room curtains would cost scarcely anything! Our Regulus, you see, before stepping into his torture-tub, was smiling on his friends, and talking upholstery with a cheerful, smirking countenance. On chintz, or some other household errand, the ladies went prattling off: but there was no care, save for husband and children, in Charlotte's poor little innocent heart just then.

"Nice to hear her talking about sweet drawing-room chintzes, isn't it?" says Philip. "Shall we try Shoolbred's, or the other shop?" And then he laughs. It was not a very lively laugh.

"You mean that you are determined, then, on——"

"On acknowledging *my signature*? Of course," says Philip, "if ever it is presented to me, I would own it." And having formed and announced this resolution, I knew my stubborn friend too well to think that he ever would shirk it.

The most exasperating part of the matter was, that however generously Philip's friends might be disposed towards him, they could not in this case give him a helping hand. The doctor would draw more bills, and more. As sure as Philip supplied, the parent would ask; and that devouring dragon of a doctor had stomach enough for the blood of all of us, were we inclined to give it. In fact, Philip saw as much, and owned everything with his usual candour. "I see what is going on in your mind, old boy!" the poor fellow said, "as well as if you spoke. You mean that I am helpless and irreclaimable, and doomed to hopeless ruin. So it would seem. A man can't escape his fate, friend, and my father has made mine for me. If I manage to struggle through the payment of this bill, of course he will draw another. My only chance of escape is, that he should succeed in some of his speculations. As he is always gambling, there may be some luck for him one day or another. He won't benefit me, then. That is not his way. If he makes a *coup*, he will keep the money, or spend it. He won't give me any. But he will not draw upon me as he does now, or send forth fancy imitations of the filial autograph. It is a blessing to have

such a father, isn't it? I say, Pen, as I think from whom I am descended, and look at your spoons, I am astonished I have not put any of them in my pocket. You leave me in the room with 'em quite unprotected. I say, it is quite affecting the way in which you and your dear wife have confidence in me." And with a bitter execration at his fate, the poor fellow pauses for a moment in his lament.

His father was his fate, he seemed to think, and there were no means of averting it. "You remember that picture of Abraham and Isaac in the doctor's study in Old Parr Street?" he would say. "My patriarch has tied me up, and had the knife in me repeatedly. He does not sacrifice me at one operation; but there will be a final one some day, and I shall bleed no more. It's gay and amusing, isn't it? Especially when one has a wife and children." I, for my part, felt so indignant, that I was minded to advertise in the papers that all acceptances drawn in Philip's name were forgeries; and let his father take the consequences of his own act. But the consequences would have been life imprisonment for the old man, and almost as much disgrace and ruin for the young one, as were actually impending. He pointed out this clearly enough; nor could we altogether gainsay his dismal logic. It was better, at any rate, to meet this bill, and give the doctor warning for the future. Well: perhaps it was; only suppose the doctor should take the warning in good part, accept the rebuke with perfect meekness, and at an early opportunity commit another forgery? To this Philip replied, that no man could resist his fate: that he had always expected his own doom through his father: that when the elder went to America he thought possibly the charm was broken; "but you see it is not," groaned Philip, "and my father's emissaries reach me, and I am still under the spell." The bearer of *the bowstring*, we know, was on his way, and would deliver his grim message ere long.

Having frequently succeeded in extorting money from Dr. Firmin, Mr. Tufton Hunt thought he could not do better than follow his banker across the Atlantic; and we need not describe the annoyance and rage of the doctor on finding this black care still behind his back. He had not much to give; indeed the sum which he took away with him, and of which he robbed his son and his other creditors, was but small: but Hunt was bent upon having a portion of this; and, of course, hinted that, if the doctor refused, he would carry to the New York press the particulars of Firmin's early career and latest defalcations. Mr. Hunt had been under the gallery of the House of Commons half a dozen times, and knew our public men by sight. In the course of a pretty long and disreputable career he had learned anecdotes regarding members of the aristocracy, turf-men, and the like; and he offered to sell this precious knowledge of his to more than one American paper, as other amiable exiles from our country have done. But Hunt was too old, and his stories too stale for the New York public. They dated from George IV., and the boxing and coaching times. He found but little market for his wares; and the tipsy parson reeled from tavern to bar, only the object of scorn to younger

reprobates who despised his old-fashioned stories, and could top them with blackguardism of a much more modern date.

After some two years' sojourn in the United States, this worthy felt the passionate longing to revisit his native country which generous hearts often experience, and made his way from Liverpool to London; and when in London directed his steps to the house of the Little Sister, of which he expected to find Philip still an inmate. Although Hunt had been once kicked out of the premises, he felt little shame now about re-entering them. He had that in his pocket which would insure him respectful behaviour from Philip. What were the circumstances under which that forged bill was obtained? Was it a speculation between Hunt and Philip's father? Did Hunt suggest that, to screen the elder Firmin from disgrace and ruin, Philip would assuredly take the bill up? That a forged signature was, in fact, a better document than a genuine acceptance? We shall never know the truth regarding this transaction now. We have but the statements of the two parties concerned; and as both of them, I grieve to say, are entirely unworthy of credit, we must remain in ignorance regarding this matter. Perhaps Hunt forged Philip's acceptance: perhaps his unhappy father wrote it: perhaps the doctor's story that the paper was extorted from him was true, perhaps false. What matters? Both the men have passed away from amongst us, and will write and speak no more lies.

Caroline was absent from home, when Hunt paid his first visit after his return from America. Her servant described the man, and his appearance. Mrs. Brandon felt sure that Hunt was her visitor, and foreboded no good to Philip from the parson's arrival. In former days we have seen how the Little Sister had found favour in the eyes of this man. The besotted creature, shunned of men, stained with crime, drink, debt, had still no little vanity in his composition, and gave himself airs in the tavern parlours which he frequented. Because he had been at the University thirty years ago, his idea was that he was superior to ordinary men who had not had the benefit of an education at Oxford or Cambridge; and that the "snobs," as he called them, respected him. He would assume grandiose airs in talking to a tradesman ever so wealthy; speak to such a man by his surname; and deem that he honoured him by his patronage and conversation. The Little Sister's grammar, I have told you, was not good; her poor little *h's* were sadly irregular. A letter was a painful task to her. She knew how ill she performed it, and that she was for ever making blunders.

She would invent a thousand funny little pleas and excuses for her faults of writing. With all the blunders of spelling, her little letters had a pathos which somehow brought tears into the eyes. The Rev. Mr. Hunt believed himself to be this woman's superior. He thought his University education gave him a claim upon her respect, and draped himself and swaggereed before her and others in his dingy college gown. He had paraded his Master of Arts degree in many thousand tavern parlours.

where his Greek and learning had got him a kind of respect. He patronized landlords, and strutted by hostesses' bars with a vinous leer or a tipsy solemnity. He must have been very far gone and debased indeed when he could still think that he was any living man's better:—he, who ought to have waited on the waiters, and blacked boots's own shoes. When he had reached a certain stage of liquor he commonly began to brag about the University, and recite the titles of his friends of early days. Never was kicking more righteously administered than that which Philip once bestowed on this miscreant. The fellow took to the gutter as naturally as to his bed, Firmin used to say; and vowed that the washing there was a novelty which did him good.

Brandon soon found that her surmises were correct regarding her nameless visitor. Next day, as she was watering some little flowers in her window, she looked from it into the street, where she saw the shambling parson leering up at her. When she saw him he took off his greasy hat and made her a bow. At the moment she saw him, she felt that he was come upon some errand hostile to Philip. She knew he meant mischief as he looked up with that sodden face, those bloodshot eyes, those unshorn, grinning lips.

She might have been inclined to faint, or disposed to scream, or to hide herself from the man, the sight of whom she loathed. She did not faint, or hide herself, or cry out: but she instantly nodded her head and smiled in the most engaging manner on that unwelcome, dingy stranger. She went to her door; she opened it (though her heart beat so that you might have heard it, as she told her friend afterwards). She stood there a moment archly smiling at him, and she beckoned him into her house with a little gesture of welcome. "Law bless us" (these, I have reason to believe, were her very words)—"Law bless us, Mr. Hunt, where ever have you been this ever so long?" And a smiling face looked at him resolutely from under a neat cap and fresh ribbon. Why, I know some women can smile, and look at ease, when they sit down in a dentist's chair.

"Law bless me, Mr. Hunt," then says the artless creature, "who ever would have thought of seeing *you*, I do declare!" And she makes a nice cheery little curtsy, and looks quite gay, pleased, and pretty; and so did Judith look gay, no doubt, and smile, and prattle before Holofernes; and then of course she said, "Won't you step in?" And then Hunt swaggered up the steps of the house, and entered the little parlour, into which the kind reader has often been conducted, with its neat little ornaments, its pictures, its glistening corner cupboard, and its well-scrubbed, shining furniture.

"How is the captain?" asks the man (alone in the company of this Little Sister, the fellow's own heart began to beat, and his bloodshot eyes to glisten).

He had not heard about poor Pa? "That shows how long you have been away!" Mrs. Brandon remarks, and mentions the date of her father's fatal illness. Yes: she was alone now, and had to care for herself;

and straightway, I have no doubt, Mrs. Brandon asked Mr. Hunt whether he would "take" anything. Indeed, that good little woman was for ever pressing her friends to "take" something, and would have thought the laws of hospitality violated unless she had made this offer.

Hunt was never known to refuse a proposal of this sort. He *would* take a taste of something—of something warm. He had had fever and ague at New York, and the malady hung about him. Mrs. Brandon was straightway very much interested to hear about Mr. Hunt's complaint, and knew that a comfortable glass was very efficacious in removing threatening fever. Her nimble, neat little hands mixed him a cup. He could not but see what a trim little house-keeper she was. "Ah, Mrs. Brandon, if I had had such a kind friend watching over me, I should not be such a wreck as I am!" he sighed. He must have advanced to a second, nay, a third glass, when he sighed and became sentimental regarding his own unhappy condition; and Brandon owed to her friends afterwards that she made those glasses very strong.

Having "taken something" in considerable quantities, then, Hunt condescended to ask how his hostess was getting on, and ~~how~~ were her lodgers? How she was getting on? Brandon drew the most cheerful picture of herself and her circumstances. The apartments let well, and were never empty. Thanks to good Dr. Goodenough and other friends, she had as much professional occupation as she could desire. Since *you know who* has left the country, she said, her mind had been ever so much easier. As long as he was near, she never felt secure. But he was gone, and bad luck go with him! said this vindictive Little Sister.

"Was his son still lodging up-stairs?" asked Mr. Hunt.

On this, what does Mrs. Brandon do but begin a most angry attack upon Philip and his family. *He* lodge there? No, thank goodness! She had had enough of him and his wife, with her airs and graces, and the children crying all night, and the furniture spoiled, and the bills not even paid! "I wanted him to think that me and Philip was friends no longer; and heaven forgive me for telling stories! I know this fellow means no good to Philip; and before long I will know *what* he means, that I will," she vowed.

For, on the very day when Mr. Hunt paid her a visit, Mrs. Brandon came to see Philip's friends, and acquaint them with Hunt's arrival. We could not be sure that he was the bearer of the forged bill with which poor Philip was threatened. As yet Hunt had made no allusion to it. But, though we are far from sanctioning deceit or hypocrisy, we own that we were not *very* angry with the Little Sister for employing dissimulation in the present instance, and inducing Hunt to believe that she was by no means an accomplice of Philip. If Philip's wife pardoned her, ought his friends to be less forgiving? To do right, you know you must not do wrong; though I own this was one of the cases in which I am inclined not to deal very hardly with the well-meaning little criminal.

Now, Charlotte had to pardon (and for this fault, if not for some others, Charlotte did most heartily pardon) our little friend, for this reason, that Brandon most wantonly maligned her. When Hunt asked what sort of wife Philip had married? Mrs. Brandon declared that Mrs. Philip was a pert, odious little thing; that she gave herself airs, neglected her children, bullied her husband, and what not; and, finally, Brandon vowed that she disliked Charlotte, and was very glad to get her out of the house: and that Philip was not the same Philip since he married her, and that *he* gave himself airs, and was rude, and in all things led by his wife; and to get rid of them was a good riddance.

Hunt gracefully suggested that quarrels between landladies and tenants were not unusual; that lodgers sometimes did not pay their rent punctually; at others were unreasonably anxious about the consumption of their groceries, liquors, and so forth; and little Brandon, who, rather than steal a pennyworth from her Philip, would have cut her hand off, laughed at her guest's joke, and pretended to be amused with his knowing hints that she was a rogue. There was not a word he said but she received it with a gracious acquiescence: she might shudder inwardly at the leering familiarity of the odious tipsy wretch, but she gave no outward sign of disgust or fear. She allowed him to talk as much as he would, in hopes that he would come to a subject which deeply interested her. She asked about the doctor and what he was doing, and whether it was likely that he would ever be able to pay back any of that money which he had taken from his son? And she spoke with an indifferent tone, pretending to be very busy over some work at which she was stitching.

"Oh, you are still hankering after him," says the chaplain, winking a bloodshot eye.

"Hankerin', after that old man! What should I care for him? As if he haven't done me harm enough already!" cries poor Caroline.

"Yes. But women don't dislike a man the worse for a little ill-usage," suggests Hunt. No doubt the fellow had made his own experiments on woman's fidelity.

"Well, I suppose," says Brandon, with a toss of her head, "women may get tired as well as men, mayn't they? I found out that man, and wearied of him years and years ago. Another little drop out of the green bottle, Mr. Hunt! It's very good for ague-fever, and keeps the cold fit off wonderful!"

And Hunt drank, and he talked a little more—much more: and he gave his opinion of the elder Firmin, and spoke of his chances of success, and of his rage for speculations, and doubted whether he would ever be able to lift his head again—though he might, he might still. He was in the country where, if ever a man could retrieve himself, he had a chance. And Philip was giving himself airs, was he? He was always an arrogant chap, that Mr. Philip. And he had left her house? and was gone ever so long? and where did he live now?

Then I am sorry to say Mrs. Brandon asked, how should *she* know where Philip lived now? She believed it was near Gray's Inn, or Lincoln's Inn, or somewhere; and she was for turning the conversation away from this subject altogether: and sought to do so by many lively remarks and ingenious little artifices which I can imagine, but which she only in part acknowledged to me—for you must know that as soon as her visitor took leave—to turn into the "Admiral Byng" public-house, and renew acquaintance with the worthies assembled in the parlour of that tavern, Mrs. Brandon ran away to a cab, drove in it to Philip's house in Mihuan Street, where only Mrs. Philip was at home—and after a *banale* conversation with her, which puzzled Charlotte not a little, for Brandon would not say on what errand she came, and never mentioned Hunt's arrival and visit to her,—the Little Sister made her way to another cab, and presently made her appearance at the house of Philip's friends in Queen Square. And here she informed me, how Hunt had arrived, and how she was sure he meant no good to Philip, and how she had told certain—certain stories which were not founded in fact—to Mr. Hunt; for the telling of which fibs I am not about to endeavour to excuse her.

Though the interesting clergyman had not said one word regarding that bill of which Philip's father had warned him, we believed that the document was in Hunt's possession, and that it would be produced in due season. We happened to know where Philip dined, and sent him word to come to us.

"What can he mean?" the people asked at the table—a bachelors' table at the Temple (for Philip's good wife actually encouraged him to go abroad from time to time, and make merry with his *friends*). "What can this mean?" and they read out the scrap of paper which he had cast down as he was summoned away.

Philip's correspondent wrote: "Dear Philip,—I believe the BLARNEY OF THE BOWSTRING has arrived; and has been with the L. S. this very day."

The L. S.? the bearer of the bowstring? Not one of the bachelors dining in Parchment Buildings could read the riddle. Only after receiving the scrap of paper Philip had jumped up and left the room; and a friend of ours, a sly wag and Don Juan of Pump Court, offered to take odds that there was a lady in the case.

At the hasty little council which was convened at our house on the receipt of the news, the Little Sister, whose instinct had not betrayed her, was made acquainted with the precise nature of the danger which menaced Philip; and exhibited a fine hearty wrath when she heard how he proposed to meet the enemy. He had a certain sum in hand. He would borrow more of his friends, who knew that he was an honest man. This bill he would meet, whatever might come; and avert at least this disgrace from his father.

What? Give in to those rogues? Leave his children to starve, and his poor wife to turn drudge and house-servant, who was not fit for anything but a fine lady? (There was no love lost, you see, between these

two ladies, who both loved Mr. Philip.) It was a sin and a shame! Mrs. Brandon averred, and declared she thought Philip had been a man of more spirit. Philip's friend has before stated his own private sentiments regarding the calamity which menaced Firmin. To pay this bill was to bring a dozen more down upon him. Philip might as well resist now as at a later day. Such, in fact, was the opinion given by the reader's very humble servant at command.

My wife, on the other hand, took Philip's side. She was very much moved at his announcement that he would forgive his father this once at least, and endeavour to cover his sin.

"As you hope to be forgiven yourself, dear Philip, I am sure you are doing right," Laura said; "I am sure Charlotte will think so."

"Oh, Charlotte, Charlotte!" interposes the Little Sister, rather peevishly; "of course, Mrs. Philip thinks whatever her husband tells her!"

"In his own time of trial Philip has been met with wonderful succour and kindness," Laura urged. "See how one thing after another has contributed to help him! When he wanted, there were friends always at his need. If he wants again, I am sure my husband and I will share with him." (I may have made a wry face at this; for with the best feelings towards a man, and that kind of thing, you know it is not always convenient to be lending him five or six hundred pounds without security.) "My dear husband and I will share with him," goes on Mrs. Laura; "won't we, Arthur? Yes, Brandon, that we will. Be sure, Charlotte and the children shall not want because Philip covers his father's wrong, and hides it from the world! God bless you, dear friend!" and what does this woman do next, and before her husband's face? Actually she goes up to Philip; she takes his hand—and—— Well, what took place before my own eyes, I do not choose to write down.

"She's encouraging him to ruin the children for the sake of that—that wicked old brute!" cries Mrs. Brandon. "It's enough to provoke a saint, it is!" And she seizes up her bonnet from the table, and claps it on her head, and walks out of our room in a little tempest of wrath.

My wife, clasping her hands, whispers a few words, which say: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us."

"Yes," says Philip, very much moved. "It is the Divine order. You are right, dear Laura. I have had a weary time; and a terrible gloom of doubt and sadness over my mind whilst I have been debating this matter, and before I had determined to do as you would have me. But a great weight is off my heart since I have been enabled to see what my conduct should be. What hundreds of struggling men as well as myself have met with losses, and faced them! I will pay this bill, and I will warn the drawer to—to spare me for the future."

Now that the Little Sister had gone away in her fit of indignation, you see I was left in a minority in the council of war, and the opposition was

quite too strong for me. I began to be of the majority's opinion. I dare say I am not the only gentleman who has been led round by a woman. We men of great strength of mind very frequently are. Yes: my wife convinced me with passages from her text-book, admitting of no contradiction according to her judgment, that Philip's duty was to forgive his father.

"And how lucky it was we did not buy the chintzes that day!" says Laura, with a laugh. "Do you know there were two which were so pretty that Charlotte could not make up her mind which of the two she would take?"

Philip roared out one of his laughs, which made the windows shake. He was in great spirits. For a man who was going to ruin himself, he was in the most enviable good humour. Did Charlotte know about this—this claim which was impending over him? No. It might make her anxious,—poor little thing! Philip had not told her. He had thought of concealing the matter from her. What need was there to disturb her rest, poor innocent child? You see, we all treated Mrs. Charlotte more or less like a child. Philip played with her. J. J., the painter, coaxed and dandled her, so to speak. The Little Sister loved her, but certainly with a love that was not respectful; and Charlotte took everybody's good-will with a pleasant meekness and sweet smiling content. It was not for Laura to give advice to man and wife (as if the woman was not always giving lectures to Philip and his young wife!); but in the present instance she thought Mrs. Philip certainly ought to know what Philip's real situation was; what danger was menacing; "and how admirable and right, and Christian—and you will have your reward for it, dear Philip!" interjects the enthusiastic lady—"your conduct has been!"

When we came, as we straightway did in a cab, to Charlotte's house, to expound the matter to her, goodness bless us! she was not shocked, or anxious, or frightened at all. Mrs. Brandon had just been with her, and told her of what was happening, and she had said, "Of course, Philip ought to help his father; and Brandon had gone away quite in a tantrum of anger, and had really been quite rude; and she should not pardon her, only she knew how dearly the Little Sister loved Philip; and of course they must help Dr. Firmin; and what dreadful, dreadful distress he must have been in to do as he did! But he had warned Philip, you know," and so forth. "And as for the chintzes, Laura, why I suppose we must go on with the old shabby covers. You know they will do very well till next year." This was the way in which Mrs. Charlotte received the news which Philip had concealed from her, lest it should terrify her. As if a loving woman was ever very much frightened at being called upon to share her husband's misfortune!

As for the little case of forgery, I don't believe the young person could ever be got to see the heinous nature of Dr. Firmin's offence. The desperate little legician seemed rather to pity the father than the son

in the business. "How dreadfully pressed he must have been when he did it, poor man!" she said. "To be sure, he ought not to have done it at all; but think of his necessity! That is what I said to Brandon. Now, there's little Philip's cake in the cupboard which you brought him. Now suppose papa was very hungry, and went and took some without asking Philly, he wouldn't be so very wrong, I think, would he? A child is glad enough to give for his father, isn't he? And when I said this to Brandon, she was so rude and violent, I really have no patience with her! And she forgets that I am a lady, and" &c. &c. So it appeared the Little Sister had made a desperate attempt to bring over Charlotte to her side, was still minded to rescue Philip in spite of himself, and had gone off in wrath at her defeat.

We looked to the doctor's letters, and ascertained the date of the bill. It had crossed the water and would be at Philip's door in a very few days. Hal Hunt brought it? The rascal would have it presented through some regular channel, no doubt; and Philip and all of us totted up ways and means, and strove to make the slender figures look as big as possible, as the thrifty housewife puts a patch here and a darn there, and cuts a little slice out of this old garment, so as to make the poor little frock serve for winter wear. We had so much at the banker's. A friend might help with a little advance. We would fairly ask a loan from the *Review*. We were in a scrape, but we would meet it. And so with resolute hearts, we would prepare to receive the Bearer of the Bowstring.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BEARER OF THE BOWSTRING.



THE poor Little Sister trudged away from Milman Street, exasperated with Philip, with Philip's wife, and with the determination of the pair to accept the hopeless ruin impending over them. "Three hundred and eighty-six pounds four and threepence," she thought, "to pay for that wicked old villain!" It is more than poor Philip is worth, with all his savings and his little sticks of furniture. I know what he will do: he will borrow of the money-lenders, and give those bills, and renew them, and end by ruin. When he have paid this bill, that old villain will forge another, and that precious wife of his will tell him to pay that, I suppose; and those little darlings will be begging for bread, unless they come and eat mine,

to which—God bless them!—they are always welcome." She calculated—it was a sum not difficult to reckon—the amount of her own little store of saved ready money. To pay four hundred pounds out of such an income as Philip's, she felt, was an attempt vain and impossible. "And he mustn't have my poor little stocking now," she argued; "they will want that presently when their pride is broken down, as it will be, and my darlings are hungering for their dinner!" Revolving this dismal matter in her mind, and scarce knowing where to go for comfort and counsel, she made her way to her good friend, Dr. Goodenough, and found that worthy man, who had always a welcome for his Little Sister.

She found Goodenough alone in his great dining-room, taking a very slender meal, after visiting his hospital and his fifty patients, among whom I think there were more poor than rich: and the good sleepy doctor woke up with a vengeance, when he heard his little nurse's news, and fired off a volley of angry language against Philip and his scoundrel of a father; "which it was a comfort to hear him," little Brandon told us afterwards. Then Goodenough trotted out of the dining-room into the

adjoining library and consulting-room, whither his old friend followed him. Then he pulled out a bunch of keys and opened a secretaire, from which he took a parchment-covered volume, on which *J. Goodenough, Esq., M.D.*, was written in a fine legible hand,—and which, in fact, was a banker's book. The inspection of the MS. volume in question must have pleased the worthy physician; for a grin came over his venerable features, and he straightway drew out of the desk a slim volume of grey paper, on each page of which were inscribed the highly respectable names of Messrs. Stumpy and Rowdy and Co., of Lombard Street, Bankers. On a slip of grey paper the doctor wrote a prescription for a draught, *statim sumendus*—(a draught—mark my pleasantry)—which he handed over to his little friend.

"There, you little fool!" said he. "The father is a rascal, but the boy is a fine fellow; and you, you little silly thing, I must help in this business myself, or you will go and ruin yourself, I know you will! Offer this to the fellow for his bill. Or, stay! How much money is there in the house? Perhaps the sight of notes and gold will tempt him more than a cheque." And the doctor emptied his pockets of all the fees which happened to be therein—I don't know how many fees of shining shillings and sovereigns, neatly wrapped up in paper; and he emptied a drawer in which there was more silver and gold: and he trotted up to his bed-room, and came panting, presently, downstairs with a fat little pocket-book, containing a bundle of notes, and, with one thing or another, he made up a sum of—I won't mention what: but this sum of money, I say, he thrust into the Little Sister's hand, and said, "Try the fellow with this, Little Sister; and see if you can get the bill from him. Don't say it's my money; or the scoundrel will be for having twenty shillings in the pound. Say it's yours, and there's no more where that came from; and coax him, and wheedle him, and tell him plenty of lies, my dear. It won't break your heart to do that. What an immortal scoundrel Brummell Firmin is, to be sure! Though, by the way, in two more cases at the hospital I have tried that——" And here the doctor went off into a professional conversation with his favourite nurse, which I could not presume to repeat to any non-medical man.

The Little Sister bade God bless Doctor Goodenough, and wiped her glistening eyes with her handkerchief, and put away the notes and gold with a trembling little hand, and trudged off with a lightsome step and a happy heart. Arrived at Tottenham Court Road, she thought, shall I go home, or shall I go to poor Mrs. Philip and take her this money? No. Their talk that very day had not been pleasant: words, very like high words, had passed between them, and our Little Sister had to own to herself that she had been rather rude in her late colloquy with Charlotte. And she was a proud Little Sister: at least she did not care for to own that she had been hasty or disrespectful in her conduct to *that* young woman. She had too much spirit for that. Have we ever said that our

little friend was exempt from the prejudices and vanities of this wicked world? Well, to rescue Philip, to secure the fatal bill, to go with it to Charlotte, and say, "There, Mrs. Philip, there's your husband's liberty." It would be a rare triumph, that it would! And Philip would promise, on his honour, that this should be the last and only bill he would pay for that wretched old father. With these happy thoughts swelling in her little heart, Mrs. Brandon made her way to the familiar house in Thornhaugh Street, and would have a little bit of supper, so she would. And laid her own little cloth; and set forth her little forks and spoons, which were as bright as rubbing could make them; and I am authorized to state that her repast consisted of two nice little lamb chops, which she purchased from her neighbour Mr. Clump, in Tottenham Court Road, after a pleasant little conversation with that gentleman and his good lady. And, with her bit of supper, after a day's work, our little friend would sometimes indulge in a glass—a little glass—of something comfortable. The case-bottle was in the cupboard, out of which her poor Pa had been wont to mix his tumblers for many a long day. So, having prepared it with her own hands, down she sat to her little meal, tired and happy; and as she thought of the occurrences of the day, and of the rescue which had come so opportunely to her beloved Philip and his children, I am sure she said a grace before her meat.

Her candles being lighted and her blind up, any one in the street could see that her chamber was occupied; and at about ten o'clock at night there came a heavy step clinking along the pavement, the sound of which, I have no doubt, made the Little Sister start a little. The heavy foot paused before her window, and presently clattered up the steps of her door. Then, as her bell rang—I consider it is most probable that her cheek flushed a little. She went to her hall door and opened it herself. "Lor, is it you, Mr. Hunt! Well, I never! that is, I thought you might come. Really, now"—and with the moonlight behind him, the dingy Hunt swaggered in.

"How comfortable you looked at your little table," says Hunt, with his hat over his eye.

"Won't you step in and set down to it, and take something?" asks the smiling hostess.

Of course, Hunt would take something. And the greasy hat is taken off his head with a flourish, and he struts into the poor Little Sister's little room, pulling a wisp of grizzling hair and endeavouring to assume a careless, fashionable look. The dingy hand had seized the case-bottle in a moment. "What! you do a little in this way, do you?" he says, and winks amiably at Mrs. Brandon and the bottle. She takes ever so little, she owns; and reminds him of days which he must remember, when she had a wine-glass out of poor Pa's tumbler. A bright little kettle is singing on the fire,—will not Mr. Hunt mix a glass for himself? She takes a bright beaker from the corner-cupboard, which is near her, with her keys hanging from it.

"Oh, ho! that's where we keep the ginnums, is it?" says the graceful Hunt, with a laugh.

"My papa always kept it there," says Caroline, meekly. And whilst her back is turned to fetch a canister from the cupboard, she knows that the astute Mr. Hunt has taken the opportunity to fill a good large measure from the square bottle. "Make yourself welcome," says the Little Sister, in her gay, artless way; "there's more where that came from!" And Hunt drinks his hostess's health: and she bows to him, and smiles, and sips a little from her own glass; and the little lady looks quite pretty, and rosy, and bright. Her cheeks are like apples, her figure is trim and graceful, and always attired in the neatest-fitting gown. By the comfortable light of the candles on her sparkling tables, you scarce see the silver lines in her light hair, or the marks which time has made round her eyes. Hunt's gaze on her with admiration.

"Why," says he, "I vow you look younger and prettier than when—when I saw you first."

"Ah, Mr. Hunt!" cries Mrs. Brandon, with a flush on her cheek, which becomes it, "don't recal that time, or that—that wretch who served me so cruel!"

"He was a scoundrel, Caroline, to treat as he did such a woman as you! The fellow has no principle; he was a bad one from the beginning. Why, he ruined me as well as you: got me to play; run me into debt by introducing me to his fine companions. I was a simple young fellow then, and thought it was a fine thing to live with fellow commoners and noblemen who drove their tandems and gave their grand dinners. It was he that led me astray, I tell you. I might have been Fellow of my college—had a living—married a good wife—risen to be a bishop, by George!—for I had great talents, Caroline; only I was so confounded idle, and fond of the cards and the bones."

"The bones?" cries Caroline, with a bewildered look.

"The dice, my dear! 'Seven's the main' was my ruin. 'Seven's the main' and eleven's the nick to seven. That used to be the little game!" And he made a graceful gesture with his empty wine-glass, as though he was tossing a pair of dice on the table. "The man next to me in lecture is a bishop now, and I could knock his head off in Greek iambs and Latin hexameters, too. In my second year I got the Latin declamation prize, I tell you——"

"Brandon always said you were one of the cleverest men at the college. He always said *that*, I remember," remarks the lady, very respectfully.

"Did he? He *did* say a good word for me, then? Brummell Firmin wasn't a clever man; he wasn't a reading man. Whereas I would back myself for a sapphic ode against any man in my college—against any man! Thank you. You *do* mix it so uncommon hot and well, there's no saying no; indeed, there ain't! Though I have had enough—upon my honour, I have."

"Lor! I thought you men could drink anything! And Mr. Brandon—Mr. Firmin you said?"

"Well, I said Brummell Firmin was a swell somehow. He had a sort of grand manner with him——"

"Yes, he had," sighed Caroline. And I daresay her thoughts wandered back to a time long, long ago, when this grand gentleman had captivated her.

"And it was trying to keep up with him that ruined me! I quarrelled with my poor old governor about money, of course; grew idle, and lost my Fellowship. Then the bills came down upon me. I tell you, there are some of my college ticks ain't paid now."

"College ticks? Law!" ejaculates the lady. "And——"

"Tailor's ticks, tavern ticks, livery-stable ticks—for there were famous hacks in our days, and I used to hunt with the tip-top men—I wasn't bad across country, I wasn't. But we can't keep the pace with those rich fellows. We try, and they go ahead—they ride us down. Do you think, if I hadn't been very hard up, I would have done what I did to you, Caroline? You poor little innocent suffering thing. It was a shame. It was a shame!"

"Yes, a shame it was," cries Caroline. "And that I never gainsay. You did deal hard with a poor girl, both of you."

"It was rascally. But Firmin was the worst. He had me in his power. It was he led me wrong. It was he drove me into debt, and then abroad, and then into qu—into gaol, perhaps: and then into this kind of thing." ("This kind of thing" has before been explained elegantly to signify a tumbler of hot grog.) "And my father wouldn't see me on his death-bed; and my brothers and sisters broke with me—and I owe it all to Brummell Firmin—all. Do you think, after ruining me, he oughtn't to pay me?" and again he thumps a dusky hand upon the table. It made dingy marks on the poor Little Sister's spotless tablecloth. It rubbed its owner's forehead and lank, grizzling hair.

"And me, Mr. Hunt? What do he owe me?" asks Hunt's hostess.

"Caroline!" cries Hunt, "I have made Brummell Firmin pay me a good bit back already, but I'll have more;" and he thumped his breast, and thrust his hand into his breast-pocket as he spoke, and clutched at something within.

"It is there!" thought Caroline. She might turn pale; but he did not remark her pallor. He was all intent on drink, on vanity, on revenge.

"I have him," I say. "He owes me a good bit; and he has paid me a good bit; and he shall pay me a good bit more. Do you think I am a fellow who will be ruined and insulted, and won't revenge myself? You should have seen his face when I turned up at New York at the Astor House, and said, 'Brummell, old fellow, here I am,' I said: and he turned as white—as white as this table-cloth. 'I'll never leave you, my boy,' I said. 'Other fellows may go from you, but old Tom Hunt will stick to you. Let's go into the bar and have a drink!' and he was obliged to

come. And I have him now in my power, I tell you. And when I say to him, 'Brummell, have a drink,' drink he must. His bald old head must go into the pail!" And Mr. Hunt laughed a laugh which I dare say was not agreeable.

After a pause he went on: "Caroline! Do you hate him, I say? or do you like a fellow who deserted you and treated you like a scoundrel? Some women do. I could tell of women who do. I could tell you of other fellows, perhaps, but I won't. Do you hate Brummell Firmin, that bald-headed Brum—hypocrite, and that—that insolent rascal who laid his hand on a clergyman, and an old man, by George, and hit me—and hit me in that street. Do you hate him, I say? Hoo! hoo! hick! I've got 'em both!—here, in my pocket—both!"

"You have got—what?" gasped Caroline.

"I have got their—hallo! stop, what's that to you what I've got?" And he sinks back in his chair, and winks, and leers, and triumphantly tosses his glass.

"Well, it ain't much to me; I—I never got any good out of either of 'em yet," says poor Caroline, with a sinking heart. "Let's talk about somebody else than them two plagues. Because you were a little merry one night—and I don't mind what a gentleman says when he has had a glass—for a great big strong man to hit an old one——"

"To strike a clergyman!" yells Hunt.

"It was a shame—a cowardly shame! And I gave it him for it, I promise you!" cries Mrs. Brandon.

"On your honour, now, do you hate 'em?" cries Hunt, starting up, and clenching his fist, and dropping again into his chair.

"Have I any reason to love 'em, Mr. Hunt? Do sit down and have a little——"

"No: you have no reason to like 'em. You hate 'em—I hate 'em. Look here. Promise—'pon your honour, now, Caroline—I've got 'em both, I tell you. Strike a clergyman, will he? What do you say to that?"

And starting from his chair once more, and supporting himself against the wall (where hung one of J. J.'s pictures of Philip), Hunt pulls out the greasy pocket-book once more, and fumbles amongst the greasy contents; and as the papers flutter on to the floor and the table, he pounces down on one with a dingy hand, and yells a laugh, and says, "I've cotched you! That's it. What do you say to that?—London, July 4th.—Three months after date, I promise to pay to—— No you don't."

"La! Mr. Hunt, won't you let me look at it?" cries the hostess.

"Whatever is it? A bill? My Pa had plenty of 'em."

"What? with candles in the room? No, you don't, I say."

"What is it? Won't you tell me?"

"It's the young one's acceptance of the old man's draft," says Hunt, hissing and laughing.

"For how much?"

"Three hundred and eighty-six four three—that's all; and I guess I can get more where that came from!" says Hunt, laughing more and more cheerfully.

"What will you take for it? I'll buy it of you," cries the Little Sister. "I—I've seen plenty of my Pa's bills; and I'll—I'll discount this, if you like."

"What! are you a little discounteer? Is that the way you make your money, and the silver spoons, and the nice supper, and everything delightful about you? A little discountess, are you—you little rogue? Little discountess, by George! How much will you give, little discountess?" And the reverend gentleman laughs, and winks, and drinks, and laughs, and tears twinkle out of his tipsy old eyes, as he wipes them with one hand, and again says, "How much will you give, little discountess?"

When poor Caroline went to her cupboard, and from it took the notes and the gold which she had had we know from whom, and added to these out of a cunning box a little heap of her own private savings, and with trembling hands poured the notes, and the sovereigns, and the shillings into a dish on the table, I never heard accurately how much she laid down. But she must have spread out everything she had in the world; for she felt her pockets and emptied them; and, tapping her head, she again applied to the cupboard, and took from thence a little store of spoons and forks, and then a brooch, and then a watch; and she piled these all up in a dish, and she said, "Now, Mr. Hunt, I will give you all these for that bill." And she looked up at Philip's picture, which hung over the parson's blood-shot, satyr face. "Take these," she said, "and give me that! There's two hundred pound, I know; and there's thirty-four, and two eighteen, thirty-six eighteen, and there's the plate and watch, and I want that bill."

"What? have you got all this, you little dear?" cried Hunt, dropping back into his chair again. "Why, you're a little fortune, by Jove—a pretty little fortune, a little discountess, a little wife, a little fortune. I say, I'm a University man; I could write *alcaics* once as well as any man. I'm a gentleman. I say, how much *have* you got? Count it over again, my dear."

And again she told him the amount of the gold, and the notes, and the silver, and the number of the poor little spoons.

A thought came across the fellow's boozy brain: "If you offer so much," says he, "and you're a little discountess, the bill's worth more; that fellow must be making his fortune! Or do you know about it? I say, do you know about it? No. I'll have my bond. I'll have my bond!" And he gave a tipsy imitation of Shylock, and lurched back into his chair, and laughed.

"Let's have a little more, and talk about things," said the poor Little Sister; and she daintily heaped her little treasures and arranged them in her dish, and smiled upon the parson laughing in his chair.

"Caroline," says he, after a pause, "you are still fond of that old bald-

headed scoundrel! That's it! Just like you women—just like, but I won't tell. No, no, I won't tell! You are fond of that old swindler still, I say! Wherever did you get that lot of money? Look here now—with that, and this little bill in my pocket, there's enough to carry us on for ever so long. And when this money's gone, I tell you I know who'll give us more, and who can't refuse us, I tell you. Look here, Caroline, dear Caroline! I'm an old fellow, I know; but I'm a good fellow: I'm a classical scholar: and I'm a gentleman."

The classical scholar and gentleman bleared over his words as he uttered them, and with his vinous eyes and sordid face gave a leer, which must have frightened the poor little lady to whom he proffered himself as a suitor, for she started back with a pallid face, and an aspect of such dislike and terror, that even her guest remarked it.

"I said I was a scholar and gentleman," he shrieked again. "Do you doubt it? I'm as good a man as Brummell Firmin, I say. I ain't so tall. But I'll do a copy of Latin alcaics or Greek iambics against him or any man of my weight. Do you mean to insult me? Don't I know who you are? Are you better than a Master of Arts and a clergyman? He went out in medicine, Firmin did. Do you mean, when a Master of Arts and classical scholar offers you his hand and fortune, that you're above him and refuse him, by George?"

The Little Sister was growing bewildered and frightened by the man's energy and horrid looks. "Oh, Mr. Hunt!" she cried, "see here, take this! See—there are two hundred and thirty—thirty-four pounds and all these things! Take them, and give me that paper."

"Sovereigns, and notes, and spoons, and a watch, and what I have in my pocket—and that ain't much—and Firmin's bill! Three hundred and eighty-six four thre. It's a fortune, my dear, with economy! I won't have you going on being a nurse and that kind of thing. I'm a scholar and a gentleman—I am—and that place ain't fit for Mrs. Hunt. We'll first spend your money. No: we'll first spend my money—three hundred and eighty-six and—and hang the change—and when that's gone, we'll have another bill from that back-headed old scoundrel: and his son who struck a poor cler—— We *will*, I say, Caroline—we——

The wretch was suiting actions to his words, and rose once more, advancing towards his hostess, who shrank back, laughing half-hysterically, and retreating as the other neared her. Behind her was that cupboard which had contained her poor little treasure and other stores, and appended to the lock of which her keys were still hanging. As the brute approached her, she flung back the cupboard-door smartly upon him. The keys struck him on the head; and bleeding, and with a curse and a cry, he fell back on his chair.

In the cupboard was that bottle which she had received from America not long since; and about which she had talked with Goodenough on that very day. It had been used twice or thrice by his direction, by hospital surgeons, and under her eye. She suddenly seized this bottle.

As the ruffian before her uttered his imprecations of wrath, she poured out a quantity of the contents of the bottle on her handkerchief. She said, "Oh! Mr. Hunt, have I hurt you? I didn't mean it. But you shouldn't—you shouldn't frighten a lonely woman so! Here, let me bathe you! Smell this! It will—it will do you—good—it will—it will, indeed." The handkerchief was over his face. Bewildered by drink before, the fumes of the liquor which he was absorbing served almost instantly to overcome him. He struggled for a moment or two. "Stop—stop! you'll be better in a moment," she whispered. "Oh, yes! better, quite better!" She squeezed more of the liquor from the bottle on to the handkerchief. In a minute Hunt was quite inanimate.

Then the little pale woman leant over him, and took the pocket-book out of his pocket, and from it the bill which bore Philip's name. As Hunt lay in stupor before her, she now squeezed more of the liquor over his head; and then thrust the bill into the fire, and saw it burn to ashes. Then she put back the pocket-book into Hunt's breast. She said afterwards that she never should have thought about that Chloroform, but for her brief conversation with Dr. Goodenough, that evening, regarding a case in which she had employed the new remedy under his orders.

How long did Hunt lie in that stupor? It seemed a whole long night to Caroline. She said afterwards that the thought of that act that night made her hair grow grey. Poor little head! Indeed, she would have laid it down for Philip.

Hunt, I suppose, came to himself when the handkerchief was withdrawn, and the fumes of the potent liquor ceased to work on his brain. He was very much frightened and bewildered. "What was it? Where am I?" he asked, in a husky voice.

"It was the keys struck you in the cupboard-door when you—your head ran against it," said pale Caroline. "Look! you are all bleeding on the head. Let me dry it."

"No; keep off!" cried the terrified man.

"Will you have a cab to go home? The poor gentleman hit himself against the cupboard-door, Mary. You remember him here before, don't you, one night?" And Caroline, with a shrug, pointed out to her maid, whom she had summoned, the great square bottle of spirits still on the table, and indicated that there lay the cause of Hunt's bewilderment.

"Are you better now? Will you—will you—take a little more refreshment?" asked Caroline.

"No!" he cried with an oath, and with glaring, bloodshot eyes he lurched towards his hat.

"Lor, mum! what ever is it? And this smell in the room, and all this here heap of money and things on the table?"

Caroline flung open her window. "It's medicine, which Dr. Goodenough has ordered for one of his patients. I must go and see her to-night," she said. And at midnight, looking as pale as death, the

Little Sister went to the doctor's house, and roused him from his bed, and told him the story here narrated. "I offered him all you gave me," she said, "and all I had in the world besides, and he wouldn't—and——" Here she broke out into a fit of hysterics. The doctor had to ring up his servants; to administer remedies to his little nurse; to put her to bed in his own house.

"By the immortal Jove," he said afterwards, "I had a great mind to beg her never to leave it! But that my housekeeper would tear Caroline's eyes out, Mrs. Brandon should be welcome to stay for ever. Except her *h's*, that woman has every virtue: constancy, gentleness, generosity, cheerfulness, and the courage of a lioness! To think of that fool, that dandified idiot, that triple ass, Firmin"—(there were few men in the world for whom Goodenough entertained a greater scorn than for his late *confreire*, Firmin of Old Parr Street)—"think of the villain having possessed such a treasure—let alone his having deceived and deserted her—of his having possessed such a treasure and flung it away! Sir, I always admired Mrs. Brandon; but I think ten thousand times more highly of her, since her glorious crime, and most righteous robbery. If the villain had died, dropped dead in the street—the drunken miscreant, forger, housebreaker, assassin—so that no punishment could have fallen upon poor Brandon, I think I should have respected her only the more!"

At an early hour Dr. Goodenough had thought proper to send off messengers to Philip and myself, and to make us acquainted with the strange adventure of the previous night. We both hastened to him. I myself was summoned, no doubt, in consequence of my profound legal knowledge, which might be of use in poor little Caroline's present trouble. And Philip came because she longed to see him. By some instinct, she knew when he arrived. She crept down from the chamber where the doctor's housekeeper had laid her on a bed. She knocked at the doctor's study, where we were all in consultation. She came in quite pale, and tottered towards Philip, and flung herself into his arms, with a burst of tears that greatly relieved her excitement and fever. Firmin was scarcely less moved.

"You'll pardon me for what I have done, Philip," she sobbed. "If they—if they take me up, you won't forsake me?"

"Forsake you? Pardon you? Come and live with us, and never leave us!" cried Philip.

"I don't think Mrs. Philip would like that, dear," said the little woman sobbing on his arm; "but ever since the Greyfriars school, when you was so ill, you have been like a son to me, and somehow I couldn't help doing that last night to that villain—I couldn't."

"Serve the scoundrel right. Never deserved to come to life again, my dear," said Dr. Goodenough. "Don't you be exciting yourself, little Brandon! I must have you sent back to lie down on your bed. Take her up, Philip, to the little room next mine; and order her to lie down and be as quiet as a mouse. You are not to move till I give you leave, Brandon—

mind that, and come back to us, Firmin, or we shall have the patients coming."

So Philip led away this poor Little Sister; and trembling, and clinging to his arm, she returned to the room assigned to her.

"She wants to be alone with him," the doctor said; and he spoke a brief word or two of that strange delusion under which the little woman laboured, that this was her dead child come back to her.

"I know that is in her mind," Goodenough said; "she never got over that brain fever in which I found her. If I were to swear her on the book, and say, 'Brandon, don't you believe he is your son alive again?' she would not dare to say no. She will leave him everything she has got. I only gave her so much less than that scoundrel's bill yesterday, because I knew she would like to contribute her own share. It would have offended her mortally to have been left out of the subscription. They like to sacrifice themselves. Why, there are women in India who, if not allowed to roast with their dead husbands, would die of vexation." And by this time Mr. Philip came striding back into the room again, rubbing a pair of very red eyes.

"Long ere this, no doubt, that drunken ruffian is sobered, and knows that the bill is gone. He is likely enough to accuse her of the robbery," says the doctor.

"Suppose," says Philip's other friend, "I had put a pistol to your head, and was going to shoot you, and the doctor took the pistol out of my hand, and flung it into the sea? would you help me to prosecute the doctor for robbing me of the pistol?"

"You don't suppose it will be a pleasure to me to pay that bill?" said Philip. "I said, if a certain bill were presented to me, purporting to be accepted by Philip Firmin, I would pay it. But if that scoundrel, Hunt, only *says* that he had such a bill, and has lost it; I will cheerfully take my oath that I have never signed any bill at all—and they can't find Brandon guilty of stealing a thing which never existed."

"Let us hope, then, that the bill was not in duplicate!"

And to this wish all three gentlemen heartily said Amen!

And now the doctor's door-bell began to be agitated by arriving patients. His dining-room was already full of them. The Little Sister must lie still, and the discussion of her affairs must be deferred to a more convenient hour; and Philip and his friend agreed to reconnoitre the house in Thornhaugh Street, and see if anything had happened since its mistress had left it.

Yes: something had happened. Mrs. Brandon's maid, who ushered us into her mistress's little room, told us that in the early morning that horrible man who had come over night, and been so tipsy, and behaved so ill,—the very same man who had come there tipsy afore once, and whom Mr. Philip had flung into the street—had come battering at the knocker, and pulling at the bell, and swearing and cursing most dreadful, and calling for "Mrs. Brandon! Mrs. Brandon! Mrs. Brandon!" and

frightening the whole street. After he had rung, he knocked and battered ever so long. Mary looked out at him from her upper window, and told him to go along home, or she would call the police. On this the man roared out that he would call the police himself if Mary did not let him in; and as he went on calling "Police!" and yelling from the door, Mary came down-stairs, and opened the hall-door, keeping the chain fastened, and asked him what he wanted?

Hunt, from the steps without, began to swear and rage more loudly, and to demand to be let in. He must and would see Mrs. Brandon.

Mary, from behind her chain barricade, said that her mistress was not at home, but that she had been called out that night to a patient of Dr. Goodenough's.

Hunt, with more shrieks and curses, said it was a lie; and that she was at home; and that he would see her; and that he must go into her room: and that he had left something there; that he had lost something; and that he would have it.

"Lost something here?" cried Mary. "Why here? when you reeled out of this house, you couldn't scarce walk, and you almost fell into the gutter, which I have seen you there before. Get away, and go home! You are not sober yet, you horrible man!"

On this, clinging on to the area-railings, and demeaning himself like a madman, Hunt continued to call out, "Police, police! I have been robbed, I've been robbed! Police!" until astonished heads appeared at various windows in the quiet street, and a policeman actually came up.

When the policeman appeared, Hunt began to sway and pull at the door, confined by it's chain: and he frantically reiterated his charge, that he had been robbed and hounded in that house, that night, by Mrs. Brandon.

The policeman, by a familiar expression, conveyed his utter disbelief of the statement, and told the dirty, disreputable man to move on, and go to bed. Mrs. Brandon was known and respected all round the neighbourhood. She had befriended numerous poor round about; and was known for a hundred charities. She attended many respectable families. In that parish there was no woman more esteemed. And by the word "Gammon," the policeman expressed his sense of the utter absurdity of the charge against the good lady.

Hunt still continued to yell out that he had been robbed and hounded; and Mary from behind her door repeated to the officer (with whom she perhaps had relations not unfriendly) her statement that the beast had gone reeling away from the house the night before, and if he had lost anything, who knows where he might not have lost it?

"It was taken out of this pocket, and out of this pocket-book," howled Hunt, clinging to the rail. "I give her in charge. I give the house in charge! It's a den of thieves!"

During this shouting and turmoil, the sash of a window in Ridley's studio was thrown up. The painter was going to his morning work. He

had appointed an early model. The sun could not rise too soon for Ridley ; and, as soon as ever it gave its light, found him happy at his labour. He had heard from his bed-room the brawl going on about the door.

"Mr. Ridley !" says the policeman, touching the glazed hat with much respect—in fact, and out of uniform, Z 25 has figured in more than one of J.J.'s pictures)—"here's a fellow disturbing the whole street, and shouting out that Mrs. Brandon have robbed and hoccussed him !"

Ridley ran downstairs in a high state of indignation. He is nervous, like men of his tribe : quick to feel, to pity, to love, to be angry. He undid the chain, and ran into the street.

"I remember that fellow drunk here before," said the painter ; "and lying in that very gutter."

"Drunk and disorderly ! Come along !" cries Z 25 ; and his hand was quickly fastened on the parson's greasy collar, and under its strong grasp Hunt is forced to move on. He goes, still yelling out that he has been robbed.

"Tell that to 'his worship," says the incredulous Z. And this was the news which Mrs. Brandon's friends received from her maid, when they called at her house.

At the Great Exhibition.

IN that monumental poem which the Laureate has built, all of sweet songs, to the memory of his friend, there are some verses about the morning; how, in the "doubtful dusk"—

" A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore :

" And gathering fresher overhead
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said,

" ' The dawn, the dawn,' and died away ;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day."

It is not difficult to trace why, as I lounge here under this great fantastic roof, these verses repeat themselves over and over again in my mind. The doubtful dusk—it is the twilight in which we have so long sought perfection; and once more we hope—painfully—that the dawn approaches when East and West may mix their dim lights of faith, and kindness, and endeavour, and broaden into the boundless day of peace.

The hope becomes less, perhaps, the more we listen to-day for the divine breath which we *did* think stirred in the elm that grew in our first Exhibition Palace; our only present hope, that I can see, is in the roses and lilies which move here by the breath of life—of a good life, spent, more than ours is, apart from the turmoils of ambition, and shaded from the heats of strife. The heraldic winds of the poem trembled first in the leaves of the lowly sycamore before it started into the elms; and it may very well be that the breath which is to bring in a better day will first be seen fluctuating amongst *our* roses and lilies—the beautiful great garden of women here. If I were Mr. Tennyson, I think I should write a new poem about that; or even if I could not pitch my pipe so high, it would be something to sit in the garden and tell of the sweet secrets that lie in every rose's breast. What an opportunity it is! Who is this reclining against an excellent trophy of candles? She is an idyll all complete: see the grave preface on her forehead—hark to the last long rustling lines as her robe sweeps round her feet. Here is a group of friends and sisters seated on the floor: I am myself nothing but a pastoral poem while I look on them. As for mere sonnets and such-like brief things, they are to be picked up everywhere; now as you behold that locket tossing on a fair unknown bosom, like

VOL. V.—NO. 30.

a boat on a summer lake (O lake ! full of little fishes mute and shy ! O heart ! full of little secrets shy and mute !) and now again as you meet the gaze of two beautiful rhythmical eyes. I know nothing more distressing than to find one's self only a man-creature in such a company. To be a painter would be something ; to be a poet, more. As it is, one has not even the satisfaction of Hafiz—or, at any rate, so much of it as he had. "Pray, of what use are *you* ?" said the philosophers who bored him : " what good are you, with your tinkling love verses ?" " Of what good is the rose ?" says he. " That !—that, at least, is good to smell !" " And I'm good to smell it !" says Hafiz. Now, we are not as Hafiz was. Still, the reply is comfortable to all dumb poets in a garden ; and we see how many of us there are here.

But this is not what we came to see. Or is it ? Certainly we must think so if we consider what a beautiful company it is—what pains it has taken to make itself beautiful, with jewels, with flowers, with all manner of millinery ; and every dress a work of art, and all together a cloud of glory—a morning of most dulcet colours. But there are other considerations. We see not only what highest English taste is, in this Year of Great Exhibitions 12, but what education, breeding, refinement in face and form and manner has brought us to after so many years past of that blessed era. And so we have a still more important exhibition : a thing to bring painters from their studios, bookish men from their books, philosophers from their abysses of inner consciousness, gardeners from their artful-natural parterres, and foreigners from all quarters of the globe. Statues are good, *when* they are good ; here are a thousand better forms that are alive, with a light in their eyes that no Prometheus now finds, with lips that say No and Yes, and each with a little Pandora-box of a heart which makes her awful as well as beautiful. Would that that box were only a shooting-box, for the accommodation of the Sly Archer whose arrows no sensible man dreads unduly. It is all as one. Is the shaft tipped with rapture ? does it tickle ? He prepares for the after-smart, for a lifelong wound and the barb in it. On the other hand, does he find the point anointed with despair ?—that makes a bitter rankling, indeed ; but, in ordinary cases, the wound heals within a period of from one month to twelve, and the tickling comes with the cicatrice. He has loved, which is so much better than only to be loved. He has danced that necessary measure for every gentleman's education, he can recall the tune whenever he listeth that his heart may dance to it, and he no longer payeth the piper.

You do not read this for nothing. You see what envy may bring a poor unhandsome man to in such a concourse of angels as this around us. In the name of Malice, Sour grapes ! No more of Pandora-boxes and shooting-boxes. Let us return to our first thought. The casket is a casket of precious ointment, compounded of thought, and care, and love. for you, for me, for our children, for nice poor old people wherever they are found ; and happy is he upon whose head it is broken.

It is this which makes our Mayday show of fair women (far nobler

and more beautiful than everything in the Exhibition beside) so proud a sight for us. In no country in the world could you find—no, not so much beauty. We will say nothing about English roses, though I can't help thinking of the testimony of a well-bred, sensible man from abroad, who turned fiercely round on me as we were walking the streets one day to exclaim, "One thing I admire, I envy, I despair you English: the fresh—the colour of your women." Poor fellow; he meant health, he meant general purity. To be sure, a journal of high authority lately told us (since Japan has been discovered), that we are "the dirtiest people in Europe;" but that is nothing to the purpose. It is as it may be. What every one must see who looks around him here is the grace and glory of Health; by which I mean not only that which comes out of the tub, but that which is bred in a sweet heart and shines on a thoughtful forehead. We are all cosmopolitan in this age, and especially under this roof. We have now no country in particular, and no mothers worth mentioning—that is, to be upheld against other people's mothers; but where else will you see such heads on the women? Bring those others before us. Bring them who sit for pictures of the Madonna, and whose faces *all* go down upon the canvas; and bring with them, if you please, half a hundred such sultanas as Lady Mary Montagu wrote about, and then we shall see the difference. I stand up for my country-women, because their beauty is not only a thing of form and light, but of sense, of kindness, of candour, of courage too—of all wholesomeness. Loyalty, candour, courage—these, indeed, are the chief things: we know at once such women are fit Mothers of Men. Eyes that are bright and that languish are good: I like to see, as here I see, the homely lantern of honesty shining at the bottom. Lips that invite the bee are delightful—especially to bees: give me the sweet, frank mouth wherein Falseness cannot build her cell, nor Malice spread her wax. In fine, I salute this great company of gentlewomen with a religious pride: all the world should come and see it, and then go home and think as they like about their own productions in this way, and of the *decadence de l'Angleterre*. I wish there were more Turks present—especially; they might find in the show a useful political lesson. Their Fatimas and Zobeides may reconcile them to die and eat sweetmeats with houris in Paradise: under a social constitution such as ours women teach men and nations how to live.

Considering how hot, idle, unrefreshed we are as we wait, hour after hour, for the grandees to open the Exhibition in official manner, accordingly, these reflections come in not so badly, to while away the weary time. Hitherto, not a tenth of us have heard anything—though there are three military bands at work, we are told, at one end of the building—nor have seen anything, without painful poisonings on the larger toes—though at the other end the singers in the orchestra are making themselves up into a lovely great bouquet. Really a charming sight, if one could only see it. This it is not to be six feet four inches high, and to have too much innocence! Now, if one had had any reason to believe that a judicious half-

crown (what is called a silver key, it seems) would have availed in obtaining a seat, that would only have made it come to three pounds five shillings and sixpence; and then, with the eye that the younger Weller did not have, one might have looked through this otherwise obstructive organ, the trophy of arms, the shop of furs, the dull cascade of woollen cloth, and seen something. However, the suggestion comes too late for me; and I have only to choose how to be angry: whether with the Commissioners or myself—whether with the very tall English gentleman who looks over everybody's hat, and relates so conceitedly what *he* can see, or with this equally tall old officer in an Austrian cocked hat, who has the same unnatural advantage, and never opens his lips. I believe the pig-tails of the Japanese ambassadors are at this moment wagging in the retina of his eyes, they looked so soothed; and yet he makes no sign.

But—"Fan-farrara! fan-fan-farrara!" we can all hear that. It is the trumpets; they are flourishing. The music of the three bands are audible even here, at last; the music of the bands and of the bagpipes. A thrill pervades us—a decorous flutter: the procession has commenced, the ceremony begins.

It is an imposing procession, if we consider of whom it is composed; and so much the more should we regret that they move down a narrow alley, on the level of the common floor, instead of being raised a foot or so from it, that all might behold their august heads. As it is, a tall mayor is better than a short prince. Princes! here are three of them, and great statesmen, and the head of the Church, and the Parliament—all that is regal in blood, in intellect, in art, and industry: the very life of a mighty empire seems to move along that dark artery, or alley. Nothing but the presence of the Sovereign is missed; for where the three princes are we plainly see the shadow of a fourth, who has gone, alone, the darker way of death. We all see it, or I think so; for on many a face around me I mark a gravity of the pondering of ghosts. We don't cheer much, because of that other one. The national anthem is sung, and we wish it were but one line, "God save the Queen." That we could repeat fifty times without tiring, but the rest vexes us with painful meanings and no-meanings. Politics? Knavish tricks?—what of them? "Send her victorious"—over her grief. "Happy"—ah, me! "Glorious"—in her black gown. "Scatter her enemies"—she had but one, and he has thrown his spear; from the back of his Pale Horse he threw it—it is done! One other line we will keep, though—about "Heaven's choicest gifts in store;" meaning the joy of a wife who meets her husband at the resurrection of the just.

We will bear that in mind, and piously repeat the line when the anthem is sung again, as it will be by-and-by. Meanwhile, the grandees have already assembled upon and around the dais, where they gratify us by looking very splendid, and where, in turn, they have a splendid view of the building and the company within it. And perhaps it is not altogether a *contretemps*, that, while we are going through our ceremonial

congratulations on the completion of the work Prince Albert did, the orchestra should so burst out with their "God save the Queen." As for the ceremony itself, it is a poor parochial thing; there's nothing in it, as usual even on our grandest occasions, but a foolish presentation of addresses. Oh, for a little less Protestantism, a little more Paganism in these lay ceremonials! The heathen knew better, and came to such business with a pomp of symbolism which clothed the dry skeleton of use with beauty, and fed the heart full with fancies fine. Now the heart goes hungry and disappointed. An affair like this, to which we come with that "sublime entrails" as well as with our heads, is like asking a lady and gentleman to dinner, and taking the gentleman aside and having a chop and a game at chess with him, while the lady is turned with her face to the wall like a picture. The lady doesn't like it; she is sad and sulky. The heart is angry with the head, and languishes, and will not speak to him; and he is none the brighter for that, nor the fitter to play chess even. However, we are too confirmed in heresy now: symbolism is dead, and fancies fine no longer mingle with the business of life. Now-a-days, nobody cries, "Who's for punch?"—that perfect mingling of the sweet, the sour, the weak, the strong: we take business neat, and pleasure in cold water.

Luckily, the musicians were called upon in the present case, and they responded like musicians. For my part, I don't doubt—nor does anybody else, perhaps—that, in "soliciting the services" of these gentlemen, the Commissioners had an insufficient notion of what they would get. As it happened, the musicians construed the invitation of the Commissioners into a challenge. Industry should not enjoy alone the honours of the day; she should divide them with Poetical Art. Now do we hear how they have answered the challenge; and from the eagerness of the multitude we may judge who are the favourites in this best of all contentions, after the strife of good with ill. For the first time to-day I hear a pin drop—I think from the throat of the Austrian general, whom I perceive to have no fewer than five various collars on. I wish I could hear with equal distinctness the notes drop from the throats of the wind instruments—from the strings of the fiddles when they come to those soft passages—sweet (no doubt) as the rustling of leaves and fountains in the night. Impossible! the architect has provided for that, or rather that is not what he had to provide for. Alas, O Meyerbeer! now and then there comes a dread silence into your good march as if the life had died out of it, as if the singing-bird had been stricken from the bough, as if some awful hand had stilled every leaf and suspended the falling drops: they will never fall; it is all over with the laws of nature. Some such feeling as this is mine for the space of a most painful half minute; but, courage! there is a braying again—a noble noise. Subtle and beautiful is the way in which you have woven our "Rule Britannia" into the skirts of your new work, O musician! and in the Year of Great Exhibitions 12, music is still divine.

A great clapping of hands—(it sounds rather like the flapping of a thousand mighty wings)—and a visible sympathetic tremor, announce that Mr. Tennyson's ode is now to be sung ; and this time the silence is truly of the grave. We may pronounce already, before the music is half through, that it has been fitly wedded to the words ; only wedded is not the term to use, considering all things. Anyhow, words and music, distinctly uttered, flow out upon our hearts with the grandeur of sea-waves beating on the shore when the storm is over and the ships have gone down. They flow over us, and fall back in a sad whisper, and roll on again, till we are filled with their thought and solemnity.

Perhaps I ought to say "some of us," for, to my astonishment—(one can't help noticing these little things)—I perceive that even when the singers sing in a sweet minor—

"O silent father of our kings to be,"

and so forth, we keep our hats on ! Not expecting to be made ashamed, I did take mine off indeed, and so did another gentleman in the vicinity ; but of course when we discovered our ridiculous situation, we glanced haughtily on each other, looked into our hats, and put them on again. It was really very awkward—almost as bad as kneeling in church at the wrong time ! However, I suppose we are only connoisseurs for the moment, attentive to the music which Dr. Bennett composed and which Mr. Costa would have nothing to do with. Very well ; only I wish it had been otherwise with a company so respectable, and then I and the gentleman opposite should not have been made to look foolish.

Here is a *gamin* of eighty-one with another march :—so gay, so bright, so provoking—it is like the work of an Auber of five-and-twenty. Heaven grant that we, too, may keep our fancies young in age, and our thoughts green under its snows. And that is all. The Bishop has said his prayer ; the tremendous Hallelujah has sounded ; once more the National Anthem is sung ; the International Exhibition of 1862 is declared Open. Pomp dissolves, barriers are removed, the crowd disperses, and so do I.

What an Exhibition is this !—that is the question. We go up and down, we gaze to right and left, and then much 'upon each other. This last is a bad sign ; in armies it means running away. And—yes, I begin to discover a new significance in the Cairote fruitseller's cry. You know it ? "In the name of the Prophet, Figs !" O princes, home and foreign ! O magnates colonial ! O poet ! O great harmonious masters ! O mighty statesmen ! O bishop reverend !—hither ! and while we make prayers and shout hallelujahs, do you open the shop. In the name of Heaven, take the shutters down !

Well, we could have hoped for a pleasanter chorus, after the Hallelujah and those others ; but such misadventures will happen, and disappointments are good for us in the end. Let us remember that we are all eleven years older since the Great Exhibition of 1851, and have found, perhaps,

that even that was vanity. We know it was a great deal prettier than this one—and a great deal better in a most essential point. Humour was not left out of it; nature was contained in it. Here the eye wearies and the heart thirsts because from end to end of the building they seek and find not a single natural thing. No tree, no flower, not even (as yet) the sound of an artificial fountain. *This* time we have no consciousness of the free turf and the stream without, which meant—what doesn't it mean? Come, the Koh-i-noor is not everything; on the contrary, it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of precious stones. Don't you know it is worth, in the market, all that Mr. Browning, and I, and Mr. Mill, and Mr. Dickens, and every English author alive ever thought, and dreamed, and wrote? Why, I have heard tell that, throw the Star of the South into the bargain, and you might buy a Parliament with it, and rule the world; but people who say this are probably thinking of their ancestors, and not of our own time. Nor is soap everything, however finely mottled; nor porcelain, nor cutlery, nor even fire-arms. Doubtless such things are of immense importance. They provoke invention, stimulate industry, bring honour to skill, and conduce to that general plenty which is inseparable from general happiness. They make life easier, and give us a good opinion of ourselves. Put an end to the labours of which we see here so many rare examples, and states would fall and churches decay; existence would be impossible. And so if you strangle me to death I shall die. But *that's all*. For the rest, it is not an important difference whether the breath is in my body or out of it, if it is only an affair of breathing. The thing to be dreaded is death in life—a breathing dead body; and apprehensive minds catch a shadow of this dread when they witness the apotheosis of unrelieved materialism. There is always danger of falling into heresy whenever we discuss the moral bearings of commerce—one never knows to what depth of economical depravity he may slip. But still a man of religious, poetical, supernatural tendencies—crushed by the immensity of materialism here displayed, abashed on finding the most sordid (and useful) “manufactures” in the place of honour, while art is driven into obscure corners—cannot help wondering whether we are not making too much of our handiwork and our appetites. It is the over-much that does it; it is the awful preponderance of matter gifted with mere base use—the burden of the thought that, here, it is all *to-day*—which renders the spectacle a weary one to so many eyes.

Men have been ingeniously made mad by shutting them up in a room, of which wall, roof, and ceiling was a mirror, so that, turn where they would, there were themselves. The only difference between our case and theirs is, that they suffered in solitude and we suffer in company: and consequently, while they went mad, we only go melancholy. The difference is great, to be sure, but it is only a difference in degree; and, for my part, had I to choose between the two places, I think I would as soon be shut up alone in the glass room as alone in the nave here. Far better

than either fate would it be to sleep in the heart of a stone, as a frog does sometimes : for then one would be spared not only the contemplation of his own useless carcass ("Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?") but the spectacle of the painful shifts, the laborious futilities, the pretty, sparkling dead toys, which make up life as we have learned to live. Of two sides, one. I am now speaking as the prisoner would speak—and that is fair, I hope. It is fair, in viewing worldly things, to stand on the borders of the other world, as the prisoner would do; and we who look about us here, not as buyers and sellers, as producers and consumers only, are forced on upon this awful line by natural revulsion—by thoughts and feelings not provided for, which rise rebellious and carry us in confusion away.

These are the words of a sentimentalist, perhaps: but sentimentalists as well as other people are invited to the Exhibition, and everybody is more or less after this kind. Wherever they cease to be, there death in life is. This is a national affair; great consequences are expected from it: and in making an estimate of the benefits of such a show, its effect on our deeper sentiments and our better dreams is not to be left out of the account. But it may be said, "If these feelings of yours are aroused or invigorated, so much the better for you: industry also is encouraged, and all's well." No doubt that's true; but just now we are only trying to account for the little pleasure the Exhibition gives (quite unexpectedly)—for the fact that we come out of its doors duller than we go in; that is to say, more sensible of the clay which is about us. This is not in every case because the sentiments we speak of have been painfully aroused—as often they have been addled or overlaid. There are the strong, the weak, and the dead. There are souls which have as yet no practical existence, and some which flutter feebly, and some that are vigorous enough to keep their way or fight back to it when discomfited. Now, in getting up an exhibition the object of which is to promote the aspirations of the world, it might have been as well *not* to leave the dead untouched by any divine spark; *not* to oppress the weak with such a portentous Bedlam of pedlar sovereignty, nor to send the strong seeking after what is better through revolt at what is good.

This our Commissioners have done, and thus they have very much destroyed the value of their work, and made uncomfortable everyone who looks on it. The source of the mistake is obvious: it is mirrored in our recollections of the first Exhibition. They say the difference of our interest in the two things consists in this: the one was novel and the other is not. At the same time, nobody doubts that were the old show to arise to-morrow and the new one to disappear, Kensington would again be thronged with eager sightseers. For that was harmonious. Heaven's work was visible in it and about it; trees grew in it; you knew it stood upon the turf, from out which those fountains might spring, virgin; free birds chattered and sang there; the very walls—walls of light—seemed as much a part of the natural creation as the work of man's hand.

There were our labours at the feet of His, laid down in the name of Peace; the one approved and sanctified the other, and all our sympathies and aspirations were reconciled. This time He has not been allowed to exhibit. We have bricked Him out. His place is taken by Brown, Jones, Robinson and Co., and they have filled it with the tanned skins of His beasts. The result is, that this second Exhibition is a dead thing. Compared with the other, it is, almost, an auctioneer's catalogue to an anthem, a vaunt to an offering. In the one there was a grateful recognition of God's gifts, in the other we find little but goods for sale.

Here is one reason—the reason of a sentimentalist, I admit—why the Great Exhibition is disappointing, and more. I believe it to be the greatest reason; and hereafter shall all the more regret to see Nature shouldered out of our undertakings, whenever she can possibly come in. We have no longer the prophets. It is dangerous to neglect what alone can speak to us with a prophet's tongue, especially at times when we have a mind to fall down and worship our own works. We have gone quite far enough already in that neglect; and some of us, having, from a too lazy intercourse with nature, forgotten her language, begin to regard her simply as a healthy study, as an agreeable, fantastic curiosity. And then there is that cry against Pantheism, which has made heathens of some otherwise most Christian folk. We all know good men, who, in their walk and conversation, say to their Heavenly Father, "This cradle of a terrestrial globe in which you have placed me is extremely frivolous. I perceive, indeed, that its hangings are very pretty. I feel that you have bestowed on it a mighty care for my sake—you so mighty, I so feeble and small—with aimless hands, with dazzled, purblind eyes, with a tongue of foolishness, and a poor little addled head, in which its highest philosophies and profoundest sciences leave nothing but Surprise at last. I am aware that you have added inscrutable beauty to the earth I tread on, the air I breathe, my very food and drink: but I have a soul above all this. Let me have wings at once: set me up on the celestial plains. There trees are very good, pleasant are the fields. Every morning when I wake I behold the glory of the rising sun, which could rise just as well without being glorious, and give as much light and warmth. Every evening, ere I sleep, I observe its setting. I wake by-and-by, and there is the profound beauty of the night. I feel, almost I hear the harmony in which these beautiful things are attuned to *me*—the ego with the addled head. I know the softness of the south wind, the majesty of that which bursts from the north. I go down to the shore, and while the trees nod overhead, and the grain whisper at my back, I behold the sea, which is the thought and will of nature, as all behind me is the life and labour and passions of it. But how do I—a baby not given to sugary pantheisms—regard all this? I think it wonderfully clever. I take it to be—like myself—an enormous mechanical curiosity, and I bow in awe before the hand that fashioned it. Not that that is all. I stand amazed at the *bounty* displayed in these works. But what does it come

to? Plain, cloud, and sea, are, indeed, delightful to the eye; but I despise the delights of the eye. The west wind has its adagios, the north wind roars its sublime crescendos over the oak trees and among the pines. I am very thankful, but that is not the music for me. The tree over my head is not only beauty, but shelter—and firewood; the grain that whispers here, growing up to my hand, affords nourishing food. Who can help admiring the beneficence which has provided these things (and I take it, that to excite our admiration is what they were created for); but I look above the joys of this world. They are nothing to me.”—Now, this is awful language, properly considered; but, whenever you stand up for nature, and any gentleman knocks you down with pantheism, I recommend you to repeat it to him as a warning of the length to which *his* views may carry even an earnest, pious mind.

And now that we have done with moral gossiping for the present, we will be just, and admit that in one thing our Exhibition is really great: in its magnificent picture-gallery. Nothing that we have said can possibly apply to this; but, unluckily, it does not seem to be in the Exhibition, but to be a thing apart from it. Of course, it is not so in fact; but I have been talking all this while about the general effect of the show on our minds, which, I am afraid, even this worthiest part of it does not materially alter. And it must be remembered that it is the general effect we shall have to deal with by-and-by, just as the crops have to do with the weather in general, and not with this shower of rain or that warm day. Therefore, I wish I had seen nothing at Brompton *but* the picture-gallery. Here, at last, we find ourselves in regions where we may indulge a comfortable pride, which cannot be so well done in a congress convened for the greater ease and glorification of the carcase. This is a parliament of nature and human nature—a convocation of thought and skill, of art and devotion, of teaching and striving, of triumph and homage and pleasure. Whatever we know of right and wrong, of the beauty and *thought* of created things, of the glories, and dangers, and terrors of this life—we may see revealed somewhere here, so far as the human hand can do it. We see all that has been attained in this way for a hundred years; and, from that standpoint, more of what must for ever remain unattainable. There is no mind so muscular as not to stretch to a wider conception of what man is, and the Maker of man, in a single day's consideration of these pictures. The more the one triumphs, the more the other is exalted; and thus looking at pictures is not only a delight, but a religious exercise. The very mistakes, the mannerisms, the shortcomings, the exaggerations of half-blind effort we behold here, are lessons in life and studies of mankind. Such lessons, no doubt, are only for a few, but these few are in some way instructors of the rest; while there are a hundred other bits of subtle teaching not too fine for the densest intellect. Go and look at Lancret (if he is here) and then at Hogarth, and see what you make of *that*, over and above what the pictures pretend to tell. There is a sufficient moral education to be got out of the com-

parison, which occurs to everybody. Moreover, the more physical aspect of things becomes clearer to many of us in a picture than in the reality. A man who has walked about his fields for twenty years sees them painted by Gainsborough, and then begins to understand them. We know the beauty of the honeysuckle much better when we have discovered what wonderful use it has been put to in formal stone ornament; and I doubt whether many people would get so distinct a view of the *technical* beauty of the human frame from the model as from the true picture. From the one we get sensation; from the other perception. The original, whether in nature or human nature, is so vaguely great: we want a neat, precise translation, without too much of that restless, palpitating life which distracts our senses and inakes our thoughts a dream.

Whatever is true of painting is true also of sculpture, with a difference. There are many beautiful works in stone here, and we like them all the better when we find that our own countrymen are so excellent. But an Englishman ought to be very sure of his sentiments before he allows himself to talk rapturously of sculpture, for naturally it is not an art which strikes kindly in our minds. They want more *southing* for that; not more warmth, but more of that effulgence, that thin, fine illumination which belongs to races born nearer to the sun. The Greek populace probably found as much delight in their statues as our populace find in flowers; but the cold beauty, the inexplicable harmony of sculpture, only puzzles our people. They almost resent the simple, subtle meanings which they never can catch, and disjoint, and devour, after our northern manner of dealing with such things. And so it will always be. Some genius or much refinement is necessary before you begin to comprehend the sculptor's work; and then the mind accepts it as a luxury which soothes rather than inspires its more active and useful principles.

However, it is not for me to chatter about the uses of sculpture or painting; they are known by everybody, from my lord who "collects" down to my lord's least peasant, who buys him a picture of the twelve apostles to solemnize his cabin. Only too much can never be said of them, nor can they be multiplied too often; and therefore should we rejoice in having here in London such a magnificent, and various, and instructive gallery. When I think of it, I am almost inclined to unsay what I have said of the show in general. Yet, no!—the show in general is a different thing from this show in particular.

The reflection adds nothing to our satisfaction—but how silent we are about peace and millennial progress this time! This would not be of so much importance if the silence would only be still. But it *isn't* still. It turns and stirs like an unquiet conscience; and we know it. It pervades the nave and the courts here like a ghost, craving either to be laid formally and once for all in the Channel, or brought to life again. We certainly ought to do one thing or the other, for this is entirely a ghost of our own creating. Like Huldbrand, in Fouqué's story—the knight "quick to love and quick to fight"—we gave our Undine (that is, the

first Exhibition, you know) a soul; and presently lost our temper, and took to fighting again, and began anew our old contention with that powerful water-spirit the French Minister of Marine: so the poor soul, which after that could neither remain on earth with us nor go to heaven, fled to limbo; and now here it is haunting us and our wretched new Bertalda. Let us hope our case will be carried no farther than this point in the story. The retribution which befel the knight is too much; and yet Monsieur Kuhlborn *may* come one of these days, after all, with an excess of iron war-ships, and blow us into the sea. For us, if not for our Undine—for us, if not for all the universe—there will then be peace enough. But what *will* the world do for cutlery?

Meantime, it is some punishment already to know that Captain Fowke's building, like another Great Exhibition, is paved with good intentions—to feel the stir of that shame-faced cowardly silence—to meet this reproachful ghost at every turn. From one court it is never absent: that devoted to marine architecture and military engineering. Here are some very pretty objects for contemplation, whether their purpose be considered, or the rank they take as products of invention and skill. I am not going to talk in Erebus' vein, or Swift's, about the purpose of these dreadful engines. We cannot help it: it is forced on us. We shall never fight again unless we are obliged to do so in defence of our lives, our possessions, our liberty, our honour, our Don Pacifico. And when our last Adsum is said, should the Master make any inquiry about this fighting, we know what to say. It wasn't us—we didn't begin it—it was the other boy. Seriously, there is no avoiding warlike works; and alas for the fact! But when we have gone all through the Exhibition, observing the finish and ingenuity of its labours of peace, we are not a little struck at finding greater finish, greater ingenuity, and more meaning grace in its works of war. At any rate, this is what I find in them—dazed, perhaps, by the contrast they make to the usefulnesses and prettinesses around them, and fevered by the suggestions they inspire. But look at this model of an "ironside"—what a terrible beauty it has!—what weight, vastness, swiftness, strength! What becomes of your webs, and your pottery, and your goldsmith's work after this? To my mind, there is neither pot nor pan in the place, no material piece of work whatever, so perfect after its kind. Has Mr. Gibson's Venus much more life in it? Does it look more as if it could move and do? I am not a sculptor myself, and I don't think so. And a statue is a strict imitation of the very image of life; while a ship, the nearest approach to a created thing that man ever accomplished, is invented upon obscure models; therefore, so much the more is the wonder that it *should* look as if it could move of its own motion and do of its own will. In fact, the builders have always had it pretty much their own way. What the builders of cathedrals were at one time, the builders of ships are now: the chiefest handiworkers in the world, all things considered. Observe the difference: at one time cathedrals, at the present time ships, and especially ships of war. Well, this, too, we cannot

help, I suppose; and it is something that the skill which piled up those pious dreams in stone has not left the world altogether, since the millennial city has yet to be built.

Then the guns, the Whitworths and Armstrongs. Cellini never wrought more painfully at his metal-work than the gun-founder has done at *his*. Palissy bestowed no more patient ingenuity on his pots, or worked through greater difficulties to a perfecter result. That, of course, is the test: the difficulty to be surmounted, the degree of perfection attained; and the engine of destruction here is as great an effort of human skill, probably, as any vase that ever was fashioned. (We will leave the ancients out of the account, if you insist.) Exactness is always beautiful: how exact, how *true* these guns appear! You feel as you look on them that they are inevitable. They have the fascination of a perfect circle, with nowhere a grain too little, nowhere a grain too much. I daresay this is not the case in fact, just as there is no such thing as a perfect circle; but such is the impression the guns evidently make on all beholders: you may see it in their faces. The same fitness, the same combination of contending essential qualities—as strength, lightness, capacity, little bulk, and so on—appear to a wonder in the ambulances, and gun-carriages, and warlike works of that sort; and the spectator turns away from them convinced, that amidst all the various labours of man, he sees here the nearest approach to ultimate perfection.

No wonder the ghost of 1851 is so restless. Peace, so loudly invoked to the first Exhibition, scarcely expected to see *this* as a result of it in the second. Nor did we who were *not* Peace; but once again, there is no help for it. Unless we have all along mistaken the value of life and honour, and our right to maintain them, these are good works too; and if we cannot be proud of them, they fill our sublunary souls with contentment.

No, not quite full, either. It might be otherwise if we happened to be a nation of Frenchmen; but we are Britons, seamen, sons of sea-kings, rulers of the waves, and whatever satisfaction we may find in improved artillery is dashed with a regret and a dread. These guns have made an end of our ships; they have swept the seas of half their poetry, and cut all the romance, all the heart, all the inspiration, out of naval warfare. In future, our heroes will be sent to sea in pontoons; and how hard they will find it to be heroes and stokers at the same time!—to find glory in the collision of a sort of hermetically-sealed sardine-boxes! The savages (hitherto esteemed peculiarly rude because of their style of fighting) who settle their quarrels by butting their heads together, may now hold up those heads with the bravest and most intelligent naval strategists in Europe. The Nelson of the next age will never dare to open an oyster; he will blush till his blue riband is crimson with confusion, whenever he sees a magpie run his beak into a snail-shell or crack it on a stone. This is what the artillery revolution has done for us: it has degraded naval warfare below the dignity of faction-fighting. Before, all that was

sublimest in warfare was seen in a sea-fight; there was a romance in it that sung its own song in the homeliest mind, which no poet ever found in the shock of armies; and *we* were the greatest sea-fighters the world could show. Now, every baggy little Zouave may pull his moustache at what was once a tar, and is now—what is he? We are levelled. We can boast no more of the good sea salt that strengthened our blood and braced our arms so long: we shall be advised by the insulting foe to keep it for the curing of fish. They will deride Dibdin, and beat us, perhaps, according to our own Cocker. The British seaman's *Manual* is henceforward a *Mechanics' Guide*; he will no longer be the demi-god who winged himself with the winds, and won victories by those ocean terrors which he alone had learned to despise. You see I don't discuss the petty question as to what attractions there are now for brave men to enter on a sea life for Queen and country, but go to the root of the matter. I say our greatest glory as a fighting nation is gone: we are reduced to a level with the foreigners. That they are more likely to beat us now on the sea than before we need not fear; but there was no moral prestige in the victory of the brass pot which (in *Æsop*) smashed the thing of clay, as they floated down the stream together.

A poet should take this subject for his verse, now while the chance is going on before his eyes. It ought not to be left to prattlers like the present writer, or to those who see only improvement in *every* change. Before the last of our Fighting Temeraires is towed to her last berth by a fussy, snorting little steam-tug, like a demagogue in a black satin waistcoat—before naval warfare becomes nothing else than a collision of rams and turtles—I should like to see compared with those vessels the old living ship; *herself* flying, chasing, fighting—*herself* maimed, crippled, sinking, conscious that she has done her best, or sailing slily home with a worthy enemy at her stern. See her in pursuit of her foe—her white wings spread abroad to catch every breath, her breast heaving and panting as she ploughs through the waters. She tacks as he tacks, doubles as he doubles, overhauls him, bares her teeth, and the battle begins. There goes a mast: she is winged and hampered by the broken limb, but fights on. Her side is rent, her breast is wounded; she reels under the blow, shakes herself, recovers, and is at it again. Now her rudder is shot away—her precious legs, as Dibdin might have said; and then, like good Sir Henry Witherington, she “fights upon her stumps.” —This is a *ship*: a thing which has as much personality, and is as well worth fighting for, as one's country itself. Her men, who know her best, think so, at any rate. To them her character is of enough importance to be proud or ashamed of, as the case may be. They talk of what she will do, and what she won't do, as if she possessed a sentient existence, and was, at the worst, a sort of capricious, cantankerous, brave little beauty. *That's* all gone—the love of sailors for their ships; for who would care about the character of an iron turtle—a character entirely conferred on it by a thick hide and Messrs. Penn and Co.'s marine engines?

This is indeed to suffer a sea change, by which, too, we gain absolutely nothing. It is all loss—a loss not only of national prestige, but much of what little poetry was left to adorn life and death. We are no more secure from our enemies behind a fleet of iron-sides than we were behind our wooden walls; and conflicts which hardihood, skill, courage, humanity, heroism, had all a chance of glorifying, are now reduced to a game of ignoble destruction. How much less shall we love the sea after this, I wonder? How much less will the sea love us (as heretofore she has seemed to do), who adorned her with our terrible beautiful ships, when we have converted our gifts into miracles of ugliness, and vex her with mere dull slaughter? One vessel cracks another like an egg, and spills the sprawling, helpless contents into her bosom. What sea would like that? I may ask. Is *this* a generous return for the bounties of so fair and noble a mistress, who rocked us in our Scandinavian cradles, who stood by us like a lioness by her cub till we went alone, and has since bestowed on us every worldly good we possess, from our freedom, our riches, and our glory, down to our apple-trees? For she gives us a climate: she sends the warm South to us on her Gulf Stream, because otherwise her best sons and truest lovers would live in perpetual ice and snow.

These are fanciful inquiries, no doubt, and must be disposed of in those regions of the mind where questions are courteously entertained but never answered. Still, they have some real significance if they spring from a consciousness that a mighty tradition is broken—that that which, politically, served to distinguish us most from other nations, and above other nations, has ceased: in this sense it is something more than fanciful to feel that the sea has lost confidence in us, and we have lost confidence in the sea. A great sustaining sentiment is in peril; and historical observers know what such a sentiment is worth to any people. And this all comes of “improved artillery.” I devoutly wish we had never gone beyond a 32-pounder, so that there might still have been scamen, so that our war-ships might still have kept the old models of nautilus and sea-gull—true creatures of the deep—and not have been degraded into the likeness of lubberly, muddy, shore-crawling turtles. The change is inevitable, but far from good. And we should be warned hereby not to make too much of some other advancements we see about us here. The shirt spun by our women’s own hands of old had a virtue in it which nothing from Manchester looms can pretend to; and thus it is with everything else, more or less.

The reflections which arise as we contemplate these engines of war in the presence of 1851, remind us that the music and the ode we have just heard have some significance too. There was no “Praise God from whom all blessings flow” to-day as on that other memorable first of May (if I remember aright), but especially two *marches*, warlike, aggressive, triumphal things, very much made up of Rule Britannia. The ode, indeed, was inspired with far different meanings; but it was in a minority, which we all acquiesced in as at least convenient.

"Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet
In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,
And praise the invisible universal Lord!"

No soul could fail to be touched by this thanksgiving, nor by the *mis-givings* lurking in the next complementary line,—

—"Who let once more in peace the nations meet."

It was then, I think, that that dread silence we spoke of began to stir. The ghost came in: the ode began to be uncomfortable. The most harmonious enumeration of our treasures—our "secrets of the sullen mine, steel and gold, and corn and wine, fabric rough or fairy fine"—gave us less contentment than it should have done, because we knew we should presently be reminded in plain language of what we knew too well—how liberally we had mixt—

"—As life is mixt with pain,
The works of peace with works of war."

Now that is precisely what we were trying not to think of. Will ever a time come when life shall be unmixt with pain, or works of peace with works of war? *When*, O Poet! shall we see the day when each man will—

"Find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers."

Twelve years ago there was a poet and a prophet in every newspaper, who told us the blessed era had begun—we were already so clever and good. We believed them, and became drunken in our own conceit; strife followed, as it follows on all drunkenness; and we presently woke with bruised heads, reddened hands, rebellious hearts, and our fine robes of peace hanging in rags about our savage human limbs. The memory of all this rises at us here with an almost wicked gloom. We are sulky. Do not mock us, Mr. Tennyson, nor bring your "fruits of peace and all her flowers" to strow on hearts whose bitterness consumes them as they fall. Fruits for army hospitals! Flowers for fodder! You, too, know what you know, when all is sung.

"And is the goal so far away?
Far—how far no man can say;
Let us have our dream to-day."

That is the note! Let us dream of Hancock and the trophy of patent candles.

But I won't allow myself to be so bitter as to leave off here. Besides, it is thought a mark of imbecility in our time to grumble against what we suggest no remedy for; and no man of ordinary self-respect will expose himself to such an imputation if he can help it. My suggestion may not be a very practicable one, though that difficulty might be provided for in time by establishing a School of Moral Engineering.

Let us have another Exhibition—say, in 1872—in which shall be shown all the latest improvements in the human heart—all the most recent discoveries in the art of loving one another—trophies from the most distant adventures in the life that is to be for ever. If any simpler processes of this or that virtue be found out, they should be exhibited in their natural order, and the mistakes, the stumbling-blocks, the tangles and mazes of the old inferior process be displayed side by side with the new one. While special courts should be assigned to the exhibition of cardinal virtues—in the rough, and refined according to the newest methods—the public should be particularly invited to send in their *domestic* virtues: these would afford a most useful field of comparison and improvement. Prizes should be offered for certain inventions which have become a daily want: a moral drag-chain for backsliding, a test for impalpable lies, a calumny-detector, a powder for the extermination of those envies and jealousies which, too small to devour, but big enough to irritate, form the parasites that feed upon our moral nature. A mind bred in ignorance and crime—taken at random from some alley—and another reared in an enlightened household, might be displayed side by side; their condition at various stages of development, together with its ultimate sum, would afford a curious and wholesome study. The virtues—our newest improvements in Christianity, our latest discoveries in the science of holy living and dying—should be exhibited in the full light of a crystal palace; the vices should be deposited in an “annex,” which should be darkened to the blackness of night on juvenile days, and entered by attendants in san-benito shirts, bearing torches.

Courts-Martial.

EVERY now and then the non-military world finds the newspapers filled for weeks together with the grievances of some officer, who is supposed to have said or done something unworthy of the character of an officer and gentleman; and the matter is generally so managed that the public is presented with a history delivered upon oath of every quarrel which ever happened in the regiment for months or perhaps years together. Nor is this all. The officers and gentlemen who give evidence before courts which are considered as the very models and patterns of courts of honour, generally manage to throw mud at each other's characters, to an extent seldom practised by civilians. Imputations of malice, conspiracy, and perjury are exchanged on all sides; and the result generally is, that whatever becomes of the original charge, half-a-dozen officers come out of court in a most unenviable condition; and accusations enough are exchanged in court and in the newspapers to make the regiment a hell for months or years to come. Most of our readers will remember the notorious Windsor court-martial, in which all the dirty linen of the 46th Regiment was washed before the public for several weeks together, for the sake of ascertaining how far Lieutenant Perry was entitled to the character of an officer and a gentleman. The 4th Dragoon Guards have just treated themselves to a similar scandal; and a large proportion of the officers in that distinguished corps, from the colonel down to the cornets, have had the pleasure of contradicting each other upon oath, for the satisfaction of the public, for upwards of a month. Any one who knows what small and isolated societies are like will be able to form a vivid notion of the degree in which such an indulgence will contribute to the comfort and efficiency of the gallant regiment in question. A polygonal quarrel between twenty or thirty men who are compelled to live together, and to depend upon each other for almost everything, whether they like it or not, is a public misfortune, when the efficiency of a regiment depends on their harmony and good-feeling.

These remarks are not intended to serve as a foundation for any of those denunciations of the army which were once in fashion. It would be equally false and ungracious to impute to such a body as the officers of the English army a pretence to a puritanical regard for honour coupled with the practice of perjury and conspiracy against any member of their body who might happen, justly or otherwise, to become unpopular. The truth is, that the scandals which sometimes arise at courts-martial prove, not that the level of morality in the army is low, but that military men do

not understand the art of determining the differences which arise amongst them in an expeditious manner, and with a minimum of scandal. This is no fault of theirs. The management of trials is an art, like other things, and there are few arts in which the dictates of instructed and uninstructed common sense are more at variance.

It frequently happens that laymen who have never had occasion to turn their attention systematically to the subject of litigation, feel themselves shocked by some real or apparent instance of hardship produced by technical rules. They assert that such rules are mere fancies, invented by persons interested in confusing and puzzling a plain subject, and that if such matters were left to the discretion of men of plain, straightforward good sense, they would be readily settled, and would be found to involve no substantial difficulty at all. This sounds extremely plausible, but it is altogether a mistake, and a very important one. Captain Robertson's court-martial is interesting and instructive to the world at large, principally because it shows that though no one can doubt the experience, the desire to do justice, or the technical knowledge of the members of the court-martial, they formed a very bad tribunal, though according to the common theory just mentioned they ought to have formed a very good one. They permitted themselves to be hampered by no technical rules at all, and inquired into every matter which could be considered as connected, even in the most remote and casual manner, with the principal question under discussion. In a word, they acted exclusively on the dictates of plain common sense, and therefore the result which they brought out is a perfect illustration of the degree in which that excellent quality is competent to regulate complicated technical matters without technical guidance.

A short outline of the evidence given in Captain Robertson's case may make this intelligible. We purposely abstain from expressing any opinion as to the merits of the case, and the degree of credit to be attached to the witnesses, as our object is to observe upon the working of the system of courts-martial, apart from the details of the particular case which has brought the matter under the notice of the public.

On the 17th October, 1860, Captain Robertson was at the Army and Navy Club, and hearing that Colonel Dickson, the trustee of his marriage settlement, was dining there, sent a message, asking to see him. Colonel Dickson refused, and Captain Robertson waited in the Club till Colonel Dickson came out, when he asked him when certain business was to be settled. Colonel Dickson seems to have considered Captain Robertson's manner offensive, and he describes his proceedings in consequence as follows:—"I said, this is no place to speak about business, and I told you before I would have nothing to say to it except through the lawyers. He then insisted on continuing the conversation, and I said, when I'm done with you legally, I'll settle with you personally, and for your cowardly and black-guard conduct to —, certain persons whom I named. Captain Durant then passed by where I was; I called to him and said,—'Bear witness to

what I say : this is Captain Robertson, 4th Dragoon Guards, and I tell him again, that I'll horsewhip him ; when I settle with him legally, I'll horsewhip him.' When I said this, Captain Robertson said, 'Two can play at that,' or words to that effect. I said, 'Very well,' and left the Club."

On the day after this transaction Captain Robertson consulted his friend, Captain Henry, then an officer in his own regiment, as to the course which he should take. There was the widest difference between the accounts which Captain Robertson and Captain Henry gave of the negotiation which followed. It was agreed on both sides that Captain Henry applied for, and that Colonel Dickson refused, an apology ; but as to what followed there is a direct contradiction. Captain Robertson says, "I then told him" (Captain Henry) "that the only thing left was to send a challenge to Colonel Dickson ; to which he replied, that there was no use in doing so, as Captain Durant had told him that Colonel Dickson would not go out, or have anything to do with me, till he had legally settled with me. I then observed, 'Your decision is that a challenge is not to be sent to Dickson ; you perfectly understand that I am ready to do whatever you wish me.' To which Captain Henry replied, 'Yes, it is not the least use until such time as this legal business is settled between you.'" Captain Henry's account is as follows :—"Q. Did you suggest any course of proceeding to the prisoner in the event of Colonel Dickson refusing to apologize? A. I had written to Captain Durant, and on not obtaining an apology by that means, I told him that Colonel Dickson should be called out. Q. What did Captain Robertson then say? A. He spoke in a disparaging manner of Colonel Dickson, and said he would not meet him except he would 'stake,' or 'lodge,' the price of his commission, or some word to that effect." Whatever may have been the reason, whether that which is assigned by Captain Robertson, or that assigned by Captain Henry, it appears that after Colonel Dickson's refusal to apologize no further steps were taken in the matter till the following spring. In the month of March Captain Robertson heard that rumours injurious to his character, in relation to this affair, were in circulation. He accordingly asked a friend, Mr. Owen, to apply to Colonel Dickson on the subject. Mr. Owen said, that he would have no objection if Captain Henry "would give a written statement, proving that Captain Robertson was not in the wrong." Hereupon Captain Henry wrote a letter, dated March 23rd, in which he said, "I beg to state that I most distinctly understood Captain Durant to say . . . that Colonel Dickson would have nothing whatever to do with Captain Robertson in any way whatever until he should have settled some legal transactions then pending between them. In consequence, I considered it quite useless to send a challenge until such time as they could meet without legal impediment. Had that not been my firm conviction, I am bound to say Captain Robertson would at once have proceeded to take immediate steps to demand satisfaction." Having obtained this letter, Mr. Owen applied to Colonel Dickson for an interview

on Captain Robertson's business. Colonel Dickson refused to see him, on the treble ground that the whole affair was stale, that Mr. Owen was too young to be employed in such a matter, and that he had some private objections to Mr. Owen, which he declined to specify, and of the existence of which Mr. Owen declared himself to be altogether ignorant. After Colonel Dickson's refusal to see Mr. Owen, Captain Henry wrote another letter to Mr. Owen, in which he used these expressions:—"Seeing Dickson sheltering himself under his legal shield, I did not think it prudent to advise Robertson to proceed to extremities. Were the case mine, now, I should go to Market Harboro' races to-morrow, tell Dickson he is a liar and a coward, and hit him twice, as hard as I could, and in the most public position." Neither in this letter, nor in the letter of March 23rd, is there any sort of allusion to Captain Robertson's having required the price of his commission to be staked before meeting Colonel Dickson, a proposal which Captain Robertson declared he never made at all. This letter was shown by Mr. Owen to Captain Robertson, with the remark that he thought that the course suggested "would be a very foolish proceeding."

So matters remained till May 15, when Colonel Dickson met Colonel Bentinck, who commanded the 4th Dragoons, and told him of the scene at the Club. Colonel Bentinck thereupon called on Captain Robertson for a statement on the subject, in order to ascertain whether he had taken the steps for his own justification, which the honour of the regiment required. Captain Robertson accordingly gave a written account of the affair; Colonel Dickson gave another; and Colonel Bentinck placed them before the General commanding the district, Sir George Wetherall, requesting that a court of inquiry might take place. The answer was, that the court of inquiry could not be granted, as the witnesses were civilians, and could not be forced to attend; indeed, Colonel Dickson refused to do so. In the same letter occurred this expression: "If, however, you" (Colonel Bentinck) "should deem it expedient to prefer charges against Captain Robertson, I will forward them to the Commander-in-Chief." Sir George Wetherall, in his evidence, referred to this passage, and then said, "I assumed he would do so. Q. Colonel Bentinck reported that he would not prefer charges against him? A. Quite so; and then the whole matter ceased." Whatever Colonel Bentinck's reasons may have been for not applying for a court-martial, at this time he did not do so, nor did the matter cease. On the 14th June, Captain Robertson wrote letters to the secretaries of his own and Colonel Dickson's Clubs, which he requested them to post up in the public rooms, giving his version of the scene with Colonel Dickson, and stating, that he did not consider his conduct that "of a gentleman in any sense of the word." He showed a copy of these letters to Colonel Bentinck, and asked him if he thought that enough for the vindication of his character. Colonel Bentinck said he thought the letters useless (in which he was corroborated by the secretaries, who, naturally enough, refused to libel Colonel Dickson for the

convenience of Captain Robertson), and suggested that Captain Robertson should have a circular printed and forwarded to every member of each of the Clubs, insulting Colonel Dickson in the broadest manner. This Captain Robertson refused to do. For more than three months after this, no steps were taken towards a court-martial; but according to Captain Robertson, all sorts of indirect modes were employed for the purpose of driving him out of the regiment. He alleged that Colonel Bentinck gave orders that he should have no leave of absence whilst in the regiment; that he caused him to be deprived of the services of the subaltern of his troop on the march from Birmingham to Ireland; that he refused to transmit to the military authorities complaints made by Captain Robertson on these subjects; that he ordered him out of the mess-room; that he gave other orders as to matters of discipline, intended and calculated to degrade and mortify him; and that he was privy to, and sanctioned, the preparation of a document by the other officers of the regiment, reflecting on Captain Robertson's character, and asking for his removal. Several of the incidents charged by Captain Robertson as acts of pressure, were admitted to have taken place, though a different interpretation was put upon them. As to many, however, there was a conflict of evidence so prolonged, obstinate, and complicated, that it is no easy matter to understand all its intricacies. Passing over this for the present, the result at last was, that on the 30th September Colonel Bentinck laid the matter before the Deputy Adjutant-General for Ireland (Colonel Brownrigg), who gave Captain Robertson his choice between selling out and being tried by a court-martial. Captain Robertson asked for time to consider, and obtained only a quarter of an hour for that purpose. Colonel Bentinck was present, and went into another room with Captain Robertson during the interval allowed him to make up his mind. Captain Robertson then asked the colonel what he advised him to do? The colonel replied, "I can only give you the advice which I gave you three months ago, which is, to send in your resignation. If you do so, the matter will be kept quite a secret." Captain Robertson, feeling, according to his account, quite exhausted by what he had undergone in the preceding three months, agreed to resign, asserted, on being asked by Colonel Brownrigg, that this was his unbiassed decision without pressure, and wrote a letter formally asking leave to sell out. In a day or two he changed his mind, and wrote a letter to the military secretary, asking leave to withdraw this application, and saying that he had made it "entirely through intimidation."

The consequence of this letter was, that Captain Robertson was put on his trial on three charges:—

1. For not having submitted the matter of Colonel Dickson's insult to be dealt with by superior military authority, in compliance with the 17th Article of War.
2. For having failed to take the proper lawful steps to vindicate his character.
3. For having stated, in his final letter, that he had submitted his

application to retire from the army "entirely through intimidation," knowing that statement to be false.

The trial lasted for the enormous period of twenty-nine days, and resulted in an acquittal as to the first and third, and a conviction as to the second charge, the sentence upon which was, that the prisoner should be cashiered. This finding was not confirmed by the Commander-in-Chief, and the result is, that Captain Robertson now stands acquitted of all the charges brought against him.

As we have already observed, we are concerned rather with the system which this strange trial illustrates, than with the particular merits or demerits of the persons whom it directly affects. The first point connected with it which claims attention is the strangeness of the procedure, and the monstrous length and sluggishness of the trial. This is the age of *causes célèbres*. We have had enough of them within the last ten years to fill more than one volume of the *State Trials*; but if we except the Windham case, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to match this court-martial for length. It took about as long to get to the bottom of a regimental squabble, as to try for their respective lives, Palmer, Smethurst, Madeleine Smith, and Rush. Four trials for murder of unexampled length, intricacy, and importance, were satisfactorily disposed of in the time required for a single court-martial. When we look at the way in which the case was conducted, the reason of this is apparent—indeed, the wonder is why the trial should ever have come to an end at all. The following is an analysis of the manner in which the different days were employed:—

Case for the prosecution	7 days.
Defence, and evidence for the prisoner	7½ "
Inquiry whether or not Colonel Bentinck tampered with a witness	1½ "
Witnesses to contradict the defence	5 "
Witnesses to contradict the witnesses who contradicted the defence	2 "
Witnesses to contradict the witnesses who contradicted the witnesses who contradicted the defence	2 "
Witnesses to contradict the last-mentioned witnesses	1 "
Concluding speech of Captain Robertson, who had spoken twice before	1 "
Concluding speech of the prosecutor	1 "
Fragments of days	1 "
<hr/>	
	29 "

The contradictions of the witnesses are like the house that Jack built, and the court never seems, from first to last, to have had any rule at all on which they were prepared to act as to what evidence was to be excluded and what admitted; indeed, they excluded at one part of the trial a whole class of evidence which they afterwards admitted, and, it is hardly too much to say, that if one of the fifteen judges had presided over the inquiry, two-thirds of the evidence given would have been rejected as

altogether irrelevant to the question at issue; and a similar or larger proportion of the scandal and heart-burning which the case must have produced would have been avoided.

Every one who has had the opportunity of doing so must have observed, that nothing is more difficult than to persuade litigants that it can ever be desirable to exclude any evidence which they in their own minds even associate with the case to be tried, nor is there any part of the ordinary administration of justice which, generally speaking, offends more prejudices than the rigidity with which the line is drawn between what is evidence and what is not. Captain Robertson's court-martial affords a signal proof of the general good sense of the rules which the courts have adopted. Obeying what was, no doubt, a perfectly honest wish to get to the bottom of the subject, and to enable the parties concerned to bring forward the whole of their respective cases, the court allowed the matter to go staggering about, changing its character every moment, so that what was in the first instance a proceeding against Captain Robertson became at last a prosecution of Colonel Bentinck, and the point at issue appeared at length to be, not whether Captain Robertson had resented an insult in the manner required by military law, but whether or not his colonel had tried to bully him out of the regiment for not having fought a duel.

A civil court would have avoided the whole difficulty, by the simple process of attending to one thing at a time. Whether Captain Robertson libelled his regiment or not, in asserting that there was a conspiracy to force him to sell out, was a question which might be decided either way consistently with his conduct in the matter of the insult being either right or wrong. The notion that justice would be better done by lumping the two questions together, and bringing into issue at one and the same time everything which had any sort of reference to the original quarrel, or any of its consequences, is another illustration of the truth of the proverb that the shortest cut is the longest way round.

The rules of evidence and pleading which prevail in the courts of common law have their defects, and involve consequences which are often hard in appearance, and sometimes in reality; but they have at any rate the advantage of producing distinct questions to be tried, and keeping the litigants inflexibly to the very points which are to be so decided. Courts-martial, like French criminal trials, are conducted with hardly any reference to such rules, and in both cases the result is the production of enormous scandals, which are perhaps little less injurious to society than the offences which the administration of justice is intended to repress. No doubt the reason why courts-martial pay so little attention to technicalities, is a very natural one. They are, and pique themselves on being, courts of honour. It is their duty to pay attention, not merely to broad questions of fact, but to questions of sentiment. They have to say, not whether A. B. has incurred this or that specific legal liability, but whether under given circumstances he acted like an officer and a gentleman; and

in order to arrive at a conclusion on that point, it is necessary, it would be said, to take many things into consideration, which in ordinary law-suits would be regarded as irrelevant. In order to make out whether a man acted in a particular case like a gentleman, it will generally be necessary to go largely into his motives, and into the question whether he had reasonable grounds to believe particular statements to be true or false. When mere legal liability is in question, the prudence and propriety of a man's conduct are seldom directly in issue. The question is almost always capable of being made to depend on some broad matter of fact, the truth or falsehood and the legal effects of which are altogether independent of its moral bearings.

There is a considerable degree of truth in this argument, but it is by no means the whole truth. One observation upon it is, that though the honourable character and the moral aspects of particular conduct are not frequently the very points in issue at a trial at law, they are constantly involved in the result of such trials. It is not often that a court of law entertains directly the question, Did A. B. act like a gentleman under such and such circumstances? but there are many actions which incidentally decide the question. Actions for libel and slander continually take this form, and there can scarcely be a better illustration of the comparative merits of civil courts and courts-martial than the difference between the ways in which a case of libel and a case of breach of military duty are tried, and the difference between the degrees of confidence with which the public regard the result finally attained. Whatever its faults may be, a trial before a court of law almost always settles the question in the public mind. It is only under the rarest and most special circumstances that the verdict of a jury, obtained by the means which the law prescribes, fails to carry conviction to people in general, and the result is generally obtained with a minimum of scandal, and always in a moderate time.

This general result is obtained only by an inflexible adherence to rules of evidence sanctioned by constant usage and experience; but if any one unaccustomed to the subject were to observe the manner in which these rules work, he could hardly fail to be struck with the number of apparent hard cases which they produced—cases in which evidence is rejected which any uninstructed person would immediately admit. Closer attention would generally show that the hardship was only apparent.

The principal rule by which such exhibitions as took place at Dublin are avoided in courts of common law is, that a witness may in cross-examination be asked questions with the object of shaking his credit, but that the person asking is bound by the answer, and cannot call witnesses to contradict it unless it refers to some part of the matter in issue. For example: a man may be asked whether he was not convicted of felony, but if he denies it, the person who asks the question cannot prove that he has. If he wants to carry the matter farther, he must do so by an indictment for perjury. An illustration will set the salutary effect of this rule in a clearer light.

A man was tried for perjury in having falsely sworn, on the hearing of a case of affiliation, to circumstances which, if true, would have disproved the evidence of the girl as to the paternity of her child. The girl herself was the principal witness against him. On cross-examination, she made a number of statements, some referring to the particular circumstances on which perjury was assigned, and some referring to other transactions. The prisoner was prepared with witnesses to contradict all, or nearly all, her assertions, and offered to call them for that purpose; and the prosecutrix had another set of witnesses ready to contradict them, but as the prisoner was permitted to call those only who contradicted her in reference to the specific occurrences which formed the subject of the indictment, the case was satisfactorily disposed of in two or three hours. If the whole matter had been gone into it would have lasted as many days, for the indictment was only one incident in a complicated quarrel, which divided a country village into two parties, each of which accused the other of perjury and conspiracy in half-a-dozen different instances. If the actors in this matter had been officers in the army, and if the scene of trial had been a court-martial instead of a court of assize, every separate accusation would have been brought out into open day, and bad blood enough would have been engendered to make enemies for life of some ten or twelve families, who had after all little substantial ground for enmity.

It may at first sight appear that this result, however desirable, was obtained at the expense of justice, inasmuch as some of the materials which would have enabled the jury to form an opinion of the credibility of the principal witness were withdrawn from their notice. The answer to this goes deep into the whole subject of the administration of justice, and has a direct special bearing upon the general question of the manner in which courts-martial discharge their duties. One of the first and commonest of the illusions upon the subject which experience dispels is the notion that laws and courts, however constituted, can ever administer what may be called ideal justice. A legal balance, whether held by a lawyer or a soldier, is, and always must be, a rough machine, capable of weighing ordinary considerations in a not unsatisfactory manner, but altogether unsuitable for scientific experiments; and if this is forgotten, the most unsatisfactory results are certain to be produced. No doubt the question, Whether, under particular circumstances, a particular person who deposes to a particular state of facts, is worthy of credit, has a certain degree of relation to every part of the life and character of that person. A man who has not only known another from childhood, but has bestowed upon his character careful and intelligent study for a length of years, would no doubt be able to form an opinion much more likely to be right upon the question whether he told the truth on a particular occasion, than any judge, jury, or court-martial; and if the tribunal could be placed in the same position with reference to every witness called before them, they would be in the best conceivable position for ascertaining the truth of the case; but this is in practice not merely unattainable, but so com-

pletely out of question, that no reasonable person acquainted with the principles of the subject would ever think of trying to attain it.

Where there is any conflict of evidence, the judgment given by a tribunal, be it what it may, seldom amounts to anything more than the statement of a more or less reasonable impression produced on the judge's mind. It is never the result of an exhaustive study of one subject, and the attempt to go to the bottom of it ends in every case in complete bewilderment and confusion, the ultimate result being that the court makes a leap in the dark, on grounds far less satisfactory than those which would have been afforded by a more restricted and manageable field of evidence. If any one will read through the evidence given before the Dublin court-martial, and then suppose that he had passed twenty-nine days in listening to it as it was slowly detailed and written down, he must be clear-headed, indeed, if he does not admit that if he had been one of the judges he would have entirely forgotten the greater part of the evidence, and have had most confused notions as to the real bearing and application of the part which he remembered. The simple truth is, that rules of evidence are and ought to be considered as practical expedients suggested by experience for the purpose of bringing questions to be tried within a reasonable compass; that they are rendered necessary by the limited capacity of the powers of attention and understanding; and that tribunals which overrate their own powers of doing justice are sure not only to do injustice to the persons immediately concerned, but to produce all sorts of collateral quarrels and scandals.

It should never be forgotten that trials are like battles or surgical operations. They are almost unqualified misfortunes to all the parties concerned, and ought to be confined within the narrowest possible limits. Men will find themselves much mistaken if they ask more from their fellow-creatures, either in their capacity of judges or in any other capacity, than a rough approximation to what litigants would in general understand by the word justice; and courts of law which attempt to give more than they have got will be sure to find that they take away infinitely more than they ever could have given.

The practical inference from all this as regards courts-martial seems to be, that their proceedings ought to be thrown into a more legal shape. For petty offences against the interior economy of a regiment they may be well suited, and for the purpose of enforcing discipline on a campaign it is of course indispensable that justice should be as prompt and vigorous as possible, and probably it is essential to discipline that for these purposes the officers of a regiment or an army should have judicial as well as executive authority. General courts-martial, held in time of peace, stand altogether on a different footing. It is impossible to give any reason why they should not be conducted in the same manner as other trials which affect character and property. There can be no better reason why, under such circumstances, military men should be called upon to discharge legal duties of which they know nothing, than why they should be called upon

to discharge medical duties. It is quite true that a man does not send for a doctor as often as his children cut their fingers, or want a pill or a powder; and it is also true that if no surgeon is to be had an ignorant person may have to set a dislocated joint, or bandage up a serious wound as well as he can. In the same way it would be absurd to doubt that a petty offence is quite as likely to be properly disposed of by the officers of a regiment as by a more elaborate tribunal, or to deny that in martial law promptitude and impressiveness are far more important than justice; but it does not follow that a party of officers at Dublin are the proper persons to try what was in effect an exceedingly intricate action for libel, without any effective legal assistance.

It is easy to suggest some of the means by which this defect might be remedied. Granting the importance of preserving a special kind of tribunal for military offences, and of deciding upon them according to the maxims of military experience, there would be little or no real difficulty in drawing the line between the respective shares of arms and the gown in this particular department of affairs. In all criminal trials there are, and from the nature of the case there must be, three distinct functions, which can be discharged by different persons. There is, first, the regulation of the procedure; secondly, the determination as to the guilt of the person accused; and, thirdly, the determination as to the amount of punishment to be inflicted. Of these, the regulation of the procedure is a purely technical matter, and it is as unlikely that people who are not accustomed to it should excel in it, as that they should excel in surgical operations. Familiarity with general rules, and the power of applying them promptly to particular cases, is a gift which never, or hardly ever, comes by nature. No one attains to it without adding constant practice and long study to considerable natural aptitude. In the same way nothing but practice added to skill can give the power of listening to a great mass of evidence, taking in its various bearings, both for and against the proposition which it is directed to prove, and reproducing it fairly for the instruction of those who have to decide upon it. If any one doubts this, let him go to Westminster Hall or to the assizes, and after listening to the summing up of the judges, try to think what he would have said if he had been in their place; or let him read a report of a trial, and try to construct a summing up of his own from it; or, lastly, let him compare the summing up of the ablest chairmen of quarter-sessions, with those of almost any trained lawyer, and he will soon perceive that a good summary of evidence is a work of art, as much as a watch or a steam-engine, and that whilst it is invaluable in the administration of justice, it is to be had only from a small and select number of persons.

As these duties are of the greatest importance, and are capable of being separated easily and completely from the other duties which a court-martial has to discharge, it would surely be a useful and obvious division of labour to have a legal assessor who should act as judge, deciding on his own responsibility all questions as to the admissibility of evidence, and

summing up at the conclusion of the case. The military members might find the verdict, and might apportion the punishment as at present, subject to the confirmation of their superiors. Their substantial power would thus remain just as it is at present, and they would be relieved from a duty for which they are obviously altogether unfit. One obvious advantage of this arrangement would be that the proceedings would be incalculably shortened. At present every question and answer has to be reduced to writing, and this, in some measure, accounts for the monstrous length of the proceedings. If they were conducted in the manner suggested, the judge's note would serve every purpose, and the proceedings would be as expeditious as those of an ordinary trial.

It would of course be undesirable to make any arrangement by which the dignity of the military members of the court would suffer. The judge ought to occupy, with respect to them, not so much the position which a judge occupies in relation to a jury, as that which a chairman of quarter sessions occupies in relation to his brother magistrates, or the judge of the Court of Admiralty in relation to the Trinity House officials, who in certain cases sit as assessors. In court he would inevitably play the most conspicuous part, but his summing up, if it were thought desirable, might take the form of a report delivered in private after the court was cleared for the purpose of deliberating.

Another most important amendment would be effected by allowing both the prosecutor and the prisoner to be represented in the ordinary way by counsel and attorneys. The present system is that the Judge Advocate, who is not, generally speaking, a lawyer, looks in a loose, irregular manner after the public interest, and also gives legal advice to the court, whilst the prisoner is advised by legal "friends," who are not permitted to take any open part whatever in the proceedings, though they may advise the prisoner as to the questions which he is to ask, and the objections which he is to make, and may write the defence which he, or some military friend for him, reads to the court.

This mode of proceeding amounts to an admission that legal assistance is an advantage in the trial, though it is contrary to the principles of courts-martial to use it in its full extent, and in the most convenient manner. No doubt the reason for this is, that military men of all ranks are excessively jealous of anything like technicality, or subtlety, and that they have an impression that the business of lawyers is to weave plausible webs of sophistry, which they might perhaps not be able to unravel. If this is true, the consequence would surely be that all legal interference whatever with courts-martial should be prevented. The prisoner ought to have no "friends," the court no Judge Advocate. Moreover, if courts-martial are able to administer justice without assistance better than with it, why should not the civil courts imitate their example? Why embarrass the ordinary administration of criminal justice with a machinery which the experience of courts-martial shows to be useless, or even perilous?

The truth is—and the history of courts-martial supplies the strongest evidence of it—that the advantages in respect of promptitude, clearness, and substantial justice are all on the side of professional assistance. A case which would occupy a court-martial for a week, would be disposed of at the Old Bailey in a day. One great reason of this is, that haggling and quibbling, and the introduction of technicalities, is the fault, not of experience, but of ignorance. Let any one go into a county court, and compare the rate at which a case which interests the parties is tried there, with the rate at which it would be tried in Westminster Hall. He will find that an ignorant, ill-educated attorney—in proportion to his ignorance and want of education—will raise more technical points, and get into a greater number of irrelevant altercations with the witnesses and with his antagonist, in a single trial, than any six of the leading counsel at Westminster in a whole term.

It is one of the silliest and most ignorant of all prejudices to suppose that the business of advocates is nothing else but organized lying.* Legal technicalities, the extent and importance of which, in the present day, are greatly exaggerated, arise from causes which could never apply to the proceedings of courts martial. They will almost invariably be found to owe their existence to some state of things which existed when the law was laid down, but has long since past away, so that the rule, as laid down, is no longer applicable. There are no antiquities in martial law. The questions to be tried are almost always questions of bare fact, and the only legal points which can arise are points of evidence which the courts are already bound to discuss, and which they do discuss and decide, owing to their want of legal knowledge, in a most imperfect and unsatisfactory manner.

It is almost superfluous in the present day to discuss the propriety of allowing counsel to be employed in courts-martial, inasmuch as the question is almost precisely the same in principle as that which was discussed and decided six-and-twenty years ago, when the old practice of forbidding the prisoner's counsel to address the jury in cases of felony in civil courts was abolished. In the second Report of the Criminal Law Commissioners, every argument upon this subject which ingenuity could devise is exhausted, and the Commissioners arrived at the conclusion that the practice then established, ancient as it was, ought to be abolished. Notwithstanding the strong opposition which the proposal, like most other reforms, had to encounter, there is probably no one at the present day who, after the experience of upwards of a quarter of a century, would suggest a return to the former state of things. It may be worth while to mention that in France the prisoner's advocate addresses a *conseil de guerre* as freely as he would address any other court.

* See an Article on the "Morality of Advocacy," *Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1861.

May : In Memoriam.

I know one or two hard-headed men who positively think for the mere love of thinking. I should imagine that the author of the celebrated *Banbury Lectures* belongs to the class. He takes to his logic as mere mortals take to their tinkle. He is never so happy as when constructing a syllogism that (in behalf of the Church) annihilates the universe, and destroys the Deity. For my part I do not admire, and have no ambition, to imitate these gentlemen. The mind ought not to be kept continually on the rack. I am convinced that Euclid (if there was such an individual, which I cannot quite bring myself to believe, regarding him rather as a sort of logical myth,) must have ended his days in an asylum. "John," a friend of mine said the other day, addressing an incorrigibly careless groom, "John, do you *ever* think?" "As little as possible, sir," was the quiet rejoinder. There was common sense and philosophic acumen in the reply. If he once began to think, there was no saying where he might stop. Too much thinking is a perilous employment in this world—for grooms and their betters.

Yet it is pleasant sometimes to toy leisurely with thought as we lie in the sunshine. To listen to the rustle of fancies in your head as you listen to the rustle of the leaves. It is pure indolence, no doubt; but then indolence is always becoming, and this indolence is of a very rich, luxurious, and highly ornamented description—like the jug there which belonged to Louis Quatorze. I think the habit grows on us as we grow old. Youth is fiery, and restless, and speculative; but the simpler tastes of age are gratified by simpler pleasures. It is likely enough, I dare say, that we shall take the habit with us to the grave. If there be any thought at all under the sod, it will be pursued in this listless and idle fashion. You will have at best a dim perception only of what is going on in the upper world. You will lie with your eyes closed, and your hands clasped upon your breast, and dream of the violets overhead in the sunshine, and of the Violet who lies below at your side. I do not want to be laid in consecrated mould. The Bishop of St. Mungo would not like his dust to mingle with the unbeliever's, and is thankful that the middle-wall of partition has not been removed from the churchyard. I am pleased that he is pleased: *de gustibus*, you know, my lord; but men who have not been anointed may be content with simpler solemnities. Put me in, if you like, under the great old oak in the Chase, which has grown in the same spot since the Heptarchy, whose multitudinous leaves and acorns drop autumn after autumn with a soft rustle to the grass, where the rabbit skips undisturbed in the moonlight. The green turf is already sprinkled with daisies, and

the mavis sings her requiem. The footsore gipsy will untie his wallet beside the brook which whimples near, and eat his noonday crust beneath the cooling shade. I do not fancy that he will disturb my rest—unbelieving beggar though he be—and the spot and its gentle companionship well become the idle mood that we call death. You are a philosopher, you say, and do not care where you are laid. I think that you are wrong. For could you muse with anything like comfort upon a barren moorland, where the cast wind rattles the teeth in your skull, and there is no shelter from the hungry sea? You could not, I am sure; but, as for me, I am *natus ex mari*, and I know that I cannot “lie quiet” beyond the murmur of its voice. With Timon, therefore, I shall make my grave “upon the beached verge of the salt flood.” So shall I behold the summer twilight fall softly, like a faint hymn, on the sea, and “the long glories of the winter moon.”

Lancelot told me the other day, when I said to him, “A poulterer’s window is as interesting as a romance,” that I loved a paradox. “You will find a Waverley Novel in the Almanack directly,” he added sarcastically. Yet I spoke quite seriously. I never pass Mrs. Muirhen’s shop, without a sigh of satisfaction. That window is about the greatest luxury that a sportsman shut up in the city by unpropitious fate can enjoy. A good naturalist can tell you the month of the year, or the day of the month, by a mere glance at its contents. As the October afternoon begins to darken, the woodcock appears. “I, too, have been in Arcadia,” and seen a sunset among the pines! Then the bernacle follows, plump and ruddy; for he has haunted the yellow stubbles these autumn nights, and gleaned the ears of barley which the rake and the partridges have missed. The brilliant hareld, waited for by the river-moult, the kingly diver, chased breathlessly across the blue sea, outlandish ducks, who never quit their barren strongholds, except at dead of winter; each tells its own story, each is associated with some trophy of the past. At length, one morning in January, the white wings of the hooper are stretched in triumph across the whole breadth of the window, and then I know that there is a black frost in the fen-country, and that the noses of the fen-men are blue with cold, but that their hearts beat quick and warm as they listen to the shrill trumpet call—a note that stirs like a battle-note. And thus the winter months—the months of duck, and plover, and curlew—wear away, until the half-dozen delicately tinted eggs in their mossy cradle warn us that the spring is abroad. The brilliant biped in the doorway over the plover’s nest is the goosander—a grotesque piece of Nature’s architecture. The day on which the goosander comes to town, I leave. For on that day (I could wager the Kooh-i-noor against a brass farthing) a lawfully wedded couple are sailing, in their petulant, coquettish style, round St. Mungo’s Head, and ——— *the sea-trout fishing has begun!* Twenty-four hours thereafter you will find me in the Ithuna, wading up to the armpits, as (God be merciful to a sinner mortally afraid of rheumatism) I have been this blessed day.

We had filled our baskets (as keen fishermen always do—on paper), and had retired—the advancing tide having beaten us back—to the thicket of gorse that skirts the downs. Lancelot's improved water-tight boots had proved leaky (as improved water-tight boots have a habit of proving), and he had doffed his——his——I forget what they are called in polite publications; but, at all events, he had taken them off, and had spread them out to dry in the sunshine. "It is all very well," he observed, as he sat down with extreme caution, and began to fill his meerschaum, "for your poets to chorus the spring-time; but, bless me, if I don't think May a precious impostor. I do not believe in her at all."

"There were Mays in the good old times," I answered. "The good old times when pretty girls and sound Tories were found in the land, before the east wind was invented."

"A long time ago. The east wind, like Jacques de Courant's grandfather, came over with the Conqueror —— at latest."

"I am not sure of that. There is some poetry on which the season when it was written is sensibly impressed. 'The spring is in that,' you said the other day, when I read you an idyll by our new poet; and the pictures of their Whitsuntide sports that have been bequeathed to us by many an old English priest and gentleman, have no feeling of the east wind in them."

"That may be; but I don't fancy that any English minstrel will celebrate May-day for the future."

"Why, what can be more exquisite than the lines which your prince of poets, Robert Browning, has addressed to April and May?" And I tried to repeat a stanza (I have a wretched memory) from that charming little song.

"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there;
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!"

"You nave forgotten the gem of the piece," Lancelot added,—"the tribute to the mavis.

'That's the wise thrush—he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!'

But Browning," he went on, "is not an English poet. He has lived in Italy until he has forgotten the kind of weather we are treated to in April. Had he suffered for weeks together as I have done lately, he would vary the burden of his complaint. 'Oh, to be out of England, now that April's here.'"

"Browning not an English poet!" I replied, rather hotly perhaps;

"why, he is English to the back-bone. I don't believe that 'Italy,' is engraved on his heart. He never forgets the fatherland. When he exclaims, '*my* England at home,' there is a ring and music in the tone which you cannot mistake. The figures he deals with are foreign, but the rich vein of humour, and manliness, and tender irony which runs through his work is only to be dug up in England. Who, except an English poet, could have written the lines on 'Trafalgar?' which you (the reader, that is) recollect, of course.

"Nobly, nobly, Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west died away :
 Sun-set ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz bay ;
 Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay :
 In the dimmest north-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray.
 'Here and here did England help me—how can I help England?' say
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa."

Lancelot admitted that it was a noble hymn. "What a glow there is in it! How the sunset burns! 'Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay.' So we won't quarrel any more about Browning's nationality. Yet, to my taste, Denis Macarthy (a clever lad, by the way) has said better and truer things about the May than have been said by almost any other poet. He has learned the advantage of sticking to fact, too,—its value even to a poet." And Lancelot took a little volume of poems from his pocket, and read me one—so musical, so broken-hearted, so touched in every word with saddest longing, that I could not listen to it unmoved. I am sorry I cannot recall the whole of it (for I am sure it would charm you), but the last verse still rings in my ear:

"Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing
 Throbbing for the May—
 Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows :
 Where in laughing and in sobbing
 Glide the streams away:
 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May.

"Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May :
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
 Moon-lit evenings, sun-bright mornings;
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary,
 Life still ebbs away:
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May!"

I do not know why Lancelot was so hard upon the May that morning. His line had given way, or his hook had snapped, as he was landing a three-pounder ("five pounds to an ounce," he averred; but, to adapt the old proverb, there are bigger fish in the sea than ever came out of it), and such a mishap is rather apt to try a man's temper. For the day was a

perfect day. It was the first Spring morning,—in fact, I mean, and not by the calendar. There is always one day in the year when the Spring seems to me to awake. The snow has been gone for weeks, the sun has been shining briskly, the fruit-trees are white with blossom, yet the sky remains hard and stern, and the earth is black and inhospitable, as if the thought of winter still chilled its heart. But one morning you wake unwarned, and you have barely drawn aside the curtains ere you are aware that the bonds of death are loosed, that a new life has been born into the year, and that like the eyes of a girl who has begun to love, the blue sky and the fleecy clouds have strangely softened since nightfall. Spring is abroad upon the mountains, and her maiden whisper thrills your pulse! And this very morning (Lancelot had confessed as much, as we strolled together to the river-side) was the first morning of the New Year.

Yet it is difficult to be glad in Spring. Spring, I sometimes think, is the saddest of the seasons. And it is not impossible to explain the origin of this feeling. There is a grim Danish ballad in which a brother falsely accuses his sister of unchastity. A quiet melody, like the warble of a brook, flows through the terrible story—

“Roses my counsel keep,
While others round us sleep.”

The ominous hush of the accompaniment heightens the agony of the tale. Men may sleep; but the roses have found you out. They will not betray you; but their presence is a tacit reproach. Thus, too, does the Spring reproach us. The Winter is past, yet the Winter's work is not completed, and the Winter's friends are left behind with the snow. The sealed lips of January convey no censure; but the delicate labour of May is a testimony against us. We can no longer remain unconscious that another year has slipped out of our lives; that our hands have been folded, and our lamps untrimmed; that the shades of twilight are closing in, and the night, when no man can work, is nigh at hand. So we have not the heart to welcome back the May. And then there are keener regrets which the Spring revives. The buds are growing green again; but she—God help you—is bound up, and laid away beyond the Spring-time. Not that you sorrow as those without hope. She has gone from the kingdom of heaven that is among us, to the kingdom of heaven that is beyond the veil. With devout and fearless confidence, as a child to its mother's voice, she has passed through our darkness into His light. That glad surprise, the radiant smile that broke upon the parted lips, is her answer to her Redeemer's call, “Come unto me.” A sharp pang, doubtless; yet it would be well if spring could summon back no drearier memories. But it discourses, alas! of other, sadder farewells. Last year Innocent in her hawthorn wreath was the picture of Raphael's sweetest and youngest Cæcilia. The hawthorn spray this morning is pure as that which then fell upon her bosom; but the bosom which last May-day was snowy white as the blossom—ah, well, there is a stain there now which

can never be quite washed out again in this world, they say. Then there are many tired souls, tired with the long day's work, who have no greeting to bestow. They are wearied; to be roused at all is to be roused to pain; and they almost resent the pressing activity of Spring—

“We scarcely care to look at even
A pretty child, or God's own heaven;
We are so tired—my heart and I.”

The great poetess who wrote these lines (a brief space before she found the rest which she craved) has given expression to a mood of even deeper despondency, which the caress of May is peculiarly calculated to invite.

“I pray God pardon me,
That I no more, without a pang,
His choicest works can see.”

That is a mood which I do not care to dwell upon or to analyze; it is one of the heaviest and dreariest burdens that a man can be required to carry along with him in this world; and when we ask God to heal our wounded and afflicted brethren, we should remember this sufferer in our prayers, for his punishment, surely, is greater than he can bear.

I am thinking of these things, as I lie among the gorse, sorting my tackle, and watching the play of the shadows upon the river. We have been both quite silent for a long time, until a fisherman in a blue shirt, and long leather boots, who is “shelling” mussels to bait his lines,

“While round him little imps
Cling screaming, the children as naked
And brown as his shrimps,”

rises, and moves away towards the village, and his hearty “Good-day” startles us from our reverie. Then Lancelot, who has instinctively divined the current which my thoughts have taken, rouses up, and, still lightly and airily clad (as befits the representative of the “naked Pict” whose shirt Prince Vortigern appropriated), favours me with one of those discourses, pensive yet satiric, through which the vague and fitful melancholy of a Hamlet-like age protests—Hamlet-like in its moral languor and irresolute sympathy; as weak as Hamlet for all practical uses and ends. Would you care to hear the argument of his discourse?

“What is honour?” it began. “What is honour, and what are a great many other names of a similar derivation—love, fame, friendship, immortal glory, and the rest of them? Can you say, on your word, as a gentleman, that they repay the labour of living? Fame is a pretty toy, and—especially when the golden trump is blown by maiden's lips—may suit the tender youth,

‘Well pleased to bend to flatteries from thy mouth,
And feel them stir the myrtle of his crown.’

And Love, during the honeymoon, is a provokingly lovely child, fit for a Greek pastoral or Dante's graver iambics. But when the blue has

melted out of the eyes, when the pearly flush has faded from the cheek, when the *immortelles* are withered—what then?

‘Blown harshly keeps the trump its golden cry?
Tastes sweet the water with such specks of earth?’

Surely not. Even the poet’s imagination can only feign ‘a divine regret.’ Vanity of vanities, my friend, all is vanity. Why, then, struggle so fiercely? Why run ourselves out of breath? Is not rest better? There are some terrible busybodies in this world, who won’t let a soul rest—even in eternity. Well, it may be that when there, we shall find ‘other, nobler work to do;’ but in the meantime, sore with the saddle-mark, I look forward to a brief interval of repose—a few thousand years, or thereby—to quiet the headache and the heartache. My poet has administered a proper rebuke to these people in that quaint passage where he says that when we have learned by means of evil that good is best, and reached, through earth and its noise, to heaven’s serene, that then,

‘Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,
The uses of labour are surely done.
There remaineth a rest for the people of God,
And I have had troubles enough for one.’

True, you reply, but right and wrong, and virtue and vice, what make you of them? To tell you the truth, I have never been able to make much—of one or other. Be an honest man certainly, if you can; only do not be too sure that honesty will *pay*. My pastor (who has been egregiously victimized all his life by missionary societies and other swindlers) assures me that honesty is the best policy even in this world. Is he, are you, quite satisfied that it is the best? Why, there, for instance, is Louise, in her natty little brougham, and Betsy, the maid-of-all-work at the ‘Saracen’s Head’—both of whom you know by headmark, I assume? Which of them has made the better bargain? Betsy grinds from morning to night, has seldom a spare moment to wash her face, and gets four hours sleep in the twenty-four. Louise—but you know what she is like, and how she lives? ’Tis an eminently lovely face, pure and clear as the lily, each feature delicately and finely articulated as a Greek face by a Greek sculptor. Her manner is serenely unembarrassed; she evinces as little timidity and as little pretension as a duchess. She is by nature perfectly unaffected,—simple, good-humoured, and sweet-tempered. The bright eye is frank and fearless, and not disturbed by any ‘visionary woe;’ and the placid content of the mouth betrays no haunting regret. The paths of virtue are paths of pleasantness, undoubtedly; but with these facts before me—in view of Louise’s *moire antique*, and Betsy’s sixty summers and imperfectly washed petticoats—I am well pleased that I have not to deliver a discourse on its temporal advantages. ‘But the devil will get you, Louise, in the end?’ ‘Ah, but we have discharged the devil in the meantime,’ says Louise. ‘He doesn’t go into society now. We have ceased to invite him. He has no longer the *entrée*—le

pauvre diable!" Even on this further division of the subject I have neither heart nor will, my poor Louise, to sermonise you at length. Heaven alone can treat the text aright."

At this point I am tempted to interrupt him. "You are a scoffer," I say, "and the law shuts your mouth. But there are one or two earnest men left in the world—go and hear what they have got to say."

"I don't much fancy earnest men," is the reply. "A Fifth Monarchy man is rather in people's way in the nineteenth century. Besides, *our* earnest men are peculiarly obnoxious: they are so desperately self-satisfied, so perfectly conscious that all the world is looking at them! What a noble animal an earnest man, with stiff sinews and a bull-like chest, is! It must do the world a deal of good to know that a fellow who is as muscular as a horse, and who stands six feet two in his stockings, is a sound believer. It's re-assuring. It gives Christianity a lift. Or they try another tack.—'Put your soul into your work, and you will make it and the action fine! Pulling on your breeches is a noble thing if done in a right spirit.' So it is, perhaps; only do be quiet for ten minutes. Silence is golden. Say a loud grace before and after every mouthful you swallow, if you like; but let me believe that a steady, silent thankfulness is better."

I told him that I cared for heroics and hysterics as little as he did; that these were not exactly the men to whom I alluded; and that the only man I had any real respect for died the other day, and lay buried in the little chapel at Santena. Who was he? A graphic pen has thus described him:—"A squat, pot-bellied form; small, stumpy legs; short, round arms, with the hands stuck constantly in the trowsers' pockets: a thick neck, in which you could see the veins swelling; scant, thin hair; a blurred, blotched face; and sharp grey eyes, covered by goggle spectacles." You ask what I find heroic in this unheroic figure? It is perhaps enough to say that this man is Camillo Benso di Cavour, the most fertile and powerful brain that modern Europe has produced. That is, perhaps, enough: but as he has been dead nearly a year to-day, as his heroic qualities are gradually becoming more visible, and as we sadly lack men worthy of imitation (real men, not "distinguished names" only), it may not be unprofitable to consider, at our leisure, of what stuff this latest "hero" was compacted. A life like his refutes Lancelot's unhelpful scepticism and languid scorn more directly than argument can do.

He is, in the first place, one of our silent heroes, not much addicted to windy vehemence of any kind. There is a remarkable absence of clap-trap, alike in his speech,—anxious, hesitating, inelegant, and intent only on saying the exact thing exactly,—and in his conduct. He did his work, as he did his talk, quietly. He had a horror of charlatanism, meaning thereby the vulgar and noisy appeal to popular passion. Garibaldi's disposition is too pure and loftily unselfish to expose him to the imputation: else his appearance at the Naples opera in a red shirt (because he was too poor, though he had the National Treasury at hand,

to purchase decent garments) might be called a piece of charlatanism. Cavour could not have done this; he would have felt that the conqueror of a country might not unpardonably help himself to a new coat. His temperament, in like manner, indisposed him to violence,—when violence was not indispensable. He would not break with his bitterest foe, if he could avoid it. When the Vatican, for instance, veto'd the bishops nominated at Turin, the Minister did not retaliate in a direct or angry way. He merely ceased to nominate any candidates at all: a policy which quickly reduced the number of bishops, without inflicting, as it appeared, any loss on the community. The policy of contemptuous acquiescence was maintained by Cavour on many occasions with complete success.

And Cavour was a moderate, as well as an undemonstrative man; moderate in feeling, and moderate in design. He was no fanatic. He loved the golden mean—*auream mediocritatem*. He was never the slave of impulse; never allowed himself to be influenced by resentment, remorse, or visionary enthusiasm. It is said that he was an ardent whist-player, and on one occasion lost a larger sum than he could well afford. Many men would have played on more recklessly: many men would have thrown away the cards in disgust: but Cavour, for the future, merely reduced his stakes. The smile of the Court could not make him an apologist of tyranny; when its ban was on him he did not ally himself with the republicans. He was, in one sense, an intensely practical man. Pure logic was a science which he did not comprehend, and for which he had no aptitude. "He did what he could." That was his motto. Yet Cavour, though he did not love speculative truisms, was not insensible to the higher and more spiritual motives by which nations are governed. His entire career for many years was an appeal to these intangible influences. "We have lost," he is reported to have said after Novara, "thousands of brave soldiers: we have wasted many millions; we have had disastrous campaigns: and from all this we have only reaped one thing: we have got the Italian tricolor as our standard, instead of the flag of Savoy. Well, in my opinion, we have not paid too dear a price." The man who in those dark days could hold that Novara was not a barren defeat, recognized very clearly the power of national sentiment, of aspirations for unity and freedom, as opposed to more material agencies. His financial operations were not directly paying speculations; but they did what they were intended to do. They made Sardinia the model Italian State. A similar feeling induced him to embark in the Crimean campaign. He probably did not care a straw which power held Sebastopol; but he was persuaded that a few drops of Italian blood shed on an Eastern battlefield would do much for Italy. When the nations of Europe beheld an Italian army in the field, they would begin to comprehend that there was an Italian nation behind, and that the nation could produce live soldiers as well as old pictures and ballet-dancers. Mrs. Browning has summed up, in a powerful couplet, the impression produced on the

mind by Cavour's policy during the uneventful years that followed Novara,—

“He held up his Piedmont ten years,
Till she suddenly smiled, and was—Italy.”

The Minister who could work on in this indirect way for so long, and who could enlist such apparently hostile elements to aid his design—waiting in patience “for the atoning hour to come”—must have possessed a very powerful imagination, or been possessed by an absorbing passion. Cavour's passion was the Italian Kingdom. In his boyish dreams he already saw himself the Minister of a united Italy, and the dream of his youth became the devouring excitement of his life. A holy ambition burned beneath that politic subtlety. It is impossible to arrive at a just estimate of his character, unless we keep this constantly in mind. Cavour was the embodiment of an *idea*. The idea was that to which Dante long before had given an imaginative personality. The ravenous she-wolf was to prey upon Italy, “until the greyhound come to drive her to her doom.”

“He shall not feed on lands and pelf,
But wisdom, love, and righteousness.
From Feltro unto Feltro he shall rule,
And raise our humbled Italy,
For which the maid Camilla brave,
With Nisus, Turnus, Euryalus bled.”

Thus Cavour's is a somewhat impersonal character. It wants the picturesque lights and shades of passion which we find in other men. He was no partisan. He was not interested in party conflicts or party triumphs. He used a party as long as he found that it was useful to him; whenever it came in his way, whenever it ceased to aid the cause for which he laboured, he threw it away, as he threw away an old glove. He had few intimate associates. He was friendly, sociable, ready to converse; but none ever penetrated into the depths of his heart. His heart was occupied with a single passion; and there was no place left in it for love or friendship. He did not marry; he rather liked to flirt with women in a light incidental way; but he was never vehemently attached. Nor was he “a good hater.” It is said that after Novara, the youthful Victor Emmanuel drew his sword, and shaking it towards the Austrian camp, said, with a fierce oath, “L'Italia sarà!” It may be doubted whether the large and placid intelligence of Cavour could appreciate this burning resentment. Austria was in his way, and Austria required to be removed; but he did not feel that vehement personal antipathy which animated the king. He has been called unscrupulous, and in one sense he was unscrupulous. He had not only a serene contempt for the verdict which the precisian might pronounce on the machinery which he employed, but, I suspect, that in his eyes the end entirely sanctified the means. Universal suffrage was a mockery and a snare; but as the Tuscans were determined to elect Victor Emmanuel, universal suffrage

might be properly resorted to. "Oh! you know," he said, with his quiet laugh, "it's a capital invention." There was not a drop of bitterness in his nature, and yet he did cruel things, which politicians more cruel by nature would have shrunk from. Men and women were the pieces upon his chess-board, and he offered them up without remorse. Thus he sacrificed the Princess Clothilde—a young and innocent girl. Not that he desired or intended to hurt her, but the cause of Italian freedom claimed a costly victim, and he laid her without scruple upon its altar. But if he sacrificed others, he did not spare himself. Whenever he found that his presence obstructed the good cause he voluntarily withdrew. He was utterly unselfish. Italy was to be delivered. He knew that he was the appointed deliverer; but he was quite willing that others should undertake the work, if they could do it better. He was not exactly an unbeliever; but he did not concern himself much about the affairs of the next world. He had enough to do in the present; the future must take care of itself. "I have got my Italy to deliver in the meantime; that is a specific piece of work which I have been appointed to conduct; and finish it I must before I die. Let me perish, if Italy be free." In this sacrificial spirit he worked on to the end. "Save your souls; each man his own dirty soul for himself," is, according to Mr. Kingsley, the "cry" of modern Christendom. Cavour's "cry" was different. "Let us say a prayer for your soul, my son," the priest who attended him in his last moments is reported to have said. "Yes, father," was the reply; "but let us pray too for Italy."

To Cavour's character, in one respect, complete justice has not yet been done. Though eminently and decisively firm, he was never obstinate. His vision was wonderfully steady and clear. He saw his game from the beginning. He had *rehearsed* his career, and its incidents bear the marks of elaborate preparation. Such a man was necessarily indifferent to public opinion. He could not alter the argument of his discourse to satisfy the mob. Thus he was often temporarily unpopular. But though no amount of unpopularity could divert him from the course which he had chalked out (if that course, and that course alone, could ensure the final success of his design), yet he was always ready to yield, when he saw that "the inexorable logic of facts" was against him. He could brave the mob; but facts were "*chiels that wud na ding*," and he never tried to resist them. But he had not only wonderful tact—the instinct which enabled him to separate transient manifestations of public feeling from those authoritative "facts" which could only be disregarded on pain of defeat: he had likewise the faculty which enabled him with rapidity and boldness to alter his design, and adapt it to the circumstances of the hour. This is, perhaps, the supreme test of a statesman's capacity. To plan in the study, is one thing; to make the plan work in the actual world, is a harder task, and requires a vigorous and masculine yet pliant genius. The formation of a Northern Italian kingdom was, in Cavour's view (who agreed with Victor Amadeus that Italy, like an artichoke, had to be eaten leaf by leaf), the first step towards national unity. When that step was

taken, he desired to pause. He wished to organize and consolidate the new monarchy. But Garibaldi's invasion of Naples precipitated the *dénouement*—prematurely, as Cavour thought at the time; prematurely, as the events that are still occurring seem to prove. The Minister's policy at this difficult crisis was eminently happy. He could neither assist nor resist Garibaldi. The one course would have been as perilous as the other. But, in a masterly way, he did—nothing. He lay on his oars and waited. Garibaldi entered Naples, and proclaimed Victor Emmanuel. The Dictator was intoxicated, as he might well be, with his triumph. He was for the moment the foremost man in Italy. Cavour's subtle and politic mind viewed this position of affairs with keen anxiety. Garibaldi was the last man to whom the Italian cause could be safely confided. The rashness and the arrogance of his councils (if not restrained) would destroy that hard-won freedom. The moment, consequently, had arrived when it was indispensable that Sardinia should recover the leadership which had been temporarily delegated to a daring trooper. The Sardinian army entered the Papal States, and overran Central Italy. The Sardinian monarch, flushed with victory, advanced at last on equal terms to meet the guerilla captain, who came to the interview with a kingdom in his hand—a royal gift. It is difficult to overrate the sagacity of the policy which dictated this move; or the rare celerity, boldness, and vigour with which it was executed. The more the circumstances are examined, the more clearly will it appear that thus only could the perilous victories of Garibaldi have been made permanently available to the Italian cause.

This is my hero. Not, by any means, a blameless life; on the contrary, in many ways most blameworthy. Still, the man knew his own mind, and did it. There was, I fear, blood on his hand and guilt on his conscience ere he died. But we are all sinners: there is not one man who doeth good; no, not one; yet Sir Thomas Browne has assured us that "*they may sit in the orchestra and noblest seats of heaven, who have held up shaking hands in the fire, and humanly contended for glory.*" I have not heard that Camillo Benso di Cavour occupies a seat in the orchestra; but I know that he has been already recompensed; for the tears of a free people have fallen upon his tomb.

And so he played his part, and such a part is worth playing. Yet, after all, as Lancelot urges, is not rest best? Wise statesmen, even, have come round to his opinion. One for whose courageous integrity I entertained profound respect, after governing Europe for thirty years, quitted the capital for the bleak North Sea, and wrote, I am convinced with unalloyed satisfaction, over the doorway of the cottage where he spent the evening of his days, "*Beatus ille procul a negotiis.*"

Is it Food, Medicine, or Poison ?

MOST persons, I fancy, would like to be able to give a definite answer to this question, about any article which they are in the habit of taking freely with their daily meals. It would not be pleasant to be in doubt, for instance, whether the fine white shavings which cook has thrown over the joint of roast beef were horseradish or aconite. A family man would like to be able to say yea or nay, distinctly, to the question, "Is your drinking water contaminated to such an extent that it will probably give you and your wife and children colic, and paralysis, and epilepsy?"

There is one article of daily consumption, however, about the real nature of which there has been a wonderful amount of apathy in the public mind; and that is—Alcohol. It is true that for years past the question has been disputed, as to which of the classes named at the head of this article might rightly claim alcohol as its own; but the war has been waged between a few partisans on either side, and the great mass of educated people have cared nothing about it. The very few persons possessing any acquaintance with physiological science who embraced the decided views of the teetotalers were probably led to take this step, consciously or unconsciously, from motives of philanthropy, and not from scientific conviction.

A new turn, however, has been given to the controversy. New pretensions have been put forward by the teetotalers, on highly plausible grounds, to rest their case on the basis of chemical and physiological proof of a very positive kind. It becomes absolutely necessary for scientific men to engage in the serious consideration of the whole question; and accordingly one medical man of eminence after another is being drawn into the vortex of strife, and compelled to declare the grounds of his faith one way or the other. Perhaps, under these circumstances, it may be permitted to a physician, who is deeply impressed with the importance of the subject, very briefly to tell the story of the Alcohol controversy, and to endeavour to show at what amount of scientific demonstration we have really arrived.

The apathy with which medical men generally regarded the teetotal controversy had solid grounds enough. Morally and philanthropically considered, the teetotalers, they thought, were to be highly respected for their earnest attempts at social reform. But as for the physiological dogmas which they propounded, it seemed that they were evidently false; for they were in flagrant contradiction with the principles established by the first scientific authorities of the day. Liebig, the great chemist and physiologist, about thirty years ago, propounded his famous classification of food,

and in this classification he reckoned alcohol as a *heat-producing food*. For the benefit of readers quite unaccustomed to physiological terms, I must explain a little. Certain articles of food, *e.g.* sugar, starch, fat, oil, &c. are used in our bodies, not only for the purpose of adding to the substance of some of the tissues, but for sustaining the necessary heat of the body. This they accomplish by uniting with the oxygen which our system derives from the atmosphere, and forming carbonic acid gas and water, the chemical action by which this is effected giving rise to a development of heat. It was to this class of foods that Liebig supposed alcohol to belong.

This theory of the action of alcohol had a great success. It corresponded admirably with what might have been expected from the known chemical resemblance of alcohol to the fatty and starchy foods, and with the fact that chemists had failed to detect alcohol in any considerable portion in the excretions of the body. Presently, too, more than one experimental physiologist made observations which seemed to confirm its truth. Bouchardat and Saodras, in France, administered alcohol to ducks, and then bled them to death. The blood was distilled after the addition of a little sulphuric acid, and was found to possess a feeble odour of acetic acid (vinegar). Now, this acetic acid is one of those compounds which alcohol forms out of the body by its union with oxygen: it indicates an intermediate stage—a lower degree of oxidation—than that which is represented by carbonic acid and water. So that it really seemed as if the experimenter had detected Nature in the midst of the chemical processes by which she utilizes alcohol for the production of animal heat. Again, M. Duchek analyzed the blood of dogs which he had made tipsy with alcohol, and believed that he found the traces of aldehyde and oxalic acid, two more of the intermediate oxides, so to speak, between simple alcohol on the one hand, and carbonic acid and water, which are the highest result of the oxidation of alcohol, on the other.

Nor was the doctrine of Liebig unsupported by practical evidence, which seemed to speak strongly in its favour. A famous English physician, recently dead, applied the theory to the treatment of acute diseases—such as inflammations and fevers—and imagined that alcohol, in the shape of wine or brandy, might prove an admirable substitutive food during the inability of the stomach to digest ordinary nourishment. The practice may have been pushed too far, but it succeeded to a remarkable and most unexpected extent. The old notion that wine and brandy would increase the force of an acute inflammation was upset: and undoubtedly a new method of saving life had been invented; for no one had previously given alcohol in the same way, and on the same principles, in the treatment of the so-called *asthenic* (or strong) diseases. As was not unnatural, the wide-spread celebrity of Dr. Todd's practice contributed to establish a conviction of the truth of Liebig's doctrines. Those who closely watched the practice of Dr. Todd saw with astonishment that patients suffering under acute diseases, and for days together unable to take

anything but large doses of alcohol, recovered from their maladies with scarcely any of the emaciation and loss of strength which they had so often seen protracted for a long period of convalescence. The inference seemed plain. The alcohol had united with the oxygen, and had prevented it from feeding upon, and burning up, the tissues; so that but little wasting had taken place. The more inattentive followers of Dr. Todd, those who had never closely watched him at the bedside, unfortunately quite mistook his principles, and went to the absurd length of investing brandy with the character of a specific against almost every disease.

From all this there has now come a great revulsion. Chemists have arisen, both in this country and in France, who declare that alcohol is not a food at all. They say that they have proved, by experimental investigation, that the whole of the alcohol which we take into the stomach runs through the body as it might through a filter, and is very shortly cast out, by the various excretions, totally unchanged. There is no union with oxygen, no combustion, no change into carbonic acid and water; therefore, alcohol cannot be a food. "*L'alcool n'est pas un aliment!*" says M. Lallemand, in a magisterial way. Alcohol, in short, is nothing more nor less than a poison, of which the system labours eagerly to rid itself as fast as possible! Very nearly the same language is held by Dr. Edward Smith, who has published some able papers on the subject.

The tectotalers are, of course, radiant with triumph. Even medical men have shrunk back from their rapidly growing confidence in the efficacy of alcohol as a means of treatment in acute disease; while, as regards its employment as a beverage during health, they profess themselves almost tectotalers in theory, if not in practice. The spectacle is not very edifying to the general public, who are puzzled at these rapid changes of medical belief; more especially as one of the most eminent surgeons of the day—Professor Miller, of Edinburgh—has completely espoused the new doctrines. As I do not happen to share in the belief that the new oracles have effectually settled the question, I wish to state what seem to me very good and sufficient grounds for hesitation in accepting the reformed faith, and casting away the traditions of the greatest teacher of clinical medicine, and one of the most philosophical physicians of the present century.

The action of alcohol on the body presents two phases. There is, first, its immediate action on the nervous system, producing, in its various degrees, excitement, intoxication, narcotism, or death itself. And there is, secondly, its more remote operation on the tissues, in virtue of which it may be held to assist, or to impair, the nutrition of the body and the various processes which subserve that nutrition; to assist the growth and preservation of the frame, or to hasten its disease and decay. In the present paper I shall only attempt to deal with the former of these two effects of alcohol.

Action of Alcohol upon the Nervous System.—First, let me state as fairly as I can the theory of those who think that alcohol acts on the nervous system only as a poison or a medicine. With regard to the effect of small

doses, the opinion of this party is clearly expressed by Professor Miller : * —“Alcohol is a narcotic stimulant; one of a class of substances which, given in repeated small doses, will produce a stimulant effect which may be kept up for some time; an effect, however, which will certainly be followed, on the withdrawal of the medicine, by a depression profound in proportion to the length of time during which it has been delusively postponed.” The upholders of this theory further believe that the effect of a larger dose is to bring about more quickly than in the former case the condition of depression, the stimulant action being more short-lived; till, in the instance of enormous doses, the stimulant effect may be altogether concealed by the more powerful narcotic influence, which in this case instantly becomes perceptible. It thus appears that in every dose alcohol possesses, though in varying relative proportions, a stimulant and a narcotic, or depressing, action. An essential part of this doctrine also is, that the taking of alcohol in any dose begets a craving for its repetition, and that the dose must be periodically increased to satisfy the morbid wants of the system. It is not by any means difficult to find evidence which seems to speak in favour of the above theory. The teetotaler points to the drunkard, and bids us remark that the poor wretch, although he was in a state of glorious self-complacency last night at his favourite “free-and-easy,” is in a frightful state of depression and despondency this morning; that he will begin drinking again presently, to steady his hand and clear his head; that before the evening is over he will be tipsy again; and that to-morrow morning he will have a worse headache and a fiercer craving for more drink than to-day; and so on progressively. Then, again, no man takes to drunken habits at once—he is always a “moderate drinker” at first. And as a proof that all your moderate drinkers are in the same road to ruin, and are surely, though slowly, increasing their dose of alcohol—see how they feel it if you cut off their “moderate” allowance! They are, in fact, victims to the same morbid craving as we notice in its developed form in the drunkard.

This seems a very consistent and plausible theory. Let us compare it, however, with facts.

Alcohol, when taken into the stomach, in any dose, immediately enters the blood. It needs no digestion; the stomach veins suck it up as a sponge might do, and it passes, unchanged, into the circulation. It has been proved by MM. Lallemand and Perrin (what had long ago been supposed) that alcohol possesses a peculiar affinity for the nervous system, and tends to collect itself in that part of the body. The nervous tissue has some strange attraction for it, which is not to be explained by our chemical theories; and whilst this sort of incorporation (temporary, it may be) of the alcohol is going on, of necessity the circulation in the nervous centres and their functional activity is increased somewhat. Now, this explains completely the account which any intelligent person

* *Alcohol: its Place and Power.* By JAMES MILLER, F.R.C.S.E.

would give of his own sensations after taking a moderate dose of alcohol. Every one knows that a glass or two of good wine ordinarily gives a slight stimulus to the intellect, and at the same time "maketh glad the heart." The latter phrase is wonderfully significant and true; for upon the great ganglia of the sympathetic nervous system, which have so much to do with regulating the movements of the heart, alcohol exercises a remarkable influence. If the pulse be slow and feeble, its frequency and strength are both increased; if it be unnaturally quick and irregular, it is usually steadied and made slower. A genial sense of slight warmth pervades the body, owing, perhaps, to the action of the alcohol extending to the fine branches of sympathetic nerves, which accompany all the arteries, and govern the contractions of their muscular coats.

So far, the most thorough-going teetotaler would not deny that I am correctly describing the sensations which are felt shortly after taking a small dose of alcohol. But the teetotaler would say that the stimulant effect is soon succeeded by a depression which leaves the moderate drinker in a worse condition than he was in before he took his small dose of alcohol. I am obliged to deny altogether the correctness of this statement. It is certainly not borne out by the testimony of moderate drinkers themselves, nor is it warranted, theoretically, by what we know of the physiological action of the stimulant. What we should expect, *à priori*, from our knowledge of physiological laws, is, that after a certain length of time the slight excitement and elevation of the nervous force would subside, leaving matters as they were before the dose: and this is precisely what moderate drinkers tell us of their own experience. In cases, indeed, where the nervous system has been worn with incessant fatigue or mental distress, or starved by an insufficient or poorly concocted blood supply, there is little doubt that even this amount of reaction does not take place, but that there is a permanent improvement of the functional power of the brain, in consequence of the administration of small doses of alcohol.

Again, our teetotal friends are very fond of throwing hard words at the "slavish habit," as they call it, of moderate drinking. By this term they imply that the taking of alcohol, in any dose, has the effect of ensnaring the appetite in such a way as that the drinker inevitably tends to increase his dose periodically. Now it is necessary to remember that there are two different ways in which people may be fascinated by any article of food so as to be led to indulge more and more freely in it as they go on. Anything which we eat or drink may be a snare in one way, viz. if we allow ourselves to become unreasonably fond of it for the sake of its mere temporary effects upon the palate; and it is quite possible in this way to be "ensnared" into an extravagant and hurtful indulgence in roast-beef or plum-pudding. Dr. Johnson is said to have been "ensnared" by veal-pie with plums in it, a food in presence of which he invariably forgot prudence and even decency. But the seducing influence of alcohol is represented to be something far more subtle than this. We

are told that it acts upon the nervous system in such an exhausting way that a positive *physical necessity* arises to increase the dose, if we wish to reproduce the pleasant stimulant effect which first resulted from its use. The moderate drinker must ultimately indulge more freely in tipping than he does at present. As a matter of fact, however, the moderate drinker does not do so, except in extraordinary instances, and I can see no reason why he should. There is nothing in the state of his health by which a medical adviser could detect that his nervous powers are being destroyed; and yet, such a process of degeneration is usually accompanied by visible and tangible evidences which doctors are well enough accustomed to recognize. Why should we take upon ourselves to declare that a progressive weakening of our nervous systems is going on, merely because the exigencies of the teetotal theory require the statement?

If we leave the region of moderate drinking, and look at the case of undoubted intemperance, we shall find the common descriptions of phenomena more inaccurate than ever. Most people who go about to describe drunkenness in the pictorial way, give something like the following sketch of their "beastly example." They tell us that a person who drinks a large quantity of any alcoholic liquor gets first excited, and then dreadfully depressed, and that the depression is more marked than in the case of the person who takes a small dose. Now it is just as well that we should at once get rid of the notion that there is any true "excitement" in drunkenness. The phenomena of it vary according to the way in which a large dose of alcohol has been taken. If an ordinary person drinks off a large dose of raw spirits at once, he immediately becomes dead drunk; that is, in a frightful state of nervous depression. Nay, if he have only taken enough, he may fall down dead, as if he had been shot; and there are several instances recorded of this accident. But usually the drunkard lingers over his potion, and takes it by degrees, so that some time elapses before he reaches the point at which moderate men would say that he was "kicking over the traces." Of course, during all this time he is not depressed. When, however, he begins to be really inebriated, that is to say, when a certain amount of alcohol has found its way into the nervous system, things are changed. Every one of the signs of drunkenness is a sign of depression; first of all, the face becomes unnaturally flushed, and the movements of the eyes unsteady; that is to say, that the muscular coats of the blood-vessels of the face are paralysed, and that the muscles of the eyeball are paralysed; then the speech becomes thick—that means, that the tongue is getting palsied. Later, the muscles of the trunk and limbs get paralysed too, and the drinker cannot walk, nor sit upright, but sprawls upon the ground; and, at last, if the dose of alcohol have been very large indeed, the muscles of breathing get paralysed, and death results. The power of perceiving sensations, too, is uniformly and progressively lessened from the moment that intoxication begins, and the effects upon the mind are wholly of a paralysing kind. First of all, the drunkard loses the power of coherent reasoning; then obliteration of ideas of time, and space, and

locality ensues. A friend of my own tells rather a good story of two convivial youths, who were returning from a public dinner in a state of slight obfuscation. One of them took it into his head that the broad doorstep of one of the houses in Bedford Square was his own bedroom, and invited his companion to take a "shake-down" with him, as it was so late. His friend agreed, and the pair proceeded to divest themselves of some of their garments, and lay down, each with his head resting on one of the scrapers, as it might on a pillow. An early policeman found them sleeping softly, their hats and coats, &c. suspended on the area railings, their boots arranged, with supernatural accuracy and neatness, side by side, upon the edge of the upper door-step.

The memory, too, gets paralysed in drunkenness; and, curiously enough, it is the memory of recent events which is first lost. The same things may be noticed with chloroform, the operation of which is in many respects similar to that of alcohol given in large or poisonous doses. The memory of a drunkard for long past events is sometimes very odd. It is as if the brain were like a palimpsest, of which the upper layers must be scraped away before we can read the writing of an earlier date. Soon, however, memory and reflection of every kind is done away with, and the mind of the drinker becomes simply a blank. By this time he may be considered to be "dead drunk."

No one will doubt that the above are all of them phenomena of depression. But some may ask, "How is it that persons in the early stage of inebriation are so often violent in their words and acts? Surely, this is true excitement, and is caused by the poisonous dose of alcohol?" I must answer that this muscular violence and these loud words are not the index of a true excitement. The reasoning faculty which usually controls the imagination, and the moral sense which corrects the appetites and passions, are paralysed earliest in alcohol poisoning, and the powers which are thus liberated from bondage come tumultuously into operation. But there has been no true stimulation of them; indeed a true paralysis is fast approaching, which will destroy those powers altogether for the time.

It would seem, then, that there is a radical distinction between the effect of small and of large doses, respectively, of alcohol. Below a certain dose this substance is a pure stimulant, so far as regards its action on the nervous system. Above this dose its effect is a wholly depressing one. And this brings me to one of the most interesting and important aspects of the whole question.

There is no idea more general, and no idea more false, than that we can separate the three great classes,—foods, medicines, and poisons—from each other by rigid lines. It is hardly too much to say that we cannot predicate with certainty of any food that it may not also be a medicine and a poison, nor of any poison that it may not be also a medicine and a food, under some circumstances.

The old notion that medicinal and poisonous substances were rigorously separated from foods was a very natural one to arise, and, moreover, it was

fostered by the theories as to the nature of disease which were formerly current in the profession. Disease, at any rate acute disease, till quite lately, figured itself to the imagination of medical men as some strong demon which possessed the bodies of men, and which supernaturally excited the force and activity of the vital functions: a demon which required to be chastised with severe and hostile measures. Now we know but too well that all disease means "something less than life," as Dr. Chambers has well expressed it,—and that the more acute the disease the deeper is this depression of the bodily powers below their normal standard. The result of this discovery has been that physicians have turned with almost one accord to the remedies which promise to aid nutrition either directly or indirectly. It is scarcely too much to say that half of the medicine which an enlightened physician now-a-days prescribes consists of substances such as cod-liver oil, and steel, and the like remedies, which act absolutely in the same way as common foods, by becoming formed into tissues of the body, or such as arsenic, mercury, iodine, and the like, which may do so advantageously for a limited period by their union with the corpuscles of the blood. If we add to these the large class of sedatives (including opium), the whole use and object of which is to preserve the integrity of the nervous system, and the various excitors of secretion, by the use of which we endeavour to carry off those effete portions of the body which ought to have been cast out, and are now, by their retention, interfering with the nutritive effects of the new materials, the foods which we attempt to pour in,—we have very nearly told the tale of the most important medicines upon which the modern physician relies, with the certainty of conviction that he comprehends their action, and may safely reckon upon their faithful service.

We see, then, that the doctors feed people too, as well as the bakers and butchers. And queer food it sometimes is, at first sight, which they give their patients. So impossible is it to draw the line between poisons and medicines, that one of the most deadly of the former is, in small doses, an excellent tonic, namely, arsenic. So that to an intelligent physician there is nothing in the least strange or abnormal in the fact of alcohol being a deadly poison in one dose, and a medicine or a food in smaller doses. Common salt, which is a perfectly indispensable article of human food, without which we should perish miserably, is, in very large doses, a frightful irritant poison, and has several times caused death: while in medium quantities it is a safe and useful emetic medicine.

So far I have attempted to prove two things,—first, that there seems to be a radical difference, and not merely one of degree, between the effects of large and of small doses, respectively, of alcohol upon the nervous system: that the former act as pure depressers, the latter as pure stimulants of that system. Secondly, that there is nothing in what we know of the laws of the physiological action of the various substances which can be taken into the body, which makes this at all impossible, or even unlikely. I hasten to the final aspect of the influence of alcohol upon the nervous system,

namely, the remarkable changes which take place in its operation when it is given during many diseased conditions.

It is a curious and deeply interesting fact that most of the inflammatory and febrile diseases which are prevalent are accompanied with a condition of nervous system which allows large quantities of alcohol to be taken without the production of intoxication. The very fact that the "poison line," so to speak, of alcohol, can be thus shifted by an alteration in the state of bodily health of the drinker, is to my mind one of the strongest confirmations of the theory that there is a radical distinction between the effect of large and of small doses. Nature seems to have beneficently provided, in the phenomena of intoxication, a plain and obvious indication of the point at which the action of alcohol ceases to be beneficial, and becomes hurtful to the human body. So long as there is any need for alcohol in the system it will fail to intoxicate; the moment that the faintest symptom of intoxication appears, we may be sure that the further use of this agent would be injurious.

Besides the so-called "acute" diseases, in which there is grave febrile disturbance of the system, there are many other conditions in which a larger dose of alcohol than ordinary may be taken without producing intoxication. For instance, in severe hæmorrhages, where a great quantity of blood is rapidly lost, there is often almost no limit to the amount of alcohol which can be borne without producing inebriation. Patients thus situated will sometimes drink several wineglassfuls of raw spirit, not only without becoming drunk, but with the most evident benefit to their condition. The nervous system, the very centre and basis of the vital functions, has been drained of blood and exhausted of force, and unless it be quickly restored to its wonted activity, life must cease. Under these circumstances the rapid absorption of a large quantity of a substance which, like alcohol, has a special proclivity towards the nervous system, is precisely the best means for reviving the failing circulation of blood in the nervous centres, and upholding the powers of life until the body can be supplied with its ordinary nutriment in sufficient quantity to restore the condition of healthy nutrition.

Again, in many forms of dyspepsia, doses of alcohol, which in perfect health would certainly cause slight intoxication, entirely fail to produce any such effect.

There is one instance of the action of alcohol in disease which is too remarkable and important to be passed over lightly, and that is the operation of this agent in the diseases of the nervous system which have been caused by itself. Let us take the instance of that slighter manifestation of its evil effects upon the system—the craving which a drunkard feels on recovering from a debauch to repeat the dose in an increased quantity. We have seen already that this craving is a distinctly morbid phenomenon, which is not produced by moderate doses, but only by those larger quantities which are sufficient to produce some, at least, of the symptoms of intoxication. Now it is a very well known fact that a *small* dose of alcohol

will often relieve the feelings of headache, and nausea, and depression, which accompany the recovery from a debauch. "Take a hair of the dog that bit you," is a very common maxim under such circumstances—not a very wise one, certainly, but one which is nevertheless grounded on practical experience. It is perfectly true that a glass of bitter ale will often relieve at once the intolerable morning depression of a drunkard, while a stronger dose of alcohol would only reproduce the symptoms of intoxication; and herein is one of the strongest proofs of the essential distinction between the effects of small and of large doses; for if a small dose of alcohol were at all depressing in its tendencies, and not purely stimulating as it is, it could only add to the miseries of a person who should resort to it when already so much depressed.

One word more as to the action of alcohol on the nervous system in disease. It is a remarkable fact, which has been plainly brought out by Dr. Druitt in a recent able paper, that the use of the largest doses of alcohol during the progress of acute disease is never productive of any craving for drink after the disease has been cured. But if the stimulus has been used timidly, and the disease allowed to protract itself under a chronic form, then there is the danger of a craving for alcohol being generated, by which the patient might be led to indulge in unnecessary and pernicious habits of drinking. Fortunately there is an excellent rule to guide the physician in his administration of alcohol in acute disease, and that is, that he should not shrink nor hold his hand, whatever may be the quantity of alcohol required, so long as the absence of symptoms of intoxication, and the inability of the patient to digest proper supplies of ordinary food, indicate the necessity for its continuance. Where this plan is firmly and unshrinkingly carried out, there is no danger that the patient will retain the desire for alcohol when once the powers of ordinary digestion have been re-established.

So far, then, as regards the more immediate action of alcohol on the nervous system, the conclusions which I am led to are these:—

1. That alcohol in small doses is a pure stimulant.
 2. That alcohol in large doses is a purely depressing, poisonous agent.
 3. That the feeling of craving for drink is one not excited by moderate, but only by poisonous doses.
 4. That in various diseased conditions the dose of alcohol which may be borne without producing intoxication, or alcohol poisoning, is much increased, and that here, too, the feeling of craving for a repetition of the dose is not produced.
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The Shallowell Mystery.

CHAPTER I.

A LONG, late, lounging breakfast. Arthur Ringston sits with the relics of the repast still before him; as he leans back in his easy chair it is evident that some entrancing subject occupies all his thoughts.

Now of all occupations thinking is one to which he is least addicted. He disapproves of it. It is in direct opposition to his system of living.

Yet this morning when Georgy Davis, who has the next chambers in the Albany, looks him up, he scarcely notices him, but only receives him with a nod.

Georgy, who is accustomed to make himself at home everywhere, helps himself to some Maraschino, before he takes in the phenomenon; when he does it renders him voluble immediately.

"Why, Ringston, what's the matter with you? Here I have been nearly a minute and a half in the place and you have not said a word. Why, I am hanged if you don't look as if you were actually thinking about something."

To the question Ringston returned no answer; on the observation he made no remark.

Davis flung himself at full length on the sofa and took a book, determined to wait the result.

In about five minutes Ringston found his tongue.

"First of all, Georgy," he said, "let me apologize for my silence, for I knew you were here, though I did not speak to you. But if I had it would have put me to great inconvenience; for not being used to thinking, if I had not finished while I was about it, it would have taken me an hour or more to get back to where I was when you came in, supposing I ever arrived there at all."

"Sir," said Davis, "your explanation is most satisfactory, but for your own sake I would not advise you to do it again, for it does not appear to agree with you. Is it permitted to ask at what conclusion you have arrived?"

"I am still in doubt," replied Ringston, "whether you should congratulate or condole with me. My cousin has just left me three thousand pounds."

"Well, I will congratulate you first, and, if you can show good cause, will try to condole with you afterwards."

"Why, you see, it is an awkward sum. It is too much to spend in a week, and it is not enough to be of any particular use."

"Of course you would not think of 'muddling it away' in paying your debts; but it might be some good for staving off any that press."

"No, Davis, no! I am convinced that paying your creditors money on account is a mistake. It is every bit the same thing as letting dogs get a taste for blood. They'd always be wanting more. And as for paying one man, if you did not cash up to the lot,—why, it would be—what is it they call it in the newspapers—showing undue preference; is it not? I believe it is felony. No, no, Georgy; whatever I do I will never be unjust."

"Well, come and have a game of pyramids, and let's talk the thing over."

"No, George Davis; not if I know it. It's my firm belief that in your theory life is one pyramid, and other people's money the bricks that compose it, by winning which you are to rise to the apex."

"Well, I have not got even 'three bricks higher' by you."

"For the simple reason, my George, that it is many years since I have had any money to lose."

"But what are you going to do with the money? You might get 'The Ruffler' for fifteen hundred, and he is well in for the Cæsarewitch."

"'The Ruffler' will not suit my little book. I arrived at a decision after you came in. This is what I am going to do. I shall go down to a nicish watering-place within easy distance of a decent pack—enjoy myself quietly, and make the money go as far as I can for a twelvemonth; and then —"

"Well, what then?"

"I shall kill myself."

"Oh, of course, to the sound of slow music in the distance; hurdy-gurdies and bagpipes playing under your windows, &c."

"No; I mean what I say. Another year will be just enough of it."

"Provided you don't flush an heiress in the meantime. What you have described would be a useful country for that kind of game; and if you make your three thousand pounds three thousand a-year, you might have a chance."

"No; that would be a sacrifice for which I could not screw up my courage; I would sooner go to Boulogne and vegetate on the interest of the three thousand. I don't know why it is, but to me they always seem to take their complexion from their bank-notes, and the shade of their hair from the colour of their guineas."

"Why, golden tresses are the correct thing."

"Yes; but I am thinking of the 'red, red gold.' Besides, they've too accurate an idea of their own money value impressed upon them from infancy. No; I shall keep to my original plan; and twelve months from the day on which I arrive in my new home, I shall depart this life. My mode of death will form an interesting subject of reflection during my leisure hours; for now I have begun to think I may as well go on."

"Do you really expect me to believe this?"

"If you say you don't;—well, I won't call you out, because that might disarrange my plans; but I should prefer your dropping the subject."

"And you won't play one pool?"

"Not this morning. I must see about carrying my new arrangements into effect. Ta-ta."

George Davis soon spread the news of Ringston's legacy, and his theory for its disposal far and wide; and consequently that gentleman was favoured with a great many visits in the course of the morning. When he had quite a levee, he went over the whole affair for the public benefit. Amongst the men who were present, some had come expecting to find him a little mad; others had made up their minds that he had been amusing himself at George's expense. But Ringston stated his intentions and his reasons for them in such a quiet and business-like way, that many were shaken in their opinion. Some of the younger men, indeed, at first felt perfectly confident that he would carry out what he had said to the letter. It should be mentioned that he prefaced his explanation by stating that Davis happened to come in just as he had decided upon the course he was about to pursue, and that he had spoken to him about it on the spur of the moment; but, considering it in the light of a confidential communication, he never imagined it would have gone any farther.

One man, indeed, ventured to say that he thought the joke had gone far enough; but he soon repented his temerity.

"I am not in jest, sir," said Ringston, in a voice which startled the room; "and as this is a subject which I shall not discuss again, if any one wilfully forces upon me a statement of their disbelief in my intentions, I shall consider that they wish to give me the lie."

As Ringston had once thrown a man out of a first-floor window, and there was still a latent possibility that he might be mad, this produced rather a hiatus in the conversation.

The difficulty was cleverly got over by a young gentleman who said,—

"You have not told us yet, Ringston, what is to be the scene of your operations?"

"Well, I have not made up my mind, and shall be glad of any advice on the subject.

"What do you say now to Shallowell; Maverley's regiment is stationed there, and it is within easy reach of Glencroft's pack, and the South Clodshire as well?"

"By Jove, you don't say so; I have not seen Maverley since he returned to England, and it is a nice country too. Shallowell it shall be. I will write to Maverley to-night. By-the-by, if any of you know anybody who could take the rooms off my hands, with furniture and everything as it stands, I should be glad."

As the party gradually dispersed, young Racington, who was just starting upon town, lingered on till the last, and as soon as they were alone commenced a negotiation. In ten minutes Ringston had disposed of

all his goods and chattels, including some tolerable pictures, for two hundred and fifty pounds, and a hunter which had proved rather too much for Mr. Racington, as on previous occasions, when there had been a difference of opinion between them with regard to the road which they should go, the horse had generally had the best of the argument.

CHAPTER II.

MISS ETHEREDGE, the belle of Shallowell, stands at the window of the pump-room. She is surrounded by a select band of male and female satellites.

"Who is that in such deep mourning walking with Captain Maverley?" she inquired of Dr. Doser, the most active of newsmongers and most industrious of gossips.

The gentleman she indicates is a slight, elegant-looking man, about the middle height. He is very pale, with a large black moustache. The rest of his face is closely shaven.

"You may look upon that gentleman as a phenomenon, Miss Etheredge," replied the doctor; "for in him you see a man in mourning for himself. That is Mr. Ringston, of whom I have no doubt you have heard."

"But Mr. Ringston must be in mourning for his cousin, who has left him the fortune."

"His cousin may form an excuse to put forward to the world, but I know from the best authority"—and here the doctor shook his head mysteriously—"that he will never return to another garb. He wears it as a token of his own approaching end."

And here the doctor repeated the story of Mr. Ringston's intentions, which had preceded him to Shallowell. As he concluded it, Maverley and Ringston repassed on horseback; the captain in pink, his friend in his usual black. Ringston was riding a gigantic black horse, nearly seventeen hands, and evidently of immense power.

"The hounds meet at Laverock Close this morning; you should have gone to see them throw off, Miss Etheredge," said young George Clatham.

"How is it that you are not there?" retorted the young lady, looking gracefully unconscious.

Poor George blushed, but made no reply.

As soon as Ringston and Maverley reached the Close, the captain, who was a great authority on horse-flesh, was carried off by a friend to give an opinion on a mare that Mivens, the livery-stable keeper from Shallowell, had ridden over to sell.

Consequently, Ringston was left alone, and not being known, was a good deal stared at. Most of the men present were members of the hunt, and turned out in the uniform, which was gorgeous in the extreme, so that Ringston's sables formed a striking contrast amid the mass of pink.

"That fellow must be an undertaker," said Mr. Snaffleton.

"The brute he is riding does look as if he had just come out of a hearse," said Bob Bitwell.

"Go and tell him, Charlie, it is no use his coming here; he won't get any orders to-day. Nobody ever breaks his neck in this hunt," said Snaffleton.

"Go yourself," said Charlie Chesterfield.

"Charlie's afraid," said Bitwell.

"No, Charlie's not," said that young gentleman; "but I'll toss Bitwell whether he goes or I."

"Come, now, that's only fair," cried two or three men.

Bitwell did not like it, but was ashamed to slink out of it. There was a general laugh when he lost the toss.

As he walked his horse towards Ringston, two or three ranged near enough to hear what he said.

Ringston had been standing with his back to his critics; it is probable that if they had seen his face the joke would not have been suggested. When he happened to turn, as Bitwell came up, that gentleman conceived an additional dislike to the duty he had to perform. However, he felt he was in for it, and plunged desperately *in medias res*.

"I don't think you'll do much business to-day, sir?"

Ringston chose to suppose that he alluded to the prospect of sport, though he had caught a word here and there of the conversation, and suspected that a jest was intended. He replied accordingly—

"Not a bad scenting morning."

"Oh, I did not mean with the fox, I meant with the funerals."

"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir, and I do not take orders for funerals; but, if you should follow me to-day, I think it is extremely likely I may have to give one."

These words Ringston uttered very slowly, and gave additional point to the last sentence by surveying Mr. Bitwell and his horse through his ebony-encircled eyeglass.

That gentleman looked extremely uncomfortable as he returned to his friends.

They found very soon after this, and got away directly. An open country and the pace tremendous. Twenty minutes' straight riding, and only one momentary check. Ringston only rides ten stone, and Erebus is well up to fifteen. He has ridden more than one steeple-chase, and been first past the post. The black coat takes its place in the first rank as a matter of course. Bitwell, who does not forget the challenge, strives hard to keep ahead, but Erebus is too much for his chestnut across some ploughed land. Over the crest of the hill they go straight as a line, with a splendid view as they top it. But as they begin to descend, they see a great deal more than they like.

One long field, with a most unpromising bullfinch at the bottom, and beyond the hill falls away precipitously, like the side of a house.

The fox points straight a-head, and in a minute two or three hounds

are seen rolling over and over in their course towards the bottom. The huntsman turns off to the right for a winding path which leads through the wood to the bottom. Ringston, who had taken the second place, goes straight a-head, glancing once over his shoulder to look for Bitwell as he neared the fence. Bitwell caught his glance, and kept in his track. Crash through the bullfinch goes Erebus; but can he keep his footing on the other side? For a second, it seems a certainty that he must fall on his head; but, with a desperate effort, Ringston recovers him. Another stride, and he slides on to his haunches on the wet ground; and so on, slipping and sliding, Ringston throwing his weight well back, by the most extraordinary luck they reached the bottom in safety. Then across the road over an oxer "like a bird," just in time for the kill; for the hounds ran into him in the next field.

Bitwell got through the bullfinch gallantly, but the chesnut rolled over the moment he lighted on the descent, crushing his rider beneath him.

Bitwell was picked up about a third of the way down the hill, with two damaged ribs and a broken collar-bone. The chesnut rolled to the bottom and broke his back.

Behind Bitwell came Maverley and Snaffleton, but they wisely followed the example of the huntsman, and went round by the lane.

Snaffleton mentioned to the captain what had occurred before the run, and commented on Ringston's desperate riding.

"Why, you see, if he breaks his neck now," said Maverley, "it will save him the trouble of killing himself at the end of the year, and would be more moral besides."

Then followed the story.

Both Glencroft's hounds and the South Clodshire had some good runs during the next fortnight, at all of which Ringston was present, and rode in the same style. Fortunately, he did not again tempt any one to follow him; and, thanks to his light weight, light hand, good seat, and the bone and blood of Erebus, he came to no harm.

By this time he had become an object of general interest at Shallowell; and though several people thought him mad, he had no relations who considered it would be a profitable speculation to put him in a lunatic asylum.

CHAPTER III.

RINGSTON soon became rather popular than not, notwithstanding the mystery which surrounded him. Any allusion to this he always checked. With the memory of Bitwell's fate fresh in their minds, and under the unpleasant light which gleamed in Ringston's eyes when he was annoyed, there were few who would have liked to press the point. But the gossips made ample amends for their enforced silence in his presence by the circulation of the wildest speculations behind his back.

It was even suggested that he had sold himself to the Evil One, and that, like the guests at juvenile parties, he would be fetched when his time was up. But his rooms were pleasant ones to drop in at; and it is a matter of doubt whether if his Satanic Majesty had been present as a guest, he would have scared the inhabitants of Shallowell from a champagne supper.

There was a little play afterwards, which occasionally made the evening rather expensive, but then the loss was a chance and the supper a certainty.

Between the hours of eleven at night and three in the morning, any one who had the *entrée* to Ringston's rooms would generally find "something going on," unless there was any bachelor party brilliant enough to lure the lion from his den.

The balls, evening parties, and other festivities for which Shallowell is so justly celebrated, he utterly eschewed, and thereby gave deadly offence to the majority of the fair sex in that fashionable watering (and wining) place. It was bad enough that he did not go himself, but it was far worse that he should keep away Gustavus and Adolphus, who, before his arrival, had been exemplary in their attendance.

Why is Frederick Deux-temps putting on his hat so quietly in the hall of Mrs. Fitz-cram?

It is only half-past one. The rush of "The Spirit of the Ball" pours into his ears, as he noiselessly turns the handle of the street door, but it has no power to recall him. Yet one short month ago he swore to Lucy Lightfoot that there was nothing in the world equal to that "first after-supper gallop." He made no exception then even in favour of lansquenets and champagne punch.

When winter passed away and the season of picnics arrived, Ringston could never be entrapped into making one of a miscellaneous assembly.

A drag over to Westsea, and a cruise in Colonel Morley's yacht, suited him very well, but the peculiar advantage of dining or dancing on the grass he never could be brought to see.

But all through the summer season he devoted himself especially to the Shallowell cricket-club.

He got them into such order, that they won every match they played that season, and "the black bowler" became an object of superstitious terror to every eleven in the neighbourhood. The most disagreeable thing in Ringston's bowling was, that he always walked up to the crease, and no one could ever tell till the ball was delivered whether it would be a slow twister, or swift enough to cut the middle stump in half.

Thus with yachting and cricket, and the occasional races in the neighbourhood, the time passed away until November came again, and the allotted twelvemonth drew towards its close.

CHAPTER IV.

MAVERLEY's regiment were the first dragoons who had ever been stationed at Shallowell, and they had been *fêted* a great deal. They therefore considered it incumbent upon them to give a ball. Officers' balls are always a success. It is an understood thing that everything is to be praised and nothing is to be criticised.

Everybody comes prepared to enjoy himself, and the majority generally succeed. The number of determined-to-be-agreeable hosts propitiates the fair sex, and all possible partners are always made available. It is true that some appear to take the character of steward, only to be able to introduce themselves to any pretty girl they don't know, but these are the exception who prove the rule.

Ringston had declined the invitation at first, but Maverley made it a personal matter that he should show himself.

The Shallowell Assembly Rooms are unusually crowded. That watering-place can always show a fair amount of beauty; but to-night the ranks of the belles are swelled by many drafts from the county families.

Laura Etheredge holds her own against all comers. She is undoubtedly the belle of the room. In a pause of a quadrille, her eyes fall upon a pale face which rests against a pillar opposite. We have said that Ringston was an elegant-looking man. His pose at this moment is graceful in the extreme, though evidently unstudied. Laura looks at him. She sees that he has evidently forgotten where he is, and takes advantage of his unconscious state to examine him critically. The breeze of the whirling dresses almost stirs his black curls; but he does not note the fair dancers as they pass.

There is something in an expression of utter abstraction which always excites curiosity.

Where are the thoughts which are not with us? Laura had ridiculed a dozen times at least the Ringston story, and yet now that she gazes upon its hero, she can scarcely drive back from her heart a feeling of terror. She goes mechanically through the quadrille, but she sees nothing but that face.

In vain her partner turns on an even-flowing stream of regulation nothings into her ear. She does not hear a word; and, at last, answers an elaborate criticism on a new prima donna which he has learnt by heart from yesterday's *Times*, by saying—

"Yes, quite black."

The irreproachable lieutenant treasured this as a fact, and avoiding any display of ignorance at the time, he sought his newspaper on his return home to see if he had omitted to notice that Mademoiselle Sopranetti was a coloured artiste.

The last figure of the quadrille is drawing to a close, when Ringston changes his position, and their eyes meet.

Have you ever watched eyes, which as they wake from sleep kindle into love beneath your own?

Some such sparkle gleamed in Ringston's, before Laura could withdraw her gaze. She saw the trance fade in an instant, and the light of life come back.

At the same moment the thought crossed her mind, "If I were destined to claim him back from death!"

She sits by her chaperon for a moment; the next Ringston was before her with a steward by his side.

"Miss Etheredge, Mr. Ringston."

"Can you possibly spare me a dance, Miss Etheredge?"

"I can give you the next—a waltz, I think?"

What could it have been that induced Laura to keep herself disengaged for that dance, when she had enough petitions made to her to fill her card over and over again, before she had been in the room five minutes? What answer would she have made to herself? She must have said that she liked to keep one dance in case some one came in late, with whom she might wish to dance. Had she any idea who the "some one" was to be?

It was evident that at some previous period of his existence Mr. Ringston had liked dancing much better than he had professed to do since he had resided at Shallowell.

"How they go!" said Snaffleton.

"Fine action. Do for a currie!" replied Captain Maverley.

"I thought you never danced, Mr. Ringston," said Miss Etheredge, as the music ceased.

"I did not think I should ever dance again," he replied, and the dark cloud passed over his face once more.

She shuddered. "Can he allude," she thought, "to the story of his approaching death?"

But he seemed to shake the gloom off with an effort, and began to talk. Supper was announced before the next dance, and he took her down, and soon established her in a safe and particularly comfortable corner. He then seated himself deliberately in front of her, so as almost to cut her off from the rest of the room. A glance brought Maverley's servant to his side. "Wait upon us," he said; and that judicious attendant obeyed him with the most perfect disregard of everybody else, his master included.

Laura Etheredge was not the girl to stand being "appropriated" in the manner we have described under ordinary circumstances or by an ordinary individual, but there are some people whom no one ever thinks of opposing, and Arthur Ringston was one of them. His charge was not unhappy in her prison; the more they talked the brighter Ringston became, till at last he seemed to regain "his old form."

For the days were not long past since many bright eyes looked brighter when that dark face bent over them.

And certainly Laura lingered an unconscionably long time over her jelly, considering that a sometime favourite partner was waiting to claim her hand for a galope; and more suspicious still, when that was concluded she allowed herself to be persuaded to take some grapes.

Now all ladies know that grapes may be made to last exactly as long as the consumer likes. When all the ladies had left the supper-room except one dowager who was evidently watching them, Ringston felt that it would not do any longer, and they returned to the ball-room.

Miss Etheredge introduced Ringston to her mother. "We shall have a few friends next Friday, Mr. Ringston; but I suppose it would be quite a compliment to ask you to join us?"

"I should be delighted, I assure you, though I do not often go out; but"—and here a shade darker than she had yet seen seemed to Laura to cloud his face—"but I am compelled to refuse."

In vain she tried to force it back, the thought would come, "The year must be nearly past."

The supper had lasted so long that Miss Etheredge's dancing engagements, according to her "correct card" had been terribly disregarded.

There was, therefore, an animated debate between three gentlemen, who all claimed her hand for the next dance. Ringston suggested that if she put an end to the dispute by dancing with him, no one could be offended, but Laura did not agree with him. The fortunate candidate carried her off in triumph at last, and Ringston sat down to converse with Mrs. Etheredge. That lady told her daughter the next morning that she could not imagine why people talked such nonsense about Mr. Ringston, for she found him a very sensible and agreeable person. Laura danced twice, and then said she should like to go home. Ringston took her to the carriage. After the ladies were in, a minute elapsed before they could start. What could induce the belle of Shallowell to repeat an invitation which had once been declined? Yet it is certain that Laura leant out of the window, and murmured—

"Shall we not see you on Friday?"

A whisper, "Alas, no!" a deep sigh; a pressure of the hand; and they are parted—she cannot escape the thought—perhaps for ever.

CHAPTER V.

THE ball took place on Tuesday. The next morning Ringston sent round Maverley's servant to all his tradesmen to collect his bills, for he had dismissed his own man a few days before. He remained at home all the morning, destroying letters and papers, having given strict orders that he should be denied to everybody. He dined at the mess, where he was always a welcome guest. He returned to his rooms about ten o'clock, and several men came in. The play was higher than usual. It was observed that, contrary to his usual custom, Ringston played reck-

lessly. He had, however, an extraordinary run of luck, and won heavily after a long sitting. His guests dropped off by degrees.

Young Lurley, a cornet, who had lately joined, and Snaffleton, remained to the last, playing *écarté*. When they left, at about half-past three, Ringston was lying on the sofa half asleep.

Ringston seldom rose early on winter mornings when he did not hunt. The people of the house had strict orders never to call him. But when three o'clock on Thursday afternoon came, and he had not yet rung for breakfast, the landlady, who had lived in fear and trembling for some days, backed up by the maid and a friend from next door, ventured into his sitting-room, and not finding any signs of him there, they knocked at his bedroom door. No answer. Again louder, louder, louder. Still no reply. They try the door; it is not fastened. As it is opened Mrs. Brown, the lady from next door, detects a strong smell of sulphur, but the room is empty; the bed is disarranged, the clothes he wore yesterday are lying on the chairs, but there is no other token of Mr. Arthur Ringston.

The news spreads like wildfire. Very soon rewards are offered for his discovery, for there is one painful element which enters into the romance.

Though the bills were so carefully collected yesterday, none of them were paid.

The river is dragged incessantly, and the fashionable broad walk by its side is deserted by the fair sex. The local papers teem with paragraphs, some of which achieve the honour of being copied into *The Times*.

It was talked about everywhere. There was a nearer approach to excitement at the "Poco-curante," of which Ringston was a member, than had ever been known since the club was formed.

"It seems to me," said Georgy Davis, in the smoking-room of that institution, "that it is about the neatest thing that our Arthur has ever done, and that is saying a great deal. My firm belief is, that he has not killed himself, that he never had the three thousand pounds, but that he has left Shallowell, owing five."

And Laura Etheredge—Is she interested in the new story and its thousand and one variations?

Does she still cherish a remembrance of her strange partner at the officers' ball. She looked as beautiful as ever at her mother's party on Friday, though perhaps a shade paler than usual. At first, whilst the general opinion is, that he has drowned himself—and there are daily reports that his remains have been found in various holes of the river—she has a difficulty in repressing all appearance of anxiety when these reach her. But as there appears a greater probability of his being alive, she recovers her equanimity, though it may be doubted whether she was quite herself till she had refused Snaffleton—an operation which seemed to do her a great deal of good.

As there was still great uncertainty whether he was dead or alive, it was found that nothing could be done with regard to Ringston's property.

Nothing had been removed from his rooms. His watch was in its stand; his purse, containing thirty-seven pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence, was lying on his dressing-table; so were his keys. On opening his writing-desk, a hundred and fifty pounds were found in it.

One or two men said he must have won twice as much or more on Wednesday night, but as there is always a graceful uncertainty with regard to who does win the money which everybody else has lost, not much attention was paid to this remark. Ringston had paid the landlady her rent, and she held a balance for smaller expenses, so she did not object to things remaining as they were for a little time. Erebus had been lent to Mavery about a week before.

All things working together, it seemed probable that the excitement at Shallowell would extend even beyond that conventional limit of our wonder at modern miracles—the ninth day.

CHAPTER VI.

As soon as Messrs. Lurley and Snaffleton had departed from Ringston's rooms, that gentleman arose from the sofa, indulged in an extensive wash, shaved off his moustache, and carefully committed the remains of that ornament to the flames, decorated himself with a pair of black whiskers of modest proportions in its stead, then drawing a small portmanteau from beneath his bed, he took from it a groom's complete suit, drab great-coat and all.

These he put on, and they fitted him beautifully. Then, at about half-past four he departed, leaving everything as it was afterwards found. He then walked on to the next station, distant about five miles from Shallowell, and timed his arrival so as just to catch the parliamentary up-train.

On his arrival in London he took a cab to the East End of the town, and at a ready-made clothes shop he exchanged his habiliments of servitude for the nearest approach he could obtain to the ordinary garb of a gentleman. He then turned into the first hotel to which he came, and ordered a private room and breakfast. He did not leave it again till after dark.

There is a lyric which was very popular at the commencement of this century duly celebrating the importance of the three blessings—"Wife, children, and friends." In the two first Ringston could not boast any share. But with respect to the third he was indeed fortunate. There were three men who would have done anything for him that one man can do for another.

Whether or not he deserved the affection he inspired, we will not pretend to investigate, but the fact cannot be denied, though we must

leave it to psychologists to state the reason why the best men are not always the best loved.

Of the trio we have indicated, Tracey was in India; in Maverley he had not confided because he felt his doing so would have placed his friend in a very awkward position; but Aldridge still remained. Ringston and Aldridge had been schoolfellows, and they had always kept up the friendship of their boyhood, though their paths in life had led very different ways. Ringston had succeeded to a tolerable fortune when he came of age, but he was already involved, and soon ran through the remainder.

Aldridge had been working hard as a merchant, and was now a man well known upon 'Change.

He gave Mr. Arthur a hearty welcome, when that gentleman arrived at his little Hampstead villa at five minutes to six (Aldridge always dined at six).

Ringston entertained too high an opinion of his own story to commence it till dinner was over. But when the port was fairly under weigh, he favoured his friend with a regular narrative of his year at Shallowell. Aldridge made occasional efforts to moralize, but as his valuable reflections were constantly interrupted by his bursts of laughter, their good effect on his guest was materially diminished.

When at last the subject was pretty nearly exhausted, Ringston said to his host—

"You remember, old fellow, when I first mentioned to you casually that I was going to the bad, you suggested to me that it would be useful to do something else instead—I mean in the way of getting my food ('bread' is the proper expression, I think, but I always hated bread), the same as other people do. I did not see it in the same light then; but now—don't laugh at me, there's a dear fellow—I have actually a fancy that I should like to become a respectable member of society."

Aldridge did laugh, but when he had recovered, he said, "Well, what do you imagine you are fit for?"

"Well, I should say my special mission was to be a preceptor of youth, but I have heard that is not a remunerative employment. At the time I mentioned, you know, you talked of taking me into your shop, but I should not wish that—I might be in the way—and just now I want to go abroad, but still I should prefer something mercantile."

"You imagine you have a speciality that way."

"Well, I can speak five languages, and might even write them decently if I tried very hard. As for accounts, I do not know much about this kind of light literature" (and he laid his hand upon a ledger, which was peeping out from beneath a mass of newspapers on a side table); "but I cannot imagine there is anything in it much harder than calculating the odds at hazard, or making a safe book on a large handicap. And oh! I say, Fred! if it was a business with any bills in it, would not I make the parties take half the amount in cleaned gloves and empty cigar boxes, and stick on sixty per cent, and add the interest to the

new bill. By Jove, the very idea of being the other side of the counter is quite refreshing."

And he began to rub his hands, as if in anticipation.

"I am afraid I could not introduce you to anything of that sort, but if you are really in earnest, and mean to turn over a new leaf, I think I can assist you."

"If I was not changed, do you think I would wear such a coat as this? I will not allude to the waistcoat. As far as my past life is concerned, upon my honour as an embryo merchant, I have thrown up the sponge."

"Well, you have come to me to-night just in the nick of time. I have embarked a good deal of money in an Australian Land Company, and we want some one to go out immediately to look after our affairs out there. If you would like to go, I have no doubt I could get you appointed."

"As far as I am concerned, you may consider the bargain as concluded," replied Ringston, "and thank you," as he shook hands with his friend across the table.

"You had better see about your outfit to-morrow. What shall I fill this in for," said Aldridge, taking a cheque-book out of a drawer in his bureau. "Two hundred? we shall pay your passage, you know."

"Thank you, don't trouble. The fact is, I am sorry to say that I have more money than I ought to have at this moment; for I had an extraordinary run of luck the last fortnight before I left. I have actually brought away more than a thousand pounds. There were some things I should like to have paid; but it would not have gone very far, and I never like to raise jealousy or other bad feelings in the bosoms of my business connections. However, thanks to you, I have a new life before me, and I shall hope to settle with them all some day or other."

CHAPTER VII

Our curtain draws up on Shallowell once more.

It is the twenty-third of November. Exactly twelve months have elapsed since Mr. Ringston's mysterious disappearance. His unfortunate landlady has never been able to let her lodgings since. A superstitious terror has prevented her from moving any of Ringston's things; indeed, for some time after his departure, she reaped a small harvest by exhibiting the "Chambers of Horror." On this particular morning, Mrs. Jones, who had taken the house next door, formerly occupied by Mrs. Brown, has looked in for a little chat.

Accordingly she improves the occasion by relating the awful history to that lady, gratis.

"Yes, Mrs. Jones, it were exactly twelve months ago this blessed day. There had been stories about for a long time about his killing himself when he had been in Shallowell a year, or being took—you know who by."

Mrs. Jones gave a little shriek, and said, "You don't," to imply that she did.

"And so I could not help feeling uncomfortable-like all the morning, when he never rung for his breakfast, and I said as much to Jemima—didn't I, Jemima?"

"That you did, mum, as sure as I'm a-standing here," said that domestic, leaning on the handle of her quiescent broom.

Jemima always availed herself of the opportunity of neglecting her work on these occasions to perform the more important duty of corroborating the statements of her mistress.

"Yes, Mrs. Jones," continued that lady; "and though he were a very nice gentleman, to give that person—we won't mention—his due; he were a bit impatient-like sometimes; and if he were to ring his bell three or four times, and Jemima and I was busy or anything, and didn't answer it directly, he'd come to the top of the stairs, and call out—"

"Devilled kidneys for two," interrupted the unmistakable voice of Mr. Arthur Ringston himself, proceeding from the exact spot which the landlady had just indicated.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that the three females all went into hysterics; but as this arrangement left no one to pick anybody else up, they were compelled to come to sooner than might otherwise have been expected.

Mrs. Jones, who felt that she had not as good grounds as her companions for a lengthened fit, was the first to recover.

Ringston, who had waited deliberately till the screaming ceased, then repeated his order.

"Devilled kidneys for two, as soon as you can, if you please, for I expect Captain Maverley to breakfast at half-past ten; and you had better get a Yorkshire pie from Woolcombe's."

A council of war was held; and it was finally decided that the orders should be executed. Probably the prospect of the reversion of the pie furnished a sufficient stock of courage.

Ringston had been able to execute the manœuvre which had caused so much terror to the household with the most perfect ease and success. He had timed his journey from London so as to arrive at Shallowell by the mail train at three in the morning. When he left, he had taken his latch-key with him. By means of it he obtained admission without disturbing any one.

He had written to Maverley from town, inviting him to breakfast, but cautioning him not to mention it to any one till he had seen him.

With fear and trembling the trio who had been assembled in the kitchen carried in the breakfast, but they saw nothing of Mr. Ringston, though they could hear him moving about in his dressing-room. Their minds were greatly relieved, however, when at half-past ten, punctual to the moment, Captain Maverley arrived.

"Mr. Ringston is here," said the landlady, in a tone intended to carry terror into the captain's breast.

"Of course he is," replied that gallant officer. "I have come to breakfast with him."

Captain Maverley had not to wait long for his host. Ringston soon explained to him why he had shown such an apparent want of confidence.

"It would have been such an awful bore for you if you had known all about it; and really until the last moment, I had not made up my mind what I should do."

"Of course, as I had not mentioned the thing myself, I asked Aldridge to keep it quiet too."

"Yes," said Maverley, "and when I saw the old ruffian in town about a fortnight after you had taken yourself off, I could not conceive why he kept laughing at my account of your mysterious disappearance."

"He must have enjoyed it slightly; but it was the luckiest thing imaginable that I went to him. As I was telling you, he sent me out to try and sell some shares in his Land Company in Australia. Well, I worked hard at it, I can assure you, and I got rid of a good many during the first two months. Then there came that row about the convicts, and things looked very bad; everything went down in the market; our shares especially were at a frightful discount. Well, you know, a run of bad luck never depressed me much. I looked at things calmly, and felt certain the depression was only temporary, and would soon pass away. I had not invested the money I took out, so I bought a couple of thousand shares at ten shillings a share. Next month they discovered the gold. The great Foozleygullah diggings are exactly in the centre of our property. Each of those shares is now worth—just pass *The Times*—one hundred and sixty-three pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence."

"After that," said Maverley, "if you will allow me, I will ring for some beer."

When the landlady answered the bell, she left the door wide open, and several female faces were visible upon the landing.

Ringston nodded to her, and said, "I shall dine at home to-day."

On inquiry, Ringston found that Maverley had a new servant, and that he was a tolerably sharp fellow.

Accordingly, they sent for him. Ringston then gave him all the bills of the Shallowell tradesmen, which had been collected before he left, with a cheque on a London banker for the amount of each.

"You will be particularly careful," said Captain Maverley, "in paying these, to say, 'Here is your bill, which Mr. Ringston sent for yesterday. If they should say, 'You mean a year ago,' or anything of that sort, you will point out the date.'"

Ringston had had all the dates most carefully altered, and then photographic copies taken of the originals on similar paper.

The horror which this device caused, fully came up to his most sanguine expectations.

"Do you remember your *début* with Glencroft's pack?" said Maverley.

"Yes," said Ringston, "I hope poor Bitwell quite recovered the effects of that escapade."

"Oh, yes! By-the-by, they meet to-day."

"I suppose it is too late to join them now?"

"Well, I don't know; if we ride hard, and they should not find directly, we might have a chance. Erebus is as fresh as a daisy."

Glencroft's had a capital run that day. Some nice open country, and the pace first rate. A magnificent burst of five-and-thirty minutes, when the huntsman's mare broke down, and his second horse nowhere near.

Snaffleton dropped into his place, with Bitwell well up. Away they go, over Marsley Down, then Reynard points for Elfreton Park. He finds his way through the palings (perhaps he knows the hole of old), and the hounds are not far behind him.

But the said palings are not so pleasant to ride at. They may be rotten or they may not. And to top them neatly after the burst over the Down is no easy matter.

"We want the gentleman in black to show us the way over," said Snaffleton.

They had slackened their pace a little, to see if any opening to the right or left would afford them a cheaper bargain. The words were scarcely out of Snaffleton's mouth, when "Erebus" and his rider rushed past them; the black took the paling in his stride as a matter of course, and they disappeared as if they had sunk into the earth.

Poor Bitwell looked so much as if he was going to faint, that Snaffleton felt bound to pull up and offer him his flask. And these gentlemen saw no more of the run that day.

The same evening there was a large party at Mrs. Fitzcram's. At half-past eight that lady receives a note from Captain Maverley, in which he requests permission to bring with him an old friend.

Mrs. Fitzcram immediately returns an answer that she shall be delighted to see the captain's friend, and only regrets that he should have considered it necessary to ask the question.

It is a brilliant party—the connoisseurs say the best of the season. The belle of Shallowell is there, looking, some think, more beautiful than ever, though some of the roses are gone. It is said that she is in delicate health. She does not dance so much as she did, and seldom can be persuaded to stand up for anything except a quadrille.

But a careful observer would have said that all the roses returned when Captain Maverley and his friend entered the room, though their visit to her cheeks was but of an instant's duration, and their departure left her paler than ever.

Ringston bore his introduction to his hostess with tolerable equanimity. He even managed to get through two sentences and a half, and

then a bow, though not up to "our Arthur's" mark, and he is beside Laura.

"Can you give me a dance, Miss Etheredge?" he asked.

"I do not dance so much as I used to do, Mr. Ringston, but I can promise you the next quadrille but one."

He seated himself by her side. The next dance was a polka; and though spectators only, they did not find it too long. Then followed a waltz, and somehow the young lady was persuaded to attempt it. They were to stop immediately if she found it too much for her. But this was a point she did not seem to take into consideration until the music had stopped, and then she said she thought it had done her good.

The greater part of that evening, whether dancing or not, Mr. Arthur was not very far from Miss Laura's side.

The next morning he called to ask how she was. Of course, it was only proper that he should inquire whether she had suffered from dancing more than usual. But even if every credit is given him for the best possible intentions, he paid an unconscionably long visit. Neither Miss Etheredge nor her mamma, however, appeared to be displeased; for the latter lady said before he departed,

"We are very quiet people, Mr. Ringston, and we do not give parties now, on account of my daughter's health; but if you would not mind taking a family dinner with us to-morrow, we should be most happy to see you."

Mr. Ringston said he should be delighted; and he not only said it, but he looked it, which is not always the case with everybody who makes use of the same phrase.

And a very pleasant little dinner it was. And the next day Ringston called, as a matter of course, to inquire after his hostess and her daughter.

Mrs. Etheredge was shopping, but Laura had not felt quite well enough to accompany her, so Arthur found her alone in the drawing-room. He paraded a few ordinary sentences, and then, for he was not the man to dally long when he had made up his mind what to say, he began at once—

"Miss Etheredge, I should like to tell you my story; I know you must have heard a great many versions of it, and I should like to give you my own. You see I am vain enough to think it will interest you:—

"When I came here first, it was reported that at the end of the year, when I had spent a certain sum of money, I was going to kill myself. This was partly true, and partly false. I had not a very great deal of money to spend, but I grieve to confess that the idea of self-destruction had at one time some hold on my imagination. The life I had led was so worthless, that it was not unnatural I should feel small compunction in putting an end to it. The position which I held here amused me, but I saw that it must necessarily collapse. As the year drew to a close, I had

almost made up my mind to the fatal step, though I had provided, some time before, means of retreat ; but the officers' ball changed all my theory of life and death. I went unwillingly. I felt no interest in the pageant. As I leant against a pillar, and the dancers whirled past me, I thought how great was the distance between those children of life and one on whom already rested the heavy shadow of death. But I lifted up my eyes, and met a glance which I shall never forget. It bore the sweet tidings of pity—a woman's pity—into my inmost soul. A sweet voice completed the spell the eyes had begun. It forced on my belief words I had often heard before, but whose weight I had never felt until that moment. I knew that there lived a being for whom I could gladly work. In an instant it seemed branded on my brain, in letters of fire, that those who would escape the labour allotted to man entail a curse upon themselves.

“Well, my pride induced me to keep up the mystery with which I had allowed myself to be surrounded. In all other respects I have led a new life. In a word, I have worked. I can offer you now nothing, indeed, worthy of the belle of Shallowell, far less of Laura Etheredge, but still a home and a heart.”

Once more that glance met his: the pity was replaced by love, and the sweet voice murmured—

“I have never lost the memory of that evening, or forgotten you for a moment.”

And she never will forget him—never while her sweet smile gives him new courage to press onward in the path in which he will win the respect of all who know him.

Never, whilst she can lessen every sorrow, and double every joy. Never, till she has forgotten that from her he learnt to labour and to love.

The Home of a Naturalist.

THERE are naturalists and naturalists. Certain dreadfully scientific persons who call themselves by that name seem to consider zoology and comparative anatomy as convertible terms. When they see a creature new to them they are seized with a burning desire to cut it up, to analyze it, to get it under the microscope, to publish a learned work about it, which no one can read without an expensive Greek Lexicon, and to "put up" its remains in cells and bottles. They delight in an abnormal hæmophysis; they pin their faith on a pterygoid process; they stake their reputation on the number of tubercles in a second molar tooth, and they quarrel with each other about a notch on the basisphenoid bone.

Then there are the "field naturalists," who delight in penetrating to the homes and haunts of the creatures which they love, and spend whole days and nights in watching their habits. Sometimes a field naturalist remains at home, and immortalizes an obscure village by the simple process of using his eyes and telling his friends what he has seen. Another wanders far abroad in quest of new wonders, and if he faithfully narrates the marvels he has witnessed, may calculate on being put down by newspaper critics as a skilful archer with the long-bow. Such a man was Le Vaillant, and such his reception by the critical world.

"Giraffe? Humbug!" was the general criticism.

"Contrary to the laws of nature," said the scientific.

"Would be liable to nine feet of sore throat," wrote the witty.

And so the critics and the public enjoyed themselves amazingly at the traveller's expense, until the Pacha of Egypt sent two living giraffes to Europe, and turned the laugh in the other direction.

Such a man was Bruce, and such his reception. Peter Pindar showered most pungent epigrams upon his devoted head, and assailed him with most unsavoury comparisons. Perhaps there has been no statement of any traveller that raised such a storm of ridicule as Bruce's perfectly true account of eating beef cut from the living ox:

"Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas!)
Kill half a cow and turn the rest to grass,"

writes the poet, who wisely kept out of the redoubtable traveller's way, unwilling to share the fate of a contemporary caviller, who avowed that to devour raw beef was impossible, and was compelled, at the point of the sword, to eat his own words, together with a raw and freshly cut steak. *Solvitur edendo.*

Such a man was Charles Waterton, and such his reception; the ride on the cayman's back being treated by the press after the same fashion as

Le Vaillant's giraffe and Bruce's ox. Time, however, is the true critic; giraffes are now as familiar as donkeys; eating flesh "in the blood" is now known to be a custom existing in many nations from time immemorial; and the ride on the cayman has long been deprived of all marvel, except as a bold and dashing method of securing a powerful animal without damaging the skin.

The discoveries of Mr. Waterton in Guiana are too well known to need even a passing reference; but though better known to fame, are quite equalled in importance by the perpetual labours of half a century employed in observing the habits of living beings of our own land, and restoring to the dead skin the energetic contours of the living form.

There is perhaps no place in England where the greatest natural advantages have been so promptly seized and so largely improved as at Walton Hall, and it really seems almost impossible for such a combination of favourable conditions to be elsewhere achieved. There are many devoted naturalists who would exult in laying out their little domains in a manner calculated to attract the creatures which they love, but it can hardly be expected that another naturalist would possess the enormous natural advantages to be found at Walton Hall, and be blessed with health to manage his hobby for fifty years. As a general rule, the sapling which a young man plants is inherited as a tree by his grandson, and it is very seldom found that the same eye which designed the original plan is permitted to see the results in their full perfection. Such, however, is the case in this present instance, and it may easily be imagined that where an extensive domain is laid out expressly for one purpose, which has been perseveringly carried out through half a century, and ever directed by the same mind which planned the design, a successful result is almost a matter of course.

The object which Mr. Waterton proposed to himself in 1813, the year after he had returned from the wilds of Guiana, whither he had gone in 1812 in quest of wourali poison, was to offer a hearty welcome to every bird and beast that chose to avail itself of his hospitality, and by affording them abundant food and a quiet retreat to induce them to frequent a spot where they would feel themselves secure from all enemies, save those which have been appointed to preserve the balance of nature. Food is always procurable, and the quiet retreat has been obtained by watching the habits of the various creatures, and providing them with such accommodations as they would seek in the wild state. Mead, hill and dale, have been laid out to suit the idiosyncrasies of various species; and trees of different kinds have been planted in clumps, rows, or in solitary state, to attract the birds that love such localities.

A large lake studded with islands and surrounded by simple meadow land, drooping willows, or thick woods, has been given up to the aquatic members of the feathered tribes, and rapid babbling brooks are at the service of those birds which need the running stream. An ancient ivy-covered gateway upon the borders of the lake has been altered for the

benefit of the feathered race, and in a single season seven pairs of jackdaws, twenty-four pairs of starlings, four pairs of ringdoves, a pair of owls, together with smaller birds, such as blackbills, redbreasts, redtails, sparrows, and chaffinches, have built their nests in the same old tower, within a few feet of each other, and without attempting to quarrel.

In order to exclude human and quadrupedal enemies, a lofty wall has been built in the manner of a ring fence, surrounding about 260 acres of ground, having the lake in the centre and the house upon an island in the lake. A large telescope is mounted in a room which commands the whole lake and a considerable portion of the grounds, so that the most distant birds can be watched as perfectly as if they were close at hand. The wall was finished in 1826, and immediately upon its completion the herons came and built in the park. These beautiful birds absolutely swarm in the domain, and may be seen standing on one leg through the greater portion of the day, steady and impassible as if carved in wood. In order to suit the habits of these birds a channel has been cut on the side of a slight hill, which directs the waters of a little spring into the lake, and along this rivulet the herons love to stand.

To wander in the precincts of this domain seems a return to the primitive ages of the world, when man, beast, and bird had no dread of each other, and moved peacefully in the same happy grounds. The shyest birds are so well aware of their security that they care no more for spectators than the London sparrows for passengers, and will almost suffer themselves to be touched before they take the trouble to fly away for a few yards.

No sooner does the owner shew himself than there is a general rush in his direction, and great is the flapping of wings and welcome of eager voices. Birds crowd round him on all sides to snatch the expected morsel from his hand; and I have seen him walk up to a bull that was sleepily reposing, coolly sit on his ribs, and feed the great beast with bread out of his pocket.

All the birds that inhabit this spot are perfectly free to come and go as they like, but the feeling of absolute safety is so great an attraction that no precautions are needed to keep them within the walls. Even the mallards—those shy and wary birds, that test all the sportsman's craft to approach—come in great flocks to the lake. They swim in large companies on its smooth waters, they edge the banks as far as the eye can reach, and behave altogether as if they were ordinary tame ducks. In the evening they take wing for the Lincolnshire fens, feed during the night, and return to the lake by day-dawn. The first point that struck me on my arrival at the house was the wild cry and loud wing-clatter of vigilant water birds, invisible in the darkness, but quick enough of sight and ear to detect the presence of a stranger.

The whole place literally teems with life. Sweep the meadows, the trees, and the waters with the telescope, at any season of the year, and each spot toward which the glass is directed is as busy as a disturbed ant-hill.

On the lake may be seen Egyptian and Canadian geese, mallards, teal, wigeons, pochards, golden-eyes, tufted ducks, geese, and shovellers; and the only regret in the mind of the owner is that there is no inlet of sea-water. Still the marine birds often pay a visit to the lake, and the black-coated cormorant has made quite a long stay in its precincts, fishing boldly in front of the house, and gobbling eels with the astonishing voracity of its race.

The water-hens and coots run about under the very windows of the house, and sundry other birds would follow their example were it not for the jealousy of a fine pair of Egyptian geese, who choose to consider the whole island, together with the house, as their especial property, and drive away all other birds as soon as they dare to set a foot within the sacred precincts. The magpies and jackdaws, however, are too cunning for the geese, and as soon as a mess of potatoes is thrown down for the legitimate owners, a jackdaw is sure to come sweeping in one direction and a magpie in another, and to snap up the choicest morsels in spite of all the hoarse threats and angry gesticulations of the geese.

One of the most curious results of these investigations is the absolute certainty with which any bird can be attracted to a given locality by providing it with a suitable spot for its nest.

For example, in the hope of inducing the starlings to build in the grounds, twenty-four holes were bored in the old gateway tower. The result was that twenty-four pairs of starlings took possession of the holes, made their nests, and hatched their young therein. Encouraged by this success, and being desirous of giving the handsome and useful starling a home, the kind naturalist built two towers for the especial accommodation of these birds. Each tower is set on a pedestal of solid stone, so made that it cannot be climbed by cats or rats, the bane of all nestlings, and is absolutely filled with chambers.

There is a specially ingenious arrangement about these towers, which enables the bird to gain access to her nest through an aperture only just large enough to admit her body, and at the same time permits the observer to examine the nest and eggs at his leisure. The entrance to each chamber is closed by a cube of stone, having one of the corners squared away. When the stone is in its place the starling gets to her nest through the channel left by the missing corner; but as the entire stone is moveable, it can be pulled out at will, and thereby exposes the whole interior. The starlings are now so tame that they have no objection to being watched, and even after the stone is removed, the bird sits calmly serene on her eggs, following the intruder with a fearless gaze.

Even the jackdaw builds in a hole within five feet of the ground, and close to the path which forms the back entrance to the house. The servants generally peep at the jackdaw's nest as they pass to and fro on their avocations, but the bird cares nothing for them, and treats them with supreme unconcern. Owls, again, were desired near the house, and a chamber was prepared for them in the gateway tower already mentioned.

The apartment was hardly completed when a pair of barn owls took possession of it, and the spot has ever since been tenanted by these birds. Similarly, the brown owl was attracted by a large hole cut in a decaying tree, and by means of these semi-domestic guests, many disputed points in their habits have been cleared up, and their characters freed from the reproaches to which they had been subjected by all previous writers on natural history.

Hérons, again, as has already been mentioned, took up their abode as soon as the park wall was completed, exhibiting thereby a marvellous instinct, which made the birds who build on the tops of the loftiest trees to feel that their homes were securely guarded by a wall not one fourth so high as their trees, and which they could overpass without the least difficulty. The azure-backed and ruddy-breasted kingfisher finds a congenial home on the banks, though driven from the surrounding country by the cruel gun, and lays its pearl-like eggs in their bony nest, or flashes like a blue meteor along the shore in happy immunity from the dread tube that awaits it without the protecting wall. Feeling themselves perfectly secure, the birds act with the full freedom of their natures, and unaffected by the presence of an observer, perform all the duties of life, play their pretty pranks, and exhibit their individuality as unconcernedly as if they were in a desert island where the foot of man had never trod.

The opportunities of gaining knowledge on such subjects are therefore unequalled, and great benefits have been conferred on the world by the information that has been obtained. Putting aside the interesting character of the pursuit, and the gratification which it affords to the observer, its results have been of practical utility. By a long series of useful observations the imputations under which many birds laboured have been entirely disproved, and in many cases a bird which was systematically persecuted and slain by the farmer has been shown to be a positive friend to its ignorant murderer. Such birds, for example, as the rook and crow have been proved to confer immense benefits on the agriculturist by devouring the subterranean larvæ, which stealthily consume the roots of the various crops, and are all the more formidable from the invisible nature of their assaults. The woodpecker, fiercely execrated as a destroyer of the trees, has been proved a right good friend to the landowner, feeding itself on the minute insects that burrow into the bark or into the decaying wood, and never chipping out its curious tunnel except in a spot where corruption has begun and is the sure precursor of death.

The kestrel, again, that was once thought to rival the kite in its raids upon the poultry yard, is now known to do good service by day as does the owl by night, feeding either on the larger and more destructive insects, or on the little field-mice that swarm in all cultivated ground, and, if allowed to increase, make a woful diminution in the harvest. All the tribe of small birds, again, have been proved as benefactors to ten times the value of their depredations. In this domain is no restriction. Any bird is welcome to establish itself wherever it can find a suitable spot, may

go wherever it chooses, and may eat whatever it likes. Field, orchard, and garden are equally at its service, and it may peck off buds from the trees, eat the cherries and currants, steal the peas, or revel in the corn just as its inclination may direct.

To distinguish friends from enemies is one of the first maxims in warfare, and is of primary importance in our daily struggles with the soil. All nature is in arms on one side or the other, and every being, whether animate or inanimate, is fighting against mankind, unless with Jasonic skill he compels them to turn their weapons against each other, and by mutual battles to consummate his peaceful victories. In our own country, where individual energies are permitted to develop themselves without any restrictions of the ruling powers, no particular results have happened from the prevalent misapprehension respecting the friends or foes of husbandry; but in a neighbouring land, famous for its logical precision of thought, its pitiless deduction of conclusions from premises, and the all pervading influence of the supreme authorities, the little birds being known to eat seeds, strip the spring branches of their buds, and rob the autumnal trees of their produce, were condemned as destructive to the tenants, and by the inexorable logic of facts, doomed to death. Rewards were offered throughout the land for the heads of small birds, just as in olden and foolish times the British churchwardens offered twopence per dozen for the heads of sparrows, and the juvenile population that was too young, and the adult population that was too idle to work, soon gathered a goodly number of heads and duly received their reward.

The results, however, were different, owing to two causes: the one being the universality of the measure in the one country, and its partial enforcement in the other; and the second being, that whereas the judicial authorities abroad, after paying for the birds' heads, took care to destroy them, the parochial authorities at home, after paying for the same, threw them out of the vestry window into the road, whence they were thriftily picked up by the expectant pensioners, and sold three or four times over. The consequence has been, that on the continent, the insects have increased to such a fearful extent that societies have been lately formed for the express purpose of reintroducing the small birds that were extirpated at such an expenditure of time and money; and guarding against their slaughter by cruel little boys who take them out of their nests and murder the fledglings with the refined barbarity of juvenile civilization, or by betaselled, green-clad, game-bag carrying gunners, who "pot" them in the hedges and consider themselves sportsmen. Yet the question has been definitely settled more than twenty years ago, and in the "Home of a Naturalist" sundry birds that have long laboured under causeless obloquy have not only been acquitted of all evil doings, but unexpectedly received into the number of our friends.

It will be at once seen that if any bird be attracted by food and a quiet retreat, it may be expelled by an opposite mode of treatment, so that a knowledge of habit enables us to attract or expel those birds which we

know by repeated observation to be our friends or foes. The same maxim applies to quadrupeds, and is often beyond all value.

For example, the farmer is almost invariably keen in hunting down and killing every weasel, stoat; or polecat in the neighbourhood, and his barn walls are generally defiled with numerous carcasses nailed upon them as trophies of their slayer's vigilance. Yet every weasel is worth an annual sack of corn to the farmer, even after deducting the value of the few chickens and ducklings which it may destroy. Marauding cats are far more destructive than weasels, and if a farmer could succeed in clearing the neighbourhood of kestrels, rats, and the weasel tribe, his harvests would make but a poor show. There is no more determined enemy of the rat than the weasel and all its tribe. A thousand barn rats are calculated to devour two hundred pounds' worth of produce per annum; and, taking into consideration the extraordinary powers of multiplication possessed by this insatiate devourer, who eats with equal voracity corn, cheese, bread, and meat of all kinds, whether raw or cooked, clambers into the pigeon-houses, murders the young, and destroys the unhatched eggs—nibbles its way into the hen-roosts by night, and kills the poultry as they quietly sleep on their perches—finds the ducks' nests and depopulates them—it is evident that any creature which gives its services in the destruction of this prolific and expensive animal is cheaply repaid at the cost of two or three chickens per annum. Some of the metropolitan hotel-keepers pay a tolerable annual wage to professional rat-catchers, and find themselves well remunerated for their outlay, even though the price which they pay is at least a hundred times as much as a weasel asks for his unceasing work.

Here, then, is another case proving the absolute money value of practical zoology. The armed men rise from the furrows, fierce, hungry, and destructive, disputing its possession with the new comer; but we fling among them the stone placed in our hand by science, they turn their arms against each other, and those which survive the contest become our willing slaves.

Still taking the rat as our text, see how a practical knowledge of its habits enables us to expel it from any place where it may have injudiciously taken up its abode. I say 'injudiciously,' because rats are useful enough in their right place, and by devouring all kinds of garbage save us from many pestilential diseases. Granting, however, that they have established themselves in some spot where their company is undesirable, how are we to expel them? Simply enough. Make their quarters unpleasant, and let them find nothing to eat. This was the method observed at Walton Hall, where the rats had triumphantly revelled for many a year, while the legitimate owner of the house was battling with snakes and fever in the distant forests of Guiana. Finding their haunts liable to continual raids, and their supplies of food cut off, they left the inhospitable house in disgust, and when fairly out of it were debarred from re-entrance by the judicious application of stone and iron. Fifteen years were occupied in learning the habits of the rat with sufficient accuracy to attain this success-

ful result, but considering the benefit conferred by this knowledge, the time was by no means wasted.

As a general fact, the result of the half century's observation tends to prove that Nature will, in all ordinary cases, preserve her own balance; but that when man alters the conditions, he must ever be watchful of his experiment, or run a risk of ignominious failure. In the present instance, the wall affords no bar to the ingress or egress of the feathered race, who are thereby restored as nearly as possible to their original state of freedom, and are enabled to build their nests and forage for their young without the interruptions which would check them in any other part of England. The result is, that although a vast number of species congregate within the domain—enough, according to the popular prejudices, to devastate the gardens, destroy the crops, and kill all the game—there are few places where crops, fruit, and flowers are so luxuriantly abundant, or where the game is more plentiful.

Not so, however, with the wingless creatures that are enclosed within its limits. Being unable to pass the wall, they are in fact prisoners; their conditions have been altered, and they are no longer able to preserve the rightful balance of nature; so that man, who has interfered with the regular course of events and deprived the creatures of their liberty, is forced to accommodate himself to the altered circumstances, or take the consequences of his intrusion.

For example, of all laws to be observed in this little kingdom, the most stringent was that no fire-arms should be discharged within the walls—a needful and thoughtful regulation, as nothing alarms birds so thoroughly as the report of a gun, or is so likely to deprive them of the secure retreat so necessary for their well-being. Now, it so happened that a number of rabbits were enclosed within the wall on its completion, and, for a time, they did little damage. But rabbits are nearly as prolific as rats; and, in spite of those that were killed by weasels, stoats, and polecats, their numbers increased in arithmetical progression, and they became scarcely less hurtful to the crops than the rats themselves, the turnips being almost destroyed by their busy teeth. At last the mandate was issued for their extirpation, and for the first time for many years guns were fired and dogs roamed at large within the sacred precincts. Curiously enough, the result of the firing was rather contrary to expectation. Confident through long immunity, the birds troubled themselves very little about the guns. At first they were much disturbed at the unwonted sounds, but soon appeared to discover that they stood in no danger, and sat looking at the keepers and dogs with amusing composure. Even the herons only moved away to the tree tops, and the mallards contented themselves with leaving the banks as the dogs approached, and swimming towards the middle of the lake, where they paddled about in conscious security.

A Concert.



THE "power of sound" in music is much increased, and its effect upon the ear is more agreeable, when unaccompanied by a chorus of conversation, a song without words being in more senses than one to be admired and desired. So that this ques-

tion may be fairly pressed upon the attention of reasonable beings going into society, whether when music is to be the entertainment, and they don't like music, and don't like being silent, and don't like going away—whether it would not be better not to go at all? This advice may appear cruel, but it is given with the best intentions, and under a firm belief that if followed it will lead to the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

There are many persons who, if the question, "Are you fond of music?" is put to them, answer without hesitation, "Very," and who by that simply mean that they are not averse, while engaged in conversation on politics, or the money-market, to a running accompaniment of soft instrumental music, which tickles the ear pleasantly, without interfering unduly with the "words," and forms, as it were, a picturesque background to the talk. Persons of shy or timid natures have been known to converse freely and courageously under cover of music, and to suddenly collapse into silence upon the song ceasing; and it is a fact that the hum of men becomes a roar, or subsides into a murmur, according as the music rises into forte, or sinks into piano.

A great deal of silent agony is suffered by those persons who are unfortunate enough, not having much music in their souls, to find themselves forced by circumstances, and the crowd, over neither of which have they any control, into positions of prominence, from which there is no going hence nor tarrying here, with any comfort. Retreat is completely out of the question, cut off as they are behind by the dense mass of company which is closing in and becoming more painfully packed each



"At Home,"—Music.

And what makes it the more gratifying is that the Chorus is composed exclusively of Amateurs

moment. The eyes of the performers are upon the man who betrays the slightest want of attention, or the right amount of enthusiasm in the right place. He is a marked man in the eyes of the lady of the house if he stirs or makes the least noise, however restive under prolonged confinement, and the torture of the *piano-forte et dure*. Under such circumstances, don't let him, above all, give way to drowsiness, for if he should sleep, and a solo through the nose, and not in the programme, should unexpectedly fall upon the general ear, interrupting perhaps a passage expressive of tenderness and sentiment, it is too painful to think of the consequences. Also, supposing you have been fortunate enough to have secured a seat, and unfortunate enough to have fallen asleep, consider what must be the effect upon the spectators of your suddenly waking up in the middle of a sonata of Beethoven's, for instance, and beginning to applaud vigorously, under the impression that the piece is over, and with a perceptible air of relief in consequence of that mistaken idea—think of the change, if you can picture it to yourself, that must come over the countenance of a man in such a situation as the truth gradually dawns upon him.

Consider the performers too. What must be the feelings of the tenor who, pouring out his soul in impassioned strains, with his eyes turned up to the ceiling as he pipes out each successive note of his falsetto, while the sympathizing portion of the audience wags its head to the time and in approval, what must that singer's sensations be when he, in a pause of intense emotion, hears a voice sighing for a glass of sherry, or confounding in a suppressed but too audible tone the owner of a foot which has just trampled on a corn?

It is a mistake to ask your friends to music indiscriminately, whether they like it or no; but the difficulty is that no one is willing to confess to indifference on the subject, perhaps from a fear of being set down amongst those who are fit for treasons, stratagems, and other bad practices, one of the Elizabethan poets having so described those who have no music in their souls.

Everybody wishes to be invited, although few care for the music when they get there; and many find it impossible to hold their tongues for any length of time; and it is quite beyond the powers of the lady of the house to keep her eye upon every one in a crowded room. There should be some person specially retained, with a baton, to conduct such portions of the audience as appear unable or unwilling to conduct themselves properly; and in extreme cases it might be remembered that a baton is capable of being applied to other kinds of beating besides time. A sort of master of the ceremonies, standing in a conspicuous situation, with his finger to his lips, which are screwed up into that peculiar whistling form which expresses a wish for no noise, while his right hand flourishes a stick, would inspire a wholesome terror in those who prefer the sound of their own voices to that silence which at a concert is more than ever golden.

What are the Oil Wells?

WHEN the attention of the public happens to be drawn to any production of nature or art, much more is likely to be said upon the subject than either experience or science will warrant. Thus petroleum, which, though known to mankind for upwards of two thousand years, is only just beginning to figure largely on the stage of commerce, has already set the builders of theories at work to account for its existence, explain its origin, and show under what conditions an adequate supply of the material can alone be insured. According to the commonly received opinion it is to be regarded as coal oil, and its geological position, say the advocates of this theory, appears in all cases to be between the bituminous coal-beds and above the anthracite. But in studying the distribution of coal-beds in Europe, we find that although they underlie nearly the whole of the British Islands, and great portions of Sweden, Germany and France, they avoid Italy, and nearly all the countries stretching along the Mediterranean. Yet in most of those regions oil-springs abound; that is, in Italy, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, Syria, the Crimea, the plains of the Kuban, and still farther east in Persia and Siberia.

An American writer, after having examined the wells of Canada, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, has arrived at the conclusion that petroleum is not coal, but coral-oil stored away, he says, in cells, forming in the aggregate immense reefs; as it was collected from the impure waters of the early oceans by minute coral polypes, it has been driven by heat and pressure into reservoirs and crevices, where man's ingenuity is discovering it day by day. I have in my possession many specimens of this fossil coral, with the oil plainly visible in the cells. This fact, however, which he deems conclusive, proves nothing, except that the fragments of coral in question had been long enough steeped in an oleaginous fluid to permit the finer particles to penetrate through their pores, and lodge themselves in the interior cells. No other circumstances seem to be at all favourable to this hypothesis. Throughout the Eastern and Pacific Oceans, from the Maldivé Atolls to the barrier reefs of New Caledonia, and the smaller groups of the Southern Pacific, we find no oil wells amid coral formations, though vast beds of this substance, some in a state of subsidence, others incessantly upheaving, while a third-class, neither rising nor sinking, has been explored with the minutest attention by scientific observers. Still in a matter so obscure, it would be unphilosophical to deal in positive assertions, so that we must leave the point to be decided by future investigators.

Petroleum is generally discovered in connexion with volcanic substances, such as bitumen, asphalt, sulphur, and sometimes with jet and amber. In or near salt lakes also, and salt and warm springs, you find

indications of rock oil, which, spreading in a thin pellicle over the surface of the water, reflects the rays of the sun from a thousand prisms, and glows with all the colours of the rainbow. Thus, in the swampy forests of Borneo, which in most cases perhaps lie over vast coal-beds, the Dyaks collect petroleum on the surface of the ponds; and if the boring process employed in America were resorted to, it is probable that in numerous localities, extending from the Dutch frontier to the foot of Kina Balu, oil-springs like those of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Canada, would reward the industry of the searchers.

Far into nature as science may be said to have penetrated, we are still unacquainted with much that is going on in the interior, and even in the crust of our planet, where, it may be, the work of creation is yet in progress. If in certain localities oil-springs are generated like those of water, we may obviously reckon on a perennial supply; whereas if we have only fallen upon accidental re-cervoirs, these must in time be exhausted. It was long ago, however, remarked in Zante, where the two springs in which petroleum is largely mingled have now been open many thousand years, that the more rapidly the substance is removed from the wells, the more powerful and prolific do the springs become; but in the bay opposite the wells, petroleum and bitumen shoot up through the sea and spread far and wide in iridescent masses over the surface of the waves. A fact observed from time immemorial in connexion with these phenomena, namely, that the supply is most abundant during the prevalence of the south and south-west winds, suggests the idea that these wells are only so many spiracles of *Etna*, which discharges through submarine channels some small portion of its superfluous oils and gases into Greece.

An opportunity will soon be afforded of testing the correctness of the opinion, that while the petroleum which oozes up through the swamps, marshes, peat-bogs, and lakes, lying at the foot of mountains, is of a brown, reddish, or dusky green colour, that which flows from elevated springs is limpid and clear as water. Milton, who had read that the Persians light up their halls and palaces with rock oil, transfers the use of it to Pandemonium, and anticipating the improvements of civilization, describes the members of his infernal parliament as deliberating by the light of its gases:

“Pendent by subtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.”

Upon the discovery of the oil springs of the New World, speculation immediately projected itself forwards to the time when gas evolved from the petroleum, being much more vivid and powerful than that obtained from coal, should light up all the great cities of Europe as well as of America. Already the inhabitants of Montreal, and perhaps by this time of other Canadian towns, are illuminated on their way home from the tavern, or the play-house, by petroleum gas; and so sanguine has the abundance of the article rendered many scientific fanatics, that they are unable to dis-

cover any reason why gas-light should not become very shortly as cheap as day-light. Science is certainly performing wonders in the world, but it transcends our acuteness to perceive how any artificial apparatus can be made to distribute luminiferous gas at as small a cost as Nature's old-fashioned solar lamp. In saying this, however, we would not be understood to disparage that unsavoury production of the prolific earth which is now imparting a taste of its quality to everything wearable, eatable, and drinkable, throughout whole sections of the Union, from the eggs and muffins you devour at breakfast, to the sheets in which you lie at night, the soap-and-water with which you wash your face, the towels with which you would gladly cleanse the oleaginous particles from your skin, and the railway carriage in which you vainly seek to escape your persecutor. The whole Atlantic and Great Western Railway* smells like a leaky paraffine lamp; and unless some means can be discovered of overcoming the miasma, an American and a Canadian will be detected in society by his scent, as easily as a musk deer, or a civet cat. In spite of the important advantages which the inhabitants of the petroleum districts are deriving, and must continue to derive, from the springs, it is a serious drawback that their produce in a crude state emits so fœtid an odour that everything which comes within its influence is rendered so noisome as to be all but unendurable. A truck, a cart, a waggon, a ship, which has once been employed in conveying petroleum, is thereby rendered for ever unfit to carry wine, flour, bacon, cheese, or any other article of human food. Iron, coal, or timber, may, it is assumed, be conveyed in such ships or carriages without detriment; but it may well be doubted whether wood intended for house building or furniture would not be so deeply impregnated by the offensive miasma as to be rendered completely worthless. Meanwhile the flowing wells, which both in the States and Canada are daily multiplying, throw forth oil in quantities so vast as to appear altogether fabulous. One spring, it is said, yields at the rate of a hundred and fifty thousand gallons a day; and from the wells in the States alone upwards of five millions of gallons are estimated to have been produced; the whole earth in the district is saturated, and the surface of the Delaware is covered with petroleum. It is impossible to contemplate, without uneasiness, the imminent danger of such a state of things; for should any mischievous person apply a torch, a candle, or even a lighted cigar to the oily pellicle, the whole expanse of the Delaware would be instantly in a blaze, and all the ships in the river, and towns on its banks, would probably be consumed, since water, instead of extinguishing the fire of petroleum, only causes it to burn more fiercely.

One terrible catastrophe described in a local newspaper strikingly

* The Directors of this Line, by which the crude petroleum is chiefly conveyed to the coast, have judged it expedient to issue the following caution:—"The explosive material in petroleum is naphtha or benzole, and unless this is extracted the oil for illuminating purposes is excessively dangerous, and not safe, indeed, to be handled in a heated atmosphere at all."

shows the peril attending the acceptance of this gift of nature. During the drilling of a well, a sudden rush of oil at the rate of seventy barrels an hour took place, the stream ascending forty-one feet above the surface of the ground. From this mass of oil, the gas or benzine rose in a cloud fifty or sixty feet higher. All the fires in the neighbourhood were immediately extinguished, excepting one four hundred yards distant, sparks from which ignited the floating gas, and in a moment the whole air was in roaring flames. As soon as the gas took fire, the head of the oil jet was in a furious blaze, and falling like water from a fountain over a space one hundred feet in diameter, each drop came down a blazing globe of burning oil. In a moment the ground was in a flame, constantly increased and augmented by the falling oil. A scene of indescribable horror then took place. Scores of men were thrown flat, and numbers horribly burned rushed blazing from the spot, shrieking and screaming in their anguish. Just within the circle of the flames could be seen four bodies boiling in the seething oil, and one man, who had been digging at a ditch to convey away the petroleum to a lower part of the ground, was killed while at work, and could be seen as he fell over, the handle of the spade roasting in the fierce element. Mr. H. R. Rouse, a gentleman largely interested in the wells in this locality, and whose income from them amounted to one thousand dollars a day, was standing near the pit, and was blown twenty feet by the explosion. He got up and ran about ten or fifteen feet farther, and was dragged out by two men, and conveyed to a shanty some distance from the well. When he arrived not a vestige of clothing was left upon him but his stockings and boots. His hair was burned off as well as his finger nails, his ears and his eyelids, while the balls of his eyes were crisped up to nothing. In this condition he lived nine hours. The heat of the fire was so intense, that no one could approach within one hundred and fifty feet without scorching his skin or garments. It was the most frightful and yet the grandest pyrotechnical display ever vouchsafed to a human being. Several days after the oil was still rushing up on fire with the same regularity and speed, throwing up, it was calculated, at least one hundred barrels an hour, covering an immense space with flaming oil—a loss to the proprietors of the well of from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars daily. No human power can extinguish the flames, and the oil therefore must burn until the well is exhausted.

It is not at all surprising that intelligence of such a catastrophe having been spread far and wide, extreme fear should have accompanied the introduction of the petroleum wherever it was borne in a crude state. Analogous in many of its properties to naphtha, if not absolutely identical with that substance, it is believed to have entered into the composition of the Greek fire, which would burn in the water as freely as in the air, and could only be extinguished by having earth in large quantities thrown upon it. On the other side of the Atlantic, the refining process, owing to a variety of circumstances, can be carried on neither so cheaply nor so rapidly as in this country, for which reason the oil is generally

shipped in an impure state. A cargo of gunpowder, however, would be much less perilous: for should the gases which incessantly exhale from the casks come in ever so minute a quantity in contact with fire, instant combustion must ensue; and the whole ship, crew and all, would be utterly consumed. Still, out upon the ocean, the danger, imminent as it may be—and it is so great that few ship-masters will consent to take the material on board, unless at an extremely heavy charge for freight—the danger, we say, involving the fate of but one vessel, is trivial compared with that which exists in a vast river like the Thames or the Mersey, crowded with shipping, where, if a single barrel of petroleum were ignited a conflagration of unparalleled fierceness and destructiveness might instantly rage along the whole line of the stream, involving everything afloat in fire, and communicating itself to docks, warehouses, and private habitations, so that half London or Liverpool might be reduced to ashes before the progress of the flames could be stayed.

Apprehension of consequences so frightful induced, some months ago, the directors of numerous insurance companies to bring the subject under the notice of the Lord Mayor. While they were engaged in stating their objections and justifying their fears, petroleum enough to set half the island on fire was making its way with sail and steam across the Atlantic towards our shores, stinking like Phlegethon, and diffusing around it the most deadly gases. To judge of the immense amount of this ingredient of destruction thus set in motion, it may be sufficient to observe that the Government of the United States calculates upon realizing an annual revenue of two millions and a half of dollars by a slight tax upon its exportation, while there are those who believe that the petroleum trade, which they compare to that in gold, will amply make up for any deficiency that may be caused by the interruption of the trade in cotton. The expectation may at first sight appear extravagant, but when we consider the vast consumption of gas in all the great cities and towns of Europe from Lisbon to Moscow, in our Australian colonies, in the cities of India, and reckon on the gradual substitution of petroleum for coal in the manufacture of gas, the calculation will hardly be thought absurd. But whatever may be the advantages likely to be derived from the discovery of the oil springs in America, or, we should rather perhaps say, exactly in proportion to those advantages, is the desirableness of insisting upon the necessity of purifying the oil before shipment. If, owing to the state of civilization in Canada and the Union, this be found impracticable, laws will have to be passed prohibiting the bringing up of the material to the ordinary quays and wharfs, and appointing certain secluded stations where the petroleum ships may lie, and discharge their cargoes without risk to such portions of our commercial navy as may be employed in a less perilous traffic.

Science is now actively engaged in experiments for ascertaining the amount of danger created by the presence of petroleum, which is known to exhale a highly inflammable gas. If water be poured into a broad shallow vessel, and a teaspoonful of the crude oil cast upon its surface, it

immediately diffuses itself in a thin prismatic film, so as entirely to cover the water. A lighted match being then brought towards the vessel, at a distance of an inch and a half, the gases ignite, and setting the oil likewise in a blaze, continue burning violently, while the water beneath boils and bubbles till the whole of the oleaginous substance is consumed. It will have been observed that in the Pennsylvanian conflagration the gas took fire at the distance of four hundred yards from the oil jet, and set the whole atmosphere throughout a wide circle in a blaze. This may serve to reveal the manner in which, when large quantities of petroleum are brought together, accidents are likely to be occasioned. A certain quantity of gas evolved from each barrel will meet in the atmosphere, and hang in a concentrated explosive cloud over the whole stock of petroleum. It will augment incessantly, and spread till it comes in contact with the nearest fire. An explosion will then take place, which will shatter and consume ships, docks, warehouses, with whatever else may be found within the range of its operation.

The destructive property of this substance has been known for ages. An old Italian writer, in a curious treatise on metals, relates that a mason having to repair the sides of a well in which, at a considerable depth, petroleum was collected, took down with him a lantern, in order that he might see to do his work. Unfortunately for him there were holes in its sides, and the gas coming thus in contact with fire exploded with a report louder than that of a cannon, and, rushing up the shaft, blew the man to pieces. Nay, one of the most ancient of Greek myths is believed to have been connected with a knowledge of the petroleum gas. A jealous princess, wishing without detection to destroy another, who was her rival in love, anointed with petroleum the wreath she was about to wear upon her head during a sacrifice. On the lady's approaching the flame of the altar, the gas ignited, and, spreading with the rapidity of lightning, her whole figure was soon sheathed in fire and reduced to ashes. Again, when the Macedonian conqueror lay at his quarters in Persia, after the defeat and death of Darius, a native of the subjugated country resolved to amuse the son of Philip by an extraordinary pyrotechnic display. Carrying a trail of petroleum along the streets leading to the general's quarters, he soon after dark set fire to it at the farther end, upon which a torrent of flame rushed along between the houses, bringing out as it passed every picturesque detail in strong relief, and blazing up in arches and columns in front of the palace where Alexander and the other Macedonian princes stood gazing in astonishment at the novel spectacle.

At what period the Persian trade in petroleum began is not known, though it was evidently in very remote antiquity. When the discovery had been made, one pit was sunk after another until more than twenty wells had been opened in one small district, whence quantities so considerable were exported to foreign countries, that the duty imposed on this branch of commerce by the Shah's government formerly brought large sums into the treasury. When the oil has been purified, it is denominated

white naphtha, and sold to strangers, while immense quantities of the crude material are retained in the country to light up the mosques, palaces, and private dwellings, where it is usually burnt in coarse lamps with wicks as large as the finger. Wood being scarce, petroleum is likewise used instead of fuel, by casting it upon handfuls of earth or clay, which, being kindled, continue burning for several hours, throwing out a bright flame and fierce heat, together with a dense and fetid smoke, that soon entirely blackens the interior of the habitations in which it is used. Still, according to the testimony of the Persians, food cooked over such a fire is deteriorated neither in smell nor flavour.

Our civic and scientific authorities, therefore, are not quite correct in regarding petroleum as a new substance. It has, on the contrary, been used in medicine and otherwise for many thousand years, though the scanty supplies from the wells of the Old World restricted its employment within the circle of very few industrial processes. We find, however, that it was burnt in lamps—that it was mixed with other ingredients to constitute one of the most destructive agents known to ancient warfare—and that in Russia and Turkey it has been applied, under the name of black naphtha, to the tanning of leather. But amidst the innumerable inventions and improvements which characterize our times, we look back with absolute amazement at the slowness with which men of former generations turned to account the gifts of nature. During many ages they may almost be said not to have known what to do with anything. The materials of wealth were heaped up about them on all sides, while they stood stolidly in the midst, rather bewildered than benefited or enlightened by the prodigality of our great mother. Whatever other faults or shortcomings may be laid to our charge, we can hardly be accused of neglecting any source of material wealth. We have already discovered a petroleum a substance which will amalgamate with wax in the manufacture of candles, while from the benzoline, or quintessence of the oil, the fashionable dyes of rosenine and magenta are obtained. It has been also stated that the petroleum likewise supplies a fine lubricating oil, though we trust none of our fair readers will imagine it is to be applied to the skin, it being intended for lubricating machinery.

The discoveries in America will necessarily lead to the study of the way in which the great reservoirs of petroleum are distributed under the earth's surface. Hitherto it would appear that although the substance be popularly denominated rock oil, it is usually found in morasses, swamps, and peat-bogs, sometimes at a distance from luxuriant vegetation, but occasionally, as in Zante, closely neighboured by vines and other beautiful shrubs. Here the marsh is small, bordered on one side by a bank of shingle, which protects it from the sea, and surrounded on all other sides by a semicircular range of hills, clearly indicating that what is now a marsh was formerly the crater of a volcano. In Canada, the oil is found by boring through a stiff clay from fifty to a hundred feet in depth, mingled confusedly with vast boulders and fragments of limestone torn

from the underlying rocks. The surface of the plain, situated at no great distance from the lakes, is flat, swampy, and densely wooded, a description which appears to answer equally well to the aspect of the oil districts in the United States, where, however, it is sometimes necessary to carry down the borings to a depth of five hundred feet. It may be conjectured that the true sources of the oil are situated in the nearest ranges of mountains, which may account for the prodigious force with which the petroleum, when an opening has been made for it, shoots up into the atmosphere. Water, it is well known, will always endeavour, when first emancipated from the earth, to rise to the level from which it originally flowed; and the specific gravity of the petroleum being considerably less than that of water, it may be expected to display a stronger tendency to attain the height of its original spring-head than the most buoyant and elastic fountain.

To facilitate the understanding of the subject, a map should be constructed, not only exhibiting the distribution of petroleum wells, but indicating as exactly and correctly as possible the characteristics of the country in their vicinity, and pointing out the districts in which, from the nature and aspect of the soil, springs may hereafter be expected to be discovered. Throughout the swamps of the Crimea, it seems probable that oil would be found by boring as abundantly as in Canada and the United States, and as we observe on the surface of the Kuban a constant succession of oil films, it may be inferred that in many places lying between the embouchure and source of that river wells might be sunk for oil with every probability of success. Throughout the Pashalic of Bagdad, bitumen and asphalte are abundant as well as in Syria, almost from the valley of the Orontes to the southern extremity of the Dead Sea. In all these provinces, therefore, of the Turkish empire, it seems probable that immense reservoirs of petroleum exist at different depths, and it may perhaps be found practicable to organize a company for the discovering and working of this prolific source of wealth. We have already observed that in Zante petroleum has from time immemorial been found mingled with the produce of the tar springs. If, consequently, instead of the lazy method hitherto pursued, the work were undertaken with the spirit and enterprise displayed in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Canada, the value of the Ionian Islands to Great Britain might soon be very much augmented. Russia, which has already found petroleum in the Ural chain, will now in all likelihood have its energy stimulated by what is going on in America, for, as far as can be gathered from the revelations of geology, petroleum exists in nearly all parts of the earth. It has been found, as we have said, in Italy, Sicily, France, England, Scotland, Sweden, Russia, Persia, Turkey, and Borneo. Many parts of Australia and Africa appear well calculated to afford petroleum springs, and in our own country it may only perhaps be necessary to bore to a certain depth in such districts, for example, as Chattermoss, to discover flowing wells from which we might obtain a perennial supply of this valuable material.

Roundabout Papers.—No. XXII.

THE NOTCH ON THE AXE.—A STORY À LA MODE. PART III.



RE you of our fraternity? I see you are not. The secret which Mademoiselle de Béchamel confided to me in her mad triumph and wild hyden spirits—she was but a child, poor thing, poor thing, scarce fifteen:—but I love them young—a folly not unusual with the old!” (Here Mr. Pinto thrust his knuckles into his hollow eyes; and, I am sorry to say, so little regardful was he of personal cleanliness, that his tears made streaks of white over his gnawed dark hands). “Ah, at fifteen, poor child, thy fate was terrible! Go to! It is not good to love me, friend. They prosper not who do. I divine you. You need not say what you are thinking——”

In truth, I was thinking, if girls fall in love with this sallow, hooked-nosed, glass-eyed, wooden-legged, dirty, hideous old man, with the sham teeth, they have a queer taste. *That* is what I was thinking.

“Jack Wilks said the handsomest man in London had but half an hour’s start of him. And without vanity, I am scarcely uglier than Jack Wilks. We were members of the same club at Medenham Abbey, Jack and I, and had many a merry night together. Well, sir, I—Mary of Scotland knew me but as a little hunch-backed music-master; and yet, and yet, I think, *she* was not indifferent to her David Riz—— and *she* came to misfortune. They all do—they all do!”

“Sir, you are wandering from your point!” I said, with some severity. For, really, for this old humbug to hint that he had been the baboon who frightened the club at Medenham, that he had been in the Inquisition at Valladolid—that under the name of D. Riz, as he called it, he had known the lovely Queen of Scots—was a *little* too much. “Sir,” then I said, “you were speaking about a Miss de Béchamel. I really have not time to hear all your biography.”

"Faith, the good wine gets into my head." (I should think so, the old toper! Four bottles all but two glasses.) "To return to poor Blanche. As I sat laughing, joking with her, she let slip a word, a little word, which filled me with dismay. Some one had told her a part of the Secret—the secret which has been divulged scarce thrice in three thousand years—the Secret of the Freemasons. Do you know what happens to those uninitiate who learn that secret? to those wretched men the initiate who reveal it?"

As Pinto spoke to me, he looked through and through me with his horrible piercing glance, so that I sate quite uneasily on my bench. He continued: "Did I question her awake? I knew she would lie to me. Poor child! I loved her no less because I did not believe a word she said. I loved her blue eye, her golden hair, her delicious voice, that was true in song, though when she spoke, false as Eblis! You are aware that I possess in rather a remarkable degree what we have agreed to call the mesmeric power. I set the unhappy girl to sleep. Then she was obliged to tell me all. It was as I had surmised. Goby de Mouchy, my wretched, besotted, miserable secretary, in his visits to the château of the old Marquis de Béchemel, who was one of our society, had seen Blanche. I suppose it was because she had been warned that he was worthless, and poor, artful, and a coward, she loved him. She wormed out of the besotted wretch the secrets of our Order. 'Did he tell you the NUMBER ONE?' I asked.

"She said, 'Yes.'

"'Did he,' I further inquired, 'tell you the——'

"'Oh, don't ask me, don't ask me!' she said, writhing on the sofa, where she lay in the presence of the Marquis de Béchemel, her most unhappy father. Poor Béchemel, poor Béchemel! How pale he looked as I spoke! 'Did he tell you,' I repeated with a dreadful calm, 'the NUMBER TWO?' She said, 'Yes.'

"The poor old marquis rose up, and clasping his hands, fell on his knees before Count Cagli—— Bah! I went by a different name then. Vat's in a name? Dat vich ve call a Rosierucian by any other name vil smell as sweet. 'Monsieur,' he said, 'I am old—I am rich. I have five hundred thousand livres of rentes in Picardy. I have half as much in Artois. I have two hundred and eighty thousand on the Grand Livre. I am promised by my sovereign a dukedom and his orders, with a reversion to my heir. I am a Grandee of Spain of the First Class, and Duke of Volovento. Take my titles, my ready money, my life, my honour, everything I have in the world, but don't ask the THIRD QUESTION.'

"'Godefroid de Bouillon, Comte de Béchemel, Grandee of Spain and Prince of Volovento, in our Assembly what was the oath you swore?'" The old man writhed as he remembered its terrific purport.

"Though my heart was racked with agony, and I would have died, ay, cheerfully" (died, indeed, as if *that* were a penalty!) "to spare yonder lovely child a pang, I said to her calmly, 'Blanche de Béchemel, did Goby de Mouchy tell you secret NUMBER THREE?'"

"She whispered a *oui* that was quite faint, faint and small. But her poor father fell in convulsions at her feet.

"She died suddenly that night. Did I not tell you these I love come to no good? When General Bonaparte crossed the Saint Bernard, he saw in the convent an old monk with a white beard, wandering about the corridors, cheerful and rather stout, but mad—mad as a March hare. 'General,' I said to him, 'did you ever see that face before?' He had not. He had not mingled much with the higher classes of our society before the Revolution. I knew the poor old man well enough; he was the last of a noble race, and I loved his child."

"And did she die by——?"

"Man! did I say so? Do I whisper the secrets of the Vehmgericht? I say she died that night; and he—he, the heartless, the villain, the betrayer, —you saw him seated in yonder curiosity-shop, by yonder guillotine, with his scoundrelly head in his lap.

"You saw how slight that instrument was? It was one of the first which Guillotin made, and which he showed to private friends in a *hangar* in the Rue Picpus, where he lived. The invention created some little conversation amongst scientific men at the time, though I remember a machine in Edinburgh of a very similar construction, two hundred—well, many, many years ago—and at a breakfast which Guillotin gave he showed us the instrument, and much talk arose amongst us as to whether people suffered under it.

"And now I must tell you what befel the traitor who had caused all this suffering. Did he know that the poor child's death was a SENTENCE? He felt a cowardly satisfaction that with her was gone the secret of his treason. Then he began to doubt. I had MEANS to penetrate all his thoughts, as well as to know his acts. Then he became a slave to a horrible fear. He fled in abject terror to a convent. They still existed in Paris; and behind the walls of Jacobins the wretch thought himself secure. Poor fool! I had but to set one of my somnambulists to sleep. Her spirit went forth and spied the shuddering wretch in his cell. She described the street, the gate, the convent, the very dress which he wore, and which you saw to-day.

"And now *this* is what happened. In his chamber in the Rue St. Honoré, at Paris, sat a man *alone*—a man who has been maligned, a man who has been called a knave and charlatan, a man who has been persecuted even to the death, it is said, in Roman Inquisitions, forsooth, and elsewhere. Ha! ha! A man who has a mighty will.

"And looking towards the Jacobin Convent (of which, from his chamber, he could see the spires and trees), this man WILLED. And it was not yet dawn. And he willed; and one who was lying in his cell in the Convent of Jacobins, awake and shuddering with terror for a crime which he had committed, fell asleep.

"But though he was asleep his eyes were open.

"And after tossing and writhing, and clinging to the pallet, and saying,

‘No, I will not go,’ he rose up and donned his clothes—a gray coat, a vest of white piqué, black satin small-clothes, ribbed silk stockings, and a white stock with a steel buckle; and he arranged his hair, and he tied his queue, all the while being in that strange somnolence which walks, which moves, which *FLIES* sometimes, which *sees*, which is indifferent to pain, which *OBEYS*. And he put on his hat, and he went forth from his cell; and though the dawn was not yet, he trod the corridors as *seeing* them. And he passed into the cloister, and then into the garden where lie the ancient dead. And he came to the wicket, which Brother Jerome was opening just at the dawning. And the crowd was already waiting with their cans and bowls to receive the alms of the good brethren.

“And he passed through the crowd and went on his way through, and the few people then abroad who marked him, said, ‘Tiens! How very odd he looks! He looks like a man walking in his sleep!’ This was said by various persons:—

“By milk-women, with their cans and carts, coming into the town.

“By roysterers who had been drinking at the taverns of the Barriér, for it was Mid-Lent.

“By the serjeants of the watch, who eyed him sternly as he passed near their halberds.

“But he passed on unmoved by the halberds,

“Unmoved by the cries of the roysterers,

“By the market-women coming with their milk and eggs.

“He walked through the Rue St. Honoré, I say:—

“By the Rue Rambuteau,

“By the Rue St. Antoine,

“By the King’s Château of the Bastille,

“By the Faubourg St. Antoine.

“And he came to No. 29 in the Rue Picpus—a house which then stood between a court and garden—

“That is, there was a building of one story, with a great coach-door.

“Then there was a court, around which were stables, coach-houses, offices.

“Then there was a house—a two-storied house, with a *perron* in front.

“Behind the house was a garden—a garden of two hundred and fifty French feet in length.

“And as one hundred feet of France equal one hundred and six feet of England, this garden, my friends, equalled exactly two hundred and sixty-five feet of British measure.

“In the centre of the garden was a fountain and a statue—or, to speak more correctly, two statues. One was recumbent—a man. Over him, sabre in hand, stood a woman.

“The man was Olofernes. The woman was Judith. From the head, from the trunk, the water gushed. It was the taste of the doctor;—was it not a droll of taste?

“At the end of the garden was the doctor’s cabinet of study. My faith, a singular cabinet, and singular pictures!—

"Decapitation of Charles Premier at Vitchall.

"Decapitation of Montrose at Edimbourg.

"Decapitation of Cinq Mars. When I tell you that he was a man of a taste charming!

"Through this garden, by these statues, up these stairs, went the pale figure of him who, the porter said, knew the way of the house. He did. Turning neither right nor left, he seemed to walk *through* the statues, the obstacles, the flower-beds, the stairs, the door, the tables, the chairs.

"In the corner of the room was THAT INSTRUMENT which Guillotin had just invented and perfected. One day he was to lay his own head under his own axe. Peace be to his name! With him I deal not!

"In a frame of mahogany, neatly worked, was a board with a half-circle in it, over which another board fitted. Above was a heavy axe, which fell—you know how. It was held up by a rope, and when this rope was untied, or cut, the steel fell.

"To the story which I now have to relate you may give credence, or not, as you will. The sleeping man went up to that instrument.

"He laid his head in it, asleep.

"Asleep!

"He then took a little penknife out of the pocket of his white dymity waistcoat.

"He cut the rope, asleep!

"The axe descended on the head of the traitor and villain. The notch in it was made by the steel buckle of his stock, which was cut through.

"A strange legend has got abroad that after the deed was done, the figure rose, took the head from the basket, walked forth through the garden, and by the screaming porters at the gate, and went and laid itself down at the Morgue. But for this I will not vouch. Only of this be sure. 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.' More and more the light peeps through the chinks. Soon, amidst music ravishing, the curtain will rise, and the glorious scene be displayed. Adieu! Remember me. Ha! 'tis down," Pinto said. And he was gone.

I am ashamed to say that my first movement was to clutch the cheque which he had left with me, and which I was determined to present the very moment the bank opened. I know the importance of these things, and that men *change their mind* sometimes. I sprang through the streets to the great banking house of Manasseh in Duke-street. It seemed to me as if I actually flew as I walked. As the clock struck ten I was at the counter and laid down my cheque.

The gentleman who received it, who was one of the Hebrew persuasion, as were the other two hundred clerks of the establishment, having looked at the draft with terror in his countenance, then looked at me, then called to himself two of his fellow clerks, and queer it was to see all their aquiline beaks over the paper.

"Come, come!" said I, "don't keep me here all day. Hand me over the money, short, if you please!" for I was, you see, a little alarmed, and so determined to assume some extra bluster.

"Will you have the kindness to step into the parlour to the partners?" the clerk said, and I followed him.

"What, *again*?" shrieked a bald-headed, red-whiskered gentleman, whom I knew to be Mr. Manassah. "Mr. Salathiel, that is too bad! Leave me with this gentleman, Sir." And the clerk disappeared.

"Sir," he said, "I know how you came by this; the Count de Pinot gave it you. It is too bad! I honour my parents; I honour *their* parents; I honour their bills! But this one of grandpa's is too bad—it is, upon my word, now! She's been dead these five-and-thirty years. And this last four months she has left her burial-place and took to drawing on our 'ouse! It's too bad, grandma; it is too bad!" and he appealed to me, and tears actually trickled down his nose.

"Is it the Countess Sidonia's check or not?" I asked, haughtily.

"But, I tell you, she's dead! It's a shame!—it's a shame!—it is, grandmamma!" and he cried, and wiped his great nose in his yellow pocket-handkerchief. "Look year—will you take pounds instead of guineas? She's dead, I tell you! It's no go! Take the pounds—one tausand pound!—ten nice, neat, crisp hundred-pound notes, and go away vil you, do?"

"I will have my bond, sir, or nothing," I said; and I put on an attitude of resolution which I confess surprised even myself.

"Wery vell," he shrieked, with many oaths, "then you shall have noting—ha, ha, ha!—noting but a policeman! Mr. Abednego, call a policeman! Take that, you humbug and impostor!" and here, with an abundance of frightful language which I dare not repeat, the wealthy banker abused and defied me.

Au bout d' compte, what was I to do, if a banker did not choose to honour a cheque drawn by his dead grandmother? I began to wish I had my snuff-box back. I began to think I was a fool for changing that little old-fashioned gold for this slip of strange paper.

Meanwhile the banker had passed from his fit of anger to a paroxysm of despair. He seemed to be addressing some person invisible, but in the room: "Look here, ma'am, you've really been coming it too strong. A hundred thousand in six months, and now a thousand more! The 'ouse can't stand it; it *won't* stand it, I say! What? Oh! mercy, mercy!"

As he uttered these words, A HAND fluttered over the table in the air! It was a female hand: that which I had seen the night before. That female hand took a pen from the green brize table, dipped it in a silver inkstand, and wrote on a quarter of a sheet of foolscap on the blotting-book, "How about the diamond robbery? If you do not pay, I will tell him where they are."

What diamonds? what robbery? what was this mystery? That will never be ascertained, for the wretched man's demeanour instantly

changed. "Certainly, sir;—oh, certainly," he said, forcing a grin. "How will you have the money, sir? All right, Mr. Abednego. This way out."

"I hope I shall often see you again," I said; on which I own poor Manassch gave a dreadful grin, and shot back into his parlour.

I ran home, clutching the ten delicious, crisp hundred pounds, and the dear little fifty which made up the account. I flew through the streets again. I got to my chambers. I bolted the outer doors. I sank back in my great chair, and slept. . . .

My first thing on waking was to feel for my money. Perdition! Where was I? Ha!—on the table before me was my grandmother's snuff-box, and by its side one of those awful—those admirable—sensation novels, which I had been reading, and which are full of delicious wonder.

But that the guillotine is still to be seen at Mr. Gale's, No. 47, High Holborn, I give you MY HONOUR. I suppose I was dreaming about it. I don't know. What is dreaming? What is life? Why shouldn't I sleep on the ceiling?—and am I sitting on it now, or on the floor? I am puzzled. But enough. If the fashion for sensation novels goes on, I tell you I will write one in fifty volumes. For the present, DIXI. But between ourselves, this Pinto, who fought at the Colosseum, who was nearly being roasted by the Inquisition, and sang duets at Holyrood, I am rather sorry to lose him after three little bits of Roundabout Papers. *Et vous?*